



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

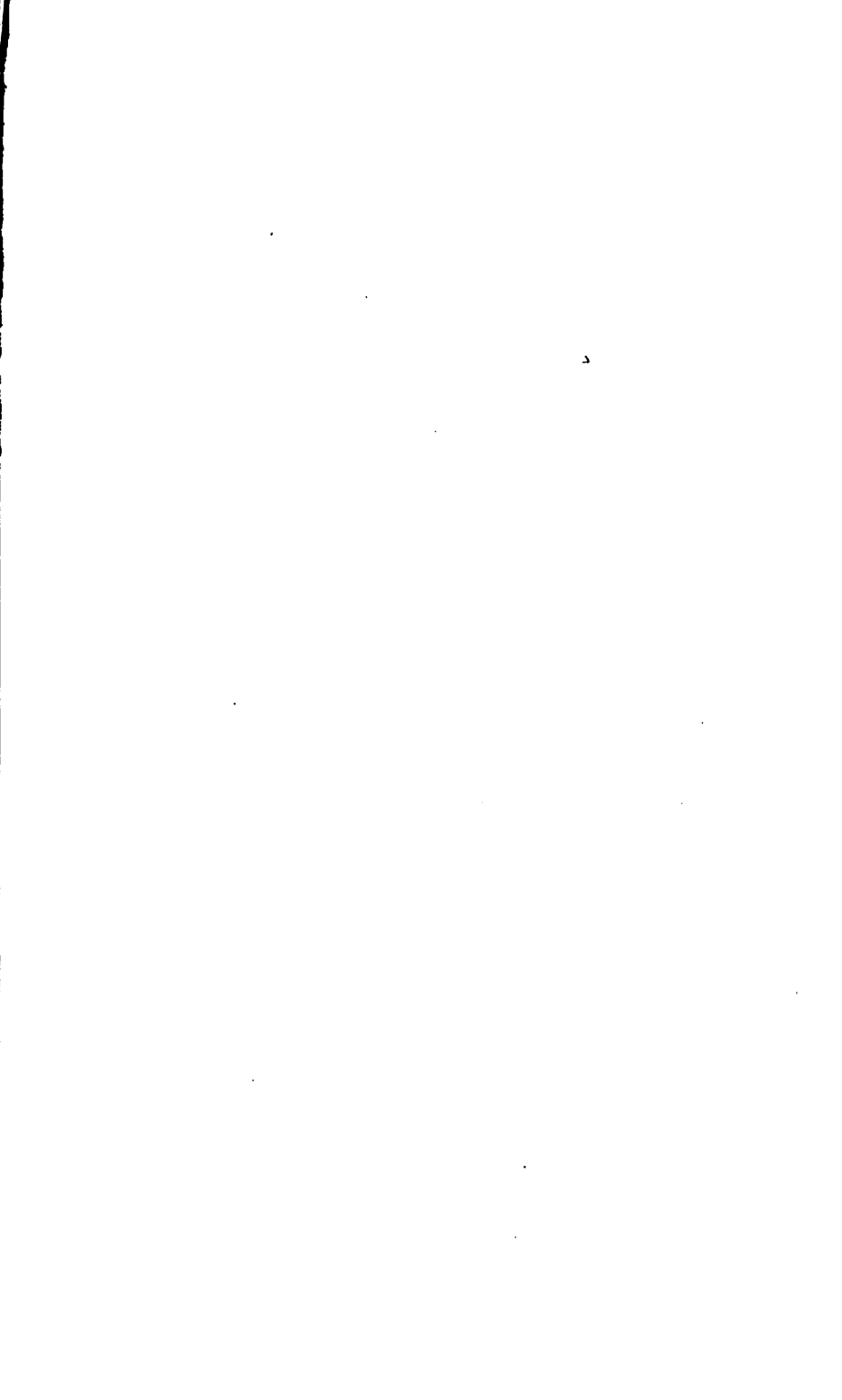
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



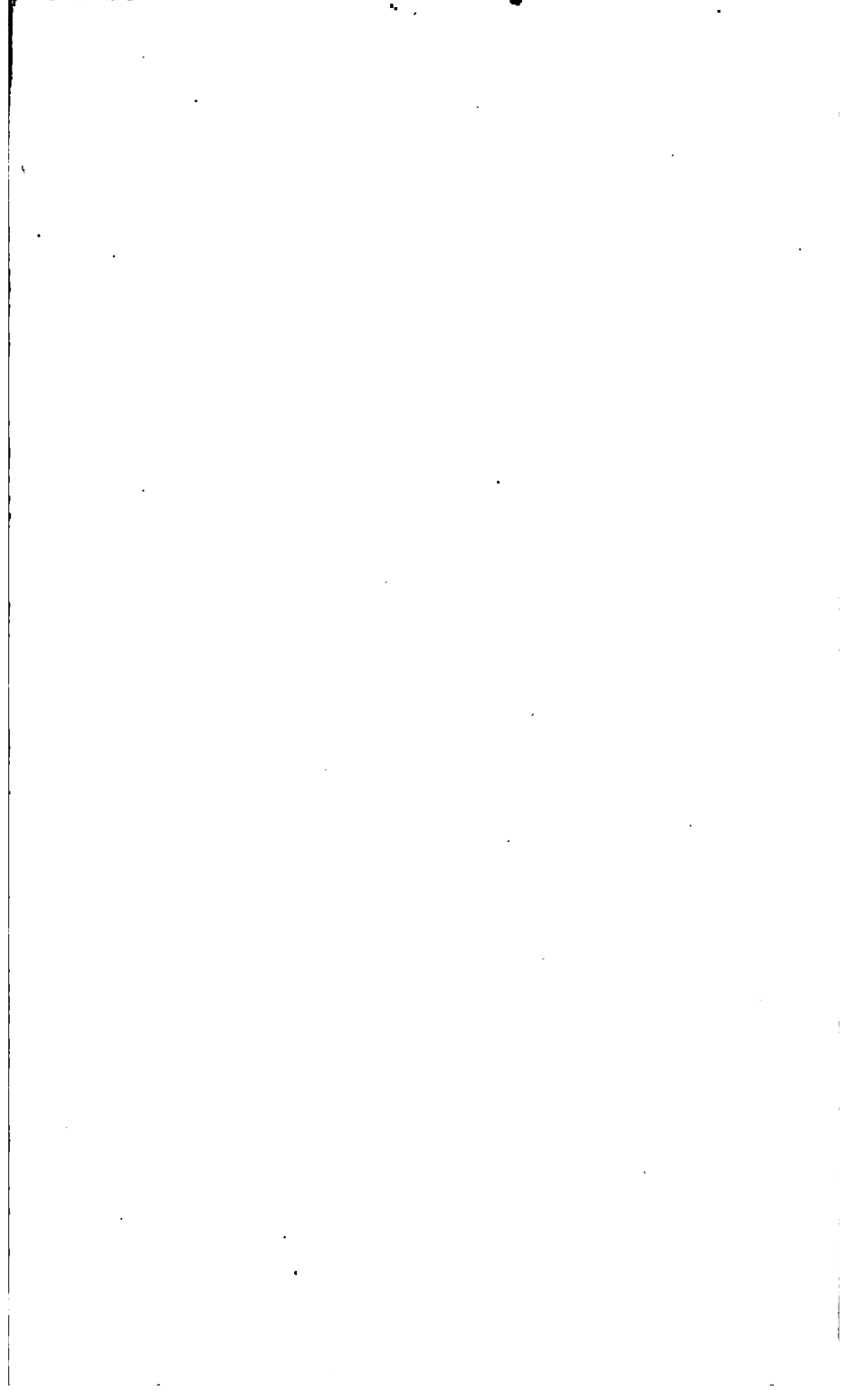
3 3433 08173849 8



2/2









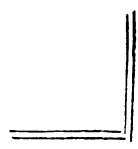
W. R. Mitford.

MISS MITFORD.

From a Drawing in the Possession of the Publisher.

John Limbird, 143. Strand.

Nov. 1830.





1811

From a Drawing.

John Limbird, 143 Strand.

No. 5836.

THE
Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,
AND
INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; MANNERS AND
CUSTOMS; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; SKETCHES
AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

NEW FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY;

&c.

VOL. XXVII.



LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
(Near Somerset House.)

1836.

WU WEN
21004
VIA RAIL

PREFACE.

It again becomes our pleasant duty to acknowledge the continued patronage of this Miscellany; as well as to request attention to the means by which we have succeeded in retaining our position in public estimation. Our aim and object through six-and-twenty volumes has been the same—the provision of useful and amusing knowledge—and it is hoped the following pages have been considered additional testimony of our success.

In graphic attractions, this volume will be found somewhat richer than usual; upwards of half its number of Illustrations being identified with the Novelties or Topics of the day.

First, in the lists, or to use another term of chivalry—pages—is a Picture of the magnificence of Pisa, its Cathedral, Baptistry, and Leaning Tower: Next, are two elaborate views of Hatfield House, with its noble Hall, and “windpipes of hospitality.” Then come some interesting monuments of our own benevolent times; as the Camberwell and Southwark New Schools; the Licensed Victuallers’ School; the Abingdon New Poor-house; and the Alms-houses now building in Marylebone. Next is the Royal College of Surgeons; succeeded by London Bridge, alike worthy of the age and country. The Islington Cattle-market, a praiseworthy scheme of humanity, is likewise entitled to mention. Added to these subjects of Public Improvement are the Three Giraffes lately received at the Zoological Gardens; which will doubtless prove a valuable contribution to natural science, as well as an opportunity for gratifying popular curiosity.

Among the letter-press of the volume, we may be allowed to particularize a few papers, especially as books have supplied the staple of our own contributions. Such are the circumstantial history of Hatfield House; some amusing Letters of Thomson the Poet; a Visit to Chambord, by an old Correspondent, a very pleasing paper; Shenstone at the Leasowes, literary gossip; the completion of the notes on Shrines and Pilgrimages, with their quaint antiquarianism; the House of Ferrers and Staunton-Harold, a minute narrative; an account of the lamentable death of Mr. Douglas, the traveller and botanist; some important information respecting the British Museum; the Bible of Charlemagne described; a concise History of the Star Chamber, popularized from the *Archæologia*; the Castle at Newcastle, and its eventful chronicle; and the melancholy anecdote of the Black Hole at Calcutta. With these may be mentioned a host of minor contributions to Natural History; the economy of the Giraffe; and a curious paper on Keeping Flies out of Houses.

The best Books of the half year have furnished a few score pages of piquant reading—utilitarian as well as amusing; and a sheet of Scenes and Incidents from recent Travels and Tours.

Side by side with graver matter are Legends, Tales, Sketches, and Poetry, mostly from the Public Journals; so as to checker the interest of every number.

We halt, lest we reverse the fitting order, and place the index before the text. At parting, we beg to acknowledge the aid of Correspondents, in entire papers, stray hints, and facts worth garnering.

To our Subscribers, one and all, we send our thanks greeting; from past experience we know

these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade us what we are.

—We give them our note of promise for the future.

LONDON, JUNE 22, 1836.

MISS MITFORD,

AUTHORESS OF "OUR VILLAGE," &c.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD is the only child of Dr. Mitford, a gentleman who in early life received a diploma as physician, and who, for several years, resided at Bertram House, near Reading. He is related to Lord Redesdale, and is descended from the Mitfords of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, a very ancient family, the original name of which was Bertram. Miss Mitford's mother, who died early in the year 1831, was a lady of ancient family, and of singularly amiable manners.

Miss Mitford was educated at Miss Rowden's Establishment, at Hans Place, Chelsea. In childhood, she was found to possess fine powers of observation and reflection; and when scarcely on the verge of womanhood, she was persuaded to print, in 1810, a small volume of poems, of which an enlarged edition appeared in the following year. These poems are pleasing productions, yet they contain little to predict any peculiar richness or vigour of style. They are dedicated to the Hon. William Herbert, in these lines:

Herbert! my simple wreath I twine
To honour, not to deck thy shrine.
A simple wreath! no blushing rose
'Mid April's drooping flow'rets glows,
No fragrance steals the ravish'd sense,
No charm is theirs but innocence,
Soon will they fade. The early flow'r
Falls the sad victim of an hour;
Yet the warm sun's benignant beam
Pours lengthen'd life in ev'ry gleam.
Ah, deign thy cheering smiles to give,
And bid the timid blossoms live.

The first poem in the volume "was written at the request," says Miss Mitford, "of a near relation, who wished me to compose a tale adapted to the picturesque and enchanting scenery of the ancient domains of our family, now in the possession of Bertram Mitford, Esq." In the same page, her ancestor is stated to have been the Lord de Bertram, (one of the followers of William the Conqueror,) who married Sybille, the heiress of Sir Johannes de Mitford.

In 1811, appeared Miss Mitford's second work, "Christina, the Maid of the South Seas," a tale in the octosyllabic verse, after the poetic manner of Sir Walter Scott. It was founded on the discovery of the English colony established by some of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, in Pitcairn's Island, in the South Seas; since rendered more familiar to the lover of poetry by Lord Byron's *Christian and his Comrades*. Miss Mitford's tale was engagingly conceived and neatly versified, but manifested nothing beyond an elegance of mind and graceful facility of expression. A recent writer, in alluding to her imitation of Scott, asks, "was it that 'fear and niceness, the handmaids of woman,' restrained her from striking at once into an untried path, and induced her modesty to take refuge in the imitation of a style to which fashion and a great name had given currency? Or, was it that her genius was lulled

into an enchanted slumber by the same antique witcheries which had bound up that free spirit who used then to fascinate others, and was awakened like his from its golden dreams to seek for the forms of beauty in the realities of the material world, and for the symbols of passion in the authentic history of the human heart?"

Miss Mitford's next works were *Wallington Hill*, a poem, 1812; and, in the same year, *Narrative Poems on the Female Character* in the various relations of Life. Many of Miss Mitford's minor compositions are contained in the *Poetical Register*. For several years, however, from the last mentioned date, she appeared to have relinquished the lyre, and to have struck out a new career.

Meanwhile, Dr. Mitford had retired from practice, and he has since devoted much of his time to the discharge of his duties as a magistrate for Berkshire, to which those of a magistrate for Wiltshire have since been added. As chairman of the most important and populous division of Berkshire, that which includes Reading, he has distinguished himself not only by his activity, but by those rarer qualities, a cordial sympathy with the pleasures and sufferings of the labourers, and a disposition to make just allowance for their frailties. The Doctor has also removed to Three Mile Cross, a village named from its being just three miles from Reading. It straggles prettily up a gentle hill, on the road from Reading to Southampton, and is often pointed out to the traveller, as the scene of those pictures of rural life which have so often multiplied the enjoyments of country people, and given the feeling of the fresh air to citizens.*

In an amiable notice of Miss Mitford's latest work, we have been gratified with some long cherished recollections of the modest little cottage at Three Mile Cross, where, "many years ago," says the writer, "when we were young to the world, and inexperienced in all its ways, we were benefited by that warm hearted, generous being's advice, and cheered by her encouragement; and where we used to hear her talk in precisely the same mild, amiable, natural strain in which she has since then written her prose works. At the time we allude to she had produced nothing but poetry, and thought she should never be able to write any thing in prose. An heroine, and bearing and struggling with misfortunes, under which most women, and men too, would have sunk—the most excellent of daughters, the most affectionate of friends, the kindest to all mankind, and to all living creatures, she struck us as being in thought, word, and deed, the perfect model of an English gentlewoman—a character than which there is none more truly admirable, to which there is none superior. Like Washington Irving's, her writings are brimful of her real character."†

It was a fortunate hour for Miss Mitford's own fame and for us, when she ventured, in good, plain prose, to set down what she saw every day about her. "The success," says another critic, "was such as to leave no doubt of her graphic power; pictures succeeded sketches, volume followed volume in rapid succession; and the result is a series of works, under the unassuming title of *OUR VILLAGE*, which resemble nothing that preceded them in literature, and yet are as true likenesses of the most familiar objects in the world, as an imagination of reasonable honesty can be desired to mirror."‡

With this cabinet collection of "Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery," our readers must be familiar. The majority of them first appeared in the magazines, and other periodical publications, in which their simplicity and single-heartedness were charmingly contrasted with the leaven of dullness and favouritism; and through many a long month did they lighten and garnish graver matter: the number of these Sketches is very considerable, so as to have filled five volumes. How modestly the *first* of these was introduced to the public:—"The following pages contain an attempt to delineate country scenery and country manners, as they exist in a small village in the

* The unostentatious residence of Dr. and Miss Mitford is engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. xxiii. p.

† Printing Machine, No. 50.

‡ *New Monthly Magazine*, 1831. Part ii., p. 267.

south of England. The writer may, at least, claim the merit of a hearty love of her subject, and that of local and personal familiarity, which only a long residence in one neighbourhood could have enabled her to attain. Her descriptions have always been written on the spot, and at the moment, and, in nearly every instance, with the closest and most resolute fidelity to the place and the people. If she be accused of having given a brighter aspect to her villagers than is usually met with in books, she cannot help it, and would not if she could. She has painted, as they appeared to her, their little frailties and their many virtues, under an intense and thankful conviction, that in every condition of life, goodness and happiness may be found, and never more surely than in the fresh air, the shade and the sunshine of nature." There is a purity of heart and purpose in these expressions, which is perfectly beautiful.

Success, signal as it was, did not exalt Miss Mitford's opinion of her own works; for, these passages, from her fifth and *last* volume, have none of the tinsel of conceit, but the modesty of merit here shines as brightly as in her first preface: hear it, and you must admire it:—

"For ten long years, for five tedious volumes, has that most multifarious, and most kind personage, the public, endured to hear the history, half real, and half imaginary, of a half imaginary and half real little spot on the sunny side of Berkshire; but all mortal things have an end, and so must my country stories. The longest tragedy has only five acts; and since the days of *Clarissa Harlowe*, no author has dreamt of spinning out one single subject through ten weary years. I blush to think how much I have encroached on an indulgence, so patient and so kind. Sorry as I am to part from a locality, which has become almost identified with myself, this volume must and shall be the last.

"Farewell, then, my beloved village! the long, straggling street, gay and bright on this sunny, windy April morning, full of all implements of dirt and noise, men, women, children, cows, horses, wagons, carts, pigs, dogs, geese, and chickens, busy, merry, stirring, little world, farewell! Farewell to the winding, uphill road, with its clouds of dust, as horsemen and carriages ascend the gentle eminence, its borders of turf, and its primrosy hedgerows! —Farewell to the breezy common, with its islands of cottages and cottage-gardens; its oaken avenues, populous with rooks; its clear waters fringed with gorse, where lambs are straying; its cricket ground where children already linger, anticipating their summer revelry; its pretty boundary of field and woodland, and distant farms: and latest and best of its ornaments, the dear and pleasant mansion where dwell the neighbours of neighbours, the friends of friends; farewell to ye all! Ye will easily dispense with me, but what I shall do without you, I cannot imagine. Mine own dear village, farewell!

MARY RUSSELL MITTFORD."

Three Mile Cross, April 9, 1832.

Criticism has thus summed up *Our Village* to be essentially and idiomatically *English*, and to contain the best characteristics of English scenery habits, and virtues, since the days of *Fielding*—in vivid touches to be second only to *Cobbett*; but, be it remembered, without any of the leaven of their writings. Her indoor scenes of higher life have the same verisimilitude and ease, resembling, in no small degree, those of *Miss Austin*. In short, all her sketches seem alike written to make the reader happy. "Among the incidents, there are few that are not agreeable; her characters are always redeemed by some virtue or genial frailty; and with what zest she dwells on the bright passages of humble life, from the joy shed into the modest bosom by the unhopèd-for avowal, down to the gratification of blameless vanity at a village Maying."

It is a rare lot for the same author, whether man or woman, to found such a village class of composition, and also to bear off the tragic honours of the stage: for, to pass from a style which depends on the minuteness and vivacity of its details, to one of which the essence is condensation, is to be

versatile indeed. In the drama, however, Miss Mitford's course has been parallel to that which she has holden in the narrative and descriptive. Yet the writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, already quoted, thinks that fondness for the writings of Beaumont and Fletcher enfeebled the earlier creations of Miss Mitford's dramatic genius. The first play which she produced, bore marks of the beauty and weakness of those great writers,—the latter a certain glossiness—"but, for mere beauty, such as Fletcher would delight in, it surpasses all else that Miss Mitford has ever written:" the whole play, as Mr. Hazlitt said when he saw it, "howls on like a chariot," and the fault of the last act is redeemed by passages not unworthy of Fletcher. To *Foscari*, Miss Mitford's next play, the critic objects less; "the Doge is admirably conceived and sustained throughout, and his conduct at the trial of his son and at his death is more affecting than we ever dare think of.

"But it was in the composition of *Rienzi* that Miss Mitford attained the entire command of her tragic powers, that she comprised a history in five acts without confusion—that she exhibited the short-lived triumphs of glorious enthusiasm, nurtured in the love of freedom, clutching the phantoms of royalty, and fading by its own essential weakness—that she brought together, in deathly grapple, the representatives of popular tyranny and of power consecrated by time, in persons nearly and desperately connected, and intertwined the whole with a thread of dramatic interest, binding it together in one, and beating throughout as a pulse."*—These plays have been performed with extraordinary success in the late neglected state of the dramatic art.

Besides the above plays, Miss Mitford has written two tragedies, one on the catastrophe of Charles I., and the other on the story of Inez de Castro; each of which is said to be worthy of her fame. The first has been represented at the Victoria Theatre; the other has been twice in rehearsal, but not produced. To this class of Miss Mitford's works must be added a volume of *Dramatic Scenes*.

Miss Mitford's minor prose pieces are numerous contributions to the *Annals*; though it is scarcely sufficient praise to add that the interest of her papers entitles them to the rank of the best of their class. To these may be added the editorship of two sets of *American Tales*, one for children, and the other for readers of all ages.

Miss Mitford's last published work is *Belford Regis*, (or *Reading*, in *Berkshire*,) so that our author has but left village for country town. This work is generally esteemed as of somewhat higher finish than the *Village Sketches*. Of its beauties we gave several specimens in our 25th volume.

We are not in possession of the precise period of the birth of Miss Mitford, and it would be ungallant to question a lady's age. Our kind-hearted authoress has, however, let out the secret, (if it be one,) with her wonted ingenuousness, in a page of *Belford Regis*; and here it is: "It is now about forty years ago, since I, a damsel scarcely so high as the table on which I am writing, and somewhere about four years old," &c. That Miss Mitford may long enjoy the pure delights of *Our Village*, its happy home and social endearments, and still find leisure to improve thousands of admiring readers, is the sincere hope of the writer of this brief sketch of the life and writings of one whose name and fame are an honour to the female talent of England.

* *New Monthly Magazine*, 1831. Part ii., p. 369.

The Mirror

OF

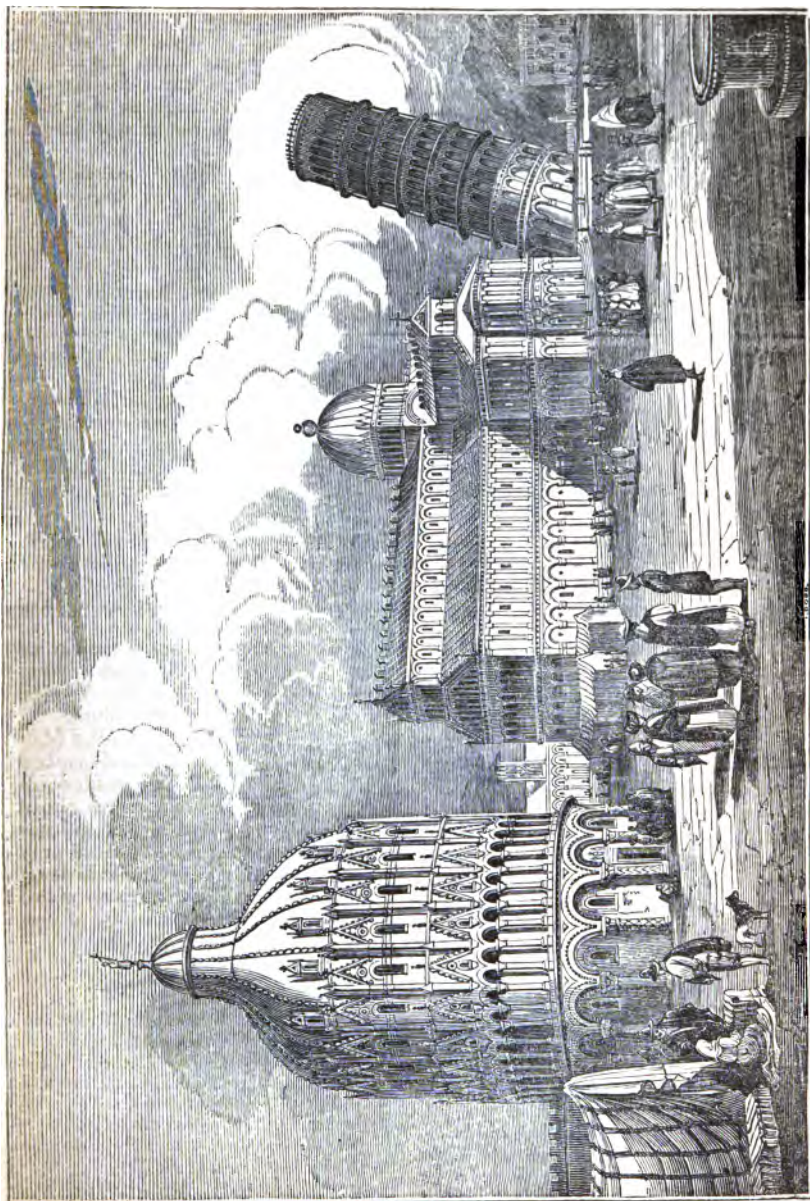
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 757.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1836.

[Price 2d.]

PISA.



BAPTISTERY.

CATHEDRAL.

LEANING TOWER.

PISA.

UPON the previous page is figured the magnificence of the ancient city of Pisa; confined to one sacred corner, described as follows by Mr. Leigh Hunt, in one of his delightful "Letters from Abroad," in the *Liberator*:—"Let the reader suppose the new square at Westminster Abbey, converted into a broad, grass walk, and standing in a much more solitary part of the town. Let him suppose at one end of this walk the Leaning Tower, with some small but elegant houses on one side of it, looking down upon the grass-plot; the Baptistery, a rotunda, standing by itself at the opposite end; the public hospital, an extremely neat and quiet building, occupying the principal length of the road, which borders the grass-plot on one side; on the other side, and on the grass itself, the Cathedral, stretching between the Leaning Tower and the Baptistery; and lastly, at the back of the Cathedral, and visible between the openings at its two ends, the Campo Santo, or Burial Ground, a set of walled, marble cloisters, full of the oldest paintings in Italy. All these buildings are detached; they all stand in a free, open situation; they all look as if they were built but a year ago; they are all of marble; the whole place is kept extremely clean,—the very grass in a state of greenness not common to turf in the South; and there are trees looking upon it over a wall next the Baptistery. Let the reader add to this scene a few boys playing about, all ready to answer your questions in pure Tuscan,—women occasionally passing with veils or bare hands, or now and then a couple of friars; and, though finer individual sights may be found in the world, it will be difficult to come upon an assemblage of objects more rich in their communion."—Our representation, in part, of this beautiful scene, is from one of the superb illustrations to Mr. Brockedon's *Road-book from London to Naples*, recently published.

The three objects in the view are the Duomo, or Cathedral, in the centre; the Baptistery, on the left hand; and the Leaning Tower, or Campanile, on the right. The two latter, however, are but detached portions of the Cathedral; the erection of baptisteries, and bell-towers, belfries, or campaniles, apart from the church itself, being by no means uncommon in the architecture of the period in which these buildings were constructed. "All," in the words of Forsyth, "are built of the same marble, all varieties of the same architecture, all venerable with years, and fortunate both in their society and in their solitude."

The Duomo, or Cathedral, a Græco-Arabo-Pisano structure, in the shape of a Latin cross, built in the eleventh century, under the guidance of Buschetto, a Grecian, is remarkable for the richness and variety of its mar-

bles; and, next to the cathedrals of Milan and Siena, is perhaps, the finest church of its kind in Italy.* The eastern front is ornamented with an immense number of columns; some of which are Grecian marble, others oriental granite, and one is porphyry: among these the most striking are six magnificent antique columns, which adorn the three main doors of bronze, and are said to be either Grecian or Egyptian workmanship. The doors were designed by Giovanni di Bologna, and cast by P. D. Portigiani: that in the centre, the least beautiful, represents the Life of the Madonna; it is surrounded by figures of saints and prophets, and embellished with a border of foliage, fruits, and flowers. The doors on the right and left represent the Life of the Saviour, from his birth to his crucifixion; they are bordered similarly to the central door. The arches above the doors are enriched with mosaic, by Filippo di Lorenzo Paladini. The architrave of the eastern door was taken from an ancient edifice; and the door which fronts the Campanile is esteemed for its high antiquity. The inside of the church is adorned with 74 lofty columns, of oriental granite and rare marble. Twelve altars, designed by Michael Angelo, and executed by Stagio Stagi, adorn the walls of the edifice. The high altar is elaborately decorated with lapis lazuli, verde antique, brocatello di Spagna, bronze gilt, giallo di Siena, &c.: the tribuna contains two porphyry columns, with elegantly wrought capitals and bases; that near the episcopal throne being embellished with the best works of Stagi, and a bronze angel, greatly admired. The decorations of the opposite column were executed by Foggini; and the group of angels on a golden field, which adorns the great arch, by Ghirlandajo, the master of Michael Angelo. The seats for the canons are of a kind of wooden mosaic. The four pictures of St. Peter, St. John, St. Margaret, and St. Katherine, are by Andrea del Sarto. The ceiling, of exquisite mosaic, represents the Saviour, the Madonna, and St. John. On the right side of the great cross is the chapel of St. Ranieri, whose sarcophagus rests on a pedestal of red Egyptian granite, adorned with valuable marbles, as is the sarcophagus itself. The chapel contains an elaborate mosaic representation of the Madonna enthroned and attended by angels. On the left side of the great cross is the chapel of the Holy Cross; which contains a ciborio of massive silver, and an altar adorned with silver *bassi-relievi*. The centre aisle contains a pulpit of inlaid marble, supported by a porphyry and an oriental brocatello column: the first is curious for its consisting of various pieces, nicely joined; the

* The Pisans consecrated their plunder, gained in an expedition against the Saracens of Palermo, in 1063, to the erection of this Cathedral: which was finished before the end of the eleventh century.

second is the finest specimen of its kind in Italy. The walls are hung with pictures by eminent masters. Mr. Forsyth considers this church to include whatever was grand or beautiful in the works of the middle ages; and that this was, perhaps, the noblest of them all.

The *Baptistery* was erected by Diotisalvi, in the twelfth century. It is an octagon of white marble, richly carved; and its principal entrance displays two large and two small columns, similar to those which adorn the great doors of the Cathedral. The inside of the edifice resembles an ancient temple. Twelve arches, supported by eight vast columns of Sardinian granite, and four pilasters of white marble, serve as the base to a row of pilasters, on which rests the cupola. The font, elevated on three steps of beautiful marble, is adorned with *intagli* and mosaics, so well executed, that they appear to have been wrought long before the building. On the margin are four places for the immersion of infants, and in the centre is a large basin for the immersion of adults: though this practice has been abandoned since the thirteenth century. The pulpit is supported by nine marble columns, and ornamented with *bassi-relievi* of oriental alabaster and Parian marble. The Baptistery was finished in 1153; at which period Pisa is said to have been so populous, that a voluntary contribution of one florin, from every family, sufficed to pay for this noble edifice.

The *Leaning Tower* has already been detailed and engraved in our Miscellany;* but, the latest description, from Mr. Brockedon's beautiful work, may be not unacceptable:—

"The Campanile, or Tower, declines so much out of the perpendicular, that it is known throughout the world as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. It is circular, with an elevation of one hundred and ninety feet to the rails of the upper gallery, which overhangs the base fifteen English feet. It is composed of eight galleries, each surrounded by columns of marble and granite, whence arches spring, which support the entablatures of each gallery: above two hundred columns are thus employed. The immense number used in these remarkable buildings, and which have evidently aided in the construction of former edifices, leaves the observer to wonder where they could have been obtained. Stairs lead up to the summit, whence the view of Pisa and the surrounding country is very fine. On the highest gallery is placed a bell, rung on all occasions of public alarm for safety: it is the same that tolled the signal of the revolution which led to the dreadful fate of Ugolino, immortalized by Dante. Many conjectures upon the cause of the leaning of this tower have been offered,

and there has been no want of absurdity among them. It has been stated, that it was *purposely* built so to display the skill of the architect; and still more absurd has been the idea, that the eighth story, the side of which, though considerably overhanging the base, appears slightly to deviate from a parallel with the lower stories, "has been added in later times, as a balance to prevent the whole edifice from falling!" Records, as early as the building of this tower, are kept; the date of its commencement, 1174, is mentioned, and the architects known to be Guglielmo—and Bernardo Pisano, but no mention of its leaning appears; on the contrary, in one of the early frescoes in the Campo Santo, which represented an event in the life of St. Ranieri, the tower was painted upright; but it cannot be doubted that the foundation of the tower has settled on one side since its completion, and the leaning was too gradual to mark its period of commencement or of rest, and therefore unrecorded. Some have thought that it began to lean whilst constructing, yet was carried on; but that the architects, or their employers, should spend their money upon a dangerous or falling structure, since no one could tell to what extent it would lean before the settlement should support it, are conjectures too ridiculous to entertain."

THE PILGRIM—FROM SCHILLER.

"Not by me
Repeated without loss of simple phrase."
In life's spring was I advancing
When I wander'd forth from all;
And glad youths and maidens dancing
Lett I in my father's hall.
Heritage, and all that earth
Gave, I gladly cast from me;
And on the palmer's staff set forth
With infantine simplicity.
Mighty hope then onward bore me;
Faith obscurely seem'd to cry—
"Haste, an open way's before thee,—
Forward to the orient sky!
"Until at a golden portal
Thou arriv'st—there goest thou in:
Thenceforth shall the earthly mortal
Heavenly and unchanging shine."
Then came eve and morn succeeding;
Never, never stood I still:
Yet lies hidden and unheeding,
What I seek for, what I will.
Floods oppos'd their sweeping ridges,
Mountains pil'd in my path lay;
Through wild torrents made I bridges,
O'er whirlpools my narrow way.
To the margin of a gliding
Stream that towards the morning flow'd,
Came I, and, to it confiding,
Cast me on its bosom broad.
Downwards to a mighty ocean,
The waves wafted me in sport;
Wider spreads its vain commotion,
Nearer am I not to port.
Alas! no path avails in gaining
Heaven, that far and farther still
Flies from touch of earth, remaining
Ever inaccessible.

* See Mirror, vol. i. p. 4—30; and vol. ii. p. 210; the details mainly from the Letters in the Liberal.

HARD WINTERS.

In 1670, the frost was most intense in England and in Denmark, both the Little and Great Belt being frozen.

In 1684, the winter was excessively cold. Many forest trees, and even the oaks in England, were split by the frost. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, which was covered with ice eleven inches thick. Almost all the birds perished.

In 1691, the cold was so excessive, that the famished wolves entered Vienna, and attacked the cattle, and even men.

The winter of 1695 was extremely severe and protracted. The frost in Germany began in October, and continued till April, and many people were frozen to death.

The years 1697 and 1699 were nearly as bad. In England, the price of wheat, which in preceding years had seldom reached to 30s. a quarter, now amounted to 71s.

In 1709, occurred that famous winter, called by distinction, the cold winter. All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the seas, to the distance of several miles from the shore. The frost is said to have penetrated three yards into the ground.—Birds and wild beasts were strewed dead in the fields; and men perished by thousands in their houses. The more tender shrubs and vegetables in England were killed; and wheat rose in price from 2*l.* to 4*l.* a quarter. In the south of France, the olive plantations were almost entirely destroyed: nor have they yet recovered that fatal disaster. The Adriatic sea was quite frozen over, and even the coasts of the Mediterranean, about Genoa: and the citron and orange groves suffered extremely in the finest parts of Italy.

In 1716, the winter was very cold. On the Thames, booths were erected, and a fair held.

In 1726, the winter was so intense that people travelled in sledges across the Strait, from Copenhagen to the province Scania in Sweden.

In 1729, much injury was done by the frost, which lasted from October till May. In Scotland, multitudes of cattle and sheep were buried in the snow; and many of the forest-trees in other parts of Europe were killed.

The successive winters of 1731 and 1732 were likewise extremely cold.

The cold of 1740 was scarcely inferior to that of 1709. The snow lay eight or ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder Zee was frozen over, and many thousand persons walked or skated on it. At Leyden the thermometer fell ten degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit's scale. All the lakes in England froze; and a whole ox was roasted on the Thames. Many trees were killed by the frost; and postilions

were benumbed in their saddles. In both the years 1709 and 1740, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland ordained a national fast to be held, on account of the dearth which then prevailed.

In 1744, the winter was again very cold. The Mayne was covered seven weeks with ice; and at Evora, in Portugal, people could hardly creep out of their houses for heaps of snow.

The winters during the five successive years, 1745, 1746, 1747, 1748, and 1749, were all of them very cold.

In 1754, and again in 1755, the winters were particularly cold. At Paris, Fahrenheit's thermometer sunk to the beginning of the scale; and in England, the strongest ale, exposed to the air in a glass, was covered, in less than a quarter of an hour, with ice an eighth of an inch thick.

The winters of 1766, 1767, 1768, were very cold all over Europe. In France the thermometer fell six degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit's scale. The large rivers and the most copious springs in many parts were frozen. The thermometer laid on the surface of the snow at Glasgow fell two degrees below zero.

In 1771, the snow lay very deep, and the Elbe was frozen to the bottom.

In 1776, much snow fell, and the cold was intense. The Danube bore ice five feet thick below Vienna. Wine froze in the cellars, both in France and in Holland. Many people were frost-bitten, and vast multitudes both of the feathered and finny tribes perished. Yet the quantity of snow which lay on the ground had checked the penetration of the frost. Van Swinden found in Holland, that the earth was congealed to the depth of twenty-one inches, on a spot of a garden which had been kept cleared, but only nine inches at another place near it, which was covered with four inches of snow.

The successive winters of 1784 and 1785 were uncommonly severe, insomuch that the Little Belt was frozen over.

In 1789, the cold was excessive, and again in 1795, when the republican armies overran Holland.

The successive winters of 1799 and 1800 were both very cold.

In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold.

Manners and Customs.**NEW YEAR'S DAY.**

GIVING of new year's gifts, (says Langley,) had its origin in Rome; for Suetonius Tranquillus reporteth that the knights of Rome gave yearly on the calends of January, a present to Augustus Cæsar, although he were absent. Which custom remaineth in En-

gland, for the subjects sent to their superiors, and the noble personages give to the king some great gifts, and he to gratify their kindness doth liberally reward them with something again.

In a scarce tract, entitled *Vox Graculi*, printed in 1623, is the following passage in reference to new year's gifts:—"This day shall be given many more gifts than shall be asked for, and apples, eggs, and oranges, shall be lifted up to a lofty rate; when a pome-water, bestuck with a few cloves, shall be more worth than the honesty of an hypocrite. Poets this day shall get mightily by their pamphlets: for an hundred of elaborate lines shall be less esteemed in London, than an hundred of Walfleet oysters at Cambridge."

In the *Monthly Miscellany* for December, 1692, there is an essay on new year's gifts, which states that the Romans were great observers of this custom. Tacitus makes mention of an order of Tiberius, forbidding the giving or demanding new year's gifts unless it were on the calends of January; at which time the senators, as well as the knights and other great men, brought gifts to the emperor, and in his absence to the capitol. Our English nobility, every new year's tide, still send to the king a purse with gold in it. Reason may be joined to custom to justify the practice; for, as presages are drawn from the first things which are met with on the beginning of a day, week, or year, none can be more pleasing than those things that are given us. We rejoice with our friends after having escaped the dangers that attend every year, and congratulate each other for the future, by presents and wishes for the happy continuance of that course which the ancients called *Strenarium Commercium*. And, as formerly men used to renew their hospitalities by presents called *Xenia*, a name proper enough for our new year's gifts, they may be said to serve to renew friendship, which is one of the greatest gifts imparted by Heaven to man; and they who have always assigned some day to choose things which they thought good, have also judged it proper to solemnize the festival of gifts; and to show how much they esteemed it, in token of happiness made it begin the year. The value of the thing given, or if it is a thing of small worth, its novelty, or the excellence of the work, and the place where it is given, makes it the more acceptable; but above all, the time of giving it, which makes some presents pass for a mark of civility in the beginning of the year, that would appear unsuitable in another season.

It is stated in a manuscript in the British Museum, dated 1560, that the Eaton school-boys used to play for little new year's gifts, before and after supper, on the day of Circumcision; and that the boys had a custom that day, for the sake of good luck, of making

verses and sending them to the provost and masters.

New York.

It is the custom in New-York, (says Mr. Hamilton,) for the gentlemen to visit all their acquaintances on the first day of the year; and the omission of this observance, in regard to any particular family, would be considered as a decided slight. The routine is as follows: the ladies of a family remain at home to receive visits; the gentlemen are abroad, actively engaged in paying them. You enter, shake hands, are seated, talk for a minute or two on the topics of the day, then hurry off as fast as you can. Wine and cake are on the table, of which each visitor is invited to partake. The custom is of Dutch origin, and its influence on the social intercourse of families is very salutary; the first day of the year is considered a day of kindness and reconciliation, on which petty differences are forgotten, and trifling injuries forgiven. It sometimes happens that between friends long connected, a misunderstanding takes place; each is too proud to make concessions, alienation follows, and thus are two families, very probably, permanently estranged. But, on this day of annual amnesty, each of the offended parties calls on the wife of the other, kind feelings are recalled, past grievances overlooked, and at their next meeting they take each other by the hand, and are again friends.

W. G. C.

Christmas and New Year's Day in Edinburgh.

CHRISTMAS Day, so much regarded in most parts of England, is no more thought of here, than an ordinary week-day: all the shops are open, public business is transacted, and all persons pursue their usual avocations. Nothing is seen to indicate the festival, with the exception of the open chapels of the English, and the few places of worship belonging to the Catholic residents. But the Presbyterians dispense with these observances, which, in their opinion, strongly savour of superstition.

They do not, however, allow the whole joyous season to pass without some mirth, and the time chosen for their conviviality is new year's day. The humbler classes of people, with those of the middling ranks, commence drinking and singing immediately after twelve o'clock on the first morning of the new year, and continue their boisterous conviviality until daylight. They then separate, and every person who is sufficiently sober, proceeds, with a bottle of whisky, to the dwelling of his most intimate friend, to wish him a happy new year, and to oblige him to drink, before breakfast, a glass of whisky. It is customary to present, at the same time, a small piece of *short-bread*—a kind of sweet cake made expressly for the occasion. It

sometimes happens, that one person receives several of these visits, and, consequently, he is compelled to take as many glasses of whiskey, for he cannot decline them without offending the persons by whom they are brought. The individual who first arrives is considered the most attentive, and is honoured with the appellation of the *first foot*. The custom is so prevalent, that even children may be seen walking along the streets with small bottles of spirits, for the purpose of treating their juvenile companions.

Apprentices, and others, throughout the city, are allowed a holiday on this day, and almost every kind of business is suspended to give place to mirth and hilarity.

From the following paragraph in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* of Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1834, we may infer that new year's day was formerly observed in a manner even more indecorous than it is at present:—"In ushering in new year's morning, we have much pleasure in saying that up to a late hour, while we were going to press, there was no appearance of any rioting whatsoever in our streets, and, beyond the usual noisy revelry, we anticipate nothing to disturb the public peace." G. W. N.

Edinburgh, December 12, 1835.

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE POET THOMSON.

*Letters from JAMES THOMSON, Author of the Seasons, &c., to Dr. Cranstoun, son of the Minister of Anstrum, and brother of the late Mr. John Cranstoun, who succeeded his father in the same charge.**

I.

London April 3 1725

I wish you joy of the spring

Dr Sr

I had yours some days since, the only letter I received since I came from Scotland. I was almost out of humour att the letter I wrote for to Mr Elliot since it so curtail'd yours to me; I went and delivered it. He received me affably enough and promised me his assistance, tho' at the same time he told me (what every one tells me) that 'twill be prodigiously difficult to succeed in the business you know I design. However, come what will I shall make an effort and leave the rest to Providence. Ther is I'm persuaded a necessary fixed chain of things and I hope my fortune whatever it be, shall be link'd to diligence and honesty. If I should not succeed, in your next advise me what I should do. Succeed or not, I firmly resolve to pursue divinity as the only thing I am now fit for. Now if I cant accomplish the design on which I came up, I think I had

* The orthography and punctuation of the originals are followed in these copies.

best make interest and pass my tryalls here; so that if I be obliged soon to return to Scotland again I may not return no better then I came away: And to be deeply serious with you the more I see of the vanity and wickedness of the world I'm more inclined to that sacred office. I was going to bid you suppress that rising laugh, but I check myself severely again for suffering such an unbecoming thought of you to enter into my mind—so much for business.

The playhouse is indeed a very fine entertainment, tho' not to the height I expected. A Tragedy I think or a fine character in a Comedy gives greater pleasure read than acted. but your fools and persons of a very whimsical and humourous character are a delicious morsel on the stage they indeed exercise my risible faculty and particularly your old friend Daniel in Oroonoko diverted me infinitely. the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, Beau Clincher and his brother in the *Trip to the Jubilee* pleased me extremely too. Mr. Booth has a very majestic appearance, a full harmonious voice, and vastly exceeds them all in acting Tragedy. The last act in *Cato* he does to perfection, and you'd think that he expir'd with the *Oh!* that ends it. Mr. Wells I believe has been a very fine actor for the fine gentleman and the young hero, but his face now is wrinkl'd, his voice broken, and age forbids the youthful cheat. Cibber, I have not seen much of his action yet. Mills and Johnstoun are pretty good actors. Dicky Morris that little comical toothless divill will turn his back and crack a very good jest yet. there are some others of them execrable. Mrs. Oldfield has a smiling jolly face acts very well in Comedy,

* * * * * She turns her body and leers with her eyes most bewitchingly. Mrs. Porter excells in Tragedy, has a sharp piercing voice and enters most into her character, and if she did not act well she could not be endured being disagreeable in her appearance than any of them. Mrs. Booth acts some things very well, and particularly Ophelia's madness in *Hamlet* inimitably, but then she dances so deliciously

* * * * * indeed the women are generally the handsomest in the house, and better actors than the men, but perhaps their sex prejudices ons in their favor. These are a few of the observations I have made hitherto att Drury Lane theatre to which I have paid five visits, but have not been att the new house yet. My purse will not keep pace with my inclinations in that matter. O! if I had Misjohn here to see some of their top fools he would shake the scenes with laughter. Give my service to him. Tell him I laugh at the thoughts of him and should be very glad to hear from him. You may send your letters to my Mother in

Edinburgh in a line enclosed desiring her to send them to me which I have directed her to do frank. however you may send the next directly to me to your Cousin's care and perhaps I shall fall upon a more expedite way, I must for the present stop here and subscribe myself—Yours sincerely

JAMES THOMSON.

II.

East Barnet July 20 1825.

Dear Doctor.

I can't imagine the meaning of this long silence, unless my last letter has not come to your hand which was written two three months since. I would have seconded it tho unanswered before now, but one thing and another, particularly the severe affliction of my mother's death incapacitated me for entertaining my friends. Now I'm pretty much at ease. in the country, ten miles from London, teaching Lord Binnings son to read, a low task you know not so suitable to my temper, but I must learn that necessary lesson of suiting my mind and temper to my state. I hope I shall not pass my time here without improvement the great design of my coming hither, and then in due time I resolve, thro God's assistance, to consummate my original study of divinity, for you know the business of a tutor is only precarious and for the present I approve every day more and more your advice to your Br John as to the direction of his study. if well pursued 'tis as honourable useful and certain a method of living as one in his or my circumstances could readily fall into. no contemptible notion of things at home, and romantic one of things abroad, perhaps I was too much injected that ways, but I hope in the issue it shan't be the worse for me. what he seemed to be fond of wer surgery 'tis as you cant but know the merest drugg here in the world. Scotland is really fruitfull of surgeons. they come here like flocks of vultures every day, and by a mercifull providentiall kind of instinct transport themselves to foreforeign countries. The 'Change stinks of them where they peruse the ship-bills and meet the sea-captains. pray let John know my sentiments in this matter, because thro a giddy discontent I spake too slightly to him of the study which he has now so happily espoused. I am not now in London, so cant acquaint you with any thing that passes there within my narrow observation. being there on sunday last I heard that all was very dead both with respect to the scribblers of politics and poetry. as for news you never want too many of them, they increase proportionally to their distance from the source; like rivers (or since I'm in the way of similies) like discord, as the poets personate her, small at first, but in a short time, her body reaches from the zenith to the nadir, and her arms from one

pole to the other, which is the case of fame [illegible—a few lines because of the wafer]

—all my other letters 'from this, if youll favor me with an answer, shall smell of the country. I need not tell you I have a most affectionate regard for you, and twill give me as real a satisfaction from you as any man. twill be a great pleasure for me to hear of Mr. Reckleton's welfare who deserves encouragement as much as any in Scotland. Misjohn and his horse also would make a very good paragraph. my services to them both. To Mr and Mrs. Cranstoun, John and—Yours sincerely

JAMES THOMSON.

I cannot have a certain account whether Sir Will: Bennett has lost post or not. Your country news tho they may seem trifling will be acceptable to me. My brother will readily wait upon who is just now setting up att Kelso.

Spirit of the Annuals.

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1836,

By Thomas Hood, Esq.

[Has risen upon us in time to gild our new year's Number. Hood is the jocund King of the Annualists, and right merrily him do we greet. But whence is this year's budget dated?—"from a crest overlooking Kalterberger, in the Eifel, more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea; on a Teutonic mountain, in the midst of a palpable fog, to which it is accustomed eight days out of seven,—but neither difference nor distance makes any difference to us Germans in our salutes;—we can bow round a corner, or down a crooked lane."—The author's tour thither has supplied the staple of this year's volume; for, in the true spirit of philosophy, he finds fun in everything. He has turned the grave humour of the Germans to admirable account, especially in the first chapter—a Shandean treat.]

The Domestic Dilemma.

"I am perfectly at my wits' ends!"

As Madame Doppeldick said this, she thrust both her fat hands into the pockets of her scarlet cotton apron, at the same time giving her head a gentle shake, as if implying that it was a case in which head and hands could be of no possible avail. She was standing in a little dormitory, exactly equidistant from two beds, between which her eyes and her thoughts had been alternating some ten minutes past. They were small beds,—pallets,—cots,—cribs,—troughs upon four legs, such as the old painters represent the manger in their pictures of the Nativity. Our German beds are not intended to carry double, and in such an obscure out-

by way of salad, and pickled plums by way of dessert, and "sauer-milch" with sourish, brown bread—and then, to wash these down, he drank sourish "Essigberger" wine, and "sauer-wasser," of which the village of Kleinewinkel had its own peculiar brunnen. Still I say, by all these sours, and many others not mentioned besides, his temper was never soured, nor could they turn one drop of the milk of human kindness that flowed in his bosom. Instead, therefore, of his round, full features being ever rumpled and crumpled, and furrowed up by the ploughshare of passion, you never saw any thing on his face but the same everlasting sub-smile of phlegmatic philanthropy. In spite of the stream of complaint that kept pouring into his ear, he forgave Captain Schenk from the bottom of his soul for being billeted on him; and entertained no more spleen towards the King of Prussia and the Quarter-master, than he did towards the gnat that bit him last year.

[But the dilemma must be left to the volume itself. Matters nearer home are next quizzed in a clever poem, entitled *Love and Lunacy*, in which the precocious follies of the age are not spared. Then are]

Stanzas on Coming of Age.

"Twiddle'em, Twiddle'em, Twenty-one."

Nurse.—Oh wo! Oh woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
Oh day! Oh day! Oh day! Oh hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this!
Oh woful day! Oh woful day!

Musician.—Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse.—Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up;
For well you know this is a pitiful case.

Romeo and Juliet.

TO-DAY it is my natal day,—
Three 'prenticeships have past away,
A part in work, a part in play,
Since I was bound to life!
This first of May I come of age,
A man, I enter on the stage
Where human passions fret and rage,
To mingle in the strife.

It ought to be a happy date;
My friends, they all congratulate
That I am come to "Man's Estate,"
To some, a grand event;
But, ah! to me descent allots
No acres, no paternal spots,
In Beds, Bucks, Herts, Wilts, Essex, Notts,
Hants, Oxon, Berks, or Kent.

From John o'Groat's to Land's End search,
I have not one rod, pole, or perch,
To pay me rent, or tithe to church,
That I can call my own.
Not common-right for goose or ass;
Then what is Man's Estate? Alas!
Six feet by two of mould and grass,
When I am dust and bone.

Reserve the feast! The board forsake!
Ne'er tap the wine—don't cut the cake,
No toasts or foolish speeches make
At which my reason spurns.

Before this happy term you praise,
And prate about returns and days,
Just o'er my vacant rent-roll gaze,
And sum up my returns.

I know where great estates descend,
That here is boyhood's legal end,
And easily can comprehend
How "Manors make the Man."
But as for me, I was not born
To quit-rent of a peppercorn,
And gain no ground this blessed morn
From Heersheba to Dan.

No barrels broach—no bonfires make!
To roast a bullock for my sake,
Who in the country have no stakes,
Would be too like a quiz:
No banners hoist—let off no gun—
Pitch no marquee—devise no fun—
But think, when man is twenty-one,
What new delights are his?

What is the moral, legal fact,
Of age to-day, I'm free to act
For self—free, namely to contract
Engagements, bonds, and debts;
I'm free to give my I O U,
Sign, draw, accept, as majors do;
And free to lose my freedom too,
For want of due assets.

I am of age to ask Miss Ball,
Or that great heiress, Miss Duval,
To go to church, hump, squit, and all,
And be my own for life;
But put such reasons on their shelves,
To tell the truth between ourselves,
I'm one of those contented elves
Who do not want a wife.

What else belongs to manhood still,
I'm old enough to make a will,
With valid clause and codicil,
Before in turf I lie.
But I have nothing to bequeath
In earth, or waters underneath,
And in all candour let me breathe,
I do not wish to die.

Away! if this be manhood's forte,
Put by the sherry and the port—
No ring of bells—no rustic sport—
No dance—no merry pipes!
No flowery garlands—no bouquet—
No birthday-ode to sing or say—
To me it seems, this is a day
For bread and cheese and swipes.

To justify the festive cup,
What horrors here are conjured up!
What things of bitter bite and sup,
Poor, wretched Twenty-One's!
No landed lumps, but frumps and bumps,
(Discretion's Days are far from trumps)
Domestic discord, dowdies, dumps,
Death, dockets, debts, and duns!

If you must drink, oh! drink "the King,"—
Reform—the Church—the Press—the Ring:
Drink Aldgate Pump—or any thing,
Before a toast like this!
Nay, tell me coming thus of age,
And turning o'er this sorry page,
Was young Nineteen so far from sage?
Or young Eighteen from bliss?

Till this dull, cold, wet, happy morn,—
No sign of May about the thorn,—
Were Love and Bacchus both unborn?
Had Beauty not a shape?
Make answer, sweet Kate Finnerty!
Make answer, lads of Trinity!
Who sipp'd with me Divinity,
And quaff'd the ruby grape!

No slummary then from flowery lips,
No three times-three and hip-hip-hips,
Because I'm ripe and full of pipe—
I like a little green.

To put me on my solemn oath,
If sweep-like I could stop my growth,
I would remain and nothing loth,
A Boy—about nineteen.

My friends, excuse me these rebukes!
Were I a monarch's son, or duke's,
Go to the Vatican of Menz,

And broach his biggest barrels—
Impale whole elephants on spits—
Ring Tom of Lincoln till he splits,
And dance into St. Vitus' fits,

And break your winds with carols!

But ah! too well you know my lot,
Ancestral acres greet me not,
My freehold's in a garden-pot,

And hardly worth a pin.

Away then with all festive stuff!

Let Robins advertise and puff
My "Man's Estate," I'm sure enough
I shall not buy it in.

[The Quaker's *Conversazione* is a pleasant anomaly; but, our next quotation is from a ludicrous paper of the experiences of the editor—]

The Ocean, per se.

To complete the Sea Curse,—there are three Fates and each had a boon for me at my birth—it was ordained that, like the great Nelson, I should never sail from fresh water into salt, without knowing it by a general rising and commotion, which might be called figuratively, a Mutiny at the Nore.

Like the standing, and sitting, infirmity, it is incurable. On my voyage outwards I tried every popular recipe; the hard ones first, to wit, raw carrots, raw onions, sailor's biscuit with Dutch cheese, hard-boiled eggs, hard dumplings, raw stockfish. Next the easy ones: namely, cream cheese, welsh rabbits, macaroni, very hasty pudding, and insupportable soup. Then the neutrals: such as chewed blotting-paper, dry oatmeal, pounded egg-shells, scraped chalk, and unbaked dough.

To wash these down, I took, by prescription, tea without milk, coffee without sugar, bark without wine, water without brandy; and these formulas all failing, I then tried them, as witches pray, backwards; brandy without water, wine without bark, and so forth. The experimental combinations followed; rum and milk, and mustard; eggs and wine, and camomile tea; gin and beer; and vinegar; sea-water and salad-oil, mulled, with sugar and nutmeg. Of which last, I drank by advice most prodigiously, the Doctors of the Marine College dispensing always on the Homœopathic principle, that a large dose of any thing, whereof a little would set you wrong on the land, will set you right on the sea.

I need hardly say that, with my predisposed *necessitarian* viscera, all these infallible remedies failed of any effect, except to aggravate my case. Nothing short of liquid lead, maybe, or potable plaster of Paris, would have proved a settler.

Happy the man who hath never been driven in his despair, to test, detest, invoke,

evoke, swallow, and unswallow, such drugs and draughts of the naval *Pharmacopeia*! Thrice happy civic simpleton who hath never learned how the rudder revolveth, at the risk of turning round himself!

Vandergroot is visibly in course of transformation. At every visit to the cabin he looks more and more like a Dutch-pin. He talks to me roundly, and gets blunter and blunter! The last time I felt, I had no small to my back. If I may guess at my own figure it is now about an oval. I must look like one of Leda's babies, just emerged, with their insignificant buds of legs and arms, from the egg! From an oval to a circle is but a step. Heaven help me when I get landed, round and sound, as they say of cherries! How shall I get home—how get up—(there will be a short way down)—mine own stairs? How shall I sit? Instead of my old library chair, I must borrow its three-legged stool of the terrestrial globe!

Either my head swims, or the cabin is getting circular! I shall roll about in it like a bolus in its box! If I am not merely giddy, I am already as spherical as the earth;—a little flatted, or so, that is, towards the poles. What a horrible rough calm! I will down on my knees, if I have knees, and with clasped hands, if hands remain to me, pray, beg, and supplicate for a dismal storm to batter me into shape again, though it be but nine-bobble-square!

I get more and more candid and communicative every moment. I can keep nothing to myself;—you shall have my whole heart. I abhor, loathe, execrate, the sea! If I could throw up my hat, my cry would be "Land for ever!" A fido for Tom Tough! Down with Duncan, Howe, and Jarvis! No Dibdin!

If ever I get ashore, able to chalk upon a wall, you shall read—Ask for Stoke Pogis! Try Lupton Parva! If ever I get to a dry desk again, to write verse upon,—and the poetry of the ocean is all on the land, its prose only upon the sea,—you shall have a rare new melody, published by Power, to some such strain as this:—

The sea! the D——!
The terrible, horrible sea!
The stormy, tumbling,
Qualmy-jumbling,
Spirit-humbling,
Shingle-stumbling,
Sea-weed-fumbling,
Wearing, crumbling,
Mischief-mumbling,
Growling, grumbling,

Like thunder far off rumbling—

That last line halteth in its feet, as it well may, when the poet cannot keep his legs. Oh! it is well for Cornwall, born perchance "with one foot on sea and one foot on shore" at the Land's End,—I have seen a picture of it by Turner, a bare, bleak, rocky promontory, with some nineteen gulls and cormorants

sitting thereon, each with its tail turned contemptuously towards the barren granite, feldspar, and like sordid soils, which there represent land.—It is well enough for him to chaunt laudations of the briny element, and cry up those amphibia, his first cousins almost, the Nereids and Tritons. Or it may become those others, born in a berth, and christened in brine, with Neptune for sponsor, to sing slightly of the dry ground, on which they cannot claim even a parish. But my nativity was otherwise cast—I am a grass lamb yeaned on the green sward—oh sweet, sweet, sweet Cropton-le-Moor, down in dear, dear Wiltshire!

* * * * *

Donner and Blitzen! what a crash! my rash prayer was heard; there is a storm coming—as the Powers proposed to storm Angiers in King John's days—from all the four quarters at once! I must needs turn in: but how vilely this bed is made with the foot two yards higher than the head! No, the head is highest—perpendicular. I designed to lie down, and here I am standing bolt erect on my heels—no, on my head. It must be getting cold: the very trunks, stools, and tables are making a move towards the stove—nay, now we are in some sudden peril, for they are all doing their best to rush up the cabin-stair. Whew—that sea last shipped must needs have put all the Dutchmen's pipes out. Another plunge; and a flood of brine soaks me through shirt, sheets, and blankets. There is no washing put out here, I perceive; 'tis all done at home. What a complex, chaotic motion,—the ship tosses and flings like a wild, desert-born horse, that is trying to rear, kick up behind, turn round and round, and roll on his back at one and the same moment. This is no Dutch ship, but a Dutch fair—with the drums, gongs, speaking-trumpets, and other discords, all braying together; and I am on the rocking-horse, the round-about, in the up-and-down, and each of the swings all at once! Another crash! The Jung Vrouw is bereaved of her little one, alias the long-boat. How kind of Vandergroot to come down to tell me of it, direct, through the skylight, instead of going round by the stair! How kind of that table, lying on its back, to catch him in its legs! Angels of grace be near us! He tells me as he sways up and down, partly in high, partly in Low Dutch, that the Jung Vrouw herself is washed overboard! But no—I misconstrued him. 'Tis only her great, ruddy, staring figure-head—which the blundering Holland shipwrights had stuck astern, on the crown of the tiller—that is gone adrift. Oh how I wish for my soul of souls that I could see the Commodore of the Thames Yachts now pulling, within hail, in the Wenus! Or, the last Dibdin taking a chair—or the chair taking him—in this cabin! Or,

Campbell essaying to write down a new sea song on yon topsy-turvy table! And oh! to behold the author of "The deep, deep Sea," sitting on the poop, singing to that floating Young Woman's head and bust, taken by mistake for a mermaid's!

Another shout. Pieter Pietersoon, in heaving the lead, hath chucked himself in, along with it! I do not wonder; he heaveth after my own fashion; by wholesale. Have I not, within the last two hours, rejected, discharged, and utterly cast from me in disgust, the whole ocean, nay, all the oceans, German, Atlantic, Pacific—the Arctic last, its solid calms, the next best things to Terra Firma, not so violently disagreeing with me as the rest. And do I not know and feel, that I am now about to give up Neptune, trident and all, with the whole salt-water mythology.

[We have a continuation of the Sketches on the Road, which, with the papers already named, make up the main contents of the volume. The articles are longer than usual; but they are of more sterling humour, and we should say, altogether, better written.]

Of the Cuts, about 75 in number, we attempt no description; but, by courtesy of the publishers, are enabled to subjoin specimens. We have only to add our best wishes for the editor's good spirits; for his elixir of fun is worth all the Selzer water which the Duke of Nassau sends out of his dominions in a year.]

Rew Books.

RIENZI: THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.

By the Author of Eugene Aram, &c.

[THE strange, eventful history of Rienzi, already familiar to our readers, (see vol. xii., p. 232), has furnished Mr. Bulwer with materials for another spirit-stirring romance. Its characteristics may be gathered from the author's preface: having occasion to read the original authorities from which modern historians have drawn their accounts of the life of Rienzi, he was led to believe that a very remarkable man had been superficially judged, and a very important period crudely examined. He first meditated a work upon the life and times of Rienzi, but renounced this project for the present fiction; though the author has adhered more closely than is customary in romance, to all the leading events of the public life of the Roman tribune; and the reader will, perhaps, find in these pages a more full and detailed account of the rise of Rienzi, than in any English work of which Mr. Bulwer is aware. He has, it is true, taken a view of his character different in some respects from that of Gibbon or Sismondi; but, it is a view in which the author feels himself justified by the facts of history. Preserving, generally, the real chronology of Rienzi's life, the plot of this work extends over a space of some years, and em-

braces the variety of characters necessary to a true delineation of events. The story is not, therefore, dramatic; but, as Mr. Bulwer, with the modesty of genius, suggests, though indulging in dramatic situations, it belongs, as a whole, rather to the epic than the dramatic school. Its interest is, therefore, of a high standard: its attractions are of no common description—"little of costume, less of mystery, nothing of humour! What is there then left to interest or amuse? Alas! in passion, character, and action, there remain materials, if the poor workman can but weave them properly!" In their highest stages are the scenes and events of Rienzi's life: add to this, the Roman nobles and populace, as they are described to have been in the fourteenth century, and you have the staple of Mr. Bulwer's romance. The wife and sister of the tribune figure in the love scenes. There are strongly contrasted sketches of intoxicated liberalism, and high-born tyranny—of plebeian and patrician life. But, the under-current of the author's power is directed to the character of Rienzi—to cleanse his memory of the bad qualities which error and misrepresentation have attached to it: the moral of the work, however, will best be told in the author's own words:—]

I have said that the moral of the tribune's life, and of this fiction, is not the stale and unprofitable moral, that warns the ambition of an individual:—More vast, more solemn, and more useful—it addresses itself to nations. If I judge not erringly, it proclaims that to be great and free, a people must trust not to individuals but themselves—that there is no sudden leap from servitude to liberty—that it is to institutions, not to men, that they must look for reforms that last beyond the hour—that their own passions are the real despots they should subdue, their own reason the true regenerator of abuses. With a calm and a noble people, the individual ambition of a citizen can never effect evil:—to be impatient of chains, is not to be worthy of freedom—to massacre a magistrate is not to ameliorate the laws.* The people write their own condemnation whenever they use characters of blood—and theirs alone the madness and the crime, if they crown a tyrant or butcher a victim.

[From this delightful production, arranged in chapters which must fascinate any publisher, we shall detach a few pages. Here, how picturesquely is Rienzi introduced in a charming]

* Rienzi was massacred, because the Romans had been in the habit of massacring whenever they were displeased. They had very shortly before stoned one magistrate, and torn to pieces another. By the same causes and the same career, a People may be made to resemble the bravo whose hand wanders to his knife at the smallest affront, and if to-day he points the enemy who assaults him, to-morrow he strikes the friend who would restrain.

Evening Scene.

As he stood on the steps of the Lateran church—now silent and deserted—the hour that precedes the brief twilight of the south lent its magic to the view. There he beheld the sweeping arches of the mighty aqueduct extending far along the scene, and backed by the distant and purpling hills. Before—to the right—rose the gate which took its Roman name from the Cœlian Mount, at whose declivity it yet stands. Beyond—from the height of the steps—he saw the villages scattered through the grey Campagna, and whitening in the sloped sun; and in the farthest distance the mountain shadows began to darken over the roofs of the ancient Tusculum, and the second Alban† city, which yet rises, in desolate neglect, above the vanished palaces of Pompey and Domitian.

The Roman stood absorbed and motionless for some moments, gazing on the scene, and inhaling the sweet balm of the mellow air. It was the soft springtime—the season of flowers, and green leaves, and whispering winds—the pastoral May of Italia's poets: but hushed was the voice of song on the banks of the Tiber—the reeds gave music no more. From the sacred mount in which Saturn held his home, the dryad and the nymph, and Italy's native Sylvan, were gone for ever. Rienzi's original nature—its enthusiasm—its veneration for the past—its love of the beautiful and the great—that very attachment to the graces and pomp which give so florid a character to the harsh realities of life, and which power afterwards too luxuriantly developed; the exuberance of thoughts and fancies, which poured itself from his lips in so brilliant and inexhaustible a flood—all bespoke those intellectual and imaginative biases which, in calmer times, might have raised him in literature to a more indisputable eminence than that to which action can ever lead;—and something of such consciousness crossed his spirit at that moment.

"Happier had it been for me," thought he, "had I never looked out from my own heart upon the world. I had all within me that makes contentment of the present, because I had that which can make me forget the present. I had the power to repeople—to create. The legends and dreams of old—the divine faculty of verse, in which the beautiful superfluities of the heart can pour themselves—these were mine! Oh! wisely for himself chose Petrarch! To address the world, but from without the world; to persuade—to excite—to command,—for these are the aim and glory of ambition;—but to shun its tumult, and its toil! His quiet cell, which he fills with the shapes of beauty—the soli-

† The first Alba—the Alba Longa—whose origin Fable ascribes to Ascanius, was destroyed by Tullius Hostilius. The second Alba, or modern Albano, was erected on the plain below the ancient town, a little before the time of Nero.

tude, from which he can banish the evil times whereon we are fallen, but in which he can dream back the great hearts and the glorious epochs of the past. For me—to what cares I am wedded! to what labours I am bound! what instruments I must use! what disguises I must assume! to tricks and artifice I must bow my pride! base are my enemies—uncertain my friends! and verily, in this struggle with blinded and mean men, the soul itself becomes warped and dwarfish. Patient and darkling, the means creep through caves and the soiling mire, to gain at last the light which is the end.”

[Next is a chapter entire.]

The Conspirator becomes the Magistrate.

At midnight, when the rest of the city seemed hushed in rest, lights were streaming from the windows of the church of St. Angelo. Breaking from its echoing aisles, the long and solemn notes of sacred music stole at frequent intervals upon the air. Rienzi was praying within the church; thirty masses consumed the hours from night till morn, and all the sanction of religion was invoked to consecrate the enterprise of liberty.* The sun had long risen, and the crowd had long been assembled before the church door, and in vast streams along every street that led to it,—when the bell of the church tolled out long and merrily; and as it ceased, the voices of the choristers within chanted the following hymn,—in which were somewhat strikingly, though barbarously, blended, the spirit of the classic patriotism with the fervour of religious zeal:—

THE ROMAN HYMN OF LIBERTY.

LET the mountains exult around!†
On her seven-hill'd throne renew'n'd,
Once more old Rome is crown'd

Jubilate!

Sing out, O Vale and Wave!
Look up from each laurel'd grave,
Bright dust of the deathless brave!

Jubilate!

Pale Vision, what art thou?—Lo,

From Time's dark deeps,

Like a Wind It sweeps,

Like a Wind, when the tempests blow:

A shadowy form—as a giant ghost—

It stands in the midst of the armed host!

The dead man's shroud on Its awful limbs;

And the gloom of its presence the daylight dims:

And the trembling world looks on aghast—

All hail to the SOUL OF THE MIGHTY PAST!

Hail! all hail!

As we speak—as we hallow!—It moves, It breathes;
From its clouded crest bud the laurel wreaths—

* In fact, I apprehend that if ever the life of Cola di Rienzi shall be written by a hand worthy of the task, it will be shown that strong, religious feeling was blended with the political enthusiasm of the people,—the religious feeling of a premature and crude reformation, the legacy of Arnold of Brescia. It was not, however, one excited against the priests, but favoured by them. The principal conventual orders declared for the Revolution.

† “Exultant in circuito Vestro Montes,” &c.—Let the mountains exult around! So begins Rienzi's letter to the Senate and Roman people; preserved by Hoeusemius.

As a Sun that leaps up from the arms of Night,
The shadow takes shape, and the gloom takes light.
Hail! all hail!

THE SOUL OF THE PAST, again
To its ancient home,
In the hearts of Rome,
Hath come to resume its reign:

O Fame, with a prophet's voice,
Bid the ends of the Earth rejoice!
Wherever the Proud are Strong,
And Right is oppress'd by Wrong;—
Wherever the day dim-shines
Through the cell where the captive pines;—
Go forth, with a trumpet's sound!
And tell to the Nations round—
On the Hills which the Heroes trod—
In the Shrines of the Saints of God—
In the Caesars' hall, and the Martyr's prison—
That the slumber is broke, and the Sleeper arisen!
That the reign of the Goth and the Vandal is o'er;
And Earth feels the tread of THE ROMAN once more!

As the hymn ended, the gate of the church opened; the crowd gave way on either side, and, preceded by three of the young nobles of the inferior order, bearing standards of allegorical design, depicting the triumph of liberty, justice, and concord, forth issued Rienzi, clad in complete armour, the helmet alone excepted. His face was pale with watching and intense excitement—but stern, grave, and solemnly composed; and its expression so repelled any vociferous and vulgar burst of feeling, that those who beheld it hushed the shout on their lips, and stilled, by a simultaneous cry of reproof, the gratulations of the crowd behind. Side by side, with Rienzi, moved Raimond, bishop of Orvieto; and behind, marching two by two, followed a hundred men-at-arms. In complete silence the procession began its way, until, as it approached the capitol, the awe of the crowd gradually vanished, and thousands upon thousands of voices rent the air with shouts of exultation and joy.

Arrived at the foot of the great staircase, which then made the principal ascent to the square of the capitol, the procession halted; and as the crowd filled up that vast space in front—adorned and hallowed by many of the most majestic columns of the temples of old—Rienzi addressed the populace, whom he had suddenly elevated into a people.

He depicted forcibly the servitude and misery of the people—the utter absence of all law—the want even of common security to life and property. He declared that, undaunted by the peril he incurred, he devoted his life to the regeneration of their common country; and he solemnly appealed to the people to assist the enterprise, and at once to sanction and consolidate the revolution by an established code of law and a constitutional assembly. He then ordered the chart and outline of the constitution he proposed to be read by the herald to the multitude.

It created,—or rather revived, with new privileges and powers,—a representative assembly of councillors. It proclaimed, as its first law, one that seems simple enough to

our happier times, but hitherto never executed at Rome:—Every wilful homicide, of whatever rank, was to be punished by death. It enacted, that no private noble or citizen should be suffered to maintain fortifications and garrisons in the city, or the country; that the gates and bridges of the state should be under the control of whomsoever should be elected chief magistrate. It forbade all harbour of brigands, mercenaries, and robbers, on penalty of a thousand marks of silver; and it made the barons who possessed the neighbouring territories responsible for the safety of the roads, and the transport of merchandise. It took under the protection of the state the widow and the orphan. It appointed, in each of the quarters of the city, an armed militia, whom the tolling of the bell of the capitol, at any hour, was to assemble to the protection of the state. It ordained, that in each harbour of the coast a vessel should be stationed, for the safeguard of commerce. It decreed the sum of one hundred florins to the heirs of every man who died in the defence of Rome; and it devoted the public revenues to the service and protection of the state.

Such, moderate at once, and effectual, was the outline of the new constitution; and it may amuse the reader to consider how great must have been the previous disorders of the city, when the common and elementary provisions of civilization and security made the character of the code proposed, and the limit of a popular revolution.

The most rapturous shouts followed this sketch of the new constitution; and, amidst the clamour, up rose the huge form of Cecco del Vecchio. Despite his condition, he was a man of great importance at the present crisis: his zeal and his courage, and perhaps, still more, his brute passion, and stubborn prejudice, had made him popular. The lower order of mechanics looked to him as their head and representative; out then he spake loud and fearlessly—speaking well, because his mind was full of what he had to say.

“Countrymen and citizens!—This new constitution meets with your approbation—so it ought. But what are good laws, if we do not have good men to execute them? Who can execute a law so well as the man who designs it? If you ask me to give you a notion how to make a good shield, and my notion pleases you, would you ask me, or another smith, to make it for you? If you ask another, he may make a good shield, but it would not be the same as that which I should have made, and the description of which contented you. Cola di Rienzi has proposed a code of laws that shall be our shield. Who should see that the shield become what he proposes, but Cola di Rienzi? Romans! I suggest that Cola di Rienzi be entrusted by the people with the authority,

by whatsoever name he pleases, of carrying the new constitution into effect;—and whatever be the means, we, the people, will bear him harmless.”

“Long life to Rienzi!—long live Cecco del Vecchio! He hath spoken well!—none but the law-maker shall be the governor!”

Such were the acclamations which greeted the ambitious heart of the scholar. The voice of the people invested him with the supreme power. He had created a commonwealth—to become, if he desired it, a despot!

(To be continued.)

Notes of a Reader.

HORRORS OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

By the *lowest* of the computations, it will appear, that, on an average, each slave-trading transport loses, in the voyage, between six and seven per cent. of the cargo living at the time of embarkation. So that if, instead of reckoning the yearly shipments from the African shore at 100,000 slaves, we take only an average of 50,000 yearly, yet still, more than 3,000 men and women in each year,—or the days being taken one with another, from eight to ten living souls, every day of the calendar, are sacrificed to the mammon of the foreign sugar-trade—not by breakers or tempests, but in summer seas, beneath the bright, tropical noon. It is in the putrid hold of the slave-ship, where the mangled wretches lie doubled up, chin to knee, sweltering between decks scarcely three feet high, that death does his regular business, and takes his daily per centage on the cargo. The morning's muster is called,—the proportion of mortality for the past night is ascertained,—the useless bodies are tossed over the vessel's side,—and the wear and tear is coolly written off on the adventure. Or perhaps a sail becoming visible gives omen of a search. Then at once the hatches are closed down upon the gasping freight, that no opening for air may, by sound or by stench, betray the human mass below; and, before that crisis of fear and evasion is past, ten, twenty, thirty, of the panting heap have perished by suffocation. Sometimes, however, the number of the negroes is too large, or the frame of the vessel too inartificial, for such effectual concealment from the survey of the English cruiser. In vain the slave-dealer crowds all his sail for flight; the rescuing vessel gains upon him, and capture seems inevitable. One only chance remains—to baffle the discovery of its crime by destroying all its proofs. The time grows short,—the English lieutenant bears on, and a gun-shot in advance almost sweeps the foam-track of the slaver. Fear gets the better of avarice. The negroes, confined in casks, or laden with a sinking weight of

irons, are swiftly lowered into the sea. One plash, and one shriek, and all is over. A moment's ripple curls where the sunny water has closed over the dying: then the clear, blue deep resumes its calm, and every trace of death and of guilt is gone. Between those decks, so lately reeking with animal dissolution, the fresh wind blows again, and the pursuers, on coming up, find the vessel tenanted but by the seamen of Portugal or Brazil. No matter that her build, her equipment, all the circumstances, all the incidents of herself, of her ruffian commander, and of his crew, conspire toward the one rank, irresistible suspicion,—the only legal evidence is stifled with the sufferers, and the miscreant triumphs in impunity.

Are these fictions? things that never could happen; or, if by possibility they *could*, yet never *did*? Let the reader consult the Parliamentary documents, and satisfy himself that fact has far outstripped invention. It sometimes happens that the true is too shocking to be the probable. But on this unhappy subject there is nothing too shocking to be true. Nor is it only by suffocation, or the diseases it engenders, that the African on the middle passage, falls a victim to the cupidity of his oppressor. The reports of the captors furnish painful histories of human cargoes, brought up from their layers of infection in the hold, to take the air on deck, who, overcome by despair and torture, both of body and mind, seize that short occasion to embrace their death by leaping into the sea.—*Quarterly Review*.

The Gatherer.

The French Opera in 1547.—The following is from an old document lately discovered in the archives of Valenciennes:—"At the feast of the Pentecôte, in the year 1547, the principal burgesses of the town performed, in the theatre of the house of the Duke d'Archol, the life, death, and passion of our Saviour, in twenty-five days; on each day appeared strange and marvellous things. The secrets of paradise and hell were truly prodigious, and might have been taken by the people for enchantments. Truth, the angels, and other equally illustrious personages, were seen to descend from above, and would sometimes appear visible, and then disappear all of a sudden in invisible darkness. Lucifer was seen to ascend from hell, no one knew how, on a dragon. Moses' wand, dry and sterile, suddenly produced fruit and flowers. The souls of Herod and Judas were carried up in the air by evil spirits. Evil spirits were driven from the body, and persons affected with dropsy were admirably cured. In one place, the Saviour was seen carried away by a demon, who crawled up a wall forty feet high;

in another place, he became invisible; in another was transfigured to the mountain of Thabor. Water was changed into wine, but so mysteriously, that the spectators could not believe their own eyes, and several of them insisted on tasting it. The five loaves and fishes were multiplied and distributed alike among more than a thousand, but still there were enough left to fill twelve baskets more. The fig tree, cursed by our Saviour, dried up and withered in an instant. The eclipse, earthquake, and other miracles which attended the glorious death of our Saviour, were majestically represented. The concourse of spectators who came from France, Flanders, and all parts, was so great, that although each paid but one farthing, the receipts amounted to four thousand six hundred and eighty livres.—*Paris Advertiser*.

Brahmin Beauty.—The feet, ankle, and waist, of a fair Brahminess, and indeed of almost all the female natives of India, are perfect symmetry, whilst the hand and the foot are cast in a mould of elegance far superior to that from which, in other countries, these beauties are derived. W. G. C.

The Cabbage.—A French journal observes that the cabbage is a sovereign remedy for intoxication from wine, and that it has even the power of preventing it; for, we are informed that, by eating a certain quantity of cabbage before dinner, we may drink as much wine as we please, without experiencing any inconvenience. This property of the cabbage is also mentioned by ancient writers, who are of opinion that it proceeds from the antipathy which the vine shows to the cabbage: if a cabbage be planted near a vine, the latter either retires or dies. W. G. C.

In the county of Banff, the first night of the new year, when the wind blows from the west, they call *dùx-na-coille*, or the night of the fecundation of the trees; and from this circumstance has been derived the name of the night in the Gaelic language.

Mince Meat in Venice.—Amongst the customs observed on Christmas-eve, the Venetians eat a kind of pottage, which they call *torta de lasagne*, composed of oil, onions, paste, parsley, pine-nuts, raisins, currants, and candied orange-peel.

VOL. XXVI. OF THE MIRROR.

With a Steel-plate Portrait and a Memoir of the Poet WORDSWORTH, Sixty-five Engravings, and upwards of 460 pages, price 5s. 6d. is now publishing.

Part 173, price 8d., and Part 174, price 6d., completing the volume, are also ready; and

THE SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, with Portrait, Memoir, Title-page, Preface, and Index, price 2d.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

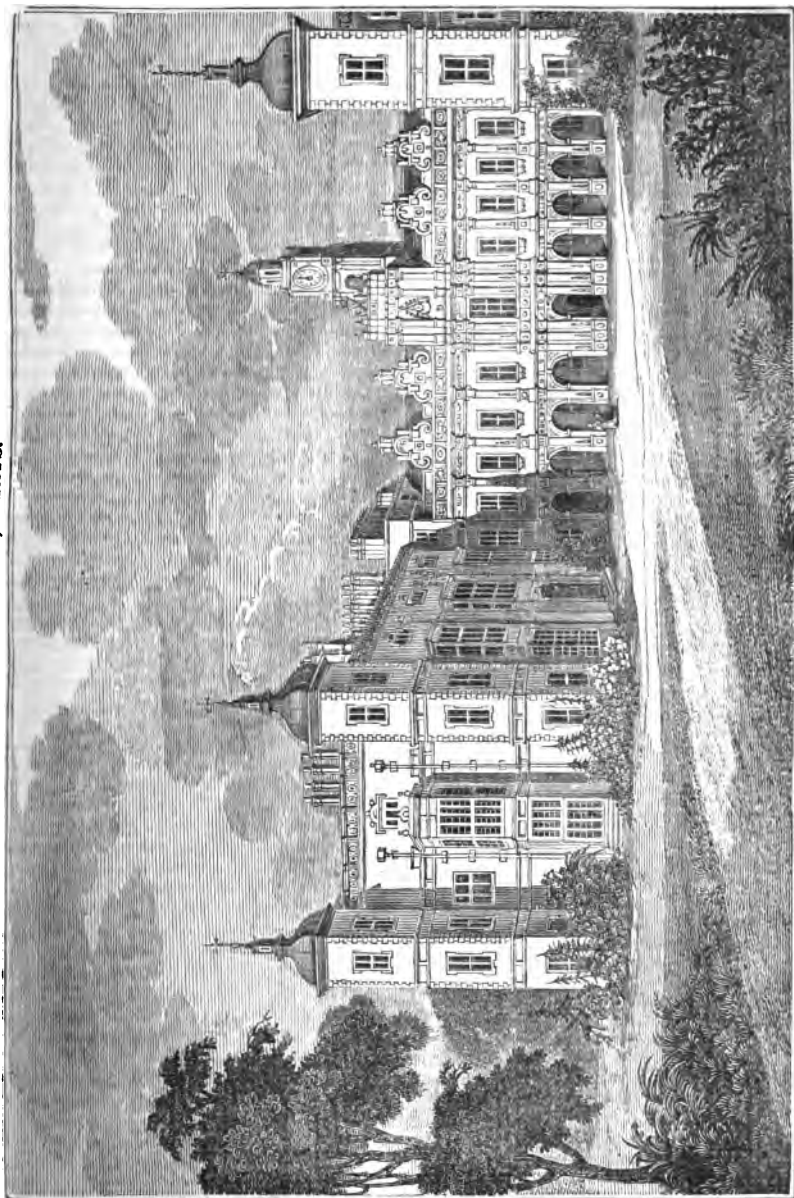
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 758.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.

HATFIELD HOUSE, HERTS.



SOUTH FRONT.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

HATFIELD is, in many respects one of the most distinguished mansions of our nobility. It has been a palace, episcopal, regal, and noble, for upwards of seven centuries. It now ranks as one of the most complete specimens of old English domestic architecture, and a pattern of the magnificent style prevalent at the period of its erection. The arrangement of its interior combines splendour with convenience: and its enriched hall, gallery, and suites of apartments remind us of the substantial hospitalities of by-gone ages; the numerous households of its respective possessors, and their styles of living varying with the time.

By a fortunate circumstance, we hope to be enabled to submit to our readers a complete yet condensed description of this interesting pile. Our aid in this pleasant labour will be the First Part of Mr. Robinson's superb *New Vitruvius Britannicus*; consisting of "The History of Hatfield House: illustrated by Plans, Elevations, and Internal Views of the Apartments, from actual measurement.*" This work is produced in a style of completeness, which is alike honourable to the genius, taste, and research of its author; who has handsomely consented to our appropriation of its elaborate contents for the present purpose. The Engravings in the work, whence our illustrations are copied, are by Henry Shaw, Esq.

Hatfield, in the county of Hertford, is an old town, situated on the steep slope of a hill, of which the House occupies the airy summit. It commands views in every direction of an undulated country, equally remarkable for its natural beauty and excessive fertility. The mansion stands in a fine park, which is watered by the river Lea; and the demesne is distant twenty miles northward from the metropolis, six from St. Albans, and seven from Hertford, the county town. Probably, none of our fine, old, country mansions is better known than Hatfield; its elevated situation and peculiar architecture rendering it one of the most striking objects on the Great North Road, from which it is situate but a short distance.

In the Anglo-Saxon times, Hatfield belonged to the crown; but, before the Norman Conquest, King Edgar granted it to the abbot of Ely and his successors, by one of whom, in the year 1109, Hatfield was retained as an episcopal palace, under the name

of Bishops Hatfield. We find rare mention of this particular palace; but, that it was extensive may be inferred from the excessive pomp of the bishops of Ely, one of whom, William Longchamp, chancellor of King Richard I., usually travelled with a retinue of 1,500 horsemen.

"It is curious," says Mr. Robinson, "that a portion of the Bishops' Palace should be preserved, an interesting subject for investigation, having been their property and occasional residence for nearly 500 years. Mansions of the same antiquity are very rarely to be found retaining so much original character. But the venerable building which now remains at Hatfield formed that part of the palace which was rebuilt by Morton, bishop of Ely, in the reign of Edward IV.;" and is of the same period as Eltham Palace; Crosby Place, London; and Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk.

The Bishops' Palace at Hatfield, in its original or perfect state, must have been an edifice of no inconsiderable magnitude; the remains, which are in high preservation, indicate a once splendid mansion: it was entirely of brick, without any intermixture of stone. An ancient plan of the Palace, which is preserved in the library at Hatfield House, shows that the buildings originally surrounded a courtyard; one of the sides of the quadrangle only now remains. The openings exhibit what is called the Tudor arch; not only the walls but enrichments are entirely of brick, in which the mouldings are very curiously worked.

In 1538, Henry VIII. granted to Bishop Goodrich, a zealous promoter of the Reformation, certain estates in Cambridgeshire, in exchange for Hatfield; in consequence of which it became one of the royal palaces, and towards the latter end of this reign was appointed to be the residence of Edward, Prince of Wales, who was here when the account of his father's death was brought to him.

In 1550, Edward VI. granted this palace to his sister, the Princess Elizabeth; and here, upon the breaking out of Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion, in the reign of Queen Mary, Elizabeth was committed to the care of Sir Thomas Pope, having been removed thither from Woodstock. From various records, it appears that the princess lived in splendour and affluence at Hatfield; that she was often admitted to the diversions of the court; and that her situation was by no means a state of oppression and imprisonment, as it has been represented by some historians. Here Elizabeth received the news of her sister's decease, and of her own accession to the throne.

It does not appear that Queen Elizabeth often resided in, or visited, Hatfield during her long reign. The north end of the building, which formed the western front of the old palace, and still remains here, is tradi-

* By P. F. Robinson, Architect, F. A. S. and F. G. S., author of a work on Rural Architecture, an Essay on the age of Mickleham Church in Surrey, Designs for Ornamental Villas, Designs for Farm Buildings, Village Architecture, and a Series of Designs for Park Entrances and Gate Lodges. The work is beautifully printed in folio, and is intended to comprehend Plans, Elevations, and Scenic Views of the most distinguished Residences in the United Kingdom. Part 2 contains Hardwicke Hall.

tionally said to be that in which the princess resided; and, it is possible that the apartments now standing might at one time have been occupied by the princess, who, before her final settlement at Hatfield Palace, under Sir Thomas Pope's care, was occasionally removed to various seats, of which Hatfield was one.

That part of the ancient palace which was latterly occupied by Elizabeth, most probably, fronted the south, and upon building the present mansion was entirely taken down. The privy garden, which adjoined her apartments, still remains, on the western side of the present house. Like all gardens of the same period, it is very small, being only 150 feet square; it is encompassed with a stately arched hedge; a close walk, or avenue of limes, runs round three sides; in the centre of the plot is a basin, formed with rock-work, in which are now kept gold and silver fish; the angles of the garden are occupied by small grass-plots, having a mulberry-tree in each, and bordered with herbaceous plants and annuals. This unique garden is most carefully preserved as a solitary memorial of the horticultural taste of the Elizabethan period, and as a connecting link in the interest which the venerable remains of the episcopal palace never fails to excite.

At the commencement of the succeeding reign, (James I.) Hatfield House passed into the possession of the noble house of Salisbury, by Sir Robert Cecil, the second son of the great Lord Burleigh, receiving it in exchange for Theobalds, near Cheshunt; where he entertained King James, in his way from Scotland, about five weeks after the death of Queen Elizabeth. "The king became so enamoured of the situation, from its proximity to an extensive tract of open country favourable to the diversion of hunting, his favourite amusement, that he prevailed on his minister, (Sir Robert Cecil,) to exchange it with him for his palace at Hatfield." Sir Robert Cecil was also continued by the king in his office of principal minister; in 1603, he was created Lord Cecil of Essington, in Rutlandshire; Viscount Cranbourn, in the county of Dorset, 1604; and in the same year he was created Earl of Salisbury. Upon obtaining possession of Hatfield, he inclosed two large parks, now richly wooded and united, one for red and the other for fallow deer, having an entrance, with lodges, at the southern extremity. He also commenced rebuilding the mansion on a more elevated and commanding site, eastward of the old palace, with its principal front towards the south, and an approach by a fine avenue of trees.

In the old palace, the principal windows looked towards the court in the centre; and the new house is, perhaps, the very first mansion where a view of the landscape was considered in the design: "the situation pos-

sesses great advantages to recommend the choice, the ground rising with a gentle ascent, the house on every side presents itself as a noble and commanding object. It is rather singular that a building which displays a combination of architecture on a more magnificent scale than any example during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and has attracted much admiration for the grandeur and beauty of its proportions, should have remained so long without the architect being known; but to none of the great names of this interesting period, which are extant, has the merit of this excellent design yet been attributed. It has been asserted that all our magnificent productions in architecture, from the period of Henry VIII. to that of Elizabeth, were the works of John of Padua and other Italian artists. There is, certainly, enough of the Florentine manner in the beautiful arcade on the southern front of Hatfield House, to induce an opinion that the design was procured from Italy;" but this is only conjectural; and to John Thorp, the architect of Burleigh House,* and the greatest artist of this era, the structure may be safely assigned.

Hatfield House occupies a grand parallelogram, 280 feet in length, which is the extent of the northern front of the edifice; and is 70 feet in width. On the southern front, two wings project at right angles, each 100 feet, with a breadth of 80 feet, forming, together with the centre division, three sides of a court, 140 feet in extent; the extreme length of the southern, or principal front, being 300 feet.

"The materials of which the mansion is constructed are principally brick; but the cases and mullions of the windows, the pilasters, and architectural enrichments, as well as all the prominent parts most exposed to injury, are of stone. In these the destructive effect of time is scarcely perceptible, while it has given to the whole the mellow, picturesque character of age; the weather-stained and mossy bricks harmonizing admirably with the grey hue of the stone, and with the surrounding landscape. It is also believed that no house in the kingdom, erected at so early a date, remains so entire as this. The elevation presents two principal fronts, each differing from the other, but possessing perfect unity of design and execution, in which the chaste and vigorous feeling characteristic of the Tudor period is remarkably prevalent."

"The two wings of the southern front are connected by a magnificent centre, raised in the Palladian style, with two orders of architecture, but with an entrance-porch, highly enriched. The basement story comprises an arcade, or corridor, extending the whole length between the wings, and resembling the ancient conventual cloister, but construct-

* Engraved in the Mirror, vol. xv., p. 273.

ed upon the Italian plan." The shafts of the Doric pilasters rest on pedestals, and are partly fluted and partly covered with arabesque ornament, common in the Elizabethan age. "The windows of the principal story, which give light to the long gallery, are square-headed and mullioned, and are admirably proportioned to the spaces between the Ionic pilasters, here introduced to relieve the plainness of the surface. The entablature is surmounted by an elegantly-pierced parapet, at the height of 50 feet from the ground; and above this are seen the gables of the roof; these, however, are ornamented with Flemish taste, and constitute the only portion of the building not deserving of high commendation."

"Each wing has an enriched entrance-porch; and the breadth of their fronts, between the massive turrets, is broken by projecting oriel windows, which properly belong to the Tudor style. The square corner turrets, 50 feet high to the parapets, are crowned by cupola-formed roofs, rising 20 feet to the pinnacles, which are terminated by gilded vanes, representing small banners charged with the Cecil crest."

"The centre tower, in which is the grand entrance-porch, rises to the height of 70 feet, and is divided into three stories, having a bold projection, which breaks the long and uniform line of the front; above this, in the middle of the roof, is the clock-tower, and cupola 15 feet in height, completing the pyramidal effect of the whole. In the third story of the tower, which is of the Corinthian order, are the full armorial bearings of the noble founder of the mansion: above the parapet, which exhibits the date of the completion of the building, in the year 1611, is his lordship's crest, with the coronet."

"The principal feature of the northern front of Hatfield House is the centre compartment, in which is the entrance doorway; but a perfect idea of the architectural beauty of this extensive building can only be obtained by an examination of the lateral fronts: on these the bold projections produce alternate masses of light and shade, exceedingly pictorial; a proof of the master skill with which the original plan was contrived. Time has given the whole a venerable impression, and the primitive colour of the brick has acquired a rich hue from the lichen that now covers it, such as nature alone can bestow." The beautiful architectural effects here so ably described are admirably shown in our Engraving, which, however, falls short of the brilliancy of Mr. Shaw's plate in the original work.

The whole cost of erecting this noble mansion was 7,631*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*, an amount which does not appear to be very great, as it includes the charges for impaling both the parks, a large sum for work done in the gardens, and

for the supply of water to the house. The record of expenses is still preserved at Hatfield House, and is a curious document of the prices of materials, labour, &c., two centuries and a quarter since.

The roof of the mansion is entirely covered with lead. From this part is obtained a very fine panoramic view of a richly wooded tract of country, studded with interesting objects, especially within a moderate distance. Directly westward of Hatfield House is the venerable abbey church of St. Albans, its hoary walls stretching along the ridge of a beautiful eminence; on the north are the widely spreading woods of Brockett Hall, the seat of Viscount Melbourne; and then the sylvan shades of Wood Hall Park. Eastward are Digwell House, Tewin Water, and Pais-hanger, the seat of Earl Cowper. The environs of the towns of Hertford and Ware are variegated with villas and pleasure-grounds; nearer in point of view are the village of Essendon, and Bedwell Park. "Southward of Hatfield House are two very interesting spots, Gubbins or Gobions, near North Mims, once a seat of the illustrious Sir Thomas More; and Tyttenhanger, the former residence of the powerful abbots of St. Albans, to which King Henry VIII. and his queen Katherine retired for the summer season in the year 1528. The beautiful park and woods of Hatfield, occupying the immediate foreground of the panorama are very extensive; the lengthened avenues on either side of the House, and many of the single trees, especially the old oaks, are exceedingly picturesque."

Having thus introduced our readers to the external beauties of Hatfield House, we purpose, in an early Number to inspect its internal arrangement, the enrichments of its principal apartments, and the fitness of their design and execution for luxurious comfort; with an Engraving of the decorated Hall—the noble characteristic of every old English mansion. It will then be our painful duty to chronicle the extent of the recent conflagration in injuring the completeness of this sumptuous pile.

A BRIGHT DAY SHONE FOR POLAND.*

"Oh! bloodiest record in the rolls of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!"

CAMPBELL.

A BRIGHT day shone for Poland,
She girded on the sword;
From Highland and from Lowland,
Her brave confederates pour'd—
They rais'd the glorious banner,
Sarmatia's flag of old,
The battle's breath to fan her,
She toss'd above the bold.

"The Polish brothers" banded,
Majestic in their cause,
"Conspir'd," though single-handed,
To struggle for their laws.

* From the Morning Advertiser.

The rights their fathers won her
 Their sons for Poland ask'd,
 Her liberty, her honour,
 Their stern endeavours task'd.

A dark day rose for Poland,
 The Gaul, who promis'd aid,
 To Highland and to Lowland,
 Their cherish'd hopes betray'd.

Her heroes, nothing yielding,
 The scabbard threw away,
 The swords of patriots wielding,
 Hurraing to the fray!
 Like lions in their daring,
 They fought the holy fight,
 Like Freedom's champions sharing
 The mantle of her might.

They fought to death, and falling,
 The remnant that remain,
 On God and man are calling
 To raise them up again.

Their cry for help is heeded,
 In every manly heart,
 Their wrongs—their rights—are pleaded—
 Their cause—it hath a part!

Hence, hence, the promise springeth,
 A bright day's yet to be,
 Which Time, the avenger, wingeth,
 When POLAND SHALL BE FREE!

Inver Temple.

JACOB JONES.

* This must, by no means, be understood to apply to the French, as a nation, but to their ignoble and perfidious rulers for the time being, when the Poles so righteously, so gloriously flew to arms.

Manners and Customs.

THE OAK.

THE sacred estimation in which the mistletoe and oak were held by the Druids is well known. There are, however, some curious superstitions connected with this tree, which perhaps may be thought worthy of recording. The striking of an oak by lightning has, in many countries, been regarded as a most ominous event. Virgil says

Sæpe malum hoc nobis, (si mens non læva fuisset,) De caelo tactas meminì prædicere quercus.

And again

Instantem monstrat quercus decisa ruinam.

The same idea was prevalent, till within a century, in the northern counties of England. There is a proverb mentioned in Hammond's *History of Northumberland*, which says, (addressing the lightning,)

"Strike elm, strike rowan,
 Not the oak alone."

In *Walpoleana*, there is a story told of a noble family, the death of one of whose members was always preceded by the withering of a branch of an oak that had long grown in the park. The *Wonderful Magazine* gives an account of an oak which, every 29th of May, budded and burst out, though seemingly dead, for the remainder of the year! The medicinal qualities of the oak have also been famous. Many of my readers will doubtless remember at the beginning of the present century, the advertisement of a Signor Vemani, who professed with "his Quercine

Decoction to cure the most helpless weakness, &c." It appeared on the evidence of a trial which took place, that he got no small sum of money from his preparation. The Romans dedicated the oak to *Æsculapius* and branches of it were carried before the sick in their way to the temples. Evelyn, in his *Sylva*, alludes to some of these traditions, and says: "whether we look at its manifest and open uses, or the more doubtful and apocryphal qualities which are attributed to it by some, we must, in all conscience, allow it to be the noblest of the works of Providence of its kind."

A CORRESPONDENT.

The Sketch-Book.

THE HARD NAME.

From the New-York Mirror.

"WELL, it is certainly very mysterious!" said Mrs. Smith.

"Very mysterious, indeed!" said Mrs. Brown.

"Altogether beyond my comprehension!" said Miss Willowbough.

"Mysterious! do tell me all about it?" said Mrs. Jones, who had just entered the room, and heard enough of the conversation to convince her that scandle was its subject; as, indeed, she might have known had she been deaf—for what other subject had been stated at Mrs. Smith's for a twelvemonth?

"Have you heard nothing of the mysterious stranger?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Nothing."

"Who has been here ever since the day before yesterday morning?" added Mrs. Smith.

"Not a word! how remarkable!"

"And whose name no one can discover!" continued Miss Willowbough.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "But what is the *peculiar* mystery about him?"

"A great deal, I assure you," answered Mrs. Smith. "In the first place, he—he wears a black coat and drab pantaloons—and then, again, he—he—indeed his whole appearance has an air of very peculiar mystery."

"Bless me! what are we all coming to! But is there no way to find out who he is?"

"I expect Miss Vinegar here every moment," said Mrs. Smith, "and if any one knows anything about him, she does."

"What the old maid! Oh, I detest her," said Mrs. Jones, "she is so terribly inquisitive. I never could bear any one who is eternally prying into the affairs of their neighbours. Then you can't find out even his name. I would give anything to know. But, here comes Miss Vinegar; perhaps she can tell us."

Miss Vinegar poked her sallow visage

into the room. She looked the very incarnation of scandal, and well she might, for it had been her daily food for more than thirty years. Miss Vinegar was not of a certain, but of a very uncertain, age—varying from twenty-five to forty, according as you took her assurance, or the family-bible for your guide; and the whole of that time she had passed in the laudable occupation of investigating and regulating the affairs of her neighbours. She had a general oversight of the whole village. She knew everything that ever happened, and was positive of a great many things which never did happen. Like the glorious sun, she shone on all alike. None so elevated as to be above the reach of her tongue; none so low as to escape the vigilance of her condescending scrutiny. But, alas! the most distinguished powers are sometimes compelled to remain inactive from the want of proper objects for their exertions. Such seemed to be the inevitable fate of Miss Vinegar. Possessed of every facility and blessed with every inclination for the manufacture of scandal, she was alarmingly deficient in the raw material. She had worked up every character within her reach. With the intuition of genius, she had seized upon every incident susceptible of expansion, and had stretched it to its utmost extent. She had done everything that could have been done; but, alas! who can “make bricks without straw?” Her best exertions met with no encouragement. Nothing *would* happen out of the regular course of events. Everybody went to church on Sundays. Nobody was extravagant in dress or dinners. Nobody was getting married, or like to be; poor woman, she felt sure of that. In fact, that there was nothing worthy the attention of Miss Vinegar, and people began to fear that, for want of any other, she would attack her own character. Never did anything occur in better time than the appearance of the “mysterious stranger.”

Miss Vinegar’s researches had not been attended with that success which usually rewards persevering industry.

“The landlady knows nothing about him,” she said, as she entered. I have ascertained that he rises at eight—and drinks two cups of coffee without cream.”

“Without cream!” echoed Mrs. Jones.

“Yes, without cream. I was very particular in my inquiries, and the information may be relied upon.”

“Very singular, indeed! Now I think cream is all the beauty of coffee.”

“I should not be at all surprised,” said Miss Vinegar, “if he should prove to be the bank robber, whom we saw advertised.”

“But he is a dark man, with black hair,” said Miss Willowbough, “and the stranger has a very light complexion.”

“Nothing easier than to alter the com-

plexion, as *you* must know, Miss Willowbough; retorted Miss Vinegar. Miss Willowbough enjoyed the reputation of improving her complexion with pearl powder, but she blushed through it all, and continued, “but then the robber is a large man, and the stranger is tall and slim.”

“Nothing easier than reducing the size of the waist,” answered Miss Vinegar sharply, and glancing at Miss Willowbough’s hour-glass form.

Really the conversation was becoming quite personal. So at least thought Miss Willowbough, as she answered:—

“But there is one thing he could not alter. He is evidently not more than twenty-five years old, while the advertisement describes the robber as over forty; and, your own experience, Miss Vinegar, must have convinced you of the impossibility of any one’s appearing twenty years younger than he really is.”

Miss Vinegar began to mutter about “some people,” and “some other people,” but was interrupted by an exclamation from Mrs. Smith, which drew all eyes to the window.

“There he goes, as I live.”

“See,” observed Mrs. Jones, as the “mysterious stranger” took a long step to avoid a muddy spot, “see how mysteriously he lifts his foot.”

Poor man, he little knew the interest he was exciting in the kind souls who were watching him.

“I wonder if he is married,” said Miss Willowbough.

“If he is not,” said Miss Vinegar, “he will not probably fancy a piece of paint and whalebone.”

“Nor a woman old enough to be his grandmother,” retorted Miss Willowbough.

“There, did you see Mr. White? He bowed to the stranger, so he must know him. I will knock on the window, and beckon for him to come in. I will inquire concerning his daughter—she is in delicate health, you know. Indeed, I have some preserves for her. A capital excuse, is it not?”

Mr. White was the only person in the village who had ever been known to keep a secret, consequently his popularity with the ladies was below zero. He was a complete anomaly. He could enjoy a cup of tea, although not sweetened with scandal; and, really, it never seemed to destroy his appetite for his own dinner, because he could not tell what constituted that of his next neighbour’s.

“Oh, why *did* you beckon to that man? I never could bear him,” said Miss Vinegar.

“We have no other means of ascertaining anything about the stranger,” answered Mrs. Smith; “but what objection have you to Mr. White?”

"Because he is so very impertinent. Would you believe it—no longer ago than last Monday, I saw him go home with a covered market-basket—strange that people will use such things—I sent Betty over to ascertain what he had for dinner—the most natural thing in the world, you know—and what do you think he said? He told her he should dine on scandal, and, was it not so very common a dish, he would invite her mistress to dinner. So impertinent! and to a lady, too! I declare, I can't bear him. Betty found out, though. He had a salmon. It couldn't have cost him less than three or four dollars—say three dollars and fifty cents."

The amiable Miss Vinegar was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. White himself. Mrs. Smith was very kind in her inquiries about Miss White's health. Miss Vinegar apologized for the impertinence of her maid, who, she declared, went off without her knowledge, and had grown so very inquisitive, that she expected to be compelled to dismiss her.

"What gentleman were you speaking to just now?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"O, he, he—was a stranger."

"Well, what is his name?" was the eager question, as they all pressed around him. But none of them observed the mischievous smile that played upon his lips, as he answered, with assumed hesitancy, "I really do not know—as I ought to—in fact, I do not exactly recollect his name."

"Oh! but you must tell us; it shall go no farther, I assure you."

"I should like to tell you; but, really, there are some peculiar circumstances, which—"

"But you certainly would not hesitate to inform us," said Mrs. Smith. "I have not the least *curiosity* in the world, but I merely—wish to know, that's all."

"He has a very hard name," said Mr. White.

"Hard name—what is it, Stone?"

"Oh! no. Harder."

"Harder than stone? then it is Iron, I suppose."

"No, Harder yet."

"Harder than iron? impossible—Adamant?"

"Harder still."

"Harder than adamant! I cannot imagine what it is."

"I do not feel at liberty to tell; but, if you can guess, I shall not be responsible. So good morning, ladies;" and, in spite of their entreaties, Mr. White fairly made his escape.

"What can it be," said Mrs. Smith; "harder than adamant?"

"I have it," said Mrs. Brown, "Heart."

"You do not mean, pray, that the heart

is harder than adamant?" said Miss Willowbough, with a sigh.

"I speak in a spiritual sense," said Mrs. Brown; "the heart is, by nature, totally depraved, and until—"

"I wonder if it is not Pharaoh," interrupted Miss Vinegar. Many other names were proposed and rejected. At last they arrived at the conclusion, that his name must be Diamond; and, with this opinion, the ladies separated.

Again the ladies were in conclave, at the house of Mrs. Smith. Again Mr. Diamond, so they had named the stranger, passed the window; and, again, all eyes were directed toward him.

"There! he has dropped a letter in the street," said Miss Vinegar. "Send some one for it, while I keep watch."

Mrs. Smith's maid was immediately despatched for the important document, while Miss Vinegar stood sentinel at the window, lest some more fortunate individual should secure the prize. But her caution was needless; the maid picked up the letter, Mrs. Smith received it at the street-door, and, without looking at it, so great was her haste, bore it in triumph to her anxious guests.

"Now, we shall know his name," said Miss Vinegar. Mrs. Smith held up the letter, and read the superscription: "WILLIAM HARDER, Esquire."

Notes of a Reader.

LORD EXMOUTH AT ALGIERS.

THE following is Lord Exmouth's own account of the action written to his brother in an effusion of fraternal confidence, and never intended for the public eye, but which will, we believe, have more interest than any elaborate statement would have:—

"It has pleased God to give me again the opportunity of writing you, and it has also pleased him to give success to our efforts against these hordes of barbarians. I never, however, saw any set of men more obstinate at their guns, and it was superior fire only that could keep them back. To be sure, nothing could stand before the Queen Charlotte's broadside. Every thing fell before it; and the Swedish consul assures me we killed above five hundred at the very first fire, from the crowded way in which troops were drawn up, four deep above the gun-boats, which were also full of men. I had myself beckoned to many around the guns close to us to move away, previous to giving the order to fire; and I believe they are within bounds when they state their loss at seven thousand men. Our old friend John Gaze was as steady as a rock; and it was a glorious sight to see the Charlotte take her anchorage, and to see her

flag towering on high, when she appeared to be in the flames of the Mole itself; and never was a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop; we were obliged to haul in the ensign, or it would have caught fire. Every body behaved nobly. Admiral Milne came on board at two o'clock in the morning, and kissed my hand fifty times before the people, as did the Dutch Admiral, Van Capellan. I was but slightly touched in thigh, face, and fingers,—my glass cut in my hand, and the skirts of my coat torn off by a large shot; but as I bled a good deal, it looked as if I was badly hurt, and it was gratifying to see and hear how it was received even in the cockpit, which was then pretty full. My thigh is not quite skinned over, but I am perfectly well, and hope to reach Portsmouth by the 10th of October. Ferdinand has sent me a diamond star. Wise behaved most nobly, and took up a line-of-battle ship's station;—but all behaved nobly. I never saw such enthusiasm in all my service. Not a wretch shrunk anywhere; and I assure you it was a very arduous task, but I had formed a very correct judgment of all I saw, and was confident, if supported, I should succeed. I could not wait for an off-shore wind to attack; the season was too far advanced, and the land-winds become light and calm. I was forced to attack at once with a lee-shore, or perhaps wait a week for a precarious wind along shore; and I was quite sure I should have a breeze off the land about one or two in the morning, and equally sure we could hold out that time. Blessed be God! it came, and a dreadful night with it of thunder, lightning, and rain, as heavy as I ever saw. Several ships had expended all their powder, and been supplied from the brigs. I had latterly husbanded, and only fired when they fired on us: and we expended 350 barrels, and 5,420 shot, weighing above 65 tons of iron. Such a state of ruin of fortifications and houses was never seen, and it is the opinion of all the consuls, that two hours' more fire would have levelled the town, the walls are all so cracked. Even the aqueducts were broken up, and the people famishing for water. The sea-defences, to be made effective, must be rebuilt from the foundation. The fire all round the Mole looked like Pandemonium. I never saw any thing so grand and so terrific, for I was not on velvet, for fear they would drive on board us. The copper-bottoms floated full of fiery hot charcoal, and were red-hot above the surface, so that we could not hook on our fire-grapnels to put the boats on, and could do nothing but push fire-booms, and spring the ship off by our warps, as occasion required."

Lord Exmouth's services, and those of his fleet were acknowledged as became such a victory; he was created a viscount, with an honourable augmentation to his already so

honoured escutcheon, and the word *Algiers* as an additional motto; he received from his own sovereign a gold medal struck for the occasion, and from the kings of Holland, Spain, and Sardinia, the stars of their orders—a sword from the City of London;—and, finally—what was likely to please such a man most of all—an unusually large proportion of distinction and promotion acknowledged the merits of the brave men who had served under him.

Antiquariana.

ANTIQUÉ TABLE.

(From a Correspondent.)

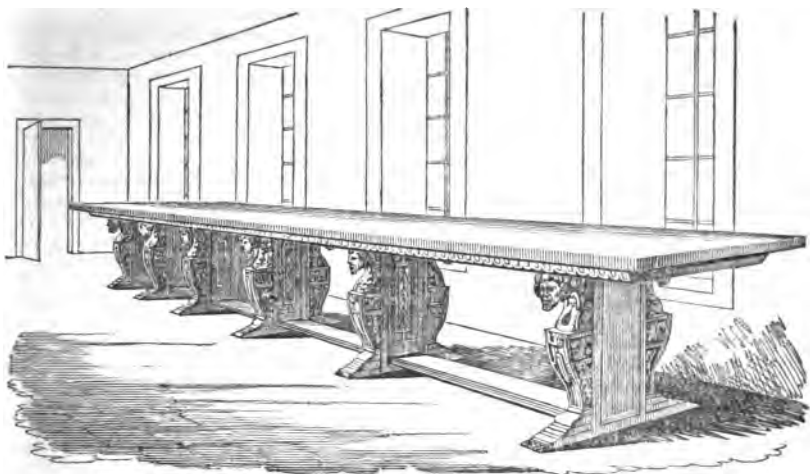
THIS relic of olden hospitality is at Staunton-Harold, Leicestershire, a seat of Earl Ferrers, about two miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch. It is of oak, and is richly carved and ornamented in the taste of the sixteenth century, having been made about the time of Henry VIII. With that quaint whimsicality which is so predominant a feature in antique articles of taste, the table is constructed of as many pieces as there are days in the year, and ornamented with twelve heads as supporters, representing, it is said, the twelve apostles; but, for my part, I think, they are, more probably, the representatives of the twelve months, particularly as they are encircled with wreaths of fruits and flowers. The legs are still farther enriched with elegant scroll-work, and on the sides of the supporters are richly carved panels, &c., each of a different pattern, exhibiting a series of beautiful designs. An ornamental band runs the whole length of the top, which measures ten yards and a quarter in length, by one yard and a half in breadth; the table standing one yard from the floor.

This curious relic of antiquity was used by the noble family on festive occasions; and, at Christmas—"the merrie Yule-tide"—the tenantry seated around it, partook of the good cheer of the "good old times;" the hall ringing with the merriment of the light-hearted, happy peasantry; mayhap, laughing at the gibes of his lordship's jester, or at some merry Christmas gambol:—

The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

But now, the scene is changed—the mansion is deserted, a prey to damps and decay, and the old table stands a forgotten relic in a solitary chamber, unthought of and uncared for.



(Ancient Table.)

At the present season of the year, when its services would have been in request, the reader of imagination, assisted by the cut before him, and a remembrance of the vivid descriptions of many a writer on the subject of Christmas merry-making in by-gone ages, may find amusement in picturing forth in his own mind its old occupants, and thus again "set the table in a roar!"

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

The Public Journals.

SNARLEYOW: OR, THE DOG-PIEND.

*By Captain Marryatt.**

It was in the winter of 1699, that a one-masted vessel, with black sides, was running along the coast near Beachy Head, at the rate of about five miles per hour. The wind was from the northward and blew keenly, the vessel was under easy sail, and the water was smooth. It was now broad daylight, and the sun rose clear of clouds and vapour; but he threw out light without heat. The upper parts of the spars, the hammock rails, and the small iron guns which were mounted on the vessel's decks, were covered with a white frost. The man at the helm stood muffled up in a thick pea jacket, and mittens, which made his hands appear as large as his feet. His nose was a pug of an intense bluish red, one tint arising from the present cold, and the other from the preventive checks which he had been so long accustomed to take, to drive out such an unwelcome intruder. His grizzled hair waved its

locks gently to the wind, and his face was distorted with an immoderate quid of tobacco which protruded his right cheek. This personage was second officer and steersman on board of the vessel, and his name was Obadiah Cobble. He had been baptized Obadiah about sixty years before, that is to say if he had been baptized at all. He stood so motionless at the helm, that you might have imagined him to have been frozen there as he stood, were it not that his eyes occasionally wandered from the compass on the binnacle to the bows of the vessel, and that the breath from his mouth, when it was thrown out into the clear, frosty air, formed a smoke like to that from the spout of a half-boiling tea-kettle.

The crew belonging to the cutter, for she was a vessel in the service of his Majesty, King William the Third, at this time employed in protecting his Majesty's revenue against the importation of alamoses and lutestrings, were all down below at their breakfasts, with the exception of the steersman and lieutenant-commandant, who now walked the quarter-deck, if so small an extent of plank could be dignified with such a name. He was a Mr. Cornelius Vanslyperken, a tall, meagre-looking personage, with very narrow shoulders and very small head—perfectly straight up and down, protruding in no part, he reminded you of some tall parish pump, with a great knob at its top. His face was gaunt, cheeks hollow, nose and chin showing an affection for each other, and evidently lamenting the gulf between them which prevented their meeting, both appeared to have fretted themselves to the utmost degree of tenuity from disappointment in love: as for the nose, it had a pearly, round

* From the Metropolitan; the Editor's Contribution to his New Year's Number.

tear hanging at its tip, as if it wept. The dress of Mr. Vanslyperken was hidden in a great coat, which was very long, and buttoned straight down. This great coat had two pockets on each side, into which its owner's hands were deeply inserted; and so close did his arms lay to his sides, that they appeared nothing more than as would battens nailed to a topsail yard. The only deviation from the perpendicular was from the insertion of a speaking trumpet under his left arm at right angles with his body. It had evidently seen much service, was battered, and the black Japan worn off in most parts of it. As we said before, Mr. Vanslyperken walked his quarter-deck. He was in a brown study, yet looked blue. Six strides brought him to the taffrail of the vessel, six more to the bows, such was the length of his tether—and he turned, and turned again.

But there was another personage on the deck, a personage of no small importance, as he was all in all to Mr. Vanslyperken, and Mr. Vanslyperken all in all to him: moreover, we may say, that he is the hero of the TAIL. This was one of the ugliest and most ill-conditioned curs which had ever been produced from promiscuous intercourse—ugly in colour, for he was of a dirty yellow, like the paint served out to decorate our men-of-war by his Majesty's dock-yards—ugly in face, for he had one wall-eye, and was so far underjawed as to prove that a bull-dog had had something to do with his creation—ugly in shape, for although larger than a pointer, and strongly built, he was coarse and shambling in his make, with his forelegs towed out. His ears and tail had never been docked, which was a pity, as the more you curtailed his proportions, the better-looking the cur would have been. But his ears, although not cut, were torn to ribands by the various encounters with dogs on shore, arising from the acidity of his temper. His tail had lost its hair from an inveterate mange, and reminded you of the same appendage in a rat. Many parts of his body were bared from the same disease. He carried his head and tail low, and had a villainous, sour look. To the eye of the casual observer, there was not one redeeming quality that would warrant his keep; to those who knew him well there were a thousand reasons why he should be hanged. He followed his master with the greatest precision and exactitude, walking aft as he walked aft, and walking forward with the same regular motion, turning when his master turned, and, moreover, turning in the same direction; and, like his master, he appeared to be not a little nipped with the cold, and, as well as he, in a state of profound meditation. The name of this uncouth animal was very appropriate to his appearance and to his temper. It was Snarleyyow.

At last, Mr. Vanslyperken gave vent to his

pent-up feelings.—“I can’t—I won’t stand this any longer,” muttered the lieutenant as he took his six strides forward. At this first sound of his master’s voice, the dog pricked up the remnants of his ears, and they both turned aft.—“She has been now fooling me for six years;” and as he concluded this sentence, Mr. Vanslyperken and Snarleyyow had reached the taffrail, and the dog raised his tail to the half cock.

They turned, and Mr. Vanslyperken paused a moment or two, and compressed his thin lips—the dog did the same.—“I will have an answer by all that’s blue!” was the ejaculation of the next six strides. The lieutenant stopped again, and the dog looked up in his master’s face; but it appeared as if the current of his master’s thoughts was changed; for the current of keen air reminded Mr. Vanslyperken that he had not yet had his breakfast.

The lieutenant leant over the hatchway, took his battered speaking trumpet from under his arm, and putting it to his mouth, the deck reverberated with “Pass the word for Smallbones forward.”—The dog put himself in a baying attitude, with his fore-feet on the combings of the hatchway, and enforced his master’s orders with a deep-toned and measured bow, wow, wow.

Smallbones soon made his appearance, rising from the hatchway like a ghost; a thin, shambling personage, apparently about twenty years old—a pale, cadaverous face, high cheek-bones, goggle eyes, with lank hair very thinly sown upon a head, which, like bad soil, would return but a scanty harvest. He looked like Famine’s eldest son, just arriving to years of discretion. His long, lanky legs were pulled so far through his trousers, that his bare feet, and half way up to his knees, were exposed to the chilling blast. The sleeves of his jacket were so short, that four inches of bone above his wrist were bared to view—hat he had none—his ears were very large, and the rims of them red with cold, and his neck was so immeasurably long and thin, that his head appeared to topple for want of support. When he had come on deck, he stood with one hand raised to his forehead, touching his hair instead of his hat, and the other occupied with a half-roasted, red herring.—“Yes, sir,” said Smallbones, standing before his master.

“Be quick!”—commanded the lieutenant; but here his attention was directed to the red herring by Snarleyyow, who raised his head and snuffed at its fumes. Among other disqualifications of the animal, be it observed, that he had no nose except for a red herring, or a post by the wayside. Mr. Vanslyperken discontinued his orders, took his hand out of his great coat pocket, wiped the drop from off his nose, and then roared out,

"How dare you appear on the quarter-deck of a king's ship, sir, with a red herring in your fist?"

"If you please, sir," replied Smallbones, "if I were to come for to go to leave it in the galley, I shouldn't find it when I went back."

"What do I care for that, sir? It's contrary to all the rules and regulations of the service. Now, sir, hear me——"

"O Lord, sir! let me off this time, it's only a *soldier*," replied Smallbones deprecatingly; but Snarleygow's appetite had been very much sharpened by his morning's walk; it rose with the smell of the herring, so he rose on his hind legs, snapped the herring out of Smallbones' hand, bolted forward by the lee gangway, and would soon have bolted the herring, had not Smallbones bolted after him and overtook him just as he had laid it down on the deck preparatory to commencing his meal. A fight ensued, Smallbones received a severe bite in the leg, which induced him to seize a handspike, and make a blow with it at the dog's head, which, if it had been well aimed, would have probably put an end to all further pilfering. As it was, the handspike descended upon one of the dog's fore toes, and Snarleygow retreated, yelling, to the other side of the fore-castle, and as soon as he was out of reach, like all curs, bayed in defiance.

Smallbones picked up the herring, pulled up his trousers to examine the bite, poured down an anathema upon the dog, which was, "May you be starved, as I am, you beast!" and then turned round to go aft, when he struck against the spare form of Mr. Vanslyperken, who, with his hands in his pocket, and his trumpet under his arm, looked unutterably savage.

"How dare you beat *my* dog, you villain?" said the lieutenant at last, choking with passion.

"He's a-bitten my leg through and through, sir, replied Smallbones with a face of alarm.

"Well, sir, why have you such thin legs then?"

"'Cause I gets nothing to fill 'em up with."

"Have you not a herring there, you hering-gutted scoundrel? which, in defiance of all the rules of the service, you have brought on his Majesty's quarter-deck, you greedy rascal, and for which I intend——"

"It ar'n't *my* herring, sir, it be yours—for your breakfast—the only one that is left out of the half dozen."

This last remark appeared to somewhat pacify Mr. Vanslyperken.

"Go down below, sir," said he, after a pause, "and let me know when my breakfast is ready."

Smallbones obeyed immediately, too glad to escape so easily.

"Snarleygow," said his master, looking at the dog, who remained on the other side of the fore-castle.—"O Snarleygow, for shame! Come here, sir. Come here, sir, directly."

But Snarleygow, who was very sulky at the loss of his anticipated breakfast, was contumacious, and would not come. He stood at the other side of the fore-castle, while his master apostrophized him, looking him in the face. Then after a pause of indecision, gave a howling sort of bark, and trotted away to the main hatchway, and disappeared below. Mr. Vanslyperken returned to the quarter-deck, and turned, and turned as before.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES CONNECTED WITH LACOCK ABBEY.*

By Mrs. Crawford.

I PASS over Corsham House, the seat of the Methuen family, about four miles from Lacock Abbey, as being more fully described in Britton's *Beauties of Wiltshire*. Also Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, which, though a noble mansion, is uninteresting to the antiquarian, the Lansdowne family being of very modern rise. Sir William Petty, who made the "Down Survey" in Ireland, was its founder. On that occasion, he very wisely got a grant to him and his heirs, of Dunkerron Castle, the ancient seat of the princely family of O'Sullivan. Thus, owing to the injustice of English rulers, the ancient Irish have been stripped of their ancestral rights, and their noble dwellings and ample heritages given to the stranger.

Half way up to Bowden Hill, and between Bowood and Lacock Abbey, stands Spy Park, the seat of the Bayntons, a family of great antiquity, and who formerly made a considerable figure in the county. Nothing can be more delightful than the situation of this old mansion, standing in a fine park, richly wooded, and commanding a most extensive view into (as it is said) ten counties.

In 1652, at the defeat of Sir William Waller by the Lord Wilmot, Bromham House, the ancient seat of the Baynton family, situated near to the field of battle, was burnt down; upon which, they removed to Spy Park, and having greatly enlarged and beautified it made it their chief residence. But that they afterwards rebuilt Bromham House, (or Bremhill,) is certain, from a letter I have by me, written fourteen years after the fire, by Sir Edward Baynton, to one of my family.

There is now in the Royal Museum, a curious, old pedigree, showing that the Bayntons, in the reign of Henry II., were knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Sir Henry Bayn-

* See an Engraving and Description of Lacock Abbey, in the *Mirror*, vol. xxvi. p. 369-373.

ton held the office of knight-marshal to the King, a place of great authority at that time; and his son, who was slain at Bretagne in the year 1201, was a noble knight of Jerusalem. Sidney, in his treatise on Government, mentions this family as being of "great antiquity; and that in name and ancient possessions, it equals most, and is far superior to many of the nobility." The house at Spy Park always struck me with gloom: but, perhaps, the legends told of it, and the *too real* events that had happened in it, might throw their shade over its walls.

As all antique mansions in the country must be associated with a due portion of the superstitious and the wonderful, Spy Park was not without its share. There was a story told, (and duly credited by the peasantry,) of a knight, clad in armour, haunting one of the chambers, supposed to be the spirit of the gallant Sir Henry Baynton, who was beheaded at Berwick, in the time of Henry IV., for taking part with the rebel Earl of Northumberland. More modern spectres also, were said to trouble the indwellers of Spy Park, for I remember Lady Shrewsbury saying, that old Sir Edward, the father of the late Sir Andrew Baynton, was continually seen at nightfall in the park and grounds; and that the latter had often, (when in company with his *mistress*,) been startled by the apparition of his father. Sir Andrew, in early life, was remarkable for the possession of every engaging and moral quality; but the misconduct of his first wife, to whom he was fondly attached, altered, it was said, his very nature, and plunged him, in order to banish thought, into the most reckless libertinism. Lady Maria Baynton was the object of his earliest, and, therefore, of his sweetest vows: and when he married her, hope promised him a golden age of wedded happiness. But, unfortunately, the veil which hid Lady Maria's real character was soon drawn aside. A gentleman of great personal attractions, and related to Lady Maria, arrived from abroad on a visit at the house. The wretched wife and mother forgot her twofold duty; and after many stolen meetings amongst the shades of Spy Park, whose beauty and peacefulness might have awakened purer and holier feelings, she fled with her seducer. Sir Andrew was at first inconsolable; and despite her shameless desertion of him, long lamented the mother of his child. Alas! that sinful mother and guilty wife was speedily visited by an awful retribution! Her infamous seducer, for whom she had outraged the laws of her God, and the delicacy of woman, soon grew weary of the poor victim he had immolated at the shrine of a lawless passion, treating her with the utmost cruelty and brutality. Death at last put an end to her dreadful sufferings: and the young, the elegant, and the accom-

plished Lady Maria, brought up in the lap of luxury, and nurtured upon the bosom of indulgence, died in a lone house, without a single friend or attendant to administer to her latest wants, or a charitable hand to close her dying eyes. O that the young and thoughtless female would take warning from her fate, and learn to keep in subjection those passions of our frail humanity, that rise up, like the angry winds of the tempest, to make shipwreck of God's glorious creation! Man may redeem his follies: but one false step in woman, and farewell hope! A pretty, affecting tale, under the title of "*Maria; or, the Obsequies of an Unfaithful Wife*," written, (I forget by whom,) upon the melancholy facts I have just recorded, was one of the first productions of the novel tribe I ever perused, and made a great impression upon me at the time, for I had then to learn of what stuff this world was made.—*Metropolitan.*

New Books.

RIENZI: THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.

(Continued from page 15.)

Reforms of Rienzi.

A WONDERFUL thing would it have been to a more observant eye, to note the change which two or three short months of the stern but salutary and wise rule of the tribune had effected in the streets of Rome. You no longer beheld the gaunt and mail-clad forms of foreign mercenaries stalking through the vistas, or grouped in lazy indolence before the embattled porches of some gloomy palace. The shops, that in many quarters had been closed for years, were again open, glittering with wares and bustling with trade. The thoroughfares, formerly either silent as death, or crossed by some affrighted and solitary passenger, with quick steps, and eyes that searched every corner,—or resounding with the roar of a pauper rabble, or the open feuds of savage nobles, now exhibited the regular and wholesome and mingled streams of civilized life, whether bound to pleasure or to commerce. Carts and wagons laden with goods which had passed in safety by the dismantled holds of the robbers of the Campagna, rattled cheerfully over the pathways. "Never, perhaps,"—to use the translation adapted from the Italian authorities, by a modern and by no means a partial historian*—"Never, perhaps, has the energy and effect of a single mind been more remarkably felt than in the sudden reformation of Rome by the Tribune Rienzi. A den of robbers was converted to the discipline of a camp or convent. In this time," says the historian,† "did the woods begin to rejoice that they

* Gibbon.

† Vita di Cola di Rienzi, lib. 1. c. x.

were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the pilgrims visited the sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers: trade, plenty, and good faith were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highways."

Amidst all these evidences of comfort and security to the people—some dark and discontented countenances might be seen mingled in the crowd, and whenever one who wore the livery of the Colonna or the Orsini felt himself jostled by the throng, a fierce hand moved involuntarily to the sword-belt, and a half suppressed oath was ended with an indignant sigh. Here and there too,—contrasting the redecorated, refurnished, and smiling shops—heaps of rubbish before the gate of some haughty mansion, testified the abasement of fortifications which the owner impotently resented as a sacrilege.

Character of Rienzi.

"In intoxication," says the proverb, "men betray their real characters." There is no less honest and truth-revealing intoxication in prosperity, than in wine. The varnish of power brings forth at once the defects and the beauties of the human portrait.

The unprecedented and almost miraculous rise of Rienzi from the rank of the pontiff's official to the lord of Rome, would have been accompanied with a yet greater miracle, if it had not somewhat dazzled and seduced the object it elevated. When, as in well-ordered states and tranquil times, men rise slowly, step by step, they accustom themselves to their growing fortunes. But the leap of an hour from a citizen to a prince—from the victim of oppression to the dispenser of justice—is a transition so sudden as to render dizzy the most sober brain. And, perhaps, in proportion to the imagination, the enthusiasm, the genius of the man, will the suddenness be dangerous—excite too extravagant a hope—and lead to too chimerical an ambition. The qualities that made him rise, hurry him to his fall; and victory at the Marengo of his fortunes, urges him to destruction at its Moscow.

In his greatness, Rienzi did not so much acquire new qualities, as develop in brighter light and deeper shadow those which he had always exhibited. On the one hand he was just—resolute; the friend of the oppressed—the terror of the oppressor. His wonderful intellect illumined everything it touched. By rooting out abuse, and by searching examination and wise arrangement, he had trebled the revenues of the city without imposing a single new tax. Faithful to his idol of liberty, he had not been betrayed by the wish of the people into despotic authority; but had, as we have seen, formally revived, and established with new powers, the parliament-

ary council of the city. However extensive his own power, he referred its exercise to the people; in their name he alone declared himself to govern, and he never executed any signal action without submitting to them its reasons, or its justification. No less faithful to his desire to restore prosperity as well as freedom to Rome, he had seized the first dazzling epoch of his power to propose that great federative league with the Italian states which would, as he rightly said, have raised Rome to the indisputable head of European nations. Under his rule trade was secure, literature was welcome, art began to rise.

On the other hand, the prosperity which made more apparent his justice, his integrity, his patriotism, his virtues, and his genius, brought out no less glaringly his arrogant consciousness of superiority, his love of display, and the wild and too daring insolence of his ambition. Though too just to avenge himself by retaliating on the patricians their own violence, though, in his troubled and stormy tribuneship, not one unmerited or illegal execution of baron or citizen could be alleged against him, even by his enemies, yet he could not deny his proud heart the pleasure of humiliating those who had ridiculed him as a buffoon, despised him as a plebeian, and who, even now, slaves to his face, were cynics behind his back. "They stood before him while he sat," says his biographer; "all these barons, bareheaded; their hands crossed on their breasts; their looks downcast;—oh, how frightened they were!"—a picture more disgraceful to the servile cowardice of the nobles than the haughty sternness of the tribune. It might be that he deemed it policy to break the spirit of his foes, and to awe those whom it was a vain hope to conciliate.

For his pomp there was a greater excuse: it was the custom of the age; it was the insignia and witness of power; and when the modern historian taunts him with not imitating the simplicity of an ancient tribune, the sneer betrays an ignorance of the spirit of the age, and the vain people whom the chief magistrate was to govern. No doubt his gorgeous festivals, his solemn processions, set off and ennobled—if parade can so be ennobled—by a refined and magnificent richness of imagination, associated always with popular emblems, and designed to convey the idea of rejoicing for liberty restored, and to assert the state and majesty of Rome revived no doubt these spectacles, however otherwise judged in a more enlightened age and by closet sages, served greatly to augment the importance of the tribune abroad, and to dazzle the pride of a fickle and ostentatious populace. And taste grew refined, luxury called labour into requisition, and foreigners from all states were attracted by the splendour of a court over which presided, under

favourite object of care. Lady Liston, wife of Sir Robert Liston, caused exotics to be brought from every country; the woods about the Black Sea were searched for the most beautiful shrubs and trees, to form walks and plantations; and it became not only the most ornamental, but the most delightful retreat in the city.

W. G. C.

Whittington and his Cat.—This nursery story has been well known in Persia for centuries. It was imported into Europe much about the same time as others of which Boccaccio, Sacchetti, &c., availed themselves. We believe that the earliest European version of its principal incidents is to be found in the *Facezia, Motti, Buffonerie, et Burle* of the Piovano Arlotto; but, there is an old Hungarian tradition to the same effect; both were, doubtless, derived from the same source. In these instances, the story is, of course, unconnected with any English worthy; and we do not believe it was applied to Sir Richard Whittington until late in the reign of Elizabeth, when some such man as Richard Johnson, author of the *Seven Champions*, or Thomas Deloney, author of the *Sir Yeomen of the West*, converted the tale to their own purposes.—*Morning Chronicle*. The veritable history of Sir Richard Whittington, with his "effigies," and some further particulars of the cat story, will be found in the *Mirror*, vol. xxv. p. 210.

The Royal George.—About six months since it was stated that only two persons were then living who were on board the Royal George, at the time she went down; one of whom is the present Admiral, Sir Philip Henderson Durham; the name of the other survivor is presumed to have been Mark Brown, who, for many years, resided at Shottisham, in Norfolk, and who was an armourer in the crew of the Royal George, at the time of its destruction. He was an intelligent person, and gave a vivid description of the catastrophe. He was on deck when the vessel began to fill, and climbed over the gunwale on to her side; and, for a period of five minutes, or more, while she was filling with water, he witnessed, by looking through the port-holes, the struggles of the crowd between decks to save themselves. As soon as she had filled, the vessel righted, and went down. Brown went down with her, but was immediately thrown up to the surface, as he supposed, by the air rushing out of the port-holes; he succeeded in catching at a floating hammock, and was afterwards picked up. He was, subsequently, at sea for many years, and eventually settled at Shottisham, where he brought up a large family, one of whom is now the landlord of the White Lion Inn, at Sanbridgenorth. Brown died at Shottisham, on the 27th of September last, at the age of 84.—*Hertford Reformer*.

Eugene Aram.—There is now living at Knaresborough, a Chelsea pensioner, named Edward Day, upwards of 100 years of age: he was formerly a hatter, and was in the employ of Mr. Francis Moore, the constable of Knaresborough, who was sent in 1758, with a warrant to Lynn, to take Eugene Aram for the murder of Daniel Clarke. Day says that on his master's return, he was the man that assisted Eugene Aram into the house, and dressed a sore on his arm.

Reverse of Fortune.—The Marquis de Saint Paer was formerly the possessor of a fine domain near Andely, in Normandy; but in consequence of his wanton extravagance, he was obliged to part with the whole of his estates, and, at length, became reduced to want, receiving charity from those upon whom, in his prosperity, he had bestowed it. Still, he could not leave the scenes of his former splendour, and lived for twenty years in a low thatched hut in the confines of his ancient château. A short time since he was found dead, from cold and hunger, under a hedge, not far from its walls.

Living.—At the foot of the Maritime Alps, three persons and a servant can live for less than 70*l.*; a-year their fare including every delicacy of fish, flesh, and fowl, with a constant supply of the finest fruits and vegetables, and abundance of good wine.

Lord Byron used to say that a man ought to marry by all means, although he owned that the greater part of marriages are unhappy. A man cannot be happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in; a tendency so natural as that of the union of the sexes ought to lead only to the most harmonious results; yet the reverse is the fact. There is certainly something radically wrong in the constitution of society—the "time is out of joint." It is strange, too, what little real liberty of choice is exercised by those even who marry according to what is thought their own inclination. Many a man thinks he marries by choice, who only marries by accident. In this respect, men have less the advantage of women than is generally supposed.

Pride of Ancestry.—A mature spinster of the illustrious house which has produced our present Colonial Secretary, having desired her attendant to read the Scriptures to her, the latter stumbled on a passage in Genesis, in which the word *giants* was rather defaced, and read: "There were *Grants* on the earth in those days."—"Ah!" exclaimed the lady with rapture, "there is a convincing proof that my family yields to none in antiquity!"—*Paris Advertiser*.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

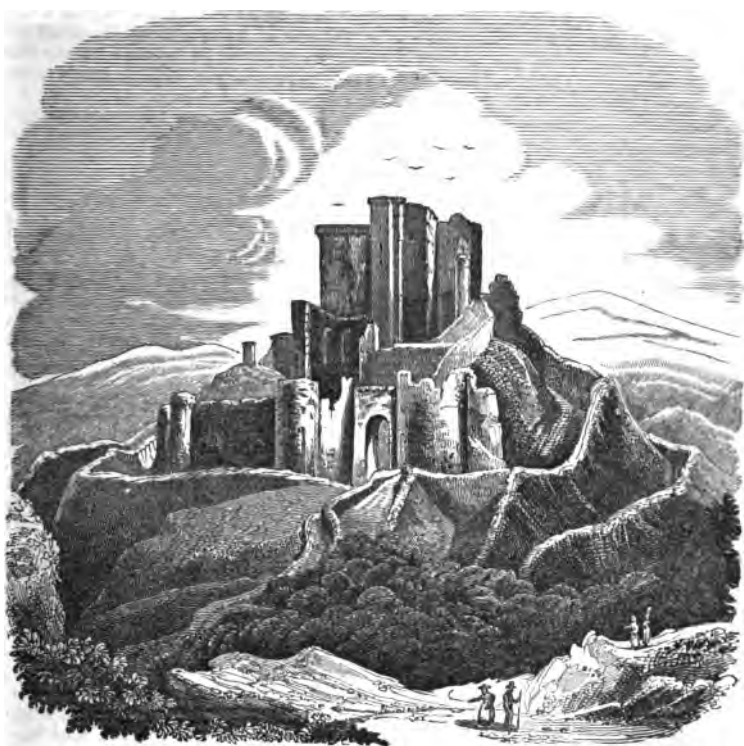
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 759.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]



ARQUES CASTLE.

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

THESE picturesque ruins stand at Arques, a small town of France, in the department of the Lower Seine. It was here the truly great Henri IV. gained a complete victory over the Duke of Mayenne, General of the League, in 1589. The town stands on a river of the same name, four miles south-east of Dieppe; rendered also remarkable by the embarkation of William the Conqueror for England; after which period it rose to be one of the principal maritime towns in France.

It is not easy to determine when Arques Castle was built; but we have the authority of Flodoard, who says, in 944 it was a military post. From the highest point of the ruins may be seen the manor of Gosselin, the inheritance of Matilda, the last descendant of the illustrious house of William of Tankerville.

Philip Augustus entered these ramparts as victor during the captivity of Richard Cœur de Lion; and the year had not passed when he came to lay siege to the town. The peace of 1196 restored him this important fortress. Philip besieged it in his turn in 1202, when the news of the defeat and capture of the unfortunate Arthur recalled him to Tourrain. With other possessions in Normandy, it was given up to this warlike king; but, by the destiny of war, it fell again into the hands of the English in 1419. By the skill of Warwick and Talbot, (alluded to by Shakspeare,) it did not return to the French till 1449, at the taking of Rouen.

The site of the castle is well fitted for the seat of war, abounding, as it does, with glens suitable for ambuscades, and placed on the conflux of three great rivers, the Varenne, Be-

thune or Arques, and l'Helna or Eldona; on the north-east, it is bounded by the ocean, and opposite are the valley or plains of Arques, once entirely laid waste in revenge by Baudouin, Count of Flanders.

The Castle of Arques was twice conquered by poetic kings: to one was intrusted the traditions of the bards; to the other, the romances of the troubadours: and it is said that Henri IV. here first received the inspiration of his muse.

The little town of Arques is remarkable for the originality of its construction; it has much of the appearance of a Flemish town during the middle ages. At the time of its siege by Richard Cœur de Lion, it is described as a mere swamp or bay, the sea having made such encroachments upon it.

M. P.

The Naturalist.

STRAY FACTS, ANECDOTES, AND OBSERVATIONS.—BY M. L. B.*

Attachment of a Horse.

A GENTLEMAN, (the member of a family well known to him, who detailed this anecdote to the writer,) was exceedingly fond of field-sports, and rode for many years a favourite hunter, literally up to the hour of his death; since, when out coursing one day, he fell from the animal's back dead to the ground, in an apoplectic fit. His fellow sportsmen, who were beating about the field at some little distance, seeing Major A—— fall, immediately rode up to his assistance; when, with astonishment, they beheld his favourite steed, after neighing expressively, galloping two or three times round him, and exhibiting incontestable symptoms of the deepest grief, lay down beside his beloved master, and expire!

Dogs

in India, we are told, if not native, but European, lose their voice, or, at least, never give note in hunting, after the first year. Greyhounds are exceedingly valued, because the second year of their residence in such a climate is sure to kill them; so that, though often imported, they are always rare.

A dog, having been chained up one day, contrary to his inclination, exhibited strong symptoms of ill-humour; and, getting loose in the night, he ran into his master's poultry yard, where, never having touched a fowl before, he destroyed fourteen chickens. This was in mere vengeance, for he did not eat, but hid up, his mangled victims; which being found, the fact was proved against him, and his life expiated the ferocious deed.

Some young lads recently bathing, in the vicinity of London, a friend of the writer happened to pass the spot with a large, hand-

some dog of the Mont St. Bernard breed. The animal seemed to watch with much anxiety the boys in the water, and when he saw one dive down beneath it, in he plunged, seized him gently by the leg, and drew him to the shore. The lad was not in the least hurt, but rather alarmed, fancying the dog meant him an injury; but, in truth, the noble creature, believing he beheld a human being nearly drowned, only rushed into the water to save him.

Some time since, a tinker, walking one evening by the banks of the Cam, observed a dog rushing and plunging frantically in and out of the river, barking, growling, and seeming to endeavour to bring up something from the bottom of the water; till, at last, the poor brute, appearing to lose breath and strength, after a few struggles, sank to rise no more. The tinker took note of the spot, gave information of the circumstance, and, upon the river being dragged, the bodies of a man and dog were brought up. The faithful and courageous animal, it was thus made evident, had sacrificed his own life in an ineffectual attempt to draw the body of his drowned master from the bottom of the river.

Cats.

The following habits were peculiar to a cat belonging to a friend, a young gentleman:—Of a most affectionate disposition, she would, when he was from home, be shy and absent, seldom indeed troubling the family with her presence; but Master R.'s return from school was always the signal for the re-appearance of puss; she met him in the hall, and would scratch every morning at his bed-room door, for admission to play with him before he was up. When the family had 'fish for dinner, the cat, who was extremely fond of it, though not allowed to be fed in the parlour, always followed the dish into the dining-room, sat and watched its disappearance with great anxiety, and then quietly followed the remnants out again. Canaries were kept, and puss, though fond of eating birds, was the faithful guardian of these pets, never suffering any other cats, or animals, to approach their cages.

In well-treated cats, we have often observed this trait:—A poor woman residing at Abington, near Cambridge, had a couple of pretty cats, (and, by the way, how beautiful, in general, are cottagers' cats!) who were great pets of her only son, fed by him constantly, and played with every day. The lad died, the cats missed their friend, and uttered for him wailings lamentable to hear. For weeks after his loss, they laid before the fire, screaming and moaning most pitiably; they scarcely stirred from their places, refused food, became perfect skeletons, and one of them, which had kittens, could not be brought

* Continued from Mirror, vol. xxiii., p. 107.

to take the slightest notice of her offspring. When our informant saw them, they appeared to be in a deep decline, and about to follow their beloved master and associate to the grave.

A friend told us, that a cat in a family of her acquaintance, had such a particular antipathy to the man-servant, that when he laid the table for dinner, she has been seen to jump upon it, push off every thing, and scratch the cloth down.

A cat in Dublin, whom her mistress wished to get rid of without killing, was taken one dark night in a bag, and put down in a distant part of the city, or its suburbs; but next day puss made her appearance again at home, and though the experiment was twice or thrice repeated, she always returned.

Another cat, given to a friend, thrice returned to her old home; though the distance was sixteen miles between that and her new one, and a broad river, and some smaller streams, lay across the country through which she had to travel.

Being recently in a boat upon the Thames, we observed a beautiful, white cat come from the house of one of the keepers of those lochs, which may not inaptly be denominated river-turnpikes,—steal down the bank, and watch intently the subsiding of the waters in the loch: when they sink, they generally leave a few small fish behind them at the edge of the bank; for these the sagacious cat had come, and in spite of wet feet, and antipathy to the water, made capture of her silvery, slippery prey.

Burmese Cats.

When the British troops entered the dominions of the "Golden Foot," they were struck by what they believed to be the cruelty, or superstition, of the natives of Burmah, in docking the tails of their cats to within an inch and a half of the root, and splitting them at the tip: perhaps it was a religious ceremony, they thought; or, perhaps, poor puss might pass with them, as with some other and more civilized nations, as a sort of fiend, and this cutting and maiming might be a charm to restrain her powers of evil. But, that it was solely the work of Dame Nature, was, after about two months' ignorant speculation, discovered; when, one day, some soldiers found a cat's lair in the woods, with a litter of kittens, all with short tails, split at the tips: nor does this peculiarity solely pertain to the Burmese cats,—those of Malabar and Siam are also thus distinguished.

Note:—Perhaps no animal of the same kind varies more than the cat of different countries. We are sensible of this in the Persian, French, and wild cats, &c., which are common in England; but the cat of the Asiatic continent often more resembles a fox than our well-known domestic friend.

A Tame Jackal.

An officer in India brought up a young jackal, which he so far succeeded in taming, that it would fetch and carry like a dog; otherwise, it was a wild, fierce, and beautiful creature, a great thief, and a dangerous companion.

A friend and his lady, with their young child, went to visit B——, and the jackal was, as usual, fastened up for the night; but, lo! in the midst of it, a loud cry was heard from the nurse; the jackal had got loose, and carried off the unfortunate infant from its cot; instant pursuit, however, being made, the animal dropped the child, which was found unharmed, outside the house, and the brute, when caught, was more securely caged. It was supposed, that as the poor infant was suffering under some complaint which made the application of a poultice necessary, the jackal had been attracted to it by the smell of the bread and milk; and to a miracle of Providence only, could thus be attributed its safety.

This jackal used to jump upon the breakfast and dinner table, and carry off whatever bread and meat he could steal undetected; but when his master's stores were inaccessible, he made light of pillaging loaves of bread and legs of mutton from the other officers. B—— had a little dog, Vixen, who was always very bitter against the jackal, but the creature being more than a match for her, he wished to train Victim, a large, fierce dog, to keep his strange pet in order. Victim, however, hung back from his duty, at first, as was supposed, from cowardice, but it was afterwards discovered, from a motive even less worthy; for the jackal was seen to share with him all his stolen dainties. In spite of its peccadillos, this jackal was very faithful and affectionate to his master, and followed him, like a dog, wherever he went, or rather, ran by his side at the distance of a few feet.

Curious Phenomenon.

The following we give on the authority of a young, naval officer, who witnessed the circumstance:—The vessel in which this gentleman, and a large crew and company, were sailing, was in the midst of the Atlantic, and the wind was blowing rather stiffly, when suddenly, they were not less astonished than alarmed, to behold astern, driving forwards with fearful rapidity, not a stormy swell of the sea, but an immense mountain of water, far higher than the main-mast, of proportionable bulk, and inconceivably majestic and terrible:—"Every body on board," said Lieutenant P—— "rushed on deck, to behold this terrible phenomenon; the ship was instantly put out of her course to avoid being overwhelmed; and this unaccountable mountain of water, which was, at least, 300 feet high, and looked as if many square

leagues of ocean had been gathered up, as of old, into a wall, swept harmlessly past us, and pursued its onward course, apparently unbroken, and without diminution, till we lost sight of it in the distance."

(To be continued.)

The Public Journals.

BARNABY PALMS: THE MAN WHO "FELT HIS WAY."

First Chapter.

THAT philosopher was an ass, who, trembling at the peril inherited with his eyes, resolved to avoid all mischief by pulling them out. We know, that in this narrow, gloomy passage, called the world, eyes are, so to speak, edged tools—hurting the wearer. We know that, deceived by them, we often shake and wonder at a stalking giant, when, in truth, the Polyphemus is only a swaggering mountebank on wooden stilts,—and doff our caps to a glistening glory, which, stript of its outside, is more loathsome than an ape. On the other hand, how many, with a wise tyranny, use their eyes as the meanest vassals, never suffering them to play truant in the summer clouds—to hang on summer flowers—to lose their time with unprofitable exhalations, or to try to spell the mystery of the stars! No; prudently disciplined, the ocular servants help their masters to dress and to undress—to save them from posts and pillars when abroad—to eat their meat, and to take especial care that no shilling be a counterfeit. Alas! though the best philosophers lack such wisdom, Barnaby Palms was endowed with it to fulness. Locke has said, that two men looking at a rainbow, do not, indeed, see the same rainbow. (Two men, looking at one guinea, are, we conceive, quite in another position.) Now, Barnaby never thought of trusting his eyes but with the lowest duties, instinctively keeping them from all delicate embarrassments. In the petty, menial wants of life, Barnaby might employ his eyes; in the momentous concerns of this world, he winked, and securely—felt his way.

At the green age of eighteen, Barnaby possessed the ripe fruit of two score. But the truth is, Barnaby had never been a child. In the nurse's arms, he was a very manikin, showing an extraordinary precocity in his choice of the ripest apple and the biggest cake. Left as a legacy to an only uncle, the boy flourished after his "own sweet will," unchecked and unassisted save by the scantily paid attentions of a well-meaning pedagogue, vegetating in a hamlet some six miles from the Kentish coast. Poor Joshua! he might have learned of his scholar—might have sucked worldly wisdom even from the suckling. We repeat it: at eighteen, Barnaby was a match for grey hairs.

Barnaby had a deep respect for his uncle; in fact, so deep, it all but sank to fear. Thus our hero spared no pains to feel his way to the heart of his relation, who, be it understood, enjoyed the reputation of a wealthy man,—albeit, old inhabitants of the town would sometimes marvel how his wealth had been acquired. Palms, senior, dwelt in a huge, dilapidated mansion within gunshot of the sea; his household consisting of an old man and his daughter, a pretty, gay-hearted lass of eighteen. Old Palms was seated in his oak-parlour, steadily employed upon a breakfast, of which beef and Kentish ale, with an incidental drop of white brandy, formed the principal part. Before him sat Barnaby in trim, travelling attire. He looked and spoke the creature of humility. Could he have made the transfer, he would have given his soul to his uncle as readily as he advanced the mustard. The truth is, Barnaby was about to enter the world, he had drawn on his boots for the great pilgrimage of life. In a few hours, and he must feel his way through the crowd of London, being destined to the warehouse of Messrs. Nokes and Styles, mercers, City. Hence the reader may imagine that Barnaby was subdued by the approaching event—that he felt some odd twitches at the heart, as he stared at the old wainscot, with its every wormhole familiar to him—that a something rose to his throat, as he looked out upon the sea, tumbling and roaring in concert with a January gale—at that sea which had sung his early lullabies—that his heart, like the ocean-shell, still responded to the sound. It is reasonable to believe, though we cannot substantiate the fact, that some such emotions rose in the bosom of the pilgrim. Of this, however, we are certain: Barnaby looked with the eyes of a devotee towards a small, leathern bag, lying on the table at the right hand of his uncle; and Barnaby continued to gaze at the string securing the neck, until, distracted by the appearance of Patience Mills, who—the more serious portion of the breakfast consumed—entered with a dozen eggs.

Now, Patience had a face as round, and cheeks as red as any pippin,—eyes blue as heaven,—and a mouth, as a certain young man on the coast avowed, sweet as a honeycomb. Nevertheless, had Patience been some smoke-dried hag, Barnaby had not visited her with looks less charitable. Patience replied to the glance by a giggle, solacing herself, when out of hearing, by muttering, "glad he's going." Barnaby looked at his uncle's fingers, and then at the bag. Heedless of the hint, old Palms took an egg.

"Come, eat, Barney, eat. Ye'll have a cold ride to London: the north wind's edged like a scythe. What! not take eggs?"

"Doat on 'em, uncle," cried Barnaby aroused, like Shylock, from "a dream of

money-bags."—The fact is, Barnaby had that day determined to like every thing: on that occasion, he wished to leave a vivid impression of his meekness and humility.—"Quite a weasel at eggs, uncle," continued Barnaby, and he began to chip the shell. Now, it so happened, that Barnaby had fallen upon an egg which, on being opened, emitted conclusive evidence of its antiquity. Old Palms, instantly perceiving the work of time, roared to Barnaby to cast the abomination out of the window. Barnaby, however, determined to give an example of his economy—of his indifference to petty annoyance—sat like a statue, still holding the egg between his thumb and finger—his uncle applying the same instruments to his own nose.

"Out with it, Barney!"—Barney smiled a remonstrance, and handled his spoon.—"Zounds!" cried old Palms, almost grinning through his disgust at what he deemed the ignorance or simplicity of his nephew—"Zounds! nephew—why—ha, ha!—you'll never eat?"

Barnaby, mistaking the humour of his uncle, nodded knowingly.

"You will! I tell you 'tis a musty egg—a bad egg—pah! the egg stinks!"

Barnaby looked as though he believed he had won his uncle's heart for ever, and then complacently made answer, "I don't care for eggs *over-fresh*."

The avowed taste of Barnaby was not lost upon his uncle. The old man looked through the youth with a thinking eye—an eye that seemed to read his moral anatomy, and then uttered a long "hem!" at the same time stretching his hand to the money-bag. Invisible fingers were playing on the heart-strings of Barnaby, whilst, from the corner of his eye, he watched his uncle slowly untie the strip of knotted leather which "compressed the god within." The bag was opened; its glorious contents blazed on the table; and as they rang upon the oak, Barnaby instinctively rose to his feet, standing respectfully uncovered in "the presence."

"Barney," said old Palms, and reverently laid his hand upon the gold,—"*Barney, my child! you see the little hoard I've set apart for you.*"—The life-blood of Barnaby tingled in his very eyes, and his ears rang with music.—"*You see the few savings and scrapings I have made for the child of my brother. For I feared that you, an innocent, unprotected, unassisted lad, would need the aid which money can alone afford. Barney, I trembled for the softness of your heart—the simplicity of your nature.*"—Here Barney felt almost in peril of tears.—"*Yes, Barney, these were my weak anxieties, my foolish fears.*"—Saying which, the old man began to return the guineas to the bag. During the operation, not a word was spoken. Bar-

ney, scarcely venturing to breathe, stood with his head bent on his breast, and one eye on the table, silent and subdued. The tinkling of the gold—the voice of Barney's fortune, was alone audible; and, as note followed note, the young expectant became possessed as though he listened to angelic trumpets. The bag being filled, Palms proceeded to tie its mouth, talking as he leisurely tied.—"*Barney, I find my fears were the fears of ignorance. You need not such a sum as this; you are already rich in strength—in wisdom.*"

"I, uncle!" cried Barnaby, sensitively shrinking from the compliment, and at the same time—struck by the manner of Palms—breaking into a profuse sweat.—"*I strong! I wise! Oh, uncle!*"

"Come, Barney, why so modest? I say, strength and wisdom, as the world goes, are yours. Here we've a hundred guineas in this little bag; what then? to a lad of your wit they're of little worth. You'll never miss 'em. Now, here," and Palms slid the coin along the table, "*here are five guineas.*"

"Five! uncle!"

"Five! The reward of your skill—of the skill you have shown this morning."

"Five guineas! skill! uncle!"

"Never doubt it, Barney; take up the money, and never mistrust that head of thine; for well I know, that the fellow who, in this working world, cares not for his eggs '*over-fresh*,' will in the end, flourish as well though he begin with five guineas, as with five thousand."

The tone and manner of old Palms forbade any reply on the part of his nephew, who, nevertheless, received the eulogy with a sulkiness worthy of the great cynic. Indeed, had Barnaby pocketed five snow-balls, he could not have looked more blank and frozen; could not have mounted the borrowed horse, ready saddled to convey him to London, with more reluctant leg, with grimmer countenance. No wonder; Barnaby thought he had securely felt his way: now Barnaby had lost ninety-five guineas.

[The two succeeding chapters relate Barney's experiences in London—his failure to oust one of the partners of the house in which he was located—and his repulse by the Widow Blond, of Bishopsgate Without.]

Last Chapter.

In the foregoing Chapters, we have confined ourself to two great disappointments of our hero, who, however, as he felt his way through life, had manifold small successes. It is true that Fortune, when she promised most, had shown herself most fickle; yet had she rewarded Barney with a thousand gifts. Thus, ere he had completed his three-and-fortieth year, Barney had "*land and beeves.*" His miraculous sense of touch,

luxurious palanquins on the shoulders of their slaves, or reclined on gorgeous couches in stately indolence, shampooed by dark beauties, or fanned to sleep by the menials of their countless trains; while princes and potentates lingered in their outer chambers, and the nobles of the land humbled themselves before them.

At length it was discovered that this picture was somewhat too highly coloured,—that every Englishman in India does not maintain a princely state and fare sumptuously every day,—that though a considerable number of young gentlemen, and some young ladies, besides a few elderly governors, bishops, and judges, are yearly transported to that land of promise, few of them live, to come back; and that of the small number who do return with improved fortunes and impaired constitutions, by far the greater part are content to renounce all “the luxuries of the East” for the modified pleasures of drinking the waters of Cheltenham,—congregating at their club in Hanover-square,—or vainly endeavouring, in the remoter places of their nativity, to realize the dreams of happiness in their fatherland which had haunted one and all of them during their exile.—*Quarterly Review*.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE MICROSCOPE.

How many beauties of the minute world would, probably, have been lost to inquiring man but for the invention of this simple instrument! Two centuries since, its surprising powers had scarcely been heard of; and only in our times have they been developed, until its marvels appear illimitable.

The examples we are about to present to the reader, are not among the most extraordinary results of recent microscopic examinations: but, they so beautifully illustrate the minute perfection of the economy of nature, that they will, doubtless, prove interesting and acceptable. They were first published about eight years since, by the late Mr. Thomas Carpenter, optician, of Regent-street, to whose ingenuity we are indebted for the first gigantic, solar and lucernal microscopes; which improvements, though brilliant in themselves, have been comparatively eclipsed by the more recently introduced oxy-hydrogen instrument.

Our first examples familiarly illustrate some of the countless beauties of crystallization. It may be requisite to observe that saltpetre, Glauber's salt, copperas, or any other of the many neutral salts, being dissolved in water, and the water being then allowed slowly to evaporate, re-appears in beautiful, regular crystals, each salt having its own peculiar forms. If the reader will

excuse the homeliness of the reference, he may witness this circumstance in the incrustations on the sides of a pickling-pan, when the brine has been left to evaporate. Yet this occurs only in a perfectly fluid medium, as water, the necessity of which condition is shown by the two annexed cuts. They represent elegant configurations formed in the solution of common salt in viscid media, which prevent it shooting into crystals; these forms varying with the nature of the different vehicles employed. They mostly commence with lines crossing each other, and either at right angles, or at acute and obtuse ones, from which ramification they extend themselves around; some of these lines being straight, and others curved. Thus, in fig. 1, a straight line is seen crossed

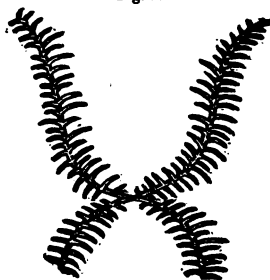
Fig. 1.



(Common Salt.)

by a curved, serpentine one, expanding at one end into two other curved ones.

Fig. 2.



(Common Salt.)

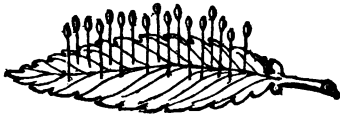
is another modification, consisting of two curved lines crossing each other: others assume exquisite branching forms, without the crystals shooting from the lines; of the singular elegance of which, an engraving would convey but a very imperfect idea.

Next is a beautiful provision of nature, as shown in the economy of the *Hemerobius Perla*, a singular insect which not only affixes its eggs to the edges of leaves by threads,

but likewise erects its eggs upon slender stems, distributed over the surface of such leaves as the Aphis, (or Plant-Louse,) had previously laid its eggs upon. This is shown

in

Fig. 3.



(Eggs upon a Leaf.)

"The eggs are thus kept out of the reach of the young aphides, which otherwise would destroy them, by means of the piercers attached to their rostrums, before they are hatched, and have attained their larva state. The young aphides, immediately on their exclusion from the eggs, commence feeding upon the juices of the leaf, by the assistance of the tubes and piercers contained within the proboscis with which each is furnished; and, under the microscope, they present the appearance of a flock of sheep feeding upon an extensive plain. Whilst the aphides are thus luxuriating, the larvæ of the hemerobius are excluded from their eggs, and immediately crawl down the slender props upon which they rested, and commence devouring the aphides. In this larva state, these insects are termed Plant Louse Lions, in consequence of their feeding so voraciously upon the aphides; and by thus thinning them, they are doubtless of great service in the general economy of nature. The Hemerobius, when viewed under a microscope, is one of the most splendid objects in nature, and has long been celebrated among microscopic wonders."

Fig. 4 is a magnified representation of the Jaws and Teeth of the Cheese Mite; two of which are larger than the other two. There is also an appendage to each pair of jaws, somewhat resembling a finger in shape, one

(Fig. 4.)

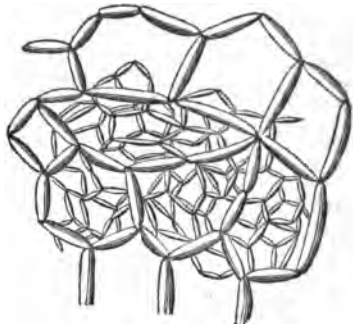


(Jaws of a Cheese-Mite.)

of which is dislocated from the jaws, and is shown closely adjoining it. In other mites have been found two other appendages to their mouths, resembling the small claws of a crab or lobster. The curved jaws would indicate that the action of the two sets of teeth was similar to that of scissors or shears, cutting sideways, similarly to the action of a cow chewing the cud, and not up and down, as in the usual manner of chewing.

Fig. 5, represents a specimen of the *Conferva Reticulata*, an exceedingly rare and beautiful *Water-Moss* found in a ditch at Lee,

Fig. 5.

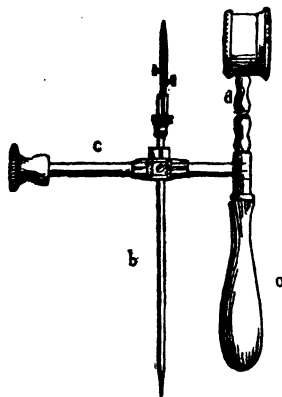


(Water-Moss.)

near Lewisham, Kent. On its being placed in water, in a watch-glass under the microscope, it expanded and exhibited the very curious structure shown in the figure. It is of a green colour, and forms cylindrical masses, in its natural state; but here only a few ramifications are shown. The net-like meshes are varied, consisting of from four to seven sides; and they are of several different sizes, according to the age of the conferva; some are large enough to be distinguished by the naked eye, whilst others require the aid of powerful magnifiers to discern them. This *Conferva*, or moss, is the resort of numerous species of animalcules; and, consequently, is highly useful in affording a great variety of specimens for examination under the microscope.

Microscopes are, generally speaking, costly instruments; but, our economical times have produced a cheap and simple means of encouraging a taste for microscopic investigation. This is in the invention of a microscope which can be carried in the pocket, or with more facility than, (as Sir Humphry Davy suggests,) chemical apparatus may be conveyed in a small travelling trunk. The engraving shows this portable microscope: "it consists of a handle of hard wood *a*, which is screwed into a brass piece *d*, and which has at its top, a ring, with female screws on back and front, into which are to be screwed two cells, with lenses of different foci bur-

Fig. 6.



(Portable Microscope.)

nished into them. There is also a projecting part formed on the side of the brass piece *d*, in which is a screwed hole to receive the screwed end of a cylindrical rod of brass *c*, which has a shoulder adjoining to its screw to steady it, when screwed home. There is also at the other end of the rod *c*, a milled head to turn it by. Upon the rod *c* a springing split socket *e* slides backwards and forwards, and is also capable of being turned round upon the rod in all directions. This socket has affixed to it, on one side, a projecting part, which has a screwed cavity in it, which receives a short screwed tube, having a small hole in its centre, made to fit the steel cylindrical stem of the spring forceps; and a corresponding hole being also made at the bottom of the screwed cavity, above mentioned, a bit of perforated cork is lodged in that said cavity, which being pressed upon by the action of the screw, closes upon the steel stem of the forceps, and acts as a spring serving to steady the forceps, and the objects held in them, in any required situation. The short screwed tube has a slit sawn across its top to receive a turn-screw, by which it can be turned more or less, as required. The stem of the forceps being removed from its place in the short tube; the handles and lenses; and the rod *c*, and the sliding socket upon it, unscrewed from its place in the handle; can all three be then packed in a black paper case with a pull-off top, and which case is only $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, 1 inch broad, and half an inch thick, so as to be exceedingly portable. This microscope possesses three different magnifying powers: viz. those of two lenses separately, and the two in combination; and has every facility for the adjustment of the objects."

New Books.

THE COMPANION TO THE ALMANAC.

[This year's volume is, in every respect, as valuable as either of its predecessors; the same untiring diligence and apt illustration being evident in each of its closely-packed pages. Among the most striking papers is one on the Old Arguments against the Motion of the Earth, a successful attempt to eradicate error and establish truth. Next is a paper suggesting the establishment of a Medical Police, with a few of the subjects on which a state physician might report, as in the adulteration of provisions; from this document we extract a few paragraphs:—]

Fish is generally allowed to be more intolerable when tainted than any other food; yet even here habit has sometimes got the better of natural instinct, and the Esquimaux epicure likes stale fish as he of London does stale game. In addition to the dangers arising from the commencement of putrefaction in fish, it is clear that many fish become unwholesome and even poisonous at certain seasons; and it has often been a subject of scientific inquiry to determine when and why this is the case, especially with regard to mussels. Beck says that the oyster, lobster, crab, and mackerel of the New York market have each occasionally produced poisonous effects, though he knows of no case of death from them. The London market is sometimes supplied with unwholesome salmon in large quantities.

Bread is unfortunately but too well known to be adulterated, and in London is perhaps rarely met with in a state of purity. The most usual admixture seems to be that of spoiled flour, pulse, and potatoes, though alum and other drugs no doubt enter into the compound. One of the most remarkable differences between London and genuine bread is the extreme rapidity with which the former dries up. It is true that at some first-rate shops the bread is tolerable and even good; but we require that the poor and the incautious should be protected. Much might be done for this purpose by an examination of ordinary London bread by a scientific man invested with official authority, who should publish the results, and the details by which he arrived at them.

Many other subjects of inquiry in this division might deserve a lengthened discussion; but we must content ourselves with giving merely what would be the heads of sections in an elaborate treatise, and pass over all the details. Thus an inspector might report on the state in which vegetables are brought to market; the fermentation which takes place when they are heaped together in baskets; the qualities of mushrooms; the manufacture of fictitious pepper-dust; and

the rotten eggs and cheese and rancid butter with which the London market is so plentifully stocked.

Beer.—The medical jurist, says Christison, should make himself well acquainted with the external characters of *Cocculus Indicus*, "because, besides being occasionally used in medicine, it is a familiar poison for destroying fish, and has also been extensively used by brewers as a substitute for hops—an adulteration which is prohibited in Britain by severe statutes." (*On Poisons*, p. 649.) The learned author does not, however, state any chemical test by which the presence of *Cocculus Indicus* can be detected; and the existence of this and other pernicious drugs in our London porter can, we fear, be known only by the head-ache and dyspepsia which they cause. The Monthyon prize is bestowed at Paris annually upon him who discovers a method of making some trade less insalubrious—would it not be well to found a similar prize to be the reward of him who, by the discovery of a test, shall render some adulteration less facile? When we speak of the *cephalgic* powers of London porter, we understand the liquor as it comes from the publican, for the brewers' porter is very good. Those who know the largeness of retail profit, will understand the force of the argument, when we inform them that porter is nominally cheaper when bought by the pint from the publican, than when obtained by the eighteen-gallon cask from the brewer.

Publication of Hygienic Precepts.—A physician, whose merits were equalled by his fame, and whose high official station lent authority to his advice, might do the state some service by the publication of hygienic precepts addressed to different classes of the community. He might teach the legislature those points of medical police where law can do much; as in the regulation of mad-houses, the prohibition of interments in town, the diminution of the hours of labour in manufactories, the establishment of public baths and gardens in large towns. Each division of the working classes might possess an essay especially directed to its wants or dangers;* and a more comprehensive treatise might contain such advice as comes home to every man's bosom. It is surprising how many persons do not know, for example, that a bed-room should have a chimney, that it is unwholesome if it contains living plants, and dangerous if newly painted.

While this paper was printing, the writer was consulted concerning the wholesomeness of a stew prepared in a brass saucepan. A green band lined the interior of the vessel, so strongly impregnated with the well-known taste of carbonate of copper, to leave no doubt either as to the cause of the colour, or as to

the unwholesomeness of the food. We mention the fact simply to show that a knowledge of the danger arising from copper saucepans is not so generally diffused as might have been supposed; for the case occurred in the family of an intelligent tradesman. The stew contained lemon juice, which, though not acting on copper, when in a state of ebullition, corrodes it when at rest, as Dr. Christison has remarked in the following passage:—"Nay, it appears that some acid matters, though they do not dissolve clean copper by being merely boiled in it a few minutes, nevertheless, if allowed to cool and stand some time in it, will acquire a sensible impregnation. Dr. Falconer also observed, that syrup of lemons boiled fifteen minutes in copper or brass pans did not acquire a sensible impregnation: but if it was allowed to cool, and remain in the pans for twenty-four hours, the impregnation was perceptible even to the taste, and was discovered by the test of metallic iron. This fact has been further confirmed by the researches of Proust, who states that, in preparing food or preserves in copper, it is not till the fluid ceases to cover the metal, and is reduced in temperature, that the solution of the metal begins." (*Christison on Poisons*, p. 339.)

It is in vain to hope that cooks will attend to the chemical refinements by which copper stewpans may be rendered innocuous, and we therefore join in the general advice given by prudent physicians against their use at all.

[A paper on the State of Crime in the United Kingdom is full of appalling details, with preventives and remedies. Next is a gratifying report on the working of the Act for the Abolition of Slavery: a few pages onward is the following interesting]

Necrological Table of Literary Men, Artists, and Public Characters.

1834, Oct. 3.	Adrian Boieldieu, musical composer . . .	aged 58
23.	Hon. W. R. Spencer, (poetry) . . .	65
Nov. 15.	J. Heath, engraver . . .	78
21.	Olivia Serres (soi-disant princess of Cumberland) . . .	63
26.	T. Park, Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, &c. . .	75
Dec. 6.	Rev. E. Irving, celebrated Preacher . . .	42
10.	A. Chalmers, editor of the British Poets, Biographical Dictionary, &c. . .	75
17.	Henry Bone, R. A., enamel-painter . . .	
22.	Prince Hoare, dramatic writer, &c. . .	79
27.	Charles Lamb, "Essays by Elia," &c. . .	60
29.	Rev. T. R. Malthus, "Political Economy," &c. . .	68

* The late Dr. Percival, we believe, wrote something of the kind for the use of house-painters.

- 1835, Jan. 1. Durand, French architect,
"Parallèle des Edifices"
10. Dr. Karl Wilh. Kolbe,
German Writer and
artist
18. F. W. Smith, sculptor . .
21. Uhden, German antiquary
Feb. 8. Baron Dupuytren, French
anatomist 55
12. Chr. G. Crelle, Prussian
architect
21. Godeschales, Belgian
sculptor
* Lafont, historical painter
* Roman, French sculptor
* Alexander Dufour, French
architect
Mar. 20. H. D. Inglis (Derwent
Conway) Travels 40
20. Leopold Robert, French
painter (suicide) . .
April 4. Pinelli, artist, "Roman
Costumes," &c
4. H. Parke, architect . . .
5. Dr. F. H. Muller, Direc. of
Gal. at Darmstadt, artist
7. Baron Wilhelm Humboldt,
17. Professor Martos (the Rus-
sian Canova) sculptor, . . . 67
26. Captain Henry Kater, Sci-
entific Discoveries . . .
* W. H. Ireland (Shak-
speare Ireland)
May 9. W. Blanchard, comedian, . . 66
13. John Nash, architect . . . 82
16. Felicia Hemans, poetess
* T. J. Mathias, author of
"Pursuits of Literature"
June 18. W. Cobbett, political
writer 73
27. C. Mathews, comedian . .
* Garavaglia, eminent Italian
engraver
* Romagnosi, Italian writer
on Legis. and Jurisp.
* Baron Gros, eminent
French historical painter
(suicide)
28. Marshal Mortier, Duc de
Treviso 67
29. M. T. Sadler, Political
Economy, &c.
Aug. 4. C. Wild, architectural
draftsman 40
5. G. S. Newton, R.A. painter,
24. I. Pocock, dramatic writer
24. W. Say, mezzotint en-
graver 66
30. F. Goodwin, architect . . . 56
Sept. 14. Dr. Brinkley, Bp. of Cloyne
23. Bellini, musical composer
* Pigault Le Brun, French
novelist 83
Oct. 4. Don Telesforo de Trueba
y Cosio, English novelist

23. Thomas Heaphy, painter
Nov. 1. T. Taylor, translator of
Pausanias, Plato, &c.
17. Lieut.-Colonel James Tod,
"Annals of Rajpootana" 53
21. J. Hogg, the "Ettrick
Shepherd" 59
22. Lætitia Matilda Hawkins,
authoress 77

* The asterisk signifies that the precise day is not known.

[The remainder of the *Companion* is occupied by Parliamentary Abstracts, Documents, and Chronicles; the Public Improvements, and a Chronology of the Year. From the Parliamentary Returns we quote the following:—]

British Museum.—The number of persons admitted to view the British Museum from 1829 to 1834, inclusive, has been as follows:

1829	1830	1831	1832	1833	1834
68,101	71,336	99,912	147,896	210,495	237,366

Number of visits paid to the reading-room for the purposes of study or research:—

1810	1815	1820	1825	1830
1,950	4,300	8,820	22,800	31,200
1831	1832	1833	1834	
38,200	46,800	58,800	70,266	

Visits by artists and students to the galleries of sculpture:—

1831	1832	1833	1834
4,938	4,740	4,490	5,645

Visits to the print-room:—

1832	1833	1834
4,400	2,900	2,204

Receipts and expenses for 1834:—

	£.	s.	d.
Receipts	18,825	4	9½
Expenses	18,577	1	6
Surplus in hand	248	3	3½
Estimated expense for 1835, 17,796	0	0	

[This glance at the present year's *Companion* will, we trust, be sufficient to denote there is no falling off in the variety, interest, and permanent value of this important Annual.]

RIENZI: THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.

(Concluded from page 31.)

[OUR last extract is from the chapter—

The Close of the Chase,

on October 8, 1354, when Rienzi falls a victim to the vengeance of the people. A faithful messenger having apprized him of the rising of the populace, he hastened to the Tiber side, where the boat and his band awaited him.]

The balcony on which Rienzi had alighted was that from which he had been accustomed to address the people—it communicated with a vast hall used on solemn occasions for

state festivals—and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated casements looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armoury.

The windows of the hall were yet open—and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony—the witness of the yesterday's banquet was still there—the wine yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armoury, and selected from the various suits, that which he himself had worn when nearly eight years ago he had chased the barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered; and then taking, in his right hand, from the wall, the great gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him. In that vast building, save the prisoners, and one faithful heart whose presence, he knew not of—the senator was alone.

On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream—from lane, from alley, from palace, and from hovel—the raging sea received new additions. On they came—their passions excited by their numbers—women and men, children and malignant age—in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath: "Death to the traitor—death to the tyrant—death to him who has taxed the people!"—"Mora 'l traditore che ha fatta la gabella!—Mora!" Such was the cry of the people—such the crime of the senator! They broke over the low palisades of the capitol—they filled with one sudden rush the vast space;—a moment before so desolate,—now swarming with human beings athirst for blood!

Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi—his face was bare and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair grown grey before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood—neither fear, nor anger, nor menace—but deep grief and high resolve upon his features! A momentary shame—a momentary awe seized the crowd.

He pointed to the gonfalon, wrought with the republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began:—

"I too am a Roman and a citizen; hear me!"

"Hear him not; hear him not! his false tongue can charm away our senses!" cried a voice louder than his own; and Rienzi recognised Cecco del Vecchio, (a lusty smith, a fine specimen of a liberal.)

"Hear him not; down with the tyrant!" cried a more shrill and youthful tone; and by the side of the artisan stood Angelo Villani.

"Hear him not; death to the death giver!" cried a voice close at hand, and from

the grating of the neighbouring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

Then from earth to heaven rose the roar—"Down with the tyrant—down with him who taxed the people!"

A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the senator,—still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant, but determined, thoughts;—but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he *should* be heard; "*and, doubtless,*" says the cotermporaneous biographer, "*had he but spoken, he would have changed them all, and the work been marred!*"

The soldiers of the barons had already mixed themselves with the throng—more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude—darts and arrows darkened the air: and now a voice was heard shrieking—"Way for the torches!" Red in the sunlight they tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish? Straw, and wood, and litter were piled hastily round the great doors of the capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand—the right hand that supported the flag of Rome—the right hand that had given a constitution to the republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall. He sat down;—and tears, springing from no weak and woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love,—tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes and relieved,—but *they changed*, his heart!

"Enough, enough," he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; "I have risked, dared, toiled enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice—I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish!—I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country!—she deserves not so high a sacrifice!"

With that feeling, death lost all the nobleness of aspect it had before presented to him; and he resolved, in very scorn of his ungrateful foes, in very defeat of their inhuman wrath, to make one effort for his life! He divested himself of his glittering arms; his address, his dexterity, his craft, returned to

him. His active mind ran over the chances of disguise—of escape;—he left the hall—passed through the humbler rooms, devoted to the servitors and menials—found in one of them a coarse working garb—indued himself with it—placed upon his head some of the draperies and furniture of the palace, as if escaping with them; and said, with his old "*fantastico riso*,"—"When all other friends desert me, I may well forsake myself!" With that he awaited his occasion.

Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke—the wood crackled—the lead melted—with a crash fell the severed gates—the dreadful ingress was opened to all the multitude—the proud capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall!—Now was the time!—he passed the flaming door—the smouldering threshold;—he passed the outer gate unscathed—he was in the middle of the crowd. "Plenty of pillage within," he said to the by-standers, in the Roman patois, his face concealed by his load—"Suso suso a gliu traditore!" The mob rushed past him—he went on—he gained the last stair descending into the open streets—he was at the last gate—liberty and life were before him.

A soldier (one of his own) seized him. "Pass not—where goest thou?"

"Beware, lest the senator escape disguised!" cried a voice behind—it was Villani's. The concealing load was torn from his head—Rienzi stood revealed!

"I am the senator!" he said in a loud voice. "Who dare touch the representative of the people?"

The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along—the senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting flames, the grey image reflected a lurid light, and glowed—(that grim and solemn monument!)—as if itself of fire!

There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or reassure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing, round him. The whole capitol wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery light and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna—the Orsini—the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

"Die, tyrant!" cried Cecco del Vecchio: and he plunged his dagger in the senator's breast.

"Die, executioner of Montreal!" muttered Villani, "thus the trust is fulfilled!" and his was the second stroke. Then as he drew back, and saw the artisan in all the drunken fury of his brute passion, tossing up his cap, shouting aloud, and spurning the fallen lion; the young man gazed upon him with a look of withering and bitter scorn, and said, while he sheathed his blade, and slowly turned to quit the crowd,

"Fool, miserable fool! *thou and these at least had no blood of kindred to avenge!*"

They heeded not his words, they saw him not depart; for, as Rienzi, without a word, without a groan, fell to the earth,—the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him.

Manners and Customs.

THE OVAHs OF MADAGASCAR.

By Captain Locke Lewis, R. E.*

[THIS paper will be read with peculiar interest in connexion with the outline of the History of Madagascar, in vol. xxii. of the *Mirror*.]

Ovah is the smallest province in the island of Madagascar. It is supposed to take its name from Oove (Eve), the natives believing themselves to be the original inhabitants; but it also bears the name of Ancove, which means distant, being situated 300 miles from Tamatave, and 160 miles from the nearest coast. Its capital, where Radama resided, is called Thanaan-arive, which signifies a thousand villages, or lands—from tanaan, village or land, and arive, a thousand. It is situated in lat. 18° 56' S., long. about 47° E., at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea; and in 1817 contained 8,000 inhabitants.

The Ovahs are in height rather above the European standard, portly in their person, of shades of colour from deep black to copper (the latter colour, however, being most prevalent), and good nature is imprinted on their countenances. They are clothed only in an upper and lower garment, the saimbou and seddick; the former being a sort of robe, with which they partially envelope the body, wearing it in the manner of a scarf—the men throwing one end over the left shoulder, to give freedom to the right arm, whilst the women throw it over the right; the seddick, or under garment, is called also langouti. They delight in the simplicity of their dress, and the ease with which they can disencumber themselves of it. They generally carry in the right hand a zazaie, that is, a lance of about six feet in length, of polished wood and very straight, terminated by a javelin blade,

* Read before the Geographical Society May 25, 1835; and abridged from their Journal.

and shod with iron; and they are particularly fond of decorating their persons with silver and glass bracelets and rings, and with amulets or charms, especially the teeth of the caiman, a species of crocodile found in the rivers. Some wear plain, and others ornamental, head-dresses. A few of the chiefs carry the atze or battle-axe, and some of them are provided with shields.

Their dwellings are generally small, that is, about five feet high to the wall-plate, fifteen feet long, and twelve feet wide. The framework is of round timber, easily selected for the purpose, and thatched with the zouzoura, which is the papyrus or paper-plant of the ancients, or with a reed called hayrana.

The villages are generally built on small eminences in the neighbourhood of good water, and contain from a small number to sixteen hundred houses. They are guarded against hostile invasions by having one, two, or three ditches surrounding them, as well as by being inclosed by a stockade fence. Each family occupies a separate building; and their household furniture consists of some baskets, a cushion on which to sit, a mat to lie down on, with a matted bolster for a pillow, cooking vessels made of potter's clay which the soil produces, a felling axe, wooden pestle and mortar for taking the husks off the rice, a winnow, and a loom for making cloth.

The other tribes consider the Ovahs as a powerful and industrious people, and look up to them as superior, from the knowledge they possess of manufacturing silken and cotton sabbims and seddicks, the forging of iron, and applying it to different purposes, from the blade of the zazaie, or lance, down to a needle, and the making of silver and gold chains, balances, and other articles wherein great ingenuity is displayed.

Their language is written in the Arabic character. Dremundersheman, the king's scribe, wrote me out the alphabet they make use of; and a person, who had studied the languages of the East, stated that the characters agree with most of the orthographical signs commonly used in the Persian or Hindoostanee language. Sir William Jones is of opinion, that from the three roots, the Hindoo, Hebrew, and Tartarian, may be traced all the languages of the world.

It is no easy matter to determine whether the Ovah people be of Indian, Arabian, or Tartar origin; but there is reason to suppose that, through the medium of trade, the province of Ovah became peopled from India; for Castaneda states, that Vasco de Gama touching at Melinda, in April, 1498, found there four merchant ships from Cambaya of the East Indies, and describes the traders "as people of a brown colour, good stature, and well proportioned: the hair of their heads long like women's and plaited and

having turbans." This description agrees well with that of the Ovahs. In 1817, as I passed through Radama's encampment, I observed a female taking great pains in plaiting a man's hair, and I was told that this was a regular custom among them; indeed, all those around us had their hair plaited in a similar manner, which uniformity, and the Ovahs being about the same height, had a curious and striking effect.

Respecting the intercourse between the province of Ovah and the coast, there are no roads, the paths are very bad, and in some places where they pass over swamps are even dangerous. In the mountainous parts the streams, too, are rapid, and rendered difficult by the many large stones and stumps in their beds; in some places, indeed, they are only to be crossed by means of trees felled to facilitate the passage. I had an opportunity of observing the ingenuity of the Ovahs in constructing a floating-bridge. It was very simply done. A short spar of moderate thickness was placed in the rear of two shrubs, so that each might act as a prop to the end of it; a twisted cable formed of creepers was fixed to the centre of the spar, this cable was taken to the opposite bank by an Ovah, who swam across the stream and fastened it to a spar placed in a similar manner on the other side. This operation was repeated for a second cable to mark out the breadth of the intended bridge, and these cables when tightened were made to appear a little above the surface of the water. Having advanced thus far, they proceeded to make fascines of the paper plant and underwood near at hand, of a length to occupy the breadth between the two cables; and placing them abreast of each other so as to form a layer—they fastened and united the whole by means of long plaits of the creeper *Convolvulus Madagascariensis*. In like manner they formed the next layer, and so on till they had completed the bridge; by which 20,000 natives passed to the opposite bank, a distance of 120 feet.

The commerce of the capital, or Thanaan-arive, is chiefly carried on by means of a river called Betsibooka. Boats are able to proceed 160 miles up, to a place called Mahatsara, where two other rivers fall in, in lat. 17° 33' S.; thence the trader has only a distance of about eighty-five miles to travel overland to the capital. From Majunga, as you proceed by the Betsibooka towards Thanaan-arive, for sixty miles, the country, being morassy, is well adapted for the culture of rice. Forty miles on, as the land becomes more elevated, the raffia-tree (*Sagrus raffia*) is found in great abundance; thence for seventy miles a barren country intervenes; and the remaining distance of seventy-five miles to the capital affords large quantities of rice, sugar-cane, and cotton.

(To be continued.)

The Gatherer.

Ancestral Pride.—In the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility of France, the tapestry frequently presents memorials of their pride of ancestry. On the tapestry of an apartment in the palace of the Duc de C—, is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the C— family!"

It is very singular that the English historians, (the modern,) should have made so little use of French authorities, especially for the histories of the early Plantagenets, all of whom, down to Henry III., resided almost entirely in France. Very little is given of the locography of the first of these princes, our good Henry II. and his four sons, and that little is partly false. There is much curious and interesting matter respecting them in the early French writers—much to disprove the English accounts of these princes by the authors of the day, and to throw light upon their real character, so disfigured by the monks and ecclesiastics.—*Paris Advert.*

Napoleon.—The objects of art in the cabinet of the late Baron Gros are sought after with avidity, by amateurs as well as artists. The sketch of the Plague at Jaffa attained the price of 8,000 francs. The hat which Napoleon wore at the battle of Eylau was sold, or rather given away, for 1,000 francs! —*Paris Advertiser.*

Weight of Gases.—One pint of common air weighs about nine grains; hydrogen is fifteen times lighter; chlorine more than twice as heavy; and hydriodic acid gas is more than four times as heavy.—*Davy's Guide to Chemistry.*

Tories and Whigs.—I think poets are Tories by nature, supposing them to be by nature poets. The love of an individual person or family, that has worn a crown for many successions, is an inclination greatly adapted to the fanciful tribe. On the other hand, mathematicians, abstract reasoners, of no manner of attachment to persons, at least, to the visible part of them, but prodigiously devoted to the ideas of liberty, virtue, and so forth, are generally Whigs.—*Shenstone, 1746.*

Lebanon.—The height of Mount Lebanon is said to be 9,535 feet above the level of the sea, which, although 1,400 feet lower than Mount Etna, is more than twice the height of Ben Nevis, (4,370,) the most elevated point in the British dominions.—*Dr. Hogg.*

Noisy Population.—The Maltese are noted for raising their dissonant voices to the highest pitch, as well in conversation with each other, as in crying the various articles they vend in the streets.

Racing.—In the days of Garrick, a Mr. Cross was prompter at Drury-lane Theatre; Mr. Sanders, the principal machinist, kept race-horses. He one day came into the prompter's room while he was engaged writing, uttering exclamations against his jockey, who had just lost a race. Cross, vexed at the interruption, said, impatiently, "His fault, his fault! how was it his fault?"—"Why," said Sanders, "the rascal run my horse against a wagon."—"I never knew a horse of yours," replied Cross, "that was fit to run against anything else."

The dress of the Maltese women is peculiarly sombre: it consists of a black silk skirt with white or coloured sleeves, while over the head is thrown a black mantle, or scarf, likewise of silk, plaited in the centre into a sort of hood, with the two ends meeting before, and nearly touching the ground.

In Syria, plates are not used in serving dinner, but the pillau, (rice and mutton,) is eaten off thin cakes, fresh from the oven, which are laid in a circle on the matted floor.

Duelling.—I hold it much more reasonable, pardonable, and natural, to eat a man, than to kill him in obedience to fashion.—*J. A. St. John.*

Friendship—by Sir W. Scott.

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend we yet may gain,
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impressed.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.—*Marmion.*

Madagascar.—A traffic in bullocks is now carried on between Madagascar and the Isle of France. These cattle are procured from the natives in exchange for cotton cloths, and other European articles; the cloths, however, being the principal barter. Four or five dollars' worth of cloth is given for a bullock, which, at the Isle of France, will sell for thirty. The natives of Madagascar have very few articles of manufacture, principally baskets very neatly made of grass, and grass-cloths, upon which sugar is dried; these articles are exported to the Isle of France, and some of them are so finely worked as to be worn as dresses by the chieftains.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

NEXT week, the Description of this magnificent mansion will be completed, with an elaborate Engraving of the Great Hall, the details of the principal Apartments, &c.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francofort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

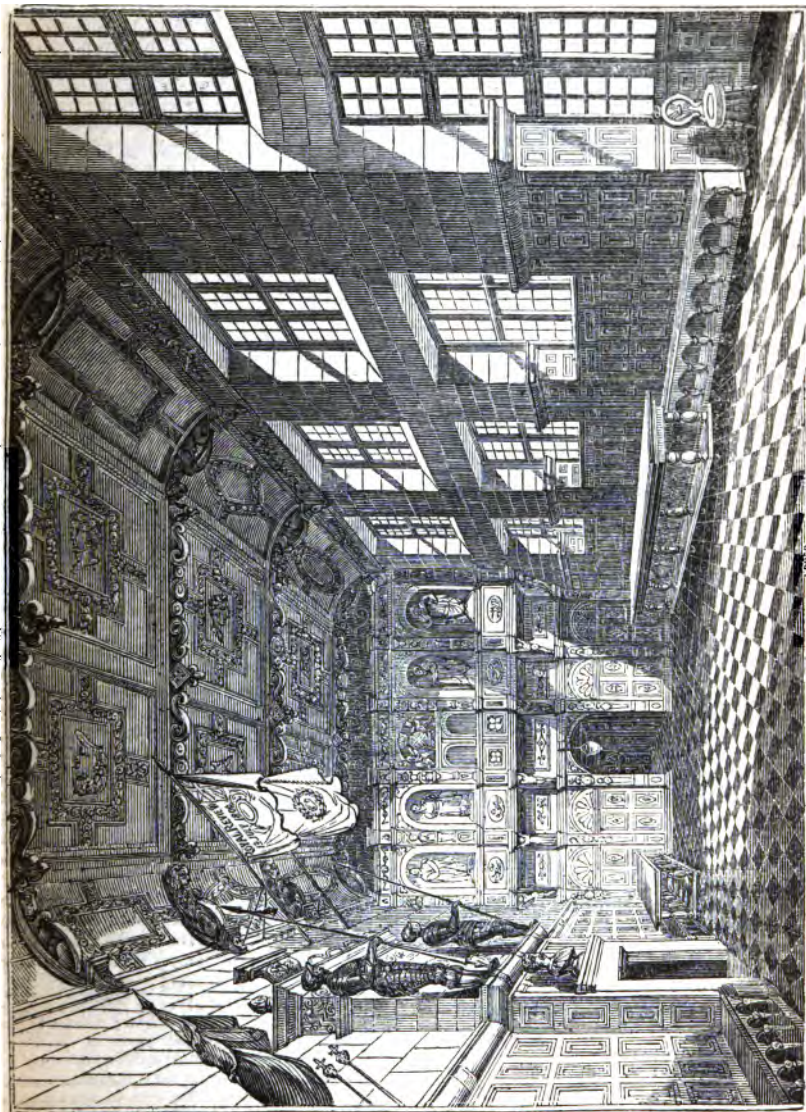
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 760.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]

HATFIELD HOUSE.



THE GREAT HALL.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

(Concluded from page 20.)

THE INTERIOR.

Mr. ROBINSON proceeds to describe the interior of this stately mansion by observing that the general arrangement of the noble suite of apartments corresponds, in every respect, with the masterly design of its magnificent exterior. Westward of the northern entrance, which is the usual approach to the House, the entire ground story, (previous to the late Fire,) was occupied by domestic offices. Eastward is the Great Hall, differing, in some respects, from the halls of an earlier period: its dimension is 50 feet by 30 feet. A massive, carved, screen occupies the whole of the lower end, bearing the arms of William, second earl of Salisbury, K.G., and his Countess Katherine, who was the daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk; and the arms of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, and his Countess Frances, the daughter of Robert, Earl of Salisbury; higher on the same screen is the crest of the founder. It was against this screen that the cupboard of several stages containing a rich display of plate was usually raised. There are bay-windows, rising the whole height of the Hall, two stories, besides the oriel at the upper end, near which the Lord's Table stood in "the golden days." Here are another screen and open gallery highly enriched with carving both on the pilasters and panels, in which lions, as forming part of the heraldic insignia of the family, are introduced, bearing shields of the cartouche form. In a sculptured compartment, over the chimney-pieces, are represented the arms of Lord Burghley, with the date 1575. On either side of the fire-place is a complete suit of armour of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Here are also ranged several morions and weapons of the same period; to which have been added the standard of the Hertfordshire volunteers, by the late marquess, as well as a French cuirass from the field of Waterloo, and a bust of the Duke of Wellington. Towards the lower end of the Hall hangs a large picture of a celebrated grey horse, which was presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Robert Cecil, in the year 1594. A remarkable feature of the great halls in the old quadrangular mansions was the open timber roof with its ornamental louvre or lantern. Hatfield presents one of the earliest instances of an alteration; the springers of the principal divisions of the coved ceiling, somewhat resembling the ancient carved cantalivers, represent lions holding shields blazoned with the arms of the family alliances; and the compartments of the ceiling, ten in number, contain heads in relief of the Cæsars.

We have almost literally followed Mr. Robinson's minute details of this noble apart-

ment; and, the annexed Engraving, from Mr. Shaw's Plate, will convey an idea of the general effect of its numerous enrichments. A few accessories, characteristic of olden hospitalities, remain to be noticed; as the long standing tables*—the very Franklin's tables of Chaucer, which

Bormaut in his hall alwaie

Stoode redy covered all the long daie.

One of the tables at Hatfield measures 25 feet. On either side of the Hall is a continued settle or fixed seat, agreeably to the ancient practice, which is alluded to by the poet Lydgate, one of the immediate successors of Chaucer.†

Our space will not allow us to be equally minute in describing the other apartments in the mansion; though, in comparison with the sumptuous edifices of the Tudor period, the rooms will be found less numerous, but more spacious, and more regularly disposed. The Staircase opens from the upper end of the Great Hall, and contains five landings, with massive and boldly carved balusters, and figures of genii and armorial lions upon the hand-rail; enriched ceilings, &c. At the foot of the stairs is the door of the Dining Parlour, which is one of the suite of rooms upon the eastern front, and is entirely paneled with oak. The summer Breakfast and Drawing Rooms adjoin this apartment, and the remainder of the eastern wing on the ground story of the mansion is wholly occupied by spacious private apartments; in which are hung some of the most valuable of the pictures.

On ascending the Great Staircase to the principal story, the first apartment of the suite, and over the Dining Parlour, is the Great Chamber, or King James's Room, 59 feet in length by 27 feet 3 inches in width; the ceiling is in the Florentine style, and is enriched by pendants, and heightened with gold. The chimney-piece of black marble, is 12 feet wide, and in the fire-place are silver dogs, 4 feet 9 inches high. The walls are hung with pictures of superior merit, chiefly whole-length portraits, including Charles I. by Vandyck, and portraits of the Salisbury family by Reynolds and Lawrence.

The Gallery, or Corridor, extends the whole length of the southern front, from King James's room to the Library in the western wing, 163 feet 6 inches, and is 19 feet

* Mr. Robinson notes, "the more usual table in the olden halls consisted of boards placed on folding trestles, adapted to speedy removal; whence Capulet's direction to the servants—

"More lights, ye knaves, and turn the tables up,"—in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, after the feast in the hall had concluded, and the dance was about to begin.

† It will be seen that the tables at Hatfield are not so richly carved as that at Staunton-Harold, engraved at page 25 of the present volume.

6 inches in width. It is lit by nine large bay-windows, the centre being deeply recessed; independent of the ends, which are divided by Ionic screens. The paneling is also enriched with Ionic pilasters; and the "Frett Seetings" is of masterly intricacy. Opposite the centre bay-window is a very curious organ, built in the reign of James I., in an ornamented, arabesque case. The general furniture of this Gallery corresponds with its architectural decoration, and consists of carved chairs and cabinets, candelabra, &c. Mr. Robinson adds: "the whole of this interesting room is scarcely to be paralleled in its gorgeous assemblage of ornament." It was in this Gallery that a series of *tableaux-vivans*, representing the most striking incidents in the Waverley novels was personated by the nobility and gentry in splendid costume, assembled at a grand entertainment in January, 1834; thus recalling to memory the masque of olden times.

The Library, at the west end of the Gallery, is of equal dimensions with King James's room. Over the chimney-piece is a Florentine mosaic portrait of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, 1608. Here also is preserved an ancient cradle, called "Queen Elizabeth's cradle."

The books and manuscripts in the Library were arranged by Mr. J. C. Stewart, in 1831. The state papers in the collection extend through the successive administrations of Lord Burghley and his son the Earl of Salisbury, and include documents relating to the preceding periods of history, which came into Lord Burghley's possession from his connexion with the Court, and his well-known spirit of universal inquiry. The collection consists of no less than 13,000 letters from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I. Among the earlier MSS. are copies of William of Malmesbury's and Roger Hoveden's English History. There is also a very splendid manuscript on vellum, on the first page of which is a beautifully executed miniature of King Henry VII.; and a translation from the French of the Pilgrimage of the Soul, in 1413, with the autograph of King Henry VI., to whom it appears to have belonged. Of the time of Henry VIII. is a Treatise on Councils, by Cranmer; and the Original Depositions touching the Divorce of Anne of Cleves. Of Edward VI. there is a proclamation on his ascending the throne, which is not noticed by historians. Of the reign of Mary is the original Council Book. The Historical MSS. of Elizabeth's reign contain certain Memoranda in Lord Burghley's own hand; the Norfolk Book of Entries, or Copies of the Duke's Letters on the subject of Mary Queen of Scots; a copious, official Account of the Earl of Northumberland's conspiracies, &c. There are many papers relative to military and naval affairs, as

plans, maps, and charts, from Henry VIII. to this reign. The Historical MSS. of the reign of James I. include the actual draft of the proclamation declaring James King of England, in the handwriting of Sir Robert Cecil; and a warrant to the Lieutenant of the Tower, signed by the principal nobility, as well as the Council, that his majesty may be proclaimed by him within his precincts: this is signed by both Lord Cobham and Lord Grey, who are represented by Hume to have been tardy in their recognition of the new sovereign. The various transactions in the early part of this reign, including Raleigh's and the Gunpowder Plots, are illustrated in these MSS. The Royal Letters in the collection include specimens of most of the reigning princes of the time of Charles I., as well as a quantity of James's letters to Elizabeth, and to the Earl of Salisbury, after the King's accession.

At the west end of the Gallery is also the Winter Dining Room; with fire-dogs, and a very fine, ancient table. Here also is a secondary staircase, with balusters and hand-rail of the same massive character as the Grand Staircase.

The Domestic Chapel is situated in the west wing, and is 40 feet in length, and 23 feet 6 inches in breadth. It is enriched similarly to the rest of the mansion; the seats are of oak, and ornamented with carved finials. Over the altar is a large window filled with brilliantly painted glass, after designs from the Flemish and German schools; the subjects being from the Old Testament with reference to the New Testament.* In the gallery carried round three sides of the Chapel, are several pictures of scriptural subjects: here also are the richly carved and gilded state-chair and footstool of Queen Anne.

The other principal apartments in the wings are Bedchambers of considerable dimensions, and Dressing Rooms attached. In the east wing is the Billiard Room, 23 feet square, with tasteful paneling and an elaborately fretted ceiling, to the cornice of which rises the chimney-piece.

In the year 1800, Hatfield House was visited by King George the Third and the Royal Family, on the occasion of a grand review of the yeomanry militia, and volunteer forces raised in the county of Hertford: after the Review, a sumptuous dinner was served to the Royal party in King James's Room.

The late Marquess was the only son of James, sixth Earl of Salisbury, the lineal descendant of Lord Burghley, and was advanced to the title of Marquess of Salisbury in 1789. Upon succeeding to the family estates, his lordship restored Hatfield House

* This superb window was injured in the recent conflagration.

to its primitive magnificence, removed the old walls with which the edifice was formerly too closely environed, and united the two parks. His lordship died in 1823, and was succeeded by his son, the present Marquess, who has maintained his paternal mansion in costly repair.

Most of the apartments of Hatfield House are hung with portraits of the Cecil family, and of celebrated contemporaries of Queen Elizabeth and James I. The Family Series is nearly complete, from almost the introduction of the art of portrait-painting: second in the list is the well-known portrait of Lord Burghley, by Zuccherro, bearing the treasurer's staff. In the General Collection are many curious pictures; as the entertainment given by Cardinal Wolsey to Henry VIII. to meet Anne Boleyn, by Holbein; Petrarch's Laura, by Raphael; Zuccherro's celebrated portrait of Queen Elizabeth, the *chef d'œuvre* of the collection: a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, said to be by Zuccherro; and George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

A short time since, a portion of Hatfield House was consumed by fire, and destruction threatened to the whole of this vast mansion. On the evening of November 27, 1835, a fire broke out in the west wing, that shown entire in our first Engraving, where were two suites of rooms appropriated to the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury; the whole of which rooms were destroyed, together with a long range of servants' apartments above and beneath them. The fire originated in the dressing-room of the Marchioness, who perished in the flames! As they spread towards the body of the house, the apartments were stripped of the furniture, pictures, state-hangings, beds, cabinets, books, and manuscripts, which, in a night of drenching rain, were carried out for safety into the park, and deposited there under rick-cloths and tarpaulins. "The thick walls of the Chapel fortunately intervened the west wing and the Great Hall; the oak-work of which, by communicating with the Gallery and other state apartments, would have rendered the destruction of the whole building inevitable, if the flames had once reached it. This was prevented by taking out all the wood-work in the Chapel, and bricking up the doors; while the interior of it was saturated with water, and the engine-pipe played from one of the windows upon the burning wing. The supply of water was bad; but the exertions of the firemen were materially assisted by the bursting of the large reservoir on the top of the House, the lead of which being melted, allowed the water to escape, and deluged the Chapel at the critical moment. It is to this that we ascribe the preservation of this splendid building; the whole of which is uninjured, with the exception of that por-

tion of it in which the fire commenced." The damage sustained by the furniture, &c., removed into the park, is said to have been considerable; "but there is nothing irreparable in the loss, which would have been the case had Hatfield House itself perished."

VOLCANO IN AMERICA.

ERUPTIONS OF THE VOLCANO OF THE COSIGUINA, IN NICARAGUA.

ONE of the most stupendous convulsions of the globe ever known in this hemisphere took place last January, on the eruption of the volcano of Cosiguina. This volcano is situated in Nicaragua, one of the states of central America, and stands near the eastern promontory of the bay of Conchagua, separating the waters of the gulf from the Pacific. The following is the translation of a report, dated Jan. 29, from the Commandant of Union, a sea-port situated on the western shore of the bay of Conchagua, and the nearest place of any consequence to the volcano:—

"On the 20th inst., day having dawned with usual serenity, at eight o'clock, towards the S. E., a dense cloud was perceived of a pyramidal figure, preceded by a rumbling noise, and it continued rising until it covered the sun, at which elevation, about ten, it separated to the north and south, accompanied by thunder and lightning. The cloud finally covered the whole firmament about eleven, and enveloped everything in the greatest darkness, so that the nearest objects were imperceptible. The melancholy howling of beasts, the flocks of birds of all species that came to seek, as it were, an asylum amongst men, the terror which assailed the latter, the cries of women and children, and the uncertainty of the issue of so rare a phenomenon—everything combined to overcome the stoutest soul, and fill it with apprehension; and the more so when, at four P. M., the earth began to quake, and continued in a perpetual undulation, which gradually increased. This was followed by a shower of phosphoric sand, which lasted till eight o'clock P. M. on the same day, when there began falling a heavy and fine powder like flour. The thunder and lightning continued the whole night and the following day (the 21st); and at eight minutes past three o'clock P. M. there was a long and violent earthquake, that many men, who were walking in a penitential procession, were thrown down. The darkness lasted forty-three hours, making it indispensable for every one to carry a light, and even these were not sufficient to see clearly with. On the 22nd, it was somewhat less dark, although the sun was not visible; and, towards the morning of the

• From the Hertford Reformer Newspaper.

23rd, tremendously loud thunder claps were heard in succession, like the firing of pieces of artillery of the largest calibre, and this fresh occurrence was accompanied by increased showers of dust. From day dawn of the 23rd until ten o'clock A. M., a dim light only served to show the most melancholy spectacle. The streets, which, from the rocky nature of the soil, are full of inequalities and stones, appeared quite level, being covered with dust. Men, women, and children were so disfigured, that it was not easy to recognise any one except by the sound of their voices or other circumstances. Houses and trees, not to be distinguished through the dust which covered them, had the most horrible appearance. Yet, in spite of these appalling sights, they were preferable to the darkness into which we were again plunged from after the said hour of ten, as during the preceding days. The general distress, which had been assuaged, was renewed, and although leaving the place was attended by imminent peril from the wild beasts that had sallied from the forests and sought the towns and highroads, as happened in the neighbouring village of Conchagua and this town, into which tigers thrust themselves, yet another terror was superior, and more than half the inhabitants of Union emigrated on foot, abandoning their houses, well persuaded that they should never return to them, since they prognosticated the total destruction of the town, and fled with dismay for refuge to the mountains.

"At half-past three on the morning of the 24th, the moon and a few stars were visible, as if through a curtain, and the day was clear, although the sun could not be seen, since the dust continued falling, having covered the ground all round about to a thickness of five inches. The 25th and 26th were like the 24th, with frequent though not violent earthquakes.

"The cause of all this has been the volcano of Cosiguina, which burst out on the 20th. I am also informed, that, on the island of Tigre, in that direction, the showers of the 21st were of pumice-stones, of the size of a pea, and some even as large as a hen's egg. The earth quaked there more than here; but no houses or other edifices have been thrown down. Here there are many people with catarrhs, headaches, sore throats, and pectoral affections, resulting doubtless from the dust. Several persons are seriously unwell, and yesterday a girl of seven years old died, with symptoms of an inflammatory sore throat. Flocks of birds are found dead, lying on the roads and floating on the sea. The showers of dust lasted till the 27th."—*Silliman's Journal*.

Retrospective Cleanings.

THE POET THOMSON.

Letters from THOMSON to DR. CRANSTOWN.

(Continued from page 7.)

III.

Dr Sir,

I would chide you for the slackness of your correspondence; but having blamed you wrongeously last time, I shall say nothing 'till I hear from you, which I hope will be soon.

There's a little business I would communicate to you, before I come to the more entertaining part of our correspondence.

I'm going (hard task!) to complain, and beg your assistance. When I came up here I brought very little money along with me; expecting some more, upon the selling of Widehope, which was to have been sold that day my mother was buried. Now 'tis unsold yet, but will be disposed of, as soon as it can be conveniently done; tho' indeed 'tis perplexed with some difficulties. I was a long time here living at my own charges, and you know how expensive that is; this together with the furnishing of myself with cloaths, linnens, one thing and another, to fitt me for any business of this nature here, necessarily oblig'd me to contract some debt, being a stranger here, 'tis a wonder how I got any credit; but I can't expect 'twill be long sustain'd, unless I immediately clear it. Even now I believe it is at a crisis, my friends have no money to send me, till the land is sold; and my creditors will not wait till then—you know what the consequence would be—now the assistance I would beg of you, and which I know if in your power, you won't refuse me, is a letter of credit on some merchant, banker, or such like person in London, for the matter of twelve pounds; till I get the money, upon the selling of the land, which I am, at last, certain off. If you could either give it me yourself, or procure it; tho' you don't owe it to my merit, yet, you owe it to your own nature, which I know so well as to say no more on the subject; only allow me to add, that I first fell upon such a project (the only thing I have for it in present circumstances) knowing the selfish inhumane temper of the generality of the world; you were the first person that offer'd to my thoughts, as one, to whom I had the confidence to make such an address.

Now I imagine you seized with a fine, romantic, kind of melancholy, on the fading of the year, now I figure you wandering, philosophical, and pensive, amidst the brown, wither'd groves: while the leaves rustle under your feet, the sun gives a farewell parting gleam, and the birds

stir the faint note and but attempt to sing

the smile; and the lovely contour of the chin; are attributes of man's countenance that are palpable to every one, and are the perpetual theme of the admiration, whether of the lover or of the philosopher. To this we ought also to add that interminable diversity of feature and of lineament so remarkable in the human face, that out of the countless millions of mankind possessing all that closeness of resemblance and all that striking similitude of form that are necessary to determine the species, or even the variety, no two individuals have ever yet been found so exactly alike as to make it a matter of any great difficulty to distinguish the one from the other.

Philosophers reduce the peculiar traits of countenance that characterize the several races of mankind to certain manifest varieties, of which the following are the most important:—1st. The Caucasian, whence the European variety: countenance oval; features delicately blended; forehead high and broad: nose aquiline; cheek-bones not prominent; complexion fair.—2nd. The Mongolian variety: face broad and flat; nose flat; space between the eyes wide; chin prominent; complexion olive.—3rd. The American variety: visage broad, but not flat; cheek-bones prominent; forehead short; eyes deeply fixed; nose flattish, but prominent; countenance red or of a copper tint.—4th. The Negro variety: face narrow, projecting in the lower part; forehead narrow, retreating, arched; eyes prominent; nose and lips thick; complexion black.—5th. The Malay variety: face not so narrow as in the Negro, projecting downwards; nose bottled; mouth large; complexion tawny.*

If we look at its rounded and globular form, we shall perceive that the human head has a grace and beauty conferred upon it that do not belong to any other form peculiar to any other animal; and even in man, the varieties having most of the globular form have the most of beauty. This will appear very plainly, if the investigator will take the trouble to compare the form of the Caucasian variety with that of the other four varieties, either in the actual *crania* of dissected subjects, if he has access to such, or in the drawings with which anatomists have furnished us. The head of the Georgian female is regarded, by Europeans at least, as the most perfect model of human beauty. It is the most globular of all the varieties and is generally quoted as an example of the most exquisite of capital forms. In the other varieties, but particularly in that of the Negro, the forehead is so much flattened, and the lower part of the face—the mouth and jaws—so much protruded, as to suggest the degrading idea of a snout

or muzzle; lowering, in our estimation, excessively, the pretensions of the negro head, whether to grace or to beauty. Physiologists have even instituted a standard of perfection with regard to the form of the head, which they find in the facial angle of the Caucasian variety. Viewing the head in profile, when the body stands erect, draw a line from the greatest projection of the forehead to the upper maxillary bone: this is the facial line. From beneath the basis of the nostrils, draw a horizontal line meeting the facial line: this junction gives the facial angle,† and the measure of the relative projection of the jaws and forehead. The nearer it approaches to a right angle, or in other words, the less prominent the jaw, the more perfect is the form, and the greater the presumed sagacity of the individual. But if the head of the Negro will not bear a comparison with that of the Caucasian, much less will the head of any of the inferior animals bear it.

Lastly, if we regard the head as being the seat of the organs of sense, we shall find its pre-eminence above all the other parts of the human fabric to be most signally demonstrated. First, as containing the eye, the organ of vision, which, stationed like the sentinel in his watch-tower, surveys from its lofty height the objects placed around it, and unfolds to the individual the beauties of the external world. Cicero seems to have been duly impressed with a conviction of this truth when he wrote the following sentence: "*Nam oculi tanquam speculatores, altissimum locum optinent, ex quo plurima conspicientes, funguntur suo munere*;"‡—"For thus the eyes, placed like sentinels on a watch-tower, discharge their function with an extended sphere of vision." Secondly, as containing the ear, the organ of hearing, calculated to receive the impressions of sound, to give us notice of the approach of external objects, and to enable us to appreciate the value of tones, whether they be the modulations of music, or the articulations of a spoken language. Thirdly, as containing the nose, the organ of smell, and source of balmy delights, projecting, as Haller observes, "like an engine in the air,"§ to arrest and collect the perfumes, sweets, and odours that are exhaled from the treasures of Flora, and wafted on the winds. Fourthly, as containing the tongue, the organ of taste, and with the mouth, the arbiter of savours, discriminating between the clean and the unclean, the noxious and the wholesome, the production that is good for food and the production that is to be rejected; as well as forming a principal part of the apparatus of speech, the distinguish-

* Blumenbach, by Elliotson, p. 388.

† De Nat. Deor.

‡ First Lines, by Cullen, sect. 465.

• Blumenbach's Phys., by Elliotson, p. 391.

ing attribute of man. Fifthly, as possessing, in common with all the rest of the surface of the fabric, the general attribute of tact, which exists, however, in the highest degree only in the palms of the hands and at the ends of the fingers, and is there denominated touch. Finally, besides being the seat of the organs of sense, it is also the seat of the endowment of intellect, as is indicated by our own internal convictions, leading us irresistibly to the conclusion that thought has its residence in the head. The head thinks.—*The Rev. P. Keith.*

Manners and Customs.

THE SCALDALETTO, OR ITALIAN WARMING-PAN.

(To the Editor.)

To your readers among the fair sex, it may not be uninteresting to know under what form that most necessary article of domestic economy, a Warming-Pan, appears in a foreign country.

The sketch beneath represents an Italian Warming-Pan, which we saw in use at an inn in Tuscany.

It consists of a frame of wood, from which, suspended by a hook, hangs an earthenware pot filled with wood ashes. The pot very much resembles those which all women in the south of Italy, from the princess to the beggar, carry about with them, and to which they give the name of *marito*, or husband.

This simple machine being placed in the bed, the bed-clothes are thrown over it. No danger of fire arises from the use of it, as the arched form of the framework produces a large cavity in the bed; and, whilst it thus protects it from the ashes, it at the same time affords to every part an equal warmth.

It is a most effectual contrivance, as we

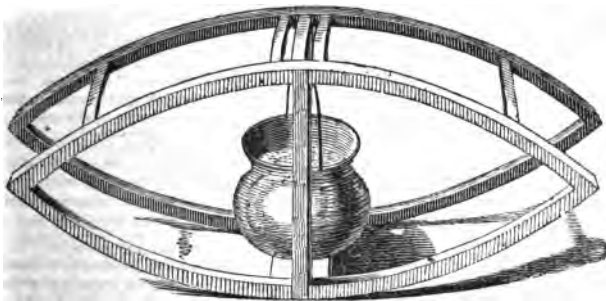
experienced to our comfort: and it received the entire admiration and approbation of the ladies of our party. E. C.

The Public Journals.

THE PIRATE.

On one bright May morning, Edmund Allerton was riding along the southern shore of Long-Island, with spirits influenced by the brightness of the weather, the melody of the birds, and the green splendour of the woodlands. Quitting the confines of Brooklyn, then an unimportant village, consisting of a few dwellings unequally scattered over an undulating surface, the young horseman struck into a road, that, following the indentations of the bay, wound along for several miles on the borders of a pleasant and fruitful region.

Edmund remarked these and other features of the landscape, as, restraining the impetuosity of his horse, he made the animal amble leisurely along. Within a short distance of the site of the present Fort Hamilton, he halted and dismounted in the shade of a cedar grove, that grows upon the edge and half way down the bank, and was then, as now, defended from the encroachments of the axe, and the favourite resort of rustic couples. The rude trunks of this little plantation bear the initials of true lovers, some of them freshly cut in the hoary bark, and others half obliterated by the growth of the wood and the trespasses of vagrant mosses. The spot, although not haunted by any of the little elves and fairies, which are wont to sport in such bits of woodland in the old world, had, nevertheless, its own local traditions. Here, it was confidently asserted, were buried some of the treasures of that renowned rover, who figured so conspicuously in the colonial annals of our country; and the receptacle of his wealth



(Italian Warming-Pan.)

was said to be gnawed by the sheeted apparition of one of the victims of the pirate. The story ran thus :—

Kidd, notwithstanding his repulsive manners and ferocious character, succeeded in engaging the affections of a lovely and innocent young woman, the daughter of one of the most substantial farmers of the island. She met him frequently, in secret and by night, in "Love's Grove," the romantic spot just described. He tried her cruelly; and finally, by wile and violence, made her wholly his. No sooner had the outlaw satisfied his base passion, than he bade farewell to his victim, and left her, a prey to grief, shame, and remorse. Months rolled on, and the fortunes of Kidd became so desperate, that he acknowledged the provinces too hot to hold him; and, being hunted closely, determined to turn his prow to the south, and thenceforth maraud upon the Carribean sea. But first, being unable to carry all his treasures on board of his vessel, he resolved to bury them on the shores of New-York bay and Long-Island sound, returning to claim them as opportunity occurred. With this view, he sought, one evening, the southern shore of Nassau Island, and landed in a spot which was perfectly familiar to him, as it was that in which he had so often met the unfortunate woman whom he had seduced and forsaken. He anchored his boat. Aided by a few followers and guided by the waning light of the moon, he took his chest of treasure on shore, and dug a deep pit into which he lowered it. The pirates were preparing to fill up the chasm, when a piercing cry broke from the wood, and immediately afterward a young girl, with a child in her arms, rushed forward and kneeled at the feet of Kidd. It was the pirate's mistress, who conjured him to make her his companion for life, as he had once promised to do. Kidd was unmoved; he reviled, he spurned the suppliant, and, with threatening gestures, commanded her to retire. She was not, however, so easily repulsed, but clung to his knees and continued to beseech him with frantic energy. The pirate was anxious to quit the shore before the turn of the tide, and finding that there was no other way to silence his victim, drew forth his knife and stabbed her to the heart. She fell without a groan into the pit beneath her feet, and the cold-blooded villain then threw her wailing babe upon the corpse, and buried together the quick and the dead. Since that time, many attempts have been made to secure the hidden treasure; but the money-diggers have never been successful, having been driven away by the pale spectre of Kidd's mistress, holding in her arms a child.

Edmund was familiar with this superstition, and, as he lingered in the shadow of the haunted grove, drew forth his tablets,

and sketched, with considerable rapidity, the following verses :—

THE LAST WORDS OF KIDD.

With iron gyves and manacles
Ye've bound my hapless form,
That once, unyielding, braved the sea,
The battle and the storm;
But though the links are huge and strong,
And forged with cruel art,
They are not half so heavy as
The weight upon my heart.
When in my might and liberty,
I trod the oaken deck,
I little feared the coming foe,
I little feared the wreck;
The truest hearts that ever bled
Were beating by my side,
And in my face you could not trace
Aught save defying pride.
Ay, I was proud—proud of the flag,
That, like a lurid star,
A meteor of the air and wave,
Streamed o'er the ocean war;
'Twas never struck, but nobly kept
Its place upon the mast—
And when the spar was shot away,
It fluttered to the last.
But all is done—the cannonade
Has died along the wave,
And more than half my gallant crew
Sleep in a briny grave:
And spars, and planks, and riven yards
Are floating o'er the deep;
Why must my bones away from thee,
My gallant sea-boat, sleep?
Confess, ye British mariners,
We made a brave defence,
Our guns, well served with grape and round,
Sent many a seaman hence.
A gallant rover's triumph o'er
His foes you should have seen,
Had but the shell I threw blown up
Within the magazine.
But that is past, and shadows dark
Are crowding o'er me now,
And misery has set its seal
Upon my icy brow.
No subtle priest is by my side
To shrieve me or to bless;
But my hour of pride is past, and I
Will now confess—confess!
I slew her on the island shore—
It was a cursed deed—
And yet I shuddered not at first
To see my victim bleed.
I slew her—I—that gentle one,
Who only lived for me:
My boat's crew saw the cursed deed,
And the pale moon and the sea.
I slew them both—the mother and
The little guiltless child;
Yet, when the earth was o'er them cast,
I turned away and smiled.
'Twas pride that curled my haughty lip,
Unconquerable pride,
That bade me all the pangs of guilt
Within my bosom hide.
Alas! since then, how seldom sleep
Has visited these eyes!
How oft I've lain awake and gazed
Upon the midnight skies,
And seen their poor pale faces look
From out some passing cloud,
That flushed as if reflecting there
The blood that cried aloud.
'Twas in the Gulf of Mexico—
Midnight, and I awake—
A spiritual presence made
My flesh creep and heart quake.

"Twas she—my murdered mistress—and
How awfully she smiled,
And how extended, with thin arms,
Her little phantom child!
"I come," she said, "to tell you of
The faithful watch I've kept,
How, round and round the grave of gold,
I've walked, while others slept—
Walked, till the cock crew and the morn
Dappled the distant East;
E'en now we flee o'er land and sea,
To do your high behest.

"I come to tell you of your doom—
'Tis written in the scroll
Where every deed is registered
Against each guilty soul.
Farewell! farewell! I go to watch
The grave beside the bay!"
And, waving slow one ashy hand,
She faded quite away.
Say—can your dungeons and your chains,
Though formed with cruel art,
Produce one half the hellish pangs
That lacerate my heart?
My phantom mistress comes to share
My dungeon's gloom with me;
She brings the child!—Lead me away—
I'll kiss the fatal tree!

New England Magazine.

SONG BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW
RHYMES."

Drop, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,
Drop, drop into the grave;
Thy acorns grown, thy acorns sown,
Drop, drop into the grave:
December's tempests rave, Old Leaf,
Above thy forest-grave, Old Leaf;
Drop, drop into the grave!
The birds in spring will sweetly sing
That death alone is sad;
The grass will grow, the primrose show—
That death alone is sad:
Lament above thy grave, Old Leaf;
For what has life to do with grief?
'Tis death alone that's sad.
What then? We two have both lived through
The sunshine and the rain;
And blessed be He, to me and thee
Who sent His sun and rain!
We've had our sun and rain, Old Leaf;
And God will send again, Old Leaf,
The sunshine and the rain.
Race after race of leaves and men
Bloom, wither, and are gone;
As winds and waters rise and fall,
So life and death roll on:
And long as ocean heaves, Old Leaf,
And bad and fade the leaves, Old Leaf,
Will life and death roll on.
How like am I to thee, Old Leaf!
We'll drop together down;
How like art thou to me, Old Leaf!
We'll drop together down:
I'm grey, and thou art brown, Old Leaf—
We'll drop together down, Old Leaf,
We'll drop together down!
Drop, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,
Drop, drop into the grave;
Thy acorns grown, thy acorns sown,
Drop, drop into the grave:
December's tempests rave, Old Leaf,
Above thy forest-grave, Old Leaf;
Drop, drop into the grave.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

New Books.

LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN.

By the Author of the Sketch-Book.

[HERE is the third volume of Washington Irving's delightful *Miscellanies*, drawn "from the enchanted fountains of old Spanish chronicles." "Few events in history," prefates the author, "have been so signal and striking in their main circumstances, and so overwhelming and enduring in their consequences, as that of the conquest of Spain by the Saracens." From the records of this mighty event has Washington Irving woven his volume of fixing legends; "not claiming for them the authenticity of sober history, yet giving nothing that has not historical foundation." Tinctured with saintly miracle, savouring of the cloister, and rich in romantic fictions that betray their Arabian authors,—from such apocryphal sources, Spanish historians have taken their rise, "as pure rivers may be traced up to the fens and mantled pools of a morass." It is true that discriminating authors have only culled such particulars as, from their probability and congruity, might be safely recorded as historical facts; yet, most of these are tinged from their romantic source.]

To discard, however, everything wild and marvellous in this portion of Spanish history, is to discard some of its most beautiful, instructive, and national features; it is to judge of Spain by the standard of probability suited to tamer and more prosaic countries. Spain is virtually a land of poetry and romance, where every-day life partakes of adventure, and where the least agitation or excitement carries everything up into extravagant enterprise and daring exploit. The Spaniards, in all ages, have been of swelling and braggart spirit, soaring in thought, pompous in word, and valiant, though vainglorious, in deed. Their heroic aims have transcended the cooler conceptions of their neighbours, and their reckless daring has borne them on to achievements which prudent enterprise could never have accomplished. Since the time, too, of the conquest and occupation of their country by the Arabs, a strong infusion of oriental magnificence has entered into the national character, and rendered the Spaniard distinct from every other nation of Europe.

[The volume is divided into two Sections—the Legend of Don Roderick; and the Legend of the Subjugation of Spain: these are subdivided into chapters, so as to engraft upon the main events many a tale of riveting interest, as may be seen in a specimen.]

Story of the Marvellous and Portentous Tower.

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff-built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the gate of the city, at the

head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that bestrides the deep rocky bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains, and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

Of this renowned edifice marvels are related by the ancient Arabian and Spanish chroniclers; "and I doubt much," adds the venerable Agapida, "whether many readers will not consider the whole as a cunningly devised fable, sprung from an oriental imagination; but it is not for me to reject a fact which is recorded by all those writers who are the fathers of our national history: a fact, too, which is as well attested as most of the remarkable events in the story of Don Roderick. None but light and inconsiderate minds," continues the good friar, "do hastily reject the marvellous. To the thinking mind the whole world is enveloped in mystery, and everything is full of type and portent. To such a mind the necromantic tower of Toledo will appear as one of those wondrous monuments of the olden time."

This singular tower was round, and of great height and grandeur; erected upon a lofty rock, and surrounded by crags and precipices. The foundation was supported by four brazen lions, each taller than a cavalier on horseback. The walls were built of small pieces of jasper, and various coloured marbles, not larger than a man's hand; so subtilely joined, however, that, but for their different hues, they might be taken for one entire stone. They were arranged with marvellous cunning, so as to represent battles and warlike deeds of times and heroes long since passed away; and the whole surface was so admirably polished that the stones were as lustrous as glass, and reflected the rays of the sun with such resplendent brightness as to dazzle all beholders.*

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived wondering and amazed, at the foot of the rock. Here there was a narrow, arched way cut through the living stone; the only entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, covered with rusty locks of divers workmanship, and in the fashion of different centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portal stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The king alighted, and, approaching the portals, ordered the guardians to unlock the gate. The hoary-headed men drew back with terror. "Alas!" cried they, "what is it your majesty requires of us. Would you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound,

and let loose to shake the earth to its foundations?"

The venerable archbishop Urbino likewise implored him not to disturb a mystery which had been held sacred from generation to generation, within the memory of man; and which even Cæsar himself, when sovereign of Spain, had not ventured to invade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure, and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

"Come what come may," exclaimed Don Roderick, "I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower." So saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portal. The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling, but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the keys, the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that they resisted their feeble efforts; whereupon the young cavaliers pressed forward and lent their aid. Still the locks were so numerous and difficult, that with all their eagerness and strength a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.

When the last bolt had yielded to the key, the guardians and the reverend archbishop again entreated the king to pause and reflect. "Whatever is within this tower," said they, "is as yet harmless, and lies bound under a mighty spell: venture not then to open a door which may let forth a flood of evil upon the land." But the anger of the king was roused, and he ordered that the portal should be instantly thrown open. In vain, however, did one after another exert his strength: and equally in vain did the cavaliers unite their forces, and apply their shoulders to the gate: though there was neither bar nor bolt remaining, it was perfectly immovable.

The patience of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand; scarcely, however, did he touch the iron gate, when it swung slowly open, uttering, as it were, a dismal groan, as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold, damp wind issued forth, accompanied by a tempestuous sound. The hearts of the ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the youthful cavaliers rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity, or to signalize themselves in this redoubtable enterprise. They had scarcely advanced a few paces, however, when they recoiled, overcome by the baleful air, or by some fearful vision.† Upon this, the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness, and to correct the noxious and long imprisoned air: he then led the way into the interior; but, though stout of heart, he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance, he entered a hall, or antechamber, on the opposite

* From the minute account of the good friar, drawn from the ancient chronicles, it would appear that the walls of the tower were pictured in mosaic work.

† Bleda, Cronica, cap. 7.

side of which was a door; and before it, on a pedestal, stood a gigantic figure, of the colour of bronze, and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at sight of this appalling figure; for whether it were a living being, or a statue of magic artifice, he could not tell. On its breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed in large letters, "I do my duty.*" After a little while Roderick plucked up heart, and addressed it with great solemnity: "Whatever thou be," said he, "know that I came not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mystery it contains; I conjure thee, therefore, to let me pass in safety."

Upon this the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.

They now entered a vast chamber, of a rare and sumptuous architecture, difficult to be described. The walls were incrustured with the most precious gems, so joined together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. The lofty dome appeared to be self-supported, and was studded with gems, lustrous as the stars of the firmament. There was neither wood, nor any other common or base material to be seen throughout the edifice. There were no windows or other openings to admit the day, yet a radiant light was spread throughout the place, which seemed to shine from the walls, and to render every object distinctly visible.

In the centre of this hall stood a table of alabaster, of the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed in Greek characters, that Hercules Alcides, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower in the year of the world three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket, richly set round with precious stones, and closed with a lock of mother-of-pearl; and on the lid were inscribed the following words:—

"In this coffer is contained the mystery of the tower. The hand of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvellous events will be revealed to him, which are to take place before his death."

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance. "Forbear, my son!" said he; "deist while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed."

"What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future?" replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. "If good be destined me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation:

if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it." So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

Within the coffer he found nothing but a linen cloth, folded between two tablets of copper. On unfolding it, he beheld painted on it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanour, clad in turbans and robes of various colours, after the fashion of the Arabs, with scimitars hanging from their necks, and crossbows at their saddle-backs, and they carried banners and pennons with divers devices. Above them was inscribed in Greek characters, "Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne, and subdue thy kingdom!"

At sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and bray of trumpet, the neigh of steed and shout of army; but all was heard indistinctly, as if afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed, the plainer became the motion, and the louder the noise; and the linen cloth rolled forth, and amplified, and spread out, as it were, a mighty banner, and filled the hall, and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared as a transparent cloud: and the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture, or a vision, or an array of embodied spirits, conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell. They beheld before them a great field of battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trump and clarion, the clash of cymbal, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords, and maces, and battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows, and the hurling of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them and put them to utter rout; the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foot, the air resounded with shouts of triumphs, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons, King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was turned towards him, but whose armour and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war-horse Orelia. In the confusion of the flight, the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orelia galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer

* Bleda Cronica, cap. 7.

chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirling mace had disappeared from his pedestal; and on issuing into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed; but the door was immovable, and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, purred and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with the thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the Tagus raged and roared and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the tower had issued forth and mingled with the storm; for amidst the claps of thunder and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of the drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by tempest, and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus, and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning, the heavens were again serene, and all nature was restored to tranquillity. The king, therefore, issued forth with his cavaliers and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious once more to close the iron door, and shut up those evils that threatened to overwhelm the land. But, lo! on coming in sight of the tower, a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and lighting on the summit of the tower, fanned the fire with his wings. In a little while, the edifice burst forth into a blaze as though it had been built of rosin, and the flames mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun; nor did they cease until every stone was consumed, and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes. Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of size and sable of hue, darkening the sky like a cloud; and they descended and wheeled in circles round the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the whole was borne up into the air, and scattered throughout all Spain, and wherever a particle of those ashes fell it was as a stain of blood. It is furthermore recorded by ancient men and writers of former days, that all those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle, when the country

was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a sign and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

"Let all those," concludes the cautious friar, "who question the verity of this most marvellous occurrence, consult those admirable sources of our history, the chronicle of the Moor Rasis, and the work entitled, 'The Fall of Spain,' written by the Moor, Abul-casim Tarif Abentarique. Let them consult, moreover, the venerable historian Bieda, and the cloud of other Catholic Spanish writers, who have treated of this event, and they will find I have related nothing that has not been printed and published under the inspection and sanction of our holy mother church. God alone knoweth the truth of these things; I speak nothing but what has been handed down to me from times of old."

AN EXPERIMENTAL GUIDE TO CHEMISTRY.

[THIS is a clever little book by Mr. E. Davy, the operative chemist. Its main object is "to furnish minute directions to such as are novices in chemical manipulation;" introductory to the larger works of Faraday and others. It is arranged in three Parts: 1. Initiatory Experiments; explanation of Technical Terms; and Rationale of Phenomena. 2. Epitome of Chemistry; Simple Substances and their combinations. 3. Illustrative Experiments, classed; and description of Apparatus. The style of these explanations is perspicuous and satisfactory, and the subjects are not of the cut-and-dry character, but have a due infusion of novelty, with just enough of new nomenclature. We quote a seasonable extract.]

Sympathetic Inks. Coloured Flames.

With a clean pen write on paper with a solution of muriate of cobalt, so diluted with water that the writing when dry may be invisible. On gently warming the paper, the writing will appear of a *blue* or *greenish* colour, which will disappear again soon after cooling.

A solution of muriate of copper in like manner forms a *yellow* sympathetic ink; and acetate of cobalt a *rose* or *purple*. If a landscape be drawn representing in its natural state a winter scene, the paper being overlaid in the places where the foliage should be with the *green* sympathetic ink, then on very gently warming the drawing, it will represent summer. Sky and water may be represented with the *blue*, and standing corn, or the thatch of cottages, with the *yellow* sympathetic ink.

G. W.'s Sympathetic Landscapes, recently published by Mr. Morgan of Judd-street, and sold in many print shops, exhibit this curious transformation in much perfection. If the inks are not properly prepared and

neutral, the paper will be stained and corroded, and will not again become colourless on cooling.

Draw or write on paper, with a weak solution of iron or copper, &c. The lines will be invisible, but may be made to appear on brushing them over with diluted tincture of galls, or solution of ferrocyanate (prussiate) of potass, &c. The colours will vary according to the solutions used.

Dry some common salt at a low red heat: then moisten it with strong spirits of wine in a saucer, and set it on fire. A *yellow* flame will be produced, and if the other lights in the room be removed, the countenances of those present will assume a livid, ghastly hue.

Moisten dried nitrate of strontia with spirits of wine: it will burn with a *carmine* coloured flame, shedding a beautiful tint on surrounding objects.

Burn alcohol over any salt of copper in like manner: it will produce a *green* flame. Pure baryta will communicate to the flame of alcohol a brilliant *yellow*; muriate of magnesia, an *orange colour*; boracic acid, a *green*, &c.

Some of these substances are employed by fire-work makers to colour the stars of skyrocket, &c.

[The arrangement of the experiments to illustrate principles is good; without this they would be mere amusement—mere delights for the eye—without any beneficial effect upon the understanding. To novices, therefore, we cordially recommend this volume as an excellent manual of beginnings in chemistry.]

Notes of a Reader.

NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.—THE JAIL.

On the north-west corner of the Old Jail, now the Register Office, stood the gallows, forty years ago. It was raised on a platform, nearly twenty feet high, having a roof supported by four posts, much in the form of a hay-rick, such as the Dutch farmers, near Tappan, set up in their fields to protect their fodder from the winter's blast. Around the beam, just under the gutter, a number of iron hooks projected; on these the rope was hitched, by which the executioner performed the last office of justice. A gentleman told me, that he saw nine pirates hanging there at one time. If my dates be correct, it was in October, 1794, that this frightful apparatus was rigged up for the last time; the criminal was Noah G —; the crime forgery, which in those days was capital. I made one among the crowd; the hour was come; but, instead of the convict, there came a reprieve. This news was received with much grumbling and discontent; for

there is something in our nature which brooks any thing rather than a disappointment, whenever we fully expect to do or see any thing, or go any where: for myself, I must say, I was greatly disappointed; I had never seen an execution, I had lost an hour in waiting, and I really could not help wishing that he had been brought out—this may be very wrong, but I plead guilty. Be this as it may, Noah was respited on condition of ending his days in the state prison; this mock-reformer of the wicked was being built at that time, and nearly finished; he, of course, was the first tenant, and, being a shoemaker, from him sprung the many thousands of that craft who have since peopled that house of industry. He behaved so well in the capacity of foreman for about the space of seven years, that his friends thought him a reformed man, and, of course, an excellent specimen of this new mode of punishment. A petition, with numerous signatures was presented, he was pardoned, and turned loose on the public, an old offender with a new suit of clothes, ready to commence depredations at once. Money was loaned and credit given to him, he opened a large shop in Pearl-street, and, for some years, carried on a respectable trade in boots and shoes. As some of the members of the Society of Friends had been the means of saving him from the gallows, and putting tools in his hands, whereby to commence a new life,—from respect, I presume, he adopted their mild language, and, if I rightly remember, their plain dress also; but still he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. On a certain day, he gave one of his out-door journeymen some materials to make a pair of boots:—"Now," said he to his man, "friend, thou must bring me these boots, on such a day, at five o'clock in the afternoon precisely."—"You shall have them," replied the man. The boots, however, did not come till twenty-four hours after the time appointed. Noah began to scold the man, in no measured terms, for his want of punctuality; the man stated, that he had a wife and five young children, that his wife had been taken sick, and he had to be cook, nurse, and chambermaid, &c. Noah would take no excuse, but went on, describing the evils and miseries of disappointment at full length. The man, losing all patience, exclaimed, "I know it is a mortifying thing to be disappointed; for I remember once going out to see you hanged; and when I heard that you were reprieved, I don't know that I ever was so much disappointed in my life!" Here was a knock-down reply. Noah answered not a word, but gave the man another pair of boots to make. Shortly after this, Noah one night disappeared between the setting and the rising of the sun, after borrowing money, getting indorsements, and goods on credit.

I leave you now to judge whether the public were losers or gainers by this disappointment of the gallews. LAURIE TODD.

The Gatherer.

Lost Appetite.—At the last meeting of the British Association, Dr. Coulter stated that in India is found a plant, a species of *Veratrum*, (hellebore,) not the *Veratrum subadilla* of the shops, a portion of which, was taken medicinally by a person labouring under dyspepsia, so that he could make use of no food, and having, at the time, to ride thirty miles a day. After the second dose, his appetite returned. The plant is called by the natives, the Indian's root.

Railways.—In America, 46 railways are completed; 137 are in progress; and one is now projecting, from Baltimore to the vale of the Ohio, which will be 330 miles in length.

Upon the Liverpool and London railway, at the ordinary speed of the engines, the journey will be effected in ten hours; but, if carriages be built expressly for speed, they may travel at the rate of 40, 50, or even 60 miles an hour, so that the mail may be conveyed from London to Liverpool in three hours and a half! The intercourse between London and Liverpool is 1,300 persons a day; and the intercourse between the metropolis and Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, is annually a million and a quarter—very nearly the amount of the whole population of the metropolis.

Yew-trees.—It has been calculated from the number of layers found in a piece of Irish yew, that the tree must have been as old as the Christian era. The age assigned by tradition to the celebrated yew-tree at Mucross, Killarney, has been verified by the number of its layers.

There is a very curious historical fact relating to our first capture of the island of Jamaica, by Pen and Venables, two of Cromwell's bravest and most enterprising admirals. They had made a spirited attack on Hispaniola, and failed; but, to counterbalance this ill fortune, they assailed Jamaica and took it. Of so little importance did Cromwell and the nation regard this acquisition, that on their arrival in London, Pen and Venables were both sent to the Tower, for having expended lives and ammunition upon so very insignificant a conquest.

John Home.—There could not be a livelier or more agreeable companion than the author of *Douglas*, (says Sir John Sinclair,) and his merits as a dramatic author are well known. By his talents, he was early in life introduced into the best company that Scotland afforded. Claret was at that time the favourite liquor;

and, owing to its being admitted into the port of Leith, on Spanish instead of French duties, it was cheap, and was drunk in great quantities. A naval officer, who happened to be stationed in the Frith of Forth, by transmitting information to the Treasury, put a stop to this illegal advantage. The price of claret was so much increased, in consequence of this additional duty, that many *bons vivans* were obliged to renounce it, and betake themselves to port; and, in despair, at one of their convivial meetings, they applied to their friend, John Home, to write some verses expressive of their feelings. He immediately produced the following:—

"Bold and erect the Caledonian stood;
Old was his mutton, and his claret good.
'Make him drink port!' an English statesman
cried;

He drank the poison, and his spirit died."

Fortunately, it has since been found by experience, that port is not poison, and that Caledonian spirit does not depend upon the drinking of claret; but the anecdote is worth preserving, as an instance of the ridiculous prejudices of former times. W. G. C.

Fall of Rain.—A much greater quantity of rain falls in the upper part of the atmosphere than on the ground. This has been ascertained by experiments outside York Minster: during a shower, three rain-gauges were placed, one on the top, a second on the ground, and a third half-way down; the higher from the ground, the greater was the quantity of rain.

Speaking Instrument.—Professor Wheatstone has constructed an instrument composed of a sound-box, with a bellows attached to one end, to the other the frustrum of a cone with the base outside, and keys inside the box, to the other end. By pressing the wind through the bellows, and fingering the keys with one hand, the other being applied to the box of the frustrum of the cone, the machine will utter intelligibly the words "papa," "mamma," "thumb," "plum."

The British Association have determined to apply to Government to send out an expedition to the Antarctic regions, for the purpose of discovering the Southern magnetic poles.

To M. S.—The paragraph "Living," at page 32, was contributed by our intelligent Correspondent, W. G. C.—The Maritime Alps extend from the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, between Oueglia and Toulon, across the Cols Ardent and Tende, to Mont Viso, separating Piedmont and Provence from the Mediterranean. We cheerfully furnish this information, though we are not aware of any want of perspicuity in our Correspondent's paragraph.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

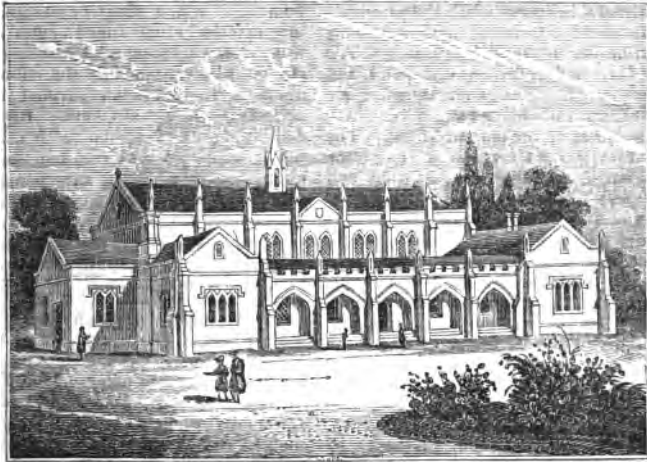
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 761.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]

NEW SCHOOLS.



CAMBERWELL COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.



ST. OLAVE'S SCHOOL.

NEW SCHOOLS :

CAMBERWELL COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.—ST.
OLAVE'S SCHOOL.

THE prefixed Engravings are interesting and important illustrations of the progress of improved education. They are copied from that excellent year-book, the *Companion to the Almanac* for the present year; together with the substance of the accompanying architectural details.

"The Camberwell Collegiate School is a proprietary establishment, under the patronage of the Bishop of Winchester, and is founded on the principles of the King's College. The building is erected in Camberwell Grove, and the style of architecture is strictly collegiate—a principal feature being the cloister which forms the centre of the entrance-front. The internal arrangement consists of the large school-room, 67 feet long, 33 feet wide, and about 20 feet high, intended for the accommodation of 200 boys; and is so arranged as to admit of its being subdivided, at pleasure, into three distinct apartments. The low buildings in the front comprise the entrance-hall; library 22 feet by 16 feet; and three class-rooms. One wing is appropriated to the residence of the porter, and the other to a hat and cloak room; with a washing-room for the boys, adjoining their entrance to the play-ground, which is at the back. The whole of the apartments are connected by a central corridor, which affords a convenient and distinct access to each room. The architect is Mr. H. Roberts, who has recently erected the Fishmongers' Hall, near London Bridge."

St. Olave's School stands a short distance eastward of St. Thomas's Hospital, and on the south side of the London and Greenwich Railway, in the parish of St. Olave, Southwark. It is appropriately built in the latest and best Tudor style; its endowment originating in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"The principal front, immediately facing the railway, and which, we presume, will be separated from the public path only by a palisading, may be described as two ranges of low building, united together rectangularly, so as to form two sides of an open court. The shorter mass of the two, one of whose gables fronts the railway, is the School-room, and is lighted by a single range of square-headed mullioned and transomed windows on its east and west sides, between which are displayed buttresses that do not rise much higher than the windows themselves. At the inner angle formed by the junction of this portion with the rest of the building, is an octangular tower, whose walls are not carried up much higher than those of the parts with which it is immediately connected, but it distinguishes itself very conspicuously by its steep, elevated, spire roof, and the lantern on its summit. The lower story of

the octagon forms a vestibule or porch of the same shape, three of whose sides are open towards the court, and consist of as many square-headed compartments, containing a stone arch, with ornamented spandrels. Between the tower and the next range of buildings, which it connects together, is a small and low piece containing a single window, which comes quite into the corner by the porch. The next division in the front in this direction has an embattled bay window, with a smaller one on each side of it, divided by a transom, but without mullions. Adjoining this comes the open arch, (similar to those of the octagon, of a recessed porch, to which there is an ascent of three steps; and above it is a window divided into three arched lights by mullions. Beyond this, continuing eastward, is another octangular tower, but in no respect resembling the one already described. The succeeding and last division of this range, of which it occupies the north-eastern angle presents a gable end of rather lofty proportions, having two windows placed at a considerable height from the ground, (they being on the upper floor,) with a slender, square chimney-shaft, running up between them till, on reaching the apex of the gable, it changes its form, and becomes circular. These two windows, and a very small, square one lower down are the only ones, with the exception of that in the footing of the wall, which serves to light some of the offices beneath this part of the building. The return or east-end of the range presents a similar gable and chimney-shaft, and also two windows; but with this difference, that on this side, the latter belong to the lower floor. The building is continued a little way onward beyond the gable, where it has a window with three lights below, and another above it.

"The whole is constructed of a good-toned, red brick, with stone dressings, and in one or two places, bricks of a darker hue, arranged so as to diaper the face of the wall. The detail is, for the most part, clever and well executed, and the numerous chimneys are both ornamental in themselves, and serve greatly to enhance that picturesque air in the general outline, which this style affects, and which becomes it so well."

THE TRIUMPH OF PAINTING.

(To the Editor.)

"For here its warmest hues the pencil flings,
Lo! here the lost restores, the absent brings."
ROBERTS.

THE anecdotes of the dog which menaced a goat depicted by the faithful pencil of Glover, and of the tame macaw which, with beak and wings, attacked the portrait of a female servant painted by Northcote, are too well known to call for repetition here; but, to these I add, from my own observation as an eye-witness

that two paintings in oil, the size of life, the portraits of two of my family now far distant from their home, by the masterly and effective pencil of Mr. J. P. Knight,* were immediately on their transmission hither from his studio, most joyously recognised by a spaniel which had been a favourite with the originals. On being taken into the room where they had been placed, and perceiving the canvass thus stamped with identity even to illusion, the faithful animal endeavoured by every demonstration of affection, to attract the notice of her former friends; and with difficulty withheld by one of the bystanders, from leaping upon, and overwhelming them with her caresses. This interesting scene continued for many minutes, and was repeated on the next and following days; until finding, doubtless, that the *scout* was wanting, poor "Flossy" slunk away abashed, in evident mortification that her well-known playfellows were now so utterly regardless of her proffered kindness. Yet turning upon them both, alternately, many a wistful look of affectionate recognition, she seemed unwilling to be convinced, even by experience, that she had thus mistaken the shadow for the substance. This authentic anecdote, combining in itself a double degree of interest, is surely worthy of being recorded in your pages; as it will, I feel confident, be read with pleasure, not only by the lovers of painting, but by the lovers of dogs.

J. B.

W— Rectory.

* Painter of "Auld Robin Gray," "John Anderson my Jo," "The Auld Friends," "David Deans," &c. Several of his works have been engraved, and we are happy to learn that his "Auld Robin Gray," embodying in a degree not to be surpassed, the touching sentiment and pathos of that most exquisite of modern ballads, is now in the engraver's hands.

The Naturalist.

STRAY FACTS.—BY M. L. B.

The Cobra da Capello, and Antidote to its Poison.

SIR JOHN DAY, sometime judge in one of our Indian provinces, mentioned on his return home, that the Cobra da Capello was particularly partial to coiling itself up, in the foot of an empty boot; three or four times he had found one of these agreeable guests in his boot when putting it on, which he recognised too well by its cold, slippery skin; had he, as was natural, withdrawn his foot, and turned the serpent out, he would, in all probability, have been bitten; but the only thing to do in such a case is, with instant presence of mind to press hard upon the reptile with the foot, and stamp violently on the ground until it is smashed to pieces.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which occupies the particular attention of medical men, &c., in the East Indies, that if they

could but discover what it is, Providence has provided an antidote against, or a remedy for, the dreadful bite of the Cobra. But the Mangouse, a kind of weasel, or ferret of the country, is the determined foe of this deadly serpent, and in its frequent combats with it, is observed, if abroad when bitten, to run off for a few minutes, and to return vigorous and uninjured to the battle: this it will do every time it is wounded by the serpent, and if thus left free to go from it when bitten, the venom never takes effect. It is, therefore, certain that the little animal has a remedy for the poison, to which it always successfully resorts; and let it be where it will, out of doors, it never fails to find it, though the most minute investigation has not yet made it known to the human race, who might so greatly benefit by the discovery. The Mangouse, if shut up in a room to fight with the Cobra, (and the experiment has been made, to ascertain the fact,) instinctively retires from it when bitten, in search of its antidote, which not finding, it runs round and round the room in a distracted state, squeaking piteously, and exhibiting unequivocal symptoms of terror and distress. In this case, the poor victim of the terrible serpent can seldom be brought to renew the combat.

A Sitting Partridge.

A partridge once made her nest in a very unfavourable situation for quiet and seclusion, viz.—close beside the gate of a churchyard; yet, far from abandoning her eggs, to the number of twenty, on account of passers by, she sat upon them so devotedly, as to allow a game-keeper occasionally to lift her off her nest, that he might show the eggs to such as desired to see; amongst these was the friend to whom we are indebted for the anecdote.

Atmospheric Tint.

All amateurs and artists who draw in colours, will understand what we mean by the beautiful, soft, bluish-grey for shading, called Neutral Tint. A lady had long been in the habit of spreading this lightly over a purely white ground, when she drew figures, &c., to give them a relief which pleased her eye, though she had no rule, or principle, or even precedent, for doing it. Staying recently at the house of a relation, she constantly observed between some trees, which formed an opening from his flower to his kitchen garden, the appearance of a leaden-hued rain-cloud, rising, she believed from the edge of the horizon: not satisfied with this appearance of rain in one part of the sky, and constantly in one place, whilst all the rest was clear and shining, she one day, by slow steps, advanced towards the spot, in order to ascertain precisely its cause, and soon found herself gazing, (the tint becoming fainter and

fainter as she neared it,) upon a perfectly white wall, intended for fruit-trees, but as yet unoccupied, being newly built. Here then, she discovered the truth of the atmospheric tint she had ventured to lay, by idea alone, upon her drawings;—here then was indeed the Neutral Tint, overspreading a perfectly white background, and relieving, at a little distance, all objects intervening between it and the eye: but so perfect was the resemblance to a bluish-grey rain-cloud, that she was sometimes deceived by it, even after thus ascertaining its cause.

Production of Fish in India.

The production of fish in India, after the rains, in places where there were none, and where it might well be considered unnatural to find them, is a fact often asserted, and as often doubted, by non-residents in that country. To a weight of testimony on this head, we add the following:—

"Soon after my arrival at my regiment's station," says an observant and unprejudiced student of nature, "two ditches were dug, either to drain the land when the rains fell, or to preserve the water; these I saw in their dry state, and they looked much as other trenches do in other countries: I am certain there were no fish in them then, neither was there any appearance of fish-spawn, and I am equally certain that no fish were put into these ditches; yet, soon after, when the rainy season had come and gone, they were full of a small and particular kind of fish, very well tasted, and of which my brother-officers and myself caught great numbers. This phenomenon, which is common, I believe, all over India, and not confined to ditches, tanks, and other reservoirs of water, but occurring on the earth, and upon the house-tops, does not there excite the surprise that it does in England; but it is sufficiently difficult to account for, and the natives are not agreed as to its cause."

Shoals of Insects.

In the very warm and brilliant summer of 1834, it was considered a remarkable circumstance that the air should constantly swarm with millions of small, delicate flies, (of the *aphides* description, we believe,) because it was quite impossible to account for the whence came they, or the productiveness of the species; but what was still more singular, the sea in many places, particularly on the Norfolk coasts, was perfectly blackened by the amazing shoals of these insects, which formed masses in the "mighty waters" interminably long, and at least a league broad. The oldest fishermen never remembered having seen or heard of such a phenomenon.

The Mosquito.

It is not, we believe, generally known, that the mosquito, that terrible scourge of hot

climates, also inhabits England. This was suspected by a gentleman ere he quitted this country to reside in the East, and, upon his return, the sight of a particular species of large, stinging gnat, very common in Great Britain during hot summers, and very troublesome, confirmed his suspicion. One of these insects he killed, and preserved it for some time, to show his English friends the unsuspected mosquito.

Voracity of Beetles.

It is pretty well known that *scarabei* devour dead animal substances, but the following fact will show that they sometimes prey upon the living subject:—

The kitchen of an old house in Bucks was terribly infested with beetles, not black properly so called, nor the improperly termed cockroaches, (these are only found on board ship,) but of a deep red or puce colour. The same kitchen was also haunted by mice, which not fearing the servants, would run about every evening after the candles were lighted, to seek for food. The beetles seldom appeared in any numbers till the domestics had retired, and the kitchen was left in darkness; when, if one of them happened after awhile to revisit it, literally "millions blackened all the place."

Of the mice, one became a pet of the servants, and regularly made its appearance every evening on the kitchen hearth to be fed by them whilst at supper. But, alas! the morning arrived, when the tail of a mouse, and the tip of its nose, together with fragments of flesh, bone, and fur, were found upon the hearth, and two or three beetles still busy about them: there was woe in the kitchen, for that was feared which afterwards the non-appearance of the favourite proved to be but true, viz.—that the poor, little, pet mouse, after its accustomed supper, had fallen asleep upon the hearth, and been devoured by the beetles!

The Solitary Wasp,

in India, builds her cone-shaped nest of clay, beneath the far-projecting eaves of the houses, &c.; under which it looks like a molehill glued to them. These nests are common, and if opened, will generally be found filled with caterpillars of a certain kind, which has occasioned the ignorant to suppose, that the eggs of this insect turn into such caterpillars before they become wasps. But the attentive observer will discover these larvæ to be the food of the embryo wasps, supplied by the parent insect.

Spiders.

Many anecdotes have been related to prove that spiders are fond of music, and here is another:—

At a well-known ladies' school at Kensington, an immense kind of spider is common; so large is it indeed, that, like the Hampton-

court Cardinal mentioned by Mr. Jesse, it is sometimes mistaken for a mouse. The young ladies by no means admire these visitors, who, when according to the custom of the house, they are all singing a verse or two of a hymn or psalm, before morning and evening prayers, then generally make their appearance on the floor, or suspended overhead from their thick webs in the ceiling, obviously, and a fact not to be contradicted, attracted from their hiding places in the old room by

The harmonious concord of sweet sounds.

The following "*petite anecdote, assez remarquable*" indeed, we translate from a French work:—"M. F—— de Saint-Omer laid on the chimney-piece of his chamber, one evening on going to bed, a small shirt-pin of gold, whose head represented a fly. Next day, M. F—— would have taken his pin from the place where he had put it, but the trinket had disappeared. A servant-maid, who had only been in M. F.'s service a few days, was solely suspected of having carried off the pin, and sent away. But, at length, Mons. F.'s sister putting up some curtains, was extremely surprised to find the lost pin, suspended from the ceiling in a spider's web! And thus was the disappearance of the *bijou* explained:—a spider, deceived by the figure of the fly which the pin presented, had drawn it into his web."

The Sketch-Book.

CHAMBORD.—I.

FROM the high parts of the irregular, but picturesquely situated, city of Blois, (and particularly from its huge and lofty castle, exhibiting fine specimens of the architecture of three reigns, and now under process of conversion into barracks, already swarming with soldiers like bees in a hive,) an extensive view is obtained of the rich valley of the Loire, which flows gently past the town, its broad current diversified with green islands and shifting sand-banks; and of the vast plains stretching out beyond, composed of fertile fields, vineyards, and widely-spread forests. Looking in a diagonal direction across the river, at the distance of twelve miles, a grey cluster of pinnacles may be described, rising amidst the deeper coloured foliage of a woody tract of country. This is CHAMBORD, one of the finest Gothic edifices in France.

It was one of the hottest days of the hot summer of 1834, while the scorching rays of the sun seemed to have melted away the population of Blois; for, (like some city of the South during the hour of universal *siesta*,) its streets were deserted, and not a creature could be seen stirring out of doors, as we looked from the windows of our hotel, situ-

ated on one side of the main road from Orleans to Tours, running along the lower town, parallel to the river, from which it was only divided by the public promenade, where the well-trimmed trees not affording shade enough for the repose of a few non-descripts, they had, accordingly, crouched themselves to sleep under the denser shade of some wooden ramparts, erecting for an approaching fête:—it was on such a day that, to the astonishment of the owner, who wondered how any body would choose to go out that could have a roof to shelter him, we hired a *voiture* to take us to the chateau of Chambord.

Not to expose himself or his horse more than need be, to the blazing heat, the driver drew up for us under the gateway; but even there the poor animal evinced, by constant stamping, how much he suffered from his buzzing, insect enemies; and while we proceeded a little way down the town, crossed the bridge, and turned up for some distance by the side of the river, he was attacked by such a host, and became so irritable, that we were glad to get into the less exposed cross-road, which slanted off inland. Here our driver made a halt, to cut branches from the trees and hedges, with which he protected the horse on all sides, making him appear "armed in proof," or a quadruped "Jack-in-the-green." The plan, however, was successful, and the horse proceeded in comparative comfort.

Our route was through a flat district, amidst fertility of vegetation; and the green of the many vineyards was refreshing to the eye, though the clusters of grapes were small and hard for want of moisture to swell them out. Farther on we passed the wall of a park of about two leagues circuit, belonging to a chateau, which we understood to be inhabited by a grandson of that M. de Saumery, who was undeservedly deprived of the government of Chambord to make way for the then powerful family of Polignac. Having proceeded through its dependent village, we soon entered the domain of Chambord itself, the large plain it occupies, instead of its usual character of humid and sandy, being dry and dusty, though not parched up; for the paths generally led through green woods, more or less shady, and were bordered by strips of soft turf, presenting much the appearance of the scenery of the New Forest in Hampshire. At intervals we caught glimpses of the chateau above or among the trees; and when we turned into a wider road, to which one of its sides formed the vista, the elegant combination of lantern-towers, turrets, fancy chimneys, and ornamented attics, forming its summit, stood fully developed. The wood on this side approaches nearer to the building than in other directions, and under the shade of the last clump of trees, (where the road winds off to the right

towards the little village of Chambord, a short distance beyond the chateau,) is situated a country hotel for the convenience of visitors.

We there refreshed ourselves with a glass of sparkling Vouvray, a wine of the country of the nature of Champagne, and then walked on to survey the noble mansion. Along the winding road alluded to, a numerous flock of geese lay extended in straggling order, so tired with their journey as gladly to repose in the dust; the old gooseherd too was seated on the ground, with his little boy beside him; and the stillness was only broken by a swarm of swallows twittering around the walls and pinnacles; for—

"No jutting, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed and procreant cradle."

We found an entrance through the lower out-buildings, as seen to the right in the sketch, into the large courtyard, at one end of which the architecture of the chateau displayed a gorgeous *ensemble*, and its freshness formed a striking contrast with the solitude of the scene.

The chateau itself is uninhabited, and it was some time before we were noticed by any living creature. At length, two fine dogs burst out with gambols from the opposite side of the court, followed by a group of laughing children; and then appeared the person in charge of the place, with his keys: he conducted us through all the apartments, which were entirely empty, but otherwise in perfect repair, and cleanly kept, thereby looking more melancholy, because less picturesque and sentimental, than if marked with "decay's effacing fingers." Our guide was chatty and full of his subject; eloquent upon the beauties of the architecture, and the historical reminiscences: but, instead of drawing upon our memory for vague particulars of the former, we shall translate the description given in a printed *Notice sur Chambord*, by M. L. de la Saussaye:—

"The arrangement of the buildings forms an oblong square of 80 toises by 60, the angles of which are flanked by four large towers of 60 feet diameter, with pointed roofs, terminating in lantern turrets. A second edifice, of less size, also square-shaped, and flanked by four large towers, is surrounded on three sides by the buildings of the first, and their two façades on the northern sides are blended into one, which the four towers there meeting divide into three nearly equal parts. These combinations, the development of which is on an immense scale, but which are not completely finished, were formerly surrounded by broad ditches of running water, fed by the stream flowing at the end of the lawn; but these were filled up by Stanislaus, King of Poland,

which has deprived the chateau of somewhat of its original character, and diminished the lightness of the buildings by covering them over for several feet.

"The general plan of the edifice recalls that of all the castles of the middle ages, being composed, like them, of a vast inclosure flanked by towers, which forms the castle properly so called; and of a pile of buildings, situated towards the centre of the inclosure, also ornamented with towers, which was called the donjon; a description faithfully preserved in the ancient descriptions of Chambord which are extant. However, in the sixteenth century, this disposition, originally contrived as a system of defence, was no longer employed, excepting because it was a consecrated form, preserving its empire by custom; and the towers become harmless, were merely a decoration, incommodious enough for the distribution of the apartments.

"The donjon, which is the most important *bit* of Chambord, is divided into four compartments by four great guard-halls, of 50 feet long by 30 broad, forming a cross, like the four divisions of a church on the plan of a Greek cross. 'Au milieu et centre,' says De Cerceau, in his book, *Des plus excellents bastiments de France*, 'est un escalier à deux montées, percé à jour et entour icelluy quatre salles des quelles l'on va de l'une à l'autre en le circuisant:—'(In the centre of the donjon is a staircase of two flights of steps, pierced with open work, and surrounded by four halls leading round it from one to the other.)—This great staircase, like a double screw, is the grand boast of the chateau of Chambord, and a *chef-d'œuvre* of art for the boldness, the fine proportions and the finish of its details. It should, above all, be examined from the halls on the second story, which harmonize better with it by the rich decoration of their vaulted roofs, divided into compartments, upon which are sculptured alternately the salamander, and the letter F with a crown.* It is above these arching roofs, and on a level with the terraces that surmount them, that the double staircase finishes, and the crowning tower commences, in a pyramidal form, being about 100 feet in height, and producing the finest effect. This tower consists of eight arcades, accompanied by pilasters and columns of 24 feet high, forming a colonnade which supports another higher story, decorated with a balustrade, and composed of eight counterforts, the summits

* It is well known that the salamander was the emblem of Francis I., and that this animal was believed to possess the faculty of living in the midst of flames. The interpretation of the device, *Nutritio et estinguo*, is indicated by the Italian legend upon a medal struck during the youth of Francis; *Nutrisco il buono e spengo il reo*—I nourish the good and extinguish the bad; or, I raise up the good, and cast down the wicked.

of which are adorned with F's and colossal salamanders. These buttresses support the continuation of the open newel of the great staircase, round which winds another small one of a single flight from the level of the terraces, and conducting to a gallery, surmounted by a campanile spire; each of extreme lightness and great delicacy of detail. The whole is crowned by a colossal *fleur de lys* of stone, not less than six feet high. Each turret of the donjon also contains a screw staircase, of nine feet diameter, communicating with the stories, and intermediate apartments to the number of nine.

"In the angles formed at the points of junction of the façade and the wings, on the side of the court, and at the extremities of a gallery supported by arcades, communicating from the donjon to the wings, rise two magnificent, open staircases, decorated with three ranges of columns; and a fourth composed of three caryatides, which sustain a cupola, girt by a colossal, royal crown, and surmounted by a lantern turret terminated by a *fleur de lys* in stone. The caryatides of the eastern staircase terminating in sheaths, exhibit the figures of Francis I., the Duchess of Etampes, and the Countess of Chateaubriand; those of the western tower, which have remained unfinished, were intended to represent, it is said, Henry II., the Duchess of Valentinois, and the Queen Catherine de Medicis, whose place would have been chosen singularly enough side by side with the king's mistress.

"In the north-western tower is the chapel; its vaulted roof being sustained by arches resting upon double pillars attached to the walls. This chapel, of noble simplicity, is in admirable preservation; it was finished by Henry II., and we remark with astonishment the emblems of Diana of Poitiers employed in its decorations.

"Upon the angle formed by the north-eastern tower and the façade, rests, jutting from it as an outwork, a range of building, which contains on the first story, a small chapel, or oratory, the roof of which is adorned by compartments similar to those of the guard-halls, but of less proportions.

"The wings of the chateau are not entirely finished, and the remainder of the buildings which inclose the courtyard on all sides only rise to the first story, and have Mansard roofs. The southern side has the great inconvenience of concealing the façade of the chateau, which looks upon the court, and is much more picturesque than that which fronts the river (Cosson.)

"Thirteen great staircases reach from bottom to top in different parts of the edifice; and there are many other smaller ones extending to various heights, or winding within the thickness of the walls. The number of apartments contained in the chateau amounts to 440, all with chimneys, according to the

luxury of the times. After a popular tradition, common to many old edifices, this number should be only 365, like that of the days of the year. The same tradition gives also to the park of Chambord a circuit of seven leagues.

"The whole edifice is built of soft working stones, brought from the banks of the Cher, near Bourré, of which they bear the name; they have preserved their whiteness, which relieves the medallions and lozenges of slate used in the decoration of the tops of the pile. Several capitals, cornices, and flights of steps are of stone from Liais, Apremont, and other places.

"The capitals, exceeding 800, of various designs, and the other pieces of sculpture, scattered throughout the chateau, are, since it was plundered in the Revolution, the sole details to be seen in the interior, formerly sumptuously decorated with tapestry, furniture, and paintings, among which were beautiful frescos from the hand of Jean Cousin, and a collection of portraits of the learned Greeks who took refuge in Italy after the capture of Constantinople. The sculptures, of which the greater part are still very well preserved, are exceedingly various in form and design; but there occurs in all the pervading groundwork of salamanders, crowned F's, and fleurs de lys. In those portions of the chateau completed by Henry II., are remarked the H and the D interlaced on the crescent of Diana of Poitiers. The sun of Louis XIV. is also seen in some places finished by that prince, and these different emblems remain upon some of the thick doors which escaped the vandalism of—93.

"The exterior decoration of the chateau is composed entirely of pilasters, at a distance from each other of fifteen feet, and forming three ranges of stories, which support an entablature of fine workmanship. It is to be remarked that the luxuriance of decoration increases as the edifice rises, and that its most admirable part, where the architect has exhausted all the illusions of his art, is that of the upper portions. It is upon the terraces surrounding the crown of the great staircase that the curious should fix their attention, and the artist should study. There it is that we must appreciate the genius which presided over the composition of this prodigious edifice. It is precisely upon the point most difficult to manage that it has delighted him to shed the richest resources of his imagination, and that he has impressed a character of originality and grandeur, which had no model, and which has had no imitator. The chimneys, the distribution of which puts all architects in despair, now that stunted art forms them into long pipes disagreeable to the eye, are here correct monuments, grouped with infinite art, and concurring wonderfully with the picturesque,



(The Chateau of Chambord.)

pyramidal effect of the pile. If the edifice in its lower parts approaches the ordinary style of building of the middle ages, it is totally removed from it, and acquires the highest degree of originality in that which composes the apex of the donjon and the cupola of the great staircase, which appears to us the perfection of the civil architecture of the revival of art. It is easy to conceive that Charles V., who visited Chambord at an epoch when only the donjon was completed, should have regarded it as 'an epitome of what could be effected by human industry.'* 'The whole edifice is admirable,' says the *bonhomme* De Cerceau, 'and displays an appearance wonderfully superb.' The learned architect Blondel, in speaking of the great staircase, expresses himself thus:—'We cannot too much admire the lightness of its plan, the boldness of its execution, and the delicacy of its ornaments; a perfection, which, viewed from the platform of this chateau, strikes, astonishes, and scarcely allows us to conceive how so picturesque a design could first have been imagined, and then carried into effect.'

"We should add that our description is far from being complete; we could only think of indicating its principal traits as serving to aid the recollection of those who might visit it; and, above all, we have avoided attempting a picturesque description, which, to be worthy of the subject, must wait for the pen of Chateaubriand, of Hugo, or of Nodier."

Certainly, too much cannot be said in praise of the double staircase and the central lantern, from the top of which an extensive view was afforded us over the domain of Chambord and the country beyond, prolonged on all sides to an horizon more or less remote.

* D'Avity: Description générale de l'Europe, t. ii. p. 394, edit. 1660.

The glades and groves below us, formerly abounding in wild boars, are now chiefly tenanted by the timid deer; though it is said a wolf may yet be occasionally met within their circuit. As the sun declined, the shadows of the castle tops were lengthening over the plain, and the whole scene was so placid, the sky so lovely, and the atmosphere so transparent, that "this sure and firm-set earth" appeared sublimed into an illusory vision; and an idea, which all at times may be visited with, flashed across the mind, of the possible truth of the non-existence of matter, or, as Shakspeare, who anticipated every thing, pithily expressed it, long before the system was developed by the metaphysical Bishop of Cloyne,—"nothing is but what is not." Feeling at the moment, that all the visible expanse only existed, at least to us, as the effect of sensation, the total absence of human life in the picture gave the imagination full scope to people it with beings of the past. But it were vain to attempt fixing upon paper, the groups that flitted, like the airy creations of phantasmagoria, or the magic delusions of the mirage, before our mind's eye. It will be safer to "stoop to truth," by giving a rapid sketch of some of the historical associations, which formed the texture of our dream, connected with the place.

W. G.

The Public Journals.

BONAPARTE.

(From the *French of De Lamartine*.)

Hien on a rock, washed by the plaintive tide,
The seaman, far upon the ocean wide,
A marble tomb describes;
Time hath not yet embrowned that narrow stone,
Where, from beneath a wild-wave garland, prone,
A broken sceptre lies!

There sleeps—no name! ask of the wondering earth
That name! Its blood-red characters stand forth,
From Scheldt to Cedar's height;
Graven on bronze—on stone—on bosoms brave,
Ay! on the tortured breast of many a slave
He trod beneath his feet!

Since they of old, the two whose names are sung
From age to age, hath none like thine been flung
From the loud thunder far;
No human step, o'er all the earth's broad space,
Hath stamped her bosom with so bold a trace,
And yet—arrested there!

And there thou art!—three infant steps the span!
Thy manes breathe no murmur of the man,
Which hostile steps tread o'er!
See, on that warlike brow the insect sleeps!—
Nature a deep and mournful silence keeps,
Save the dull ocean's roar!

But fear thou not, perturbed and restless shade!
To break upon the stillness of the dead,
Ne'er hath the lyre been strung;
Death is the refuge of the brave;—and few
Would seek beyond, thy destiny to view;—
Yet must the truth be sung!

Shrouded alike thy cradle and thy tomb
With darkness? As the lightning didst thou come!
Victor!—without a name!
Thus the imperious Nile, whose fertile waves
Unnamed 'mid Memnon's solitary caves,
To polished Memphis came.

Altars o'erthrown,—kingdoms and sceptres void;—
When Victory, her wings extended wide,
Proclaim'd thee hero!—king!
An age o'erwhelming in its headlong flight
Morals, kings, altars,—paused before thy might,
Recoiling towards its spring!

Nor was thy warfare all with human foes;
Dark forms of error round thy footsteps rose,
And fell beneath thy weight;
Great names thy sport, thy tools!—scoffer sublime!
Like holy altar vessels, seized by crime,
Thy purposes to meet!

As in a maddening access of despair,
Th' awakened age his fetter'd arms lays bare,
Invoking—liberty!

At once a hero from the dust stands forth—
Strikes with his sceptre—wakes the dreaming earth—
A bold reality!

Ah! had thy fated genius led thee now,
To plant the sacred lilies on that brow
Which justly claimed them!
Avenger of kings!—ay, greater than they,
Had sweetest, holiest things perfumed thy way—
Glory—thy diadem!

Liberty!—Honour!—names which men adore,
Had charter'd then thy fame from shore to shore,
Where'er such names are found;—
Not such the language which for thee had charms;
Thy music was the clang of hostile arms,
And the shrill clarion's sound!

Proud—scornful of what man hath ever loved,
Thy soul by thirst of empire only moved—
Each obstacle thy foe!
Swift as the arrow thy impetuous will
Flew to its mark—e'en though its fatal thrill
Through some fond heart might go!

Ne'er yet the festive cup thy lips assuaged;
Far other joys thy regal cars engaged;—
Drunk but with royalty!

Thou, like the stern sentinel under arms,
Beheldest beauty in her fearful charms,
Without one answering sigh!

Thy love,—the sound of arms—the battle-cry,
As gleamed the purple dawn resplendently;
Thy hand no flattery knew,
Save when thy milk-white courser's waving mane
Furrow'd the startled dust—whose blood-red stain
His warlike hoofs embrose!

Raised to an empire—calm, unchanged thine eye!
Debased—degraded—fall'n—without a sigh!—

Thy province abstract!—thought!
Ranging the eagle's solitary heaven,
An eye for earth's wide bounds alone was given,
With conquest—empire fraught!

With giant spring at once to mount the car
Of victory!—To strike the world afar,—
Trampling kings—tribunes down!
To forge a yoke tempered by love and hate,
For men the rebels to their laws and state,
In love with bondage grown!

To be the life, the thought of one whole age,
To blunt the steel, and envy's feller rage,—
The universe to shake!
With the bold ensigns of thy towering fame,
To fight with men and gods—men, worlds thy game—
From such a dream to wake!

Fallen!—ay, fallen too from that vast height!
Upon this meagre rock to stay thy flight.—

Thou—spirit of the brave!
And Fate, sole deity thy soul adored,
Could but this miserable space afford
Between the throne and grave!

Oh! would it had been mine to mark thy mood,
When the dim past before thy spirit stood,
Noiseless as evening's blight;
And when thine arms, unclasped from thy broad
breast,

Were on thy throbbing temples madly prest
In horror black as night!

Like as the musing shepherd views his shade
By evening sunset on the waters laid,—
Free from the liquid storm;
Thus in the desert of thy solitude
The past is nigh—and on the turgid flood,
Appears thy giant form.

Days pass before thee like the towering crests
Of ocean's waves, on which the sunbeam rests;—
Their voice—thy harmony;
With brightening gleams of glory on thy face,
Thou lov'st thy stalwart image there to trace,
And follow with thine eye!

Now on a tottering bridge thou bravest death;
Now, undismayed—the desert's scorching breath,—
Plunging in Jordan's tide;
Now traversing the Simplon's rugged height,—
Sheathing the sword to wield the sceptre's might—
But why thus start aside?

Why stares thy troubled eye?—what meets thy view?
And wherefore on thy brow that pale, sick hue?
Emphatic of what deed?

Is it the smoking ruins of the past?
Or the rank smell of blood upon the blast?
Still, glory is thy need,

Effacing all!—all?—all but crime; and there
Thy hand—the dismal action of despair—
Points to a hero's form!

The young and gallant Condé meets thine eye;
Again that wave returns!—again, that sigh
Of—Condé!—'mid the storm.

And now as though some livid spot to chase
From thy damp brow, a fevered hand I trace
Passed o'er from time to time;
But like a seal, stamped by a hand supreme,
Abides there still, that damning diadem—
The signet of thy crime!

For this thy glory shall be tinged with blight,
Obscuring e'en thy genius in her flight;
And blood still track thy car:

Thy name, the sport of each succeeding race,
"Twixt Cæsar—Marius!—shall obtain a place—
For ever balanced there!

Yet didst thou die as do the vulgar die—
The peasant lot of dim mortality!
Slumb'ring on the grave's brink!

Armed with thy blood-stain'd sword—there to await
 Avenging judgment at that Hand elate,
 From which the strong ones shrink !

'Tis said that in his last, long agony,
 A holier light gleamed from his upcast eye—
 A heaven-directed flood !

The holy cross just touched his rugged brow.—
 He breathed a name—Oh, never breathed till now !
 But dared not to conclude !

Speak on !—it is a name which still prevails !
 For men and rulers, God hath differing scales,—

A differing weight obtains ;—
 Speak on !—fear not !—be bold—and speak, and live !
 Despots and slaves alike account must give
 Of sceptres and of chains.

His grave is closed—let human voice be still ;
 God, the controller of the erring will,

Hath mark'd his destiny ;
 Who knows the mercies infinite of heaven ?
 Or thou—earth's scourge !—whether thy genius given
 Might not thy virtue be ?

—Translated in *Analyst*, No. 6.

MRS. CRAWFORD'S SKETCHES CONNECTED
 WITH LACOCK ABBEY.*

THERE is no place, though mentioned last, that stands first in my regard like Notton House, the mansion of the late Colonel Andry, midway between Lackham and Lacock Abbey. It has a double claim upon my remembrance. As the scripture, our best guide, says, "thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not." Colonel Andry had been the unchanging friend of my family for three generations ; and like the hardy ever-green, his heart, in the winter of life, showed all the freshness of spring to the grandchildren of him, who had shared in all his boyish sports, and enjoyed his affection in ripened manhood. To Notton House, therefore, I was always permitted to go, when too young, according to etiquette, to be introduced into company. The good old colonel especially loved to make his house a scene of enjoyment to young folks. He was a genuine country gentleman of the old school ; courteous to strangers, a dear lover of hospitality, and never so much delighted, as when he saw happy human faces gathered round his social board. His mansion, though not so large as those of some of the neighbouring gentry, could always furnish beds for friends and casual visitors, in the hunting and shooting season : for the colonel, though at the age of seventy, was still passionately fond of field sports. I have never witnessed more genuine comfort and hilarity, than at his fire-side. Go when you would, you were always sure to meet a cordial greeting, and a room full of company, and the gay old man the youngest of the party. He had, beside his amiable wife, an able coadjutor in his endeavours to spread sunshine round the domestic hearth. Mrs. Pasmore was a widow lady, in her eighty-second year ; but as buoyant in spirit as himself. She was an exceedingly droll and witty woman, with a fine even temper,

that showed itself in her smooth unwrinkled brow, which was never decorated with those artificial ringlets, now so indispensable at the toilette of age. She did not live at Notton House, but in a pretty cottage, which the colonel had built for her in his own grounds. There I often visited her, and passed many an hour in listening to anecdotes of her youthful days : and for many old legends and scraps of poetry, with which my memory is stored, am I indebted to that early friend. I often look back to the little snug parlour, with its old-fashioned adornments, and low window-seat, where I used mostly to station myself, and from whence my eye could range over her little garden, filled most luxuriantly with all sorts of flowers, from the simple daisy, to the dainty lily of the valley, and musky carnation ; while round the lattice hung, wildly beautiful, the flexile jasmine, with its sweet and star-like flowers. I remember her once telling me, as she unfolded a thread-paper, that to such a simple source she was indebted for the small income that rendered her old age independent. "I was one day," said she, "idly looking over an old thread-case, like this, made out of a newspaper, and which had been lying for years at the bottom of a box, when my own name caught my eye, and naturally enough riveted my attention to a paragraph, intended indeed for myself, and directing me to apply to a solicitor in London, where, in the usual phraseology, I should hear of something to my advantage. But then arose the question, when was this paragraph inserted ? The torn paper contained no clue to the time of its publication. However, the name and address of the solicitor were still left ; and though not very sanguine as to the result, I sat down, and despatched a few lines of inquiry. The third day's post brought me an answer. It was from the solicitor himself, and confirmed the good tidings of my thread-paper. In this way was I put in possession of the little property which, with the blessing of God, I now enjoy."

Colonel Andry had been thrice married, and Mrs. Pasmore had been the friend of all his three wives : and it is somewhat singular, that when his first wife, who was in a consumption, was taking leave of her friends, before her departure for Madeira, his two succeeding wives came to bid her farewell—the second wife, then a girl, and the third with her first husband, to whom she was just married. "Had any one," said the colonel, "then told me that I should be the husband of all three, assembled at that time in my drawing-room, I should have treated the idea as the most improbable of all improbabilities ; for I doated on my first wife, and had scarcely even noticed the others." How interesting, yet startling, it would be to us all, if we could lift the veil of futurity ! But this is indeed

* See also page 28.

vinely denied. A knowledge of the distant would only unfit our minds for the present, and so rob us both of our resignation to, and our trust in, the great and benignant Architect of our fate. Amongst the almost daily visitors at Notton House, was Miss Kitty B——, an ancient lady, whom in those my juvenile days, I really dreaded to meet: for she made such (beyond all measure) terrible faces, that it was a heavy tax upon good manners, to look at her without laughing. Miss Wright, the niece of Lord Chedworth, told me an amusing circumstance respecting Miss B——, which occurred when they were school-girls together. Happening to be placed one Sunday in a pew close to the pulpit, Miss B——, who was sitting directly opposite to the clerk, made, as was her wont, such wry faces, that the worthy giver out of psalms, (who was a comely looking personage in his way, though somewhat in the wane of life,) not being aware of her infirmity, mistook them for so many signals intended for himself. Feeling, however, the impropriety of her attacks upon his heart at such a time and in such a place, he said at last, loud enough to be overheard by the other girls, "Don'te miss, don'te; this bean't a proper place. By-and-by, miss!" After the service was over, as the young ladies were leaving the churchyard, a hand gently pulled the sleeve of Miss B——'s gown: she turned, and beheld the rosy-cheeked clerk. "Now, miss, do tell I what you did mean by all them there noddies and winkies at I?" The young lady looked all astonishment: and the celebrated Mrs. Radcliffe, who was then at the same school, informed the disappointed swain that Miss B—— had an unfortunate habit of making faces. Apropos of Mrs. Radcliffe! Miss Wright mentioned, that so far from any early dawning of that superior intellect, which afterwards delighted the world, she was, when at school, considered to be more than ordinarily dull. So much so indeed, that girls many years her junior, had very greatly the advantage of her in learning. But I have observed, that precocity of mind has rarely distinguished those, who, in after life, became remarkable for talents of the highest grade.

Within a few miles of Notton was P—— House, the seat of Mr. C——, between whom and my family there once subsisted a considerable degree of intimacy. He was a man of amiable temper and most liberal disposition, and with more good sense than usually falls to the possession of a large estate. But one false step in the outset of life led to years of domestic trouble, and ultimately to the ruin of his fine property. He was but just of age when he became enamoured of a young girl in humble life, and whom (like Thomson's Palemon) he actually first saw gleaming in his own fields. But

unfortunately she was not a Lavinia. She became his mistress, though he really loved her well enough to have made her his wife; but very naturally his mother objected, and sorrow preying upon a nervous temperament, he went completely deranged. Upon his recovery from this melancholy state, his mother, grown wise by experience, not merely consented, but expressed a strong desire to see him united to the humble object of his choice. They were married; and her subsequent conduct was so highly meritorious as to reconcile all his family to the match. Mr. C——'s steward had treated her and her children with great harshness during the temporary aberration of his master: and it was naturally expected that she would, when she had become a wife, resent the treatment she had experienced by getting him discharged, as her influence over her husband was unlimited. But in this respect her conduct was worthy of imitation. She always acted towards the steward with the greatest kindness; and when a friend expressed surprise at her forbearance to one who had behaved so very ill to her, she replied, "I deserved it, and respect him all the more for it." Mr. and Mrs. C—— had a numerous family of sons, but only one born after their union. Of that one the others were envious; and sad dissensions grew up amongst the brothers, to the great grief of their parents, who thus saw, in the misconduct of their children, the fatal consequences of their own early error, and a practical proof of the truth of that golden maxim—"Conduct is fate."

Their son, the young 'squire, was at the same school with my two elder brothers, who often suffered for the scrapes into which he seduced them. He was indeed the "Tony Lumpkin" of hopeful heirs, and, when grown to manhood, loved nothing so well as playing the great man at the little ale-house of the neighbourhood. An anecdote which the son of the village pastor told us of him may amuse the reader. Mr. Turner, being overtaken one day by a violent storm, took shelter at young C——'s favourite place of resort. The 'squire was seated by a roaring fire, with his pipe *a-la-mode*, and legs stretching all across the hearth in right easy fashion. Opposite to him, but at a most respectful distance, stood a little, shivering chimney-sweep, who eyed the fire with a wistful look, for it was a cold winter's morning. The 'squire, who had continued puffing without intermission, at length suffered his eyes to follow the vapour, as it rolled towards the sweep. "Well, devil!" said he, addressing the poor boy, "how did you leave all in h—ll?" "Pretty much as they be here, zur! the great uns ha' got the hottest place." The 'squire said nothing in reply, but began smoking again with renewed vigour: while Mr. Turner sat silent enjoying the evident

discomfiture of the great man at the wit of his inferior only in fortune.—*Metropolitan.*

New Books.

GILBERT GURNEY.

By the Author of Sayings and Doings.

[Our facete friend Gilbert's adventures have been extended to three library volumes, equal in humour and incident to any of the author's previous productions. Every chapter has such *vraisemblance*, and every page has in it so much of the stuff this world is made of—that nothing can be more delightful than Gilbert's gay experiences—nor more pleasantly instructive, pointed as they are with moral inferences. Upon parting with the work, and wishing it all the success it deserves—which will be a liberal share—we quote another scene from the life:—]

A Civic Dinner at Greenwich.

Upon my return home one evening, I found an invitation written in the most delicate hand, and in minute characters, from my friend Hull, to dine with the Worshipful Company of Tooth-pick Makers, who were to have their annual feast at the Crown and Sceptre at Greenwich, to which he, being, I suppose, one of the worshipful fraternity, had the privilege of taking a friend: I was puzzled whether to struggle against a desire to mix in society, with the peculiarities of which I could never, without the aid of my civic and mercantile friend, become acquainted, or to give up the conflict, and abandon myself to the solitude which I was sure would be most congenial to my feelings—I thought with Thomson,

"I want to be alone, to find some shade,
Some solitary gloom: there to shake off
These harsh tumultuous cares that vex my life,
This sick ambition on itself recoiling;
And there to listen to the gentle voice,
The sigh of Peace—something—I know not what
That whispers transport to my heart."

Yet after all, why should I brood and nestle over my sorrow—I hesitated—but then, I had been interested and excited at the Old Bailey, why should I not seek solace from the Crown and Sceptre at Greenwich. I debated the "to be or not to be," for half an hour, and at last resolved to see, what I had never seen, a public dinner, and which I little doubted had its attractions, and its oddities. I accordingly wrote an answer to my friend Hull, accepting his kind bidding, and promising, as he desired, to be rigidly punctual to six o'clock.

The day was extremely fine—the windows of the rooms opening to the water, the house smelling of fried fish and mud, and the little boys with naked legs screaming "please to make a seramble," we, having attained this enviable position, in the building which looked like a race-stand, by threading a laby-

rinth of the dirtiest alleys and stable yards; that ever pauper or poney inhabited. It was, however, a joyous scene, and Hull, who was good enough to be my Mentor on the occasion, pooh poohed the waiters into allowing us to look at the dinner-room all laid out for the company; more than a hundred were expected, partitions had been pulled down, holes cut out here, and props poked in there, to afford the required accommodation; in short, everything gave token of a goodly day.

Hull, who was at home everywhere, and everywhere popular, appeared, as soon as he arrived, to supersede everybody else.

"My dear friend," said he, "I happen to know these people—the Tooth-pick Makers are one of the most ancient corporations of the city—my dear sir, the Mercers were incorporated in the 17th of Richard the Second—I have a tract that will prove it—1393 they were embodied—I know the Clerk of the Company at this day—so do you—"

"No I do not," said I.

"Pooh, pooh," said Hull, "don't tell me—Jemmy Hobbs—everybody knows Jemmy Hobbs—married Miss Ball of Blackheath—splendid fellow, Jemmy. Well! these Mercers are a fine company, so are the Grocers—St. Anthony is their patron. My dear sir, I am forced to know all these things. Then, there are the Drapers, and the Fishmongers—pooh, pooh—Doctors and Proctors, and Princes of the Blood, are all fishmongers—Walworth was a fishmonger—eh—my dear friend, you should see their paintings—splendid things—Spiridiona Roma—fish in all seasons:—then there are the Goldsmiths and the Skinners, and the Merchant Tailors—Linen Armourers—eh—queer fellows, some of them, but I do assure you—" (this was said in a whisper,) "you will see some men here to-day worth seeing."

"I suppose," said I, "the Tooth-pick Makers Company was founded by Curius Dentatus—whence comes the French, *cure-dent*."

"Pooh, pooh," said Hull, "no such thing—much older than Curius Dentatus—I happen to know—founded in the reign of Edward the Fifth, my dear friend."

About this period the company began to arrive "thicker and faster," and certainly I had never seen any one of them before, which gave, at least, an air of novelty to the scene—generally speaking, they ran fat, and wore white waistcoats, such as that, to which I had likened the bow window of 77, St. James's-street: they looked all very hot, and puffed a good deal:—however they kept coming and coming, until the drawing-room, as a sort of thing like a bad conservatory, well placed to the south-west, was called, was so full that I began to be as hot as my companions. Six o'clock arrived, but no dinner—the master of the house—who, from wearing a similar sort-

of uniform waistcoat I took to be a Tooth-pick Maker, came in and spoke to some of the fattest persons of the community, evidently saying that the banquet was ready—nevertheless no move was made, because it appeared that Mr. Hicks had not arrived.

"You had better," said one of the more important persons in the room; "let men be placed ready to see when Mr. Hicks arrives at the end of the lane by the stables."

"Yes, sir," was the answer, and from that time I heard nothing but Hicks, and Mr. Hicks talked of, until I was driven by extreme curiosity to inquire of my omniscient friend Hull, who Mr. Hicks was.

"Hicks!" exclaimed Hull—"why, my dear friend, you know Mr. Hicks—the great Mr. Hicks—everybody knows Hicks."

"I for one," said I, "do not—" and it turned out that at the moment I was not likely to be enlightened, for, just as Hull was about to give me an account of this important personage, a hubbub and bustle near the door, which speedily pervaded the whole assembly proclaimed his arrival—in a moment the buzz of conversation ceased, a sort of circle was made round Mr. Hicks, and several of the most distinguished members of the community hurried up to take their places near him; Hull dragged me towards this sanctum, this magic ring, and with a look of the greatest importance assured me, that it was right that I should immediately be presented to Mr. Hicks. The presentation accordingly took place, and no sooner was it over, than one of the *grandeesh* came up to me, and in a confidential whisper, informed me that my place at dinner, was on the left of Mr. Hicks as being a friend of the master;—I concluded the arrangement was attributable to Hull, who, I found, was to be my neighbour on the left, and although I could have dispensed with the honour of so close an approximation to the hero of the day, I rejoiced mightily that I was placed so near my friend Hull, who would be as useful to me upon such an occasion, as is a catalogue of the pictures at an exhibition anywhere else.

In a very short time dinner was announced, and Mr. Hicks, having the Master on his right hand, led the way to the large room upstairs, round the whole of which the table ran, exhibiting, as I entered the apartment, a lengthened line of tin covers, looking like a collection of cuirasses, glittered on the board,—the heat was tremendous, and the air redolent of fried flounders. A few minutes sufficed to arrange us, grace was said by the chaplain, and we fell to. As in all similar cases, the exercise of eating and drinking superseded conversation or remark, and I, who did but little in that way myself, and having therefore an opportunity of seeing the *modus operandi*, at my leisure, became suddenly enlightened as to the extent to which

such pleasures may be carried. Of each and every dish, did each and every man partake, from turtle to white-bait, both inclusive; my friend Bucklesbury, whom I had a week before considered a prodigy in the way of feeding, sank into insignificance by comparison with the individuals now before and around me; to the elaborated course of fish, succeeded a host of fowls, cutlets, hashes, stews, and other things of that nature, accompanied by sundry haunches of venison, and succeeded again by ducks innumerable and peas immeasurable. The destruction of all these articles was, however, effected with ease in less than an hour and a half, during which the attentions paid to Mr. Hicks were the most marked and gratifying; if the sun shone in upon the tip of his nose, the waiters were ordered to pull down the blinds before him, if the gentlest breeze wanted about the back of his neck, the master of the house was called to shut the window behind him; for *him* the chairman culled the choicest bits; to *him* the landlord tendered his most particular wines: every eye was fixed on *his* actions, every ear seemed open to *his* words; he had, however, as yet spoken little, but had "eaten the more."

All sublunary pleasures must have an end, so had this dinner, and a call of silence, and the thumping of the president's hammer upon the table, announced that some professional gentlemen were about to sing *Non nobis Domine*—they began—we all standing up—I with the sun full in my eyes, setting over London in all its glory: the voices harmonized beautifully, but fine and melodious as they were, I felt that the canon or whatever it is called, very much resembled a fire which smouldering and smouldering in the low notes, kept perpetually bursting out in a fresh place, when one fancied it out: as far as the religious feeling of the thing goes, it was misplaced, and as for its duration, it seemed to me more like three graces than one.

This over, the wine began to pass, and "beards to wag," Hicks grew condescending, and the day began to mend; the King's health was given—song God save the King—chorus by the company, all standing—The Queen—The Prince of Wales—then the Duke of York, and the Army—the Duke of Clarence and the Navy—the Memory of St. Ursula, the mother of all Tooth-pick Makers, with an appropriate glee, received with loud cheers.

The Master then rose and begged to propose a toast—no sooner had he uttered these words, than the whole room rang with applause, the wine-glasses danced hornpipes upon the table to the music of the forks and spoons, and the noise was tremendous—"I see," continued the worthy President, "that you anticipate my intentions; gentlemen, there could be no doubt upon your minds

what the feast would be," (more cheering.) "I will not occupy your time, nor hinder you from the gratification of your feelings upon this topic by dilating upon the merits of the illustrious individual whose health I am about to propose; whether we regard him in public life, guiding by his zeal and energy the community which he fosters and protects by his influence, or view him in private society, the ornament of the circle of which he is the centre, our gratitude and admiration are equally excited. Gentlemen, I will not trespass upon your time, or wound, what I know to be the delicacy of his feelings, by recapitulating the deeds which gild his name, and which have, during the last year, added so much to his honour and reputation, and to the welfare and comfort of his colleagues and associates:—I beg to propose the health of Benjamin Spooner Hicks, Esq.—a name dear to every Englishman—with all the honours."

Then came a storm of applause unparalleled, at least in my experience; a band of music which had hitherto been silent, struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes," and nine times nine cheers were given in a style the most overwhelming. During this storm of rapture, I seized the opportunity of once again asking Hull who Hicks was, and what he had done, to deserve and receive all these extraordinary marks of approbation and applause, but all I could extract from my rubicund friend was "pooh, pooh—don't tell me—you know Hicks—my dear friend, everybody knows Hicks—there isn't a man better known in the universe." There was no time amidst the din of glory to assure him once more that I had by no possible accident ever heard his name before, so I resumed my seat as the object of our enthusiasm quitted his, to return thanks—his up-rising was hailed by the company with an almost Persic adoration—silence at length having been obtained, he spake—

"Sir, and Gentlemen,—there are certain periods in our existence which entirely defy description—this, as far as I am concerned, is one of them—I have been placed in many trying situations, and I think I may say, without fear of contradiction, I have behaved as became a man (loud cheers); I am aware that some of my efforts for the benefit of my fellow-creatures have been crowned with success (hear, hear, hear); and I am thankful to Providence that I am possessed of the means to do good to them as is not so well off as myself (loud cheers). I say, sir, it would be the height of baseness for a man who has been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, not now and then to take it out, and feel them as has not been so fortunate (great cheering). My political feelings and principles I need not touch upon (immense cheering); they are known to all the world (tumultuous applause); I shall steadily main-

tain the course I have heretofore followed, and observe the straight line, neither swerving to the right hand nor to the left, as little awed by the frown of power, as flattered by its smiles (hear, hear, hear.)

"Gentlemen, I sincerely thank you for the honour you have done me, and beg to drink all your good healths in return." The shoutings here were renewed, but to an extent far beyond the former exhibition. Mr. Hicks sat down, but still the thunder continued; and scarcely had it subsided, even for a moment, when Mr. Hicks, upon his legs again, caused a relapse which nearly drove me mad.

Hicks waved his hand, and it was a calm—you might have heard a pin drop—he had to propose the health of the worshipful chairman—the Master of the Tooth-pick Makers' Company.

After expressing in almost the same words that Hicks had just before used, his conviction that this was the "proudest moment of his life," the chairman continued to observe, that if anything could possibly add to the gratification of having his health drunk by such an assembly, it was the fact of its having been proposed by such an individual. He then proceeded to say, that he was quite sure in that society, composed as it was of men of all parties, all professions, and all politics, he need not expatiate upon the merits of the honourable gentleman to whom he had previously alluded—they were known all over the world. He, like Hicks, returned the most heartfelt acknowledgments for the favour he had received at their hands, and sat down amidst very loud acclamations.

Still I was left in ignorance of all the great deeds which "gilt" my friend Hicks's "humble name;" and I found, being so near him, that it was quite impossible to get enlightenment. At length, however, I was destined to hear something of the character of his achievements; for shortly after the worshipful Master had sat down, and just before the healths of the Wardens of the Tooth-picks, or some such functionaries, were about to be toasted, a tall, thin, pale man—a rare specimen in the museum—rose and said, as nearly as I can recollect, what follows:—

"Sir, I am sure you will forgive me for the intrusion I now venture upon; but I cannot permit this opportunity to pass, without expressing on my own part, and on the behalf of several of my worthy neighbours, a sense of our obligation—and indeed the sense of obligation under which, like us, the rest of civilized Europe are laid by the manly, courageous, zealous, and indefatigable exertions of the honourable gentleman on the right of the chair, to whom you have so justly referred (loud cheers). It may, perhaps, be thought superfluous in me to enlarge upon a subject so familiar to your hearts; but I cannot

avoid mentioning a trait which at once displays the greatness of that honourable gentleman's mind, the prowess of his courage, and his immutable determination to do justice to all men"—still louder cheers followed this point.

"I think," continued the pale man, "I need not speak more distinctly upon the subject to which I allude." Here shouts rent the room, and the glasses began to dance again. "But lest there should be any gentleman present, who might by accident be unacquainted with the circumstance to which I refer"—(cries of "no, no! impossible! hear, hear! order, order!")—"I say, if—for it may be so—if such a thing should be, I think it best at once to explain that the conduct to which I now specifically refer, but which I may truly say is of a piece with every action of his honoured life, is that which our great benefactor—and friend—if he will allow me so to call him," (Hicks nodded, and said "hear!")—"observed upon the occasion of removing the lamp from the corner of Black Lion-street to the head of Spittle-court. (Immense cheering.) Sir, I do not wish to go into the question of the eleven yards of pavement from the Swan Inn to the Boot-maker's"—roars of laughter burst from part of the company, at the evident severity of this remark upon the conduct of some other eminent individual, murmurs from others, "hear, hear!" from many, and "oh, oh!" from a few. "I strictly confine myself to the lamp; and I do say without fear of contradiction, that the benefit conferred on society by that change, and the manly way in which it was effected, without truckling to the higher powers, or compromising the character and dignity of the Company, has shed immortal lustre upon the name and fame of the honourable gentleman to whom I have alluded. (Immense cheers.) I have to apologize for this effusion"—("no, no! bravo!")—"but it is involuntary. I have for several months laboured under emotions of no ordinary nature; I have now unburthened my mind, and have done my duty to myself, my honourable friend, and my country."

The ogre sat down amidst the loudest possible applause, and more shouts were sent forth in honour of Hicks.

The healths of the Wardens of the Company were then drunk—they returned thanks:—then came alternately songs and glees, by the professional gentlemen:—then they drank Mrs. Hicks and family:—and then—for be it observed, the fervour of the applause increased as the night grew older—the uproar was tremendous—nine times nine seemed infinitely too small a complement of cheers to compliment the Hicks's, and I had become dead tired of the whole affair, when Mr. Hicks—the great Mr. Hicks, rose to return thanks for that honour. He talked of coturnubial

felicity, and spoke of the peculiar merits and charms of his daughters, with all the eloquence of a tuft-hunting mother. Having done which, he fell to moralizing upon the lateness of the hour, and the necessity of recollecting that Greenwich was nearly five miles from town; that happy as we were, prudence pointed to a period at which such enchantments should terminate. "Gentlemen," said he, "in conclusion, I have obtained permission to propose one parting bumper. I believe we are all agreed, that the constitution of England is a blessing envied by every country in the world—(loud cheers). We have drunk the king, the queen, the royal family, the army, the navy, the ministers, and indeed everything that we could be well supposed to drink constitutionally. Gentlemen, the place in which we are now assembled, suggests to me the best, the most loyal, the most appropriate, and the most constitutional toast possible, as a conclusion—I give it you with feelings of mingled loyalty and piety—I propose to you, 'The Crown and Sceptre,' and may they never be separated."

This unqualified piece of nonsense delivered seriously by Hicks, (rather overcome,) to about fifty or sixty survivors of the original dinner, nearly killed me with laughing—not so the company—at it they went—cheered like mad—up-standing nine times nine—rattle went the forks—jingle and smash went the glasses—and in the midst of the uproar, Hicks rose, the Master did the same, and of course we followed the example.

Then came all the worry and confusion about carriages—the little alley was crowded with people seeking for conveyances—it had just begun to rain. Hull looked at me and inquired what vehicle I had?—I had none—I was annihilated—when, judge my delight and surprise, at finding the illustrious Hicks himself at my side, offering Hull and myself places in his coach. I could scarcely believe it—however, so it was, and an advantage was derivable from it, for which I was scarcely prepared.

"Come down with me," said Hicks, "directly:—this way—they are preparing a deputation to light me through the alley to the carriage—I want to avoid it—my boy tells me it is all ready—if we can but get round the corner, we shall be off without being observed—they will do these things, but incog. for me,—I hate state and finery—eh, Mr. Hull?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said Hull, "you need no new honours—to be sure—what a day—eh—never was anything so splendid!"

And so Hicks's boy, or as Hull called him, "b'y," preceding, we made our escape into the patriot's carriage; and never did I more rejoice in my life. The quiet of the calm which aeronauts experience when they rise

in a few minutes from the tumultuous shoutings of the populace into the dead stillness of the vast expanse above, cannot be more surprising than was the tranquillity of the coach compared with the boisterousness of the company.

Mr. Hicks carried us as far as he could, without inconveniencing himself, and set us down at the corner of a small street in Cheap-side—having, just before we parted, mentioned to me that if at any time I should be in need of any article in the hardware line, I should find everything he had, at wholesale prices, and of the very best quality.

Hull and I walked westward, but whether it arose from the length of the way or its width, I cannot exactly state, I was uncommonly tired when I reached home. When I fell asleep, which I did as soon as I got into bed, I dreamed of the extraordinary infatuation which possesses men in all classes of life to believe themselves eminently important, and their affairs seriously interesting to all the rest of the world; and became perfectly satisfied that every sphere and circle of society possesses its Hicks, and that my friend, the hardwareman, was not one bit a greater fool than his neighbours.

The Gatherer.

Improvements in Paris.—We quote the following *on dits* from the *Paris Advertiser*:

A fountain of black granite is to be erected in the rue Richelieu, on the site of the old French Opera. A pedestal of red marble in the middle will support a basin of white marble; bronze groups of children playing will be placed between. Above, and leaning against the four sides of a white marble pilaster, groups of Fluvia and Naidés, supporting an urn, will eject the water into the basin below. The fountain will be surmounted by a statue of Abundance, and surrounded by a double avenue of lime trees. The monument will measure 30 feet in height.

The Hotel Dieu, it is said, will shortly be taken down, to carry on the beautiful line of quays which extend along each bank of the Seine. The sick will be removed to the Invalides, which establishment will be broken up, and formed into several branches in various parts of the country, where articles of provisions, &c., are cheap.

The King's architect has completed his plans for the embellishment of the Place du Carrousel; for the execution of which a sum will be granted by the Chambers during the ensuing session.

Workmen are at present employed in repairing the Eglise du Convent, one of the most perfect Gothic monuments in Paris. It is said to be intended for a *salle d'asile* for the poor of the 7th arrondissement.

Toads.—There are said to be two distinct varieties of the toad in England; one so active as to run about with the rapidity of a mouse. The former variety is distinguished from the latter by a yellow line down the back, and two spots on the fore part of the body.

Napoleon.—An Englishman named Hamy has just presented to the Museum of Boulogne, a rare and curious medal, struck at the period of the projected expedition of Napoleon against England. On one side, the inscription "Napoleon, Empereur," round the head of Napoleon, encircled with a wreath of laurels. On the reverse, the inscription "Descente en Angleterre," and Hercules pressing in his arms a figure, half man and half fish; exergue: "Frappée a Londres, en 1804."

Water and Rivers.—The ancient Persians never polluted water, considering those who accustomed themselves to such indecorous and guilty of sacrilege; while the last wish of an Indian is to die on the banks of the Ganges. "The affection of the Hindoos for that river is such, even at the present day, that many hundreds of them have been known to go down at certain periods of the year, and devote themselves to the shark, the tiger, and the alligator; thinking themselves happy and fortunate, thus to be permitted to die in sight of that holy stream." (Philosophy of Nature, Letter 2.) "A custom prevailed in the fourteenth century among the women who resided upon the banks of the Rhine, of assembling, on a particular day of the year, to wash their hands and arms in that river, fondly flattering themselves, that such lustrations would preserve them from all dangers and misfortunes during the remainder of their years." (Letter 9.) "On the borders of the Cam, Milton enjoyed the happiest moments of his life; on the banks of the Ilissus, Plato taught his system of philosophy, and on the shores of the Rognabod, a river flowing near the chapel of Mosella, the poets and philosophers of Shiraz, composed their most celebrated works." (Letter 4.)

An English traveller lately visited the chateau where Madame de Sévigné resided in Provence. "Is this really the staircase on which that distinguished lady mounted and descended?"—"Yes, without doubt."—"Is this the balustrade on which she placed her hand?"—"Most assuredly."—"It is much worn; will it be sold?"—"Why not?" replied the porter; "I will speak to the proprietor." The proprietor was nothing loth; the Englishman, on dit, bought the Sévigné staircase and all for 18,000 francs, and forwarded it to London.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House), London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francofort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 762.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6. 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]

BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET SHENSTONE.



THE LEASOWES.

THE Leasowes estate is situate at Hales-Owen, "one of those insulated districts, which," says Dr. Johnson, "in the division of the kingdom, was appended, for some reason not now discoverable, to a distant county; and which, though surrounded by Warwickshire and Worcestershire, belongs to Shropshire, though perhaps thirty miles distant from any other part of it."* The Leasowes is an estate of moderate extent, and was possessed and cultivated by Thomas Shenstone, the father of the Poet, who was born here in November, 1714.

Dr. Johnson, in a happy vein of familiar anecdote, relates that Shenstone learned to read of an old dame, whom his poem of the Schoolmistress has delivered to posterity; and soon received such delight from books, that he was always calling for fresh entertainment, and expected that when any of the family went to market, a new book should be brought him, which, when it came, was in fondness carried to bed, and laid by him.

* Lives of the Poets, vol. iv. p. 189.

It is said that when his request had been neglected, his mother wrapped up a piece of wood of the same form, and pacified him for the night. As he grew older, he went for a while to the Grammar-school in Hales-Owen, and was afterwards placed with an eminent schoolmaster at Solihull, where he distinguished himself by the quickness of his progress. He was next sent to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he continued his name in the book ten years, though he took no degree. At Oxford, in 1737, he published his first work, a small poetical miscellany, without his name. He then wandered about for a time to acquaint himself with life; but he did not forget his poetry. He published, in 1740, his Judgment of Hercules, which was, two years afterwards, followed by his pleasing poem in the stanza of Spenser, entitled the Schoolmistress, which is, possibly, the best of all his productions.

Shenstone's family and the guardian appointed by them being now dead, he came into the full possession of the Leasowes estate.

He was, however, still unwilling to manage his own fortune, and lived at his house with his tenants, who were distantly related to him; but finding that imperfect possession inconvenient, he took the whole estate into his own hands, more to the improvement of its beauty than the increase of its produce. In short, he sat himself down for life at the Leasowes, which it was his great object to render famous for its picturesque beauty and elegance. Johnson says: "now was excited his delight in rural pleasures, and his ambition of rural elegance: he began from this time to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters." He succeeded but too well, as it drew visitors from all parts, and led to expenses which he could but ill support; and he was, by no means, a happy inhabitant of the Eden which he had created. Add to this, Lyttleton, the neighbour of Shenstone, was also his rival; and the inhabitants of Hagley affected to tell their acquaintance of "the little fellow that was trying to make himself admired;" they also took other means to detract from the delights of the Leasowes. Johnson says, "the pleasure of Shenstone was all in his eye; he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fishes in his water. *His house was mean, and he did not improve it*; his care was of his grounds. When he came home from his walks, he might find his floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof; but could spare no money for its reparation." Part of this assertion does not appear, by any means, correct; for, as his friend Graves observes: "there was the same genius discovered in improving his house, as in whatever else he undertook." He improved his hall by sinking the floor, thus giving it an altitude of twelve instead of nine feet. In good taste and contrivance, he acquired several very respectable, if not elegant, rooms, from a small farm-house. Several of the rooms were fitted up in the pointed style of architectural embellishment, in which he evinced great taste; and one was painted to imitate trellis-work, overhung with hazel-trees, &c. "This room produced the following anecdote. Mr. Baskerville, who was intimate with Shenstone, one day took his friend Dr. S.—ll to see the Leasowes. After admiring the tasteful disposition of the grounds, Mr. Shenstone conducted them into the house to take some refreshment, which was prepared in the room alluded to.—'How admirably this apartment is fitted up!' exclaimed Dr. S.—: 'those surely cannot be artificial, (pointing to one of the painted walls,) they must be real hazel-nuts.'—'Wall-nuts, if you please,' replied Mr. B. dryly. For once the *sombre* countenance of Shenstone disappeared, and after various efforts to suppress a smile, he at

length left the room in a complete laugh; and was not less pleased, on his return, at Dr. S. elegantly concluding the conversation by saying, 'Whatever the nuts may be, this I am sure of, that I may here exclaim with Voltaire—*Il n'y est jamais une année sans printemps, un printemps sans fleurs.*'"

As we have intimated, in time, Shenstone's expenses brought clamours about him, "that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's song; and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fawns and fairies. He spent his estate in adorning it, and his death was, probably, hastened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing." Thus, when little past the prime of life, Shenstone died of a putrid fever about five on Friday morning, February 11, 1763; and was buried by the side of his mother in the churchyard of Hales-Owen.

The print shows the Leasowes as it appeared in Shenstone's time: the original drawing was communicated by a Shrewsbury Correspondent, to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in August, 1823, where it was first engraved. The house remained as in the print only till 1766, when it was entirely demolished; and a characteristic mansion was erected upon its site, by Edward Home, Esq., the then possessor.

The ruined Priory, on the left of the Engraving, was designed by Shenstone, and one apartment is fitted up with the arms of his friends on Gothic shields, and decorated with various antique relics. The outdoor scenery must have been more in character with the poet's elegies, odes, and ballads; though it is not so easy to assimilate their beauties with Shenstone's maxims and moralities, some of which, though displaying good sense and cultivated taste, were not drawn from such simplicity as characterized the pastoral Leasowes.

At parting, we may quote a few particulars of "the wailing poet of the Leasowes," which Miss Hawkins collected from a conversation with Dr. Percy.* The Bishop said, that in his taste for rural pleasures, Shenstone was finical to a ludicrous degree of excess. In the purchase of a cow, he regarded nothing but the spots on her hide; if they were beautiful, all other requisites were disregarded. His man-servant, whose office it was to show the grounds, had made a grotto, which Shenstone approved. This was always made the test of his visitors' judgment: if they admired William's grotto, his master thought them worth accompanying in their circuit, and on a signal from the man, appeared; but, if they passed it with little notice, he kept out of their way. The Bishop added, that he more than once visit-

* Bishop of Dromore, editor of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, author of the *Hermit of Warkworth*, &c.

ed Shenstone at the Leasowes, but always thought him and found him a man unhappy in his temper.

The memory of Shenstone has, however, been cherished in many a fond monument to his genius and taste, set up amid scenes of kindred beauty with the Leasowes. We have noted, in our *Promenade round Dorking*, one of these tributes, which was erected many years since in the romantic grounds of Burford Lodge, at the foot of Box-hill. This was a pedestal and urn—the former with the following inscription :—

D. M. S.
Gulielmus
Shenstone.
D. D. I. E.

To the bard of Leasowes' grove,
Tears of silent tribute lend;
Scenes like these he lov'd to rove,
Nature's to the Muses' friend.
Though no more the path he guides
Through the dell's embowering shade,
Still his spirit there presides,
Still his urn shall deck the glade.

THE PILGRIM AT JERUSALEM.

"Jerusalem! is there not a charm in its name, which can never be uttered without causing a vibration of the heart?—a city, where scenes of a more awful and stupendous nature have taken place, than in any region under the canopy of heaven."—*Rae Wilson's Travels.*

WEEP, pilgrim, weep! for prostrate now,
Judah's forsaken altars lie;
And faded is her glorious brow,
Which erst would dim the gazer's eye,—
Her glittering temple, and her reign
Of proud supremacy.

Weep, pilgrim, weep! 'tis holy ground,
Thy feet are on that chosen land,
Where thousand memories rise around.
A stately and a hallowed band!
Visions of olden days, ere fell
The sceptre from her hand.

They rise around,—prophets and kings,
Warriors and priests, whose dust has lain
In David's tomb,—with glorious things,
That ne'er may be again!
"And therefore do I weep, as ends
My pilgrimage of pain."

But old things pass away,—and, lo!
The Day-star's radiance beams,
He comes—He comes!—a man of woe,
Yet all divine he seems:
His eye is not of earth, but there
A ray of mercy streams.

I see—I see—that hour of gloom
When darkness veild the sun;
And rising from the yawning tomb,
The pale sad strangers come,
And walk the guilty city round,
Before the day is done!

Where is that garden's silent shade,
And where the rocky cell?
Where they the form Divine have laid,
And wept their wild farewell—
Oh, faithless few! to deem that light
In darkness e'er could dwell?

Thou holiest land? for 'twas from thee
He took His heavenward flight,
And in yon azure canopy
Fast faded from the sight;
A glorious track alone remains,
With dazzling lustre bright.

G 2

There, pilgrim, turn thy steps of care,
Seek not on earth to stay;
There is a city far more fair
Beyond the starry way,
Than e'er Jerusalem has been
In her most palmy day.

From every eye is chased the tear,
There is no sigh or pain;
But through that calm eternal year,
The saints of earth shall reign;
And there, if thy life's journey wane,
Thou wilt not, pilgrim, weep again!

Kirton Lindsey.

ANNE R.—

Manners and Customs.

THE OVABS OF MADAGASCAR.

(Continued from page 47.)

RICE is the principal food of the natives. There are eleven varieties indigenous to Madagascar; and it is cultivated either on high or low ground, and with little care. The land being previously irrigated or watered, oxen are driven on it till it becomes soft, when the grain is sown by the women, and the growth of it is left to chance; yet so rich is the soil, that the produce is very abundant. Rice being so easily cultivated, there is always plenty of it, for the arable land greatly exceeds the quantity necessary for the population, and the king allots to each an ample portion for cultivation. The *Sagrus rufia* is one of the most useful trees in the island, the fibres of its leaves being very ingeniously woven into the garments worn by the greater part of the natives. The saimbois and seddicks of the higher ranks are manufactured of silk or cotton. The silk-worms of Madagascar are of large size, and suspend their labyrinthine nests from the branches of trees. The shrub which serves to nourish them is called ambrovatri or ambrevatte; it is the angola-pea of botanists, and is indigenous to the island. Of the sugar-cane there are also several indigenous varieties.

The Ovabs rear for themselves and families cows, sheep, fowls, ducks, and geese. They eat very little animal food, but chiefly live on vegetables. Their ordinary food I thought very palatable; it consisted of very white rice, dry boiled, spread on pieces of the fouse leaf on the floor, and a boiled fowl in pieces put in the midst of it. We sat round, and with fresh gathered portions of the same kind of leaf to serve as plates and spoons, partook of it. This cleanliness gave a relish to the repast, and the rice was rendered peculiarly delicious by being sprinkled with a succulent well-seasoned broth, in which a fowl had been boiled. They used as a condiment the allspice of Madagascar—the raven-sara of the Malagash, which name expresses good leaf, that is, raven, leaf, and sara, good—also the grand cardamum—and the negro pepper of the Indies. Dishes, plates, knives, forks, and spoons, were then not in fashion

among the natives, but seven years afterwards I dined with the king on a service of silver.

The fonsé leaf, called also ravenala, that is, the forest leaf, from its large size, is the produce of the tree *Urania speciosa*, which is indigenous in the island. The French call it l'arbre-du-voyageur; it is very common, often attains a great height, and, excepting that it throws out leaves vertically in somewhat a fan-like form, resembles the plantain. When an incision is made in its bark, it yields a glutinous juice, said to be very nourishing. The walls and sides of the dwellings of the natives along the coast are formed of the ribs of the leaves of this tree, and the leaves entire are placed lengthways on the roof of the building—the stems or ribs are then turned inwards, and attached to the rafters, so that the wings of the leaves, making a double fold outwards, form a covering that is impenetrable to rain. It is probably by reason of its great utility, that it is there called the traveller's tree.

The vegetables in common use, and sold in their bazaars, consist of the manioc or cassada root, maize or Indian corn, and sweet potato. These, though naturalized, have been imported. Of those indigenous are the cambar, or prickly yam—and another species, called by the Ovahs *koffekee*; the eatable arum, or bread-fruit; and many varieties of plantain; likewise a plant, which is known in the island as the galanga, and by the Ovahs under the name of thayoole, or arrowroot; it is much esteemed and found to be very nutritious.

There are also eleven varieties of tobacco indigenous in the island. In the lifetime of Radáma's father the use of this weed was prohibited on pain of slavery or death; but not so when Radáma came to Tamatave in 1817, for permission was then given to the Ovahs to partake of it, and it was curious to observe with what eagerness they sought this luxury. They are also fond of ardent spirits.

Generally speaking, however, the Ovahs, from their plain manner of living, arrive at a great age. Eighty years is not uncommon, and some of them live even to a hundred. This they are enabled to calculate by reference to the forked posts set up at their circumcision feasts; and their ideas of time are further regulated by the revolutions of the moon. They compute in days, weeks, and months, for which they have names corresponding with those in our almanac.

One day, as I was taking a walk through the village of Tamatave, a native passed me carrying a lad who had been circumcised. My friend, Mr. Hastie, informed me that at a neighbouring village he had observed a forked post with horns tied in the division; and upon inquiry he was told, and afterwards ascertained, that when the rice was gathered in, the chieftains of the villages hold a feast,

when all male children above ten months of age, and who have not previously submitted to the operation, are brought by their parents and circumcised. At the ceremony a bull is tied with a cord passing through the fork of a stick, or post, and is sacrificed. Every housekeeper in the village contributes to the feast, and makes a present to the chieftain. The horns of the bull are afterwards placed on the post, and the festival concludes by the aged relating remarkable occurrences that have taken place on similar occasions; whilst the young dance, play on the valleyah, and sing. The favourite amusement, perhaps, is playing on the valleyah, which is a joint of bamboo with its epidermis raised in narrow strips all round, which are severally elevated by a small stick or bridge at each end. These strings (if they may be so called) are about an inch apart, and occupy the length between two knots. The sounds drawn from them seemed to me to resemble the pealing of bells. The Ovahs sometimes sit perched on large stones or rocks, and often continue in the same posture for hours, relating details of war and feats of their ancestors. They are very fond of conversing on the conquests made by their chieftains, and when they are desirous of evincing their joy they do so by clamorous laughter, clapping of hands, dancing—that is, taking a side step to the left, then two to the right, and a fourth to the first position—singing and playing merrily on the valleyah; and, when the parties are able, they obtain gunpowder (which is only procured at an exorbitant price), and with it also loudly proclaim their felicity. They have a game called *knocks*, and another *cat*; the latter is played with many small balls on an oblong board, containing thirty-two holes. The gymnastics in use, by way of recreation, are kicking each other, holding bulls and bullocks, and casting themselves between their horns, in order to grasp at their throat—in which sport they show great resolution and expertness.

The Ovahs formerly were seldom afflicted with sickness, unless in old age; but lately the small-pox has crept in among them, and carried off many of the inhabitants of this populous province. Mr. Hastie was the first who applied vaccination, and wonderfully succeeded in staying the rapid progress of the disease. The closely-wooded tracts, separating the Ovah country from the coast, have not the advantage of a free circulation of air, and the sun draws from the moist decayed vegetable soil a noxious vapour, which acts powerfully on the frame of the traveller, at a time too when he is least prepared to bear it, after traversing swamps, morasses, and lakes.

Grief among the Ovahs is demonstrated by a solemn deportment, with a frequent recurrence to the valleyah, over which a few sentences are repeated in a melancholy tone,

accompanied by appropriate notes, and followed by a grave pause, desponding air, and a recital of the calamity suffered. In case of death, sorrow is shown by loosening the hair from its plaits, and testifying by action, behaviour, and a gloomy colour of dress, the deepest affliction. It was a law of the Ovahs that no member of the king's family should approach a dead body, or the spot on which it might be laid; yet, on the occasion of Mr. Hastie's death, which happened at Thanaan-arive, Radama, to the astonishment of his people, attended the funeral, and followed the corpse to the grave. The exclamation in consequence was, "Never was any man so beloved and respected by our king!" On this point, however, I shall allow Radama to speak for himself. In his letter to Sir Lowry Cole, then governor of Mauritius, dated Thanaan-arive, 25th of October, 1826, he says, "I have the painful and lamentable duty of informing your Excellency that James Hastie, Esq., the enlightened and faithful agent of your government, is no more. By his wise counsels, and his promptitude always to assist the needy and distressed, he has not only attached himself to me more and more every year, but also to my people, who lament his loss as a friend and as a father. In order to show my regard for him and my sorrow at his loss, I directed that everything in my power should be done to his honour as soon as he died, and I gave him as honourable a funeral as could be done in my country."

One of the principal impediments to intercourse with the Ovah country arises from no use being yet made of cattle for either draft or burden; but the different provinces of the island are very susceptible of improvement; and rice and corn might be cultivated to a very considerable extent. Many of the inhabitants might also be employed in opening the bosom of the earth, and working its abundant treasures of iron-ore, potter's clay, plum-bago, and tin; and more attention might be paid to the breeding of cattle. The Ovahs carry on a trade, both by barter and with money; that by barter chiefly consisting of slaves, rice, and cattle, which are exchanged for arms, clothes, and ammunition; that by money, of all sorts of other things, as scents, baubles, and the like.

(To be continued.)

GUERNSEY.

THE character of the islanders is marked by a great deal of shrewdness; as to physical courage, they have given repeated instances of their bravery; and wherever they have been employed, at home or abroad, in public capacities, they have run the fair race of competition with their English, Irish, or Scotch brethren. There is a mixture of the French and English peculiarities in many of

both the Jersey and Guernsey people, which is productive of good; the fiery, irascible blood of Gaul is tempered with a due proportion of the phlegm of Albion, and the result is a determined, staid, but active individual, capable of the highest efforts to which his duties may call him. In honesty and truth, the islanders are not surpassed. The language of the people is Norman French, but English is now becoming very general, and in St. Peter's Port it is the prevailing dialect.—*Martin's British Colonies.*

THE DRESS OF THE IONIAN GREEKS

CONSISTS chiefly of a wide capot of thick felt, (the principal ingredient in which is goat's hair,) or coarse, shaggy, woollen cloth in summer, and of an additional article of the same material in cold or wet weather. The capot is very rarely taken off; the under dress is a woollen vest, large breeches of coarse cotton, called *thoraké*, with cloth leggings, and a coarse sandal of undressed hide, secured by thongs, or a shoe of half-dressed leather scarcely less rude. This is the national dress of the aboriginal peasantry; but the settlers, whether Albanians, Moriots, or others, retain some traces of their native costume, as the red skull-cap, the turban, &c. &c. A girdle or zone, of silk or cotton, is almost invariably worn round the waist by both sexes. The better classes wear a double-breasted vest, usually made of blue or marone-coloured velvet, with a double row of hanging gold or silver buttons, descending from the shoulder to the waist, generally bordered with broad gold lace, and fastened with a sash of coloured silk; cossack trousers cut short at the knee, or the white Albanian kelt or petticoat, white stockings and buckled shoes, complete the dress. The hair is worn floating on the shoulders by the men, and by the women plaited and hanging down to the heels, and a handkerchief on the head. The women are loaded with as much clothes of coarse cotton, silk, or brocade, as they can procure, and are passionately fond of every species of ornament, especially necklaces, ear-rings, and girdle-buckles. The vests are made like the men's, of rich velvet, ornamented with gold lace, and flowing open; beneath is worn a beautiful cestus or girdle, fastened in front by a clasp of gold or silver, and highly wrought. The petticoats are of pink or blue, richly bordered and spangled; no stays are worn, the costume fitting closely to the waist all round; high-heeled shoes, with very large silver buckles, complete the attire. Many of them tinge the nails and tips of the fingers of a pink colour, and the practice of inserting powdered antimony along the edges of the eyelids is very common, especially among such as come from the islands of the Archipelago. This appli-

cation gives a certain degree of brilliancy to the eyes; but there is a physical peculiarity in the eye of a Greek which requires but little aid from art, and fully justifies the term "ox-eyed," so frequently applied to them. Cosmetics and perfumes are also much used among them.—*Martin's British Colonies.*

Antiquariana.

SHRINES AND PILGRIMAGES.

(Continued from Vol. XXVI. p. 361.)

LEAVING the saintly celebrity of Canterbury, with its thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims, we shall proceed to enumerate a few other famed shrines. Foremost among these is that of Venerable Bede, which stood in the Galilee, a chapel built at the western end of the Cathedral at Durham. This chapel is divided into five aisles, by rows of clustered columns. At the eastern end of the three centre aisles were formerly three altars; that to the South being St. Bede's, before which is the tomb, on which, until the Reformation, stood the shrine of the Saint.

The following account of this shrine is from a book published in 1672, under the title of "The Ancient Rites and Monuments of the Monastical and Cathedral Church of Durham, collected out of Ancient Manuscripts, about the time of the Suppression:"—"There was on the south side, between two pillars, a beautiful monument of blue marble, a yard high, supported by five pillars, one at every corner, and the fifth under the middle; and above the said marble-stone and pillars stood a shrine, second to St. Cuthbert's, wherein the bones of that holy man, St. Bede, were enshrined. It used to be taken down every festival day, when there was any solemn procession, and carried by four monks in time of procession and divine service; which being ended, they conveyed it again into the Galilee, and set it upon the said tomb, which had a cover of wainscot curiously gilt, and made to draw up and down over the shrine, when they pleased to show the sumptuousness thereof." Elsewhere, the same account says, that "there were two stones that belonged to St. Bede's shrine in the Galilee. The uppermost stone had three holes in each corner, for irons to be fastened in to guide the covering when it was drawn up or let down. The other was a plain marble stone, which was lowest, and laid above a little, marble tomb, whereon the bottoms of the five small pillars stood, to support the uppermost stone." At the suppression of the monasteries, the shrine was probably destroyed, and the bones of Bede interred, "under the same place where before his body was exalted;" the larger marbles were

removed into the body of the church, and only the little, marble tomb, which served as the basis of the shrine, was left remaining in the Galilee.

This account of Bede's shrine has been quoted in the *Penny Magazine*, No. 211. It may be interesting to add that the tomb of Bede was opened on May 27, 1831. Two thin, copper coins of the Hanseatic towns, (or, as they are generally denominated, abbey-pieces,) were found in the soil near the surface; and below, at the depth of about three feet, disposed in a grave nearly six feet in length, were found several human bones exactly in the relative position they would have occupied if the body had been entire. Some portions of decayed wood, and moist, soft dust, appeared along the whole length of the grave, remains, apparently of the coffin. A large thumb-ring of iron, covered with a thick coating of gold, was discovered in the place which the right hand would have occupied, had it been there. It appeared, however, to have been placed upon a bone, for which, as it was too large, the intervening space had been filled up with coarse, woollen cloth, portions of which remained. The device is a cinque-foil. The ring is deposited in the library. After a cast had been made of the skull, which was of a very strange formation, the bones were carefully deposited in a strong box of oak covered with lead, together with a record upon parchment of the above particulars, and were carefully re-interred; and the massive, superincumbent altar-tomb of blue marble was replaced on the following day. On the tomb was subsequently cut in bold letters, the old, monkish verse:—

HAO SUNT IN FOSSA BEDÆ VENERABILIS OSSA.*

Another celebrated shrine was that of St. Ethelbert, which formerly stood upon the high altar of Hereford Cathedral. This interesting relic has been engraved and minutely described in the *Mirror*, vol. xxi.; where also is noticed "the Shrine of the Monks," which is preserved to this day in Peterborough Cathedral, and regarded as a fine specimen of Anglo-Saxon art.

It is, however, time to return to the general subject. All pilgrimages to canonized shrines were professedly devotional; but the devotees often visited them to satisfy some personal want or secular interest. This arose from that subdivision of the Romish, as of the classical, calendar, which assigned a tutelary deity to almost every situation or contingency of life; and, in consequence, filled the country with shrines of a specific virtue. The superstition here alluded to is quaintly detailed in a passage in Sir Thomas More's *Dyalogue on the Adoracion of Images*:—

* Sykes's Local Records, vol. ii. p. 301. New edit. Newcastle, 1833.

"We set," says the interlocutor of the Dialogue, "every saint in his office, and assign him a craft such as pleaseth us. Saint Loy we make a horse-leech; and, because onesmith is too few at the forge, we set Saint Ippolitus to help him. Saint Appollonia we make a tooth-drawer, and may speake to her of nothing but sore teeth. Saint Sythe women set to seek their keyes. Saint Roke we appoint to see to the great sickness, and with him we join St. Sebastian. Some saints serve for the eye only, and some for a sore breast. St. Germain only for children, and yet will he not once look at them, but if their mothers bring with them a white loaf and a pot of good ale. And yet is she wiser than St. Wylgeforte; for she, good soul, is, as they say, content to be served with oats, peradventure to provide a horse for an evil husband to ride to the devil, for that is the thing she is so sought for; inasmuch that women have changed her name, and, instead of St. Wylgeforte, call her St. Uncumber, because they reckon that, for a peck of oats she will not fail to uncumber them of their husbands."*

This enumeration might be carried much further. St. Anne, for example, was supposed to have a peculiar efficacy in recovering lost goods; and St. Leonard in assisting debtors to escape from prison. St. Sebastian was all-powerful against the plague, St. Petronel against fevers, St. Genow against the gout, &c.; and, had the cholera then raged, the cunningly pious would, doubtless, have found a defensive saint against its ravages. Again, the intercession of St. Anthony was believed to assuage the inflammatory disease known as St. Anthony's Fire. In the same manner, every trade had its patron saint; and even the rat-catcher could hope for no success in his profession, without the kindly interference of St. Gertrude.† From the same local and specific efficacy, some shrines that were uncanonized, enjoyed repute little inferior to those which could boast of a celestial patron. A singular shrine of this kind existed at Winfarthing, in Norfolk, containing a precious relic, called "the good sword of Winfarthing." It was efficient in the recovery of lost property, of horses stolen or strayed, and in the still more important office of shortening the lives of refractory husbands. To obtain its interference in this way, the impatient helpmate was simply required to enter the church on every Sunday throughout the year, and set up a lighted candle before the relic.‡

The pilgrimages to sanative wells and fountains must be reckoned among those to specific shrines. Springs of this kind, when consecrated, were generally found in the neighbourhood of some chapel, or monastery, of their patron-saint, within which a part of the ceremony usually took place. The counties of Norfolk and Suffolk contained sanatory wells of various efficacy, at Woolpit, East Dereham, Wereham, Bawburgh, &c. "The effect of these wells was, probably, not

always imaginary. In many instances, a medical as well as a religious benefit might arise from the ceremony which the visiter underwent. Thus, at St. Nun's Pool, in Cornwall, celebrated for curing madness, the treatment of the patient might, from physical causes, have this effect. The sanative stream was received into a large, square cistern, capable of being filled to any depth. The lunatic was made to sit upon the brink, with his back to the water, and by a sudden blow on the breast, was tumbled headlong into it. Before he could recover himself, he was seized by a strong man, placed there for the purpose, who lifted him in his arms, and whirled him about in the water till he was completely exhausted. When he thus became quiet, it was supposed that his reason was returning; in this state he was carried into the neighbouring church, where masses were said over him; and if he recovered, as it is said he frequently did, the honour was given to St. Nun."

In some instances, the imputed efficacy of these wells was of a moral kind. The wells of St. John and the Virgin, at Honiley, in Warwickshire, were celebrated for removing the taint of unchastity. Having made the ablution, the parties went to the neighbouring church, and crept on their knees to the shrines of the respective saints, beseeching them to intercede with our Saviour for their forgiveness. They then made an offering at the altar, and the priest gave each a bottle of the water of the spring as a preventive against future offences.§

At many of the wells, however, as at the Wishing Wells at Walsingham, the ceremony consisted in drinking the waters, and leaving some costly offering.

In the account of Walsingham Chapel, in Moore's *Monastic Remains*, is the following:—"The Wishing Wells still remain—two circular stone-pits, filled with water, inclosed with a square wall, where the pilgrims used to kneel, and throw in a piece of gold, whilst they prayed for accomplishment of their wishes."

In the ancient form, which was purely pagan, crooked pins only were thrown in, "to the genius of the spring," or scraps of the garment of the pilgrim, attached as a memorial to the neighbouring bushes.|| This custom was continued to the last at Whiteford and other medicated wells. But when the waters were rescued from their pagan patrons, and placed under the charge of Christian saints, it was a natural change to substitute some more valuable gift.

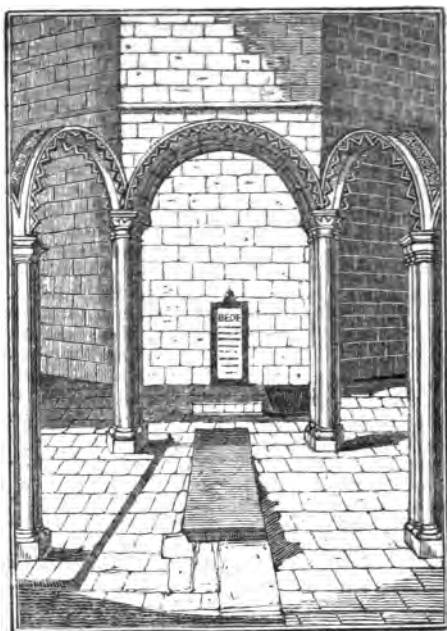
§ Dugdale's Warwickshire, 644.

* This convenient saint had actually a shrine in the old cathedral of St. Paul's, and the oats which were deposited at it went to feed the canons' horses.

† Fuller's Worthies of Abbeys, 331.

‡ Blomefield's Norfolk, vol. i. p. 122.

|| Sometimes such wells were called *Rag Wells*. Mr. Brand notes one near Newcastle. St. Bede's Well, into which diseased children were dipped not a century since, is near Jarrow, two miles from South Shields.—See *Mirror*, vol. xx. pp. 338 and 441.



(Tomb of the Venerable Bede, in Durham Cathedral)

The conditions upon which pilgrimages were sometimes undertaken, with a few details of presents to shrines, relics, &c., will form the subjects of another paper, and thus enable us to conclude our gleanings in this attractive branch of popular antiquities.

The Public Journals.

HISTORICAL NOVELS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was the founder of a new school of literature; before his day the historical novel was not to be distinguished from the ordinary trash of the circulating library; he was the first to embody the spirit of past times, to bring before us the costume, the habits of life, and, in some degree, the motives of action, in ages to which, in these essential particulars, we were utter strangers. Before the publication of *Ivanhoe*, it was scarcely suspected by any but professed antiquarians, that in the reign of the Plantagenets, England contained a race of Helots, strangers in the land of their nativity, enslaved to foreign lords, who scourged them by their cruelty, plundered them by their rapacity, and slandered them by their malice. *Ivanhoe* threw a new light on the national history; it showed the causes of Jack Straw's and Wat Tyler's insurrections, and at once dissipated a host of prejudices that had distorted and perverted a most important era of

our annals. Far would it be from us to take one leaf from the imperishable wreath that crowns the monument of "the great northern enchanter;" but we must not disguise our opinion that Sir Walter stopped short in the great revolution that he had the glory of commencing; nearly perfect in his descriptions of institutions and manners, he was timid in tracing their effects, and scarcely ever investigated their causes. Deeply imbued with a respect for chivalry, that historic dream which the Dukes of Burgundy attempted to realize, he viewed the feudal ages through this glittering but delusive medium, and pardoned the horrors of vassalage for the fancied graces of knighthood. It is an old complaint that most of his historic characters are gross misrepresentations. Richard "of the lion heart," and tiger disposition, a rebel to his father, a tyrant to his subjects, perfidious in peace, merciless in war, becomes an amiable monarch, whose worst error is his preference of perilous adventure to the honours of royalty. That pedantic despot, James I., is represented as a good-natured sovereign, with a few harmless eccentricities; and apologies are found even for that moral monster, Louis XI. Some critics have gravely ascribed these erroneous descriptions to political partialities; we are persuaded that Scott, in writing them, never thought of politics; in his mind the subordination of feudalism was blended with the beauties of chivalry;

he shrunk from too closely investigating the object of his admiration; he sought not for the source of the manners he has so vividly depicted in the condition of intelligence at the period, and though so far philosophical as to describe the struggles between institution and institution, he scarcely arrives at the more important contest between opinion and opinion.

Three living writers, James, Grattan, and Bulwer, have entered the field left vacant by the death of Sir Walter Scott, but each following the bent of his inclinations has struck out a path for himself. The most recent works of these writers are before us, and in connexion with our subject require a few words of notice. Mr. James is scrupulously faithful in depicting costume and manners; his historic verity is scarcely ever impeachable, but his researches never go beyond secondary causes; he tries not to investigate the secret springs of action; the moral anatomy of motive has altogether escaped his attention. Hence, we think, arises the want of vitality in all his portraits; the likenesses, the colouring, the drapery, are all excellent, but they are still only pictures; "soul is wanting there," and this very meritorious author must add to the study of forms the study of the mind that originated these forms, before he will arrive at the summit of his fame, and earn a place in distant memory, by advancing the progress of that branch of literature to which he has devoted much industry and much mental power.

Grattan excels in the developement of individual rather than national mind; one of his plots would furnish enough of intrigue for three ordinary novels, and he sometimes treads closely on the confines of improbability. But he excels in showing the nature of the inner mind by a few significant traits, that at once lay bare the latent workings both of reason and passion; there is more of the genuine character of Elizabeth in a few pages of Agnes de Mansfelt than in the whole of Kenilworth.

Bulwer's *Rienzi*, we fondly believe, must be regarded, like Scott's *Waverley*, as the first of a new class of publications; it is the first historical novel in which the intellectual problem of history is fairly worked out. It is a genuine developement of the great philosophic truth, "Mind generates forms and institutions, and these again produce events;" the formula has only to be generalized, and the means are supplied for correctly tracing the progress of mankind. A prodigious advance has been made by one brave bound; an untrodden field of analysis is opened to the philosophic historian. A man in the midst of a corrupt state, by the mere force of his mind raises himself to rank and station, and attempts a reform, in which he makes the natural but fatal error of mistaking me-

mory for hope: he has to work upon a tyrannical nobility and a degraded populace; the political intellect of the period is blind selfishness, the religious creed servile superstition. Such are the conditions of the problem; let us see how they are worked out. Wrapped in blind security, the ruling party leave the reformer to mature his plans unheeded; they are for the time eliminated; the populace gains the mastery and at once proves its unfitness for freedom by clamouring for an individual instead of an institution. The death-knell of Roman liberty was rung when every man cried "Long live Rienzi!" and no man—"Long live the Republic!" The individual mind, however upright and pure, must work upon a corrupt people by corrupt means; it is necessarily sullied by the contact, and is sure to adopt the great popular error of depending on self, rather than on the gradual working of institutions. The best revolution that this world ever saw never effected the tithe of the benefits that its authors expected; disappointment prepares the way for suspicion; a new change is demanded to supply what the last had failed to effect; some new demagogue outbids the popular favourite; he is hurled to the dust by the hands that raised him, and his fate serves "to point a moral or adorn a tale." This is the history of some hundred revolutions, because the result is necessarily involved in the very conditions of the question; actions are the result of motives; the direction of motive is determined by the extent of intelligence, and when this has been ascertained, there can be no more doubt of the consequences that will ensue from any given movement, than of daylight's following the rising of the sun.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

GENIUS.—BY VICTOR HUGO.

EVERY passion is eloquent: every man who is convinced, convinces: to draw tears, we must weep; it has been well said, "enthusiasm is contagious."

Take an infant away from its mother; collect together all the orators in the world; then say—"Let the child die, and let us go to dinner:" listen to the mother: whence comes it, that she has excited moans, has caused you all to weep, so that you have repented the sentence?

The eloquence of Cicero and the clemency of Cæsar are spoken of as very wonderful. If Cicero had been the father of Ligarius, what would he have said? Nothing more simple.

And, in truth, there is a language which never deceives, which all men understand, and with which all men are gifted: it is the language of great passions as well as of great events: it is spoken in moments when all hearts respond to it, when Israel rises as one man.

What is eloquence? says Demosthenes: it is action, action, always action. But, in morals, as in physics, to make a motion, you must move yourself. How is this motion communicated? This is looking too high: it is sufficient that it is the fact. Do you wish to move? Be moved: cry and you will draw tears: it is a circle to which everything carries us, and from whence you cannot depart. Indeed, I ask, of what use to us could be the power of communicating our thoughts, if we, like Cassandra, were denied the faculty of making ourselves believed? Which was the most triumphant moment of the Roman orator? When the tribunes of the people forbade him to speak. "Romans!" cried he, "I swear that I have saved the republic!"—and all the people stood up and cried, "We swear that he has told the truth!"

What we have said of eloquence, we may say of all the arts; for all the arts are the same language differently spoken. In truth, what are our ideas?—sensations and parallel sensations. What are the arts, but various modes of expressing our ideas?

Rousseau, by considering his own character, and confronting it with the ideal model which all men have, engraven upon their consciences, marked out a plan of education in which he guarded his pupil from all his own vices, but also from all his own virtues.

This great man did not perceive that, in bestowing upon Emilia that in which he himself was deficient, he was depriving her of what he possessed.

In fact, the man who is brought up in the midst of laughter and joy, is like a wrestler who has been trained far from the scene of combat. To be a Hercules, one must have strangled serpents in the cradle.

You wish to avoid the struggle of the passions, but do you live because you have avoided life? What is it to exist? says Locke. It is to feel. Great men are those who have felt much, lived much; and often, in a few years, they have lived many lives. Let us not be deceived: the highest first grow only in a region of storms. Athens, the city of tumult, had a thousand great men: Sparta, the city of order, had only one—Lycurgus; and Lycurgus was born before his laws.

Thus we perceive that most great men arise in the midst of great popular commotions: Homer, in the midst of the heroic ages of Greece; Virgil, under the triumph of Ossian, on the ruins of his country; Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, in the midst of the renewed convulsions of Italy; Corneille and Racine, in the age of the Fronde; and, finally, Milton, on the raising of the first revolt at the foot of the bloody scaffold of Whitehall.

If we examine what were the particular destinies of these great men, we shall behold them all tormented by troublous and unhappy lives. Camoens cleaves the sea, with his poem in his hand; D'Ercilla writes his verses on the skins of beasts, in the forests of Mexico. They whose bodily sufferings do not extinguish the sufferings of the soul, lead a stormy life, consumed by an irritability of disposition, which renders them a burthen to themselves and to all around them. Happy those who die not before their time, wasted away by the restlessness of their own genius, like Pascal; by grief, like Moliere and Racine; or overcome by the terrors of their own imagination, like the unfortunate Tasso!

Admitting, then, this acknowledged principle of all antiquity, that great excitements make great men, we must likewise acknowledge that, as the excitements are more or less strong, so are the various grades of genius. Now, after examining what things are the most capable of exciting the violence of our passions—that is of our desires, which are themselves but wishes more or less strongly expressed, even unto that firm and constant wish, by which a man desires one thing all his life—like Cæsar, everything or nothing—a destructive lever, with which man crushes himself—we will grant, of course, that if there exists one thing capable of exciting such a wish in a noble and determined spirit, it ought to be that thing which is esteemed greatest among mankind.

Now, casting our eyes around us, let us consider if there is one thing to which this sublime denomination has been attributed by the unanimous consent of all times and all people. And here we are, my youthful readers, arrived in a few words at that ravishing truth, before which all ancient philosophers and the great Plato himself recoiled—GENIUS IS VIRTUE!

PRESENT STATE OF VENICE.

It is not of Venice, queen of the Adriatic—conqueror of Constantinople—"Christendom's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite"—that I would now write; albeit, not unmindful of her bygone glories. Nor is it of Dandolo, or Galileo, or Marco Polo, or of the brothers Zeno, or of Cabot, or even of the very curious maps of Andrea Bianco, or of Frà Mauro, although more legitimate subjects to employ a sailor's pen; but of Venice as she now is, as far as regards her naval establishments and maritime commerce.

To begin, then, with the arsenal of Venice, probably the most ancient in Europe, having been founded in 1104, about the time of the first crusade. It is situated at the eastern angle of the city, and covers an extent of about 80 acres, holding an intermediate rank between Portsmouth and Toulon, the former

of which is 100, the latter about 60 acres; it is in form nearly square, the northern point washed by the sea, or laguna, the other three sides inclosed by canals, thus rendering it insular. It contains two large and two small basins, covering an extent of 30 acres, in which more than the Austrian navy might lie and refit: around are placed the building-slips, which at one time amounted to the extraordinary number of 56; all, excepting four, covered with standing roofs, under which the famous Venetian galleys were built. Many of these have since been converted into store-houses, &c. but upwards of twenty still remain, among others three for 80-gun ships; on one of which was built the *Rivoli*, (afterwards captured by the Victorians, in 1811.) Two communications with the sea exist, one at the north-east, the other at the south-west angle of the yard. Here are no docks, a great defect, but every convenience for heaving down; sail-loft, store-mast, and boat-houses, as requisite.

The rope-house is a fine building, of 1,050 feet in length; the hemp chiefly used comes from near Ferrara, and is said to be superior to Russian; 1,600 tons of it are annually exported to Great Britain. Here is a good park of artillery; the brass cannon are cast on the spot: those of iron come from Vienna.

The model-room contains a collection of curious plans, &c., among others the model of the famous Bucentaur, upwards of 100 ft. long, in which the Doge on Ascension-day, embarked for the ceremony of espousing the Adriatic. The last of these magnificent galleys was burnt by the populace in 1797; a small piece of her main-mast is alone preserved.

In the armoury is a singular mortar, made of rope, with bands of iron; a first attempt at artillery, and said to have been used against the Genoese in 1349.

About 500 men are employed in the dock-yard. On the slips are two transports and four gun-brigs, building; a 46-gun frigate hauled up for repair, and another in the basin; besides a fine corvette ready for sea, and some small vessels.

No great supply of timber is in the arsenal, yet the stores, well arranged, have everything ready for use. The navy consists of 28 vessels of war; four frigates of 46 guns; six corvettes of 20 guns; five brigs, and the rest small craft; the whole manned by 3,000 seamen. 800 marine artillery, under the immediate command of Colonel Vitaliani, who has suggested several valuable improvements in locks, sights, &c. and about 1,000 marines.

Adjoining the dock-yard is the naval college, where fifty boys are instructed in every requisite branch of education; the course occupies five years, and two months of each year are passed cruising in a corvette, thus enabling them to add practice to theory. The

superior professor, Emilio Tiplado, is well known in the literary world in Italy; but the active superintendant is Signor Bordigni, Capitano di Fregata, and under his management the whole appears orderly and well conducted. The young men are obliged to learn French and English, or German; a rule not unworthy imitation nearer home; as to no one is the knowledge of foreign languages of such practical use as to a sailor. The expense to government is about 1,000 florins, or 100*l.* per annum each boy; to which the parents contribute about 45*l.*: all who enter the navy are brought up here.

Venice was declared a free port in 1829; since which her trade has much revived. In 1831, the value of merchandise imported into Venice amounted to 850,000*l.*, of which 115,000*l.* came from England, and 240,000*l.* in olive oil from the Ionian Islands, during which time the exports were 350,000*l.*

In 1833, the imports had increased to 1,460,000*l.*, of which 860,000*l.* were from Great Britain.—Exports 528,000*l.*, of which 220,000*l.* were to Great Britain.

In 1833, arrivals including coasters 3,162
sailings 2,123

A steamer of 50 horse power, fitted with Morgan's paddle-wheels, runs twice a week to Trieste, and in 1833 carried 7,000 passengers to and fro. The port-charges upon a national vessel of 250 to 300 tons about five guineas; upon a foreign vessel twenty guineas, including a tonnage duty of 8*d.* per ton.

The population of the Venetian provinces, in the year 1832, was 2,011,852; of the city of Venice 113,364; in the province 17,000 sailors, including gondoliers and fishermen. In Venice are 149 canals, crossed by 386 bridges, and it is surrounded by three great lagunes, or salt-water lakes, covering upwards of 400 square miles; unfortunately these lagunes have very shallow water, so that large ships,* as the *Rivoli*, &c., are obliged to be borne over the shoals upon camels to the port Malamocco, distant six miles. But if the great dyke, a colossal work, begun by the French at that port, should ever be finished as proposed, a deep-water channel will be obtained: an invaluable gift to a city so singularly situated in the midst of the sea as Venice.—*Nautical Magazine*.

New Books.

IRVING'S LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN.
(Continued from page 62.)

[THE volume is appropriately closed with the fate of Count Julian, who defended the fortress of Ceuta, in Africa, against the Moors, from 708 till 710; but Roderick, the last of the Goths, having dishonoured Florinda, the daughter of Julian, the latter, in revenge, made a league with the Moors, and thus faci-

* Q. The cargoes of large ships?

litated the conquest of Spain. The retributive fate of Julian is thus told :—]

Legend of Count Julian and his Family.

Many and various are the accounts given in ancient chronicles of the fortunes of Count Julian and his family; and many are the traditions on the subject still extant among the populace of Spain, and perpetuated in those countless ballads sung by peasants and muleteers, which spread a singular charm over the whole of this romantic land.

He who has travelled in Spain in the true way in which the country ought to be travelled; sojourning in its remote provinces; rambling among the rugged defiles and secluded valleys of its mountains; and making himself familiar with the people in their out-of-the-way hamlets, and rarely visited neighbourhoods, will remember many a group of travellers and muleteers, gathered of an evening around the door or the spacious hearth of a mountain venta, wrapped in their brown cloaks, and listening with grave and profound attention to the long historic ballad of some rustic troubadour, either recited with the true *ore rotundo* and modulated cadences of Spanish elocution, or chanted to the tinkling of a guitar. In this way, he may have heard the doleful end of Count Julian and his family recounted in traditional rhymes, that have been handed down from generation to generation. The particulars, however, of the following wild legend are chiefly gathered from the writings of the pseudo Moot, Rasis: how far they may be safely taken as historic facts, it is impossible now to ascertain; we must content ourselves, therefore, with their answering to the exactions of poetic justice.

As yet everything had prospered with Count Julian. He had gratified his vengeance; he had been successful in his treason, and had acquired countless riches from the ruin of his country. But it is not outward success that constitutes prosperity. The tree flourishes with fruit and foliage while blasted and withering at the heart. Wherever he went, Count Julian read hatred in every eye. The Christians cursed him as the cause of all their woe; the Moslems despised and distrusted him as a traitor. Men whispered together as he approached, and then turned away in scorn; and mothers snatched away their children with horror if he offered to caress them. He withered under the execration of his fellow men; and last, and worst of all, he began to loathe himself. He tried in vain to persuade himself that he had but taken a justifiable vengeance: he felt that no personal wrong can justify the crime of treason to one's country.

For a time, he sought in luxurious indulgence to soothe, or forget, the miseries of the mind. He assembled round him every pleasure and gratification that boundless wealth

could purchase; but all in vain. He had no relish for the dainties of his board; music had no charm wherewith to lull his soul, and remorse drove slumber from his pillow. He sent to Ceuta for his wife Frandina, his daughter Florinda, and his youthful son Alarbot; hoping in the bosom of his family to find that sympathy and kindness which he could no longer meet with in the world. Their presence, however, brought him no alleviation. Florinda, the daughter of his heart, for whose sake he had undertaken this signal vengeance, was sinking a victim to its effects. Wherever she went, she found herself a by-word of shame and reproach. The outrage she had suffered was imputed to her as wantonness, and her calamity was magnified into a crime. The Christians never mentioned her name without a curse, and the Moslems, the gainers by her misfortune, spake of her only by the appellation of Cava, the vilest epithet they could apply to woman.

But the opprobrium of the world was nothing to the upbraiding of her own heart. She charged herself with all the miseries of these disastrous wars; the deaths of so many gallant cavaliers; the conquest and perdition of her country. The anguish of her mind preyed upon the beauty of her person. Her eye, once soft and tender in its expression, became wild and haggard; her cheek lost its bloom, and became hollow and pallid; and at times there was desperation in her words. When her father sought to embrace her, she withdrew with shuddering from his arms; for she thought of his treason, and the ruin it had brought upon Spain. Her wretchedness increased after her return to her native country, until it rose to a degree of frenzy. One day when she was walking with her parents in the garden of their palace, she entered a tower, and, having barred the door, ascended to the battlements. From thence she called to them in piercing accents, expressive of her insupportable anguish and desperate determination. "Let this city," said she, "be henceforth called Malacca, in memorial of the most wretched of women, who therein put an end to her days." So saying, she threw herself headlong from the tower, and was dashed to pieces. The city, adds the ancient chronicler, received the name thus given it, though afterwards softened to Malaga, which it still retains, in memory of the tragical end of Florinda.

The Countess Frandina abandoned this scene of woe, and returned to Ceuta, accompanied by her infant son. She took with her the remains of her unfortunate daughter, and gave them honourable sepulture in a mausoleum of the chapel belonging to the citadel. Count Julian departed for Carthage, where he remained plunged in horror at this doleful event.

About this time, the cruel Suleiman, having destroyed the family of Muza, had sent an Arab general, named Alahor, to succeed Abdalasis as emir or governor of Spain. The new emir was of a cruel and suspicious nature, and commenced his sway with a stern severity that soon made those under his command look back with regret to the easy rule of Abdalasis. He regarded with an eye of distrust the renegade Christians who had aided in the conquest, and who bore arms in the service of the Moslems; but his deepest suspicions fell upon Count Julian. "He has been a traitor to his own countrymen," said he: "how can we be sure that he will not prove traitor to us?"

A sudden insurrection of the Christians who had taken refuge in the Asturian mountains, quickened his suspicions, and inspired him with fears of some dangerous conspiracy against his power. In the height of his anxiety, he bethought him of an Arabian sage named Yuza, who had accompanied him from Africa. This son of science was withered in form, and looked as if he had outlived the usual term of mortal life. In the course of his studies and travels in the east, he had collected the knowledge and experience of ages; being skilled in astrology and, it is said, in necromancy, and possessing the marvellous gift of prophecy or divination. To this expounder of mysteries Alahor applied to learn whether any secret treason menaced his safety.

The astrologer listened with deep attention and overwhelming brow to all the surmises and suspicions of the emir; then shut himself up to consult his books, and commune with those supernatural intelligences subservient to his wisdom. At an appointed hour, the emir sought him in his cell. It was filled with the smoke of perfumes: squares and circles and various diagrams were described upon the floor; and the astrologer was poring over a scroll of parchment covered with cabalistic characters. He received Alahor with a gloomy and sinister aspect; pretending to have discovered fearful portents in the heavens, and to have had strange dreams and mystic visions.

"O emir," said he, "be on your guard! Treason is around you, and in your path: your life is in peril. Beware of Count Julian and his family."

"Enough," said the emir. "They shall all die! Parents and children—all shall die!"

He forthwith sent a summons to Count Julian to attend him in Cordova. The messenger found him plunged in affliction for the recent death of his daughter. The count excused himself, on account of this misfortune, from obeying the commands of the emir in person, but sent several of his adherents. His hesitation, and the circumstance of his having sent his family across

the straits to Africa, were construed by the jealous mind of the emir into proofs of guilt. He no longer doubted his being concerned in the recent insurrections, and that he had sent his family away, preparatory to an attempt, by force of arms, to subvert the Moslem domination. In his fury, he put to death Siseburto and Evan, the nephews of Bishop Oppas, and sons of the former king, Witiza, suspecting them of taking part in the treason. Thus did they expiate their treachery to their country in the fatal battle of the Guadalete.

Alahor next hastened to Carthage, to seize upon Count Julian. So rapid were his movements that the count had barely time to escape with fifteen cavaliers, with whom he took refuge in the strong castle of Marcuello, among the mountains of Arragon. The emir, enraged to be disappointed of his prey, embarked at Carthage, and crossed the straits to Ceuta, to make captives of the Countess Frandina and her son.

Now so it happened, that the Countess Frandina was seated late at night in her chamber in the citadel of Ceuta, which stands on a lofty rock, overlooking the sea. She was revolving, in gloomy thought, the late disasters of her family, when she heard a mournful noise, like that of the sea breeze, moaning about the castle walls. Raising her eyes, she beheld her brother, the Bishop Oppas, at the entrance of the chamber. She advanced to embrace him, but he forbade her with a motion of his hand; and she observed that he was ghastly pale, and that his eyes glared as with lambent flames.

"Touch me not, sister," said he with a mournful voice, lest thou be consumed by the fire which rages within me. Guard well thy son, for blood-hounds are upon his track. His innocence might have secured him the protection of heaven, but our crimes have involved him in our common ruin." He ceased to speak, and was no longer to be seen. His coming and going were alike without noise, and the door of the chamber remained fast bolted.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DR. HOGG'S TRAVELS.

Picture of Alexandria.

ON sallying forth to see Alexandria, we were much disappointed. That part of it, occupied by the native inhabitants, consists almost entirely of narrow lanes, without pavement, continually turning off at right angles. The houses present an entrance door, and a blank wall to the street, with now and then a huge projecting window above, so closely latticed, and its apertures so diminutive, that the inmates would seem to be immured in a gloomy prison. The Frank quarter, wider, and with a sort of would-be European air,

has many new buildings near it, advancing upon a better plan.

The principal Frank merchants reside in a large species of house called an Okella, of which there are several. These consist each of a huge, ugly fabric of two stories, raised round a square court, which is usually littered with empty casks, packing-cases, and similar lumber. A gallery surrounds each story, giving access to the different dwellings into which it is divided. There is generally but one entrance below, and when closed the Okella is thus converted into a kind of fortress; an advantage, which when the persons and property of Europeans were less secure in the east than at present, no doubt gave rise to this mode of building.

The brilliant illusions connected in Europe with the name of "Bazaar," are quickly dissipated by the sight of those of Alexandria. More than half the town is occupied by these narrow, dark, unpaved alleys, lined on each side with small, ill-furnished shops. A mud-platform runs along each side of the bazaar, and upon this the handicraft trades are usually carried on. A mat or carpet is laid on the floor of the small square inclosure, open in front, called by courtesy a shop; where the proprietor, sitting in a comfortless, constrained, cross-legged position, is able to reach any of his wares that may be required. A few loose planks, ill put together, often form a shed in front, which is sometimes converted into an awning that reaches to the opposite shop by old strips of canvass, tattered mats, and other refuse.

Of goods, neither the quantity nor variety exposed for sale is considerable; and as the different trades have each, for the most part, their separate bazaar, the purchase of a few trifling articles inflicts on a stranger both trouble and loss of time. These inconvenient alleys are usually crowded with people, many of whom look so squalid and dirty, that one feels a repugnance even to touch them in passing. In some of the bazaars a sort of auction seems daily going forward, conducted by a set of men, who walk up and down, exposing for examination and sale, sundry articles of merchandise, and continually vociferating either the price they require, or that which has been offered.

Our hotel was situated in the midst of the Frank quarter, and I felt as if I should never be tired of the new and perpetually changing scene which our projecting cage always presented. The constant succession of passengers was made up of a motley assemblage of Arabs, Turks, Greeks, and Franks, each in their peculiar costume. Military officers frequently passed on horseback, in richly embroidered uniforms, with an ornament on each breast, either simply of wrought silver, or composed of diamonds, according to their grade; always with one or two "running

footmen" in long blue cotton vests, and white turbans, preceding their horses, and often followed by two others, whose dresses had a more military cast. Sometimes groups of soldiers lounged by, shabbily habited in dingy red jackets and trousers, with a cap of the same colour;—many of them tall, well-grown men, of every variety of complexion, ill-dressed, bare-legged, and almost shoeless. Then came strings of camels, carrying skins of water, loads of merchandise, and indeed everything that requires transport, for wheeled carriages are never used for such purposes here. People of all classes and countries passed by mounted on donkeys, which supply the place of hackney-coaches, together with Arab women carrying on their heads water jars, or large shallow baskets, containing bread, and other articles, for sale. These are dressed only in a long and full blue cotton garment, with a piece of the same material thrown over the head, one corner of which, held in the mouth, performs the office of a veil, or, more frequently, their ugliness is concealed by a long, blue, face cloth, ornamented at the top with coloured beads. They are usually tall and well-formed, but those of the lower class,—who sometimes leave their faces uncovered,—have a frightful blue ornament tattooed beneath the lower lip,—a dirty, olive complexion, and altogether a disgusting, squalid appearance. Now and then women of the better class passed along, shrouded from head to foot in capacious black silk wrappers, while a narrow white veil, reaching from the top of the nose to the feet, by allowing the eyes only to be seen, produced a hideous, ghostlike aspect. These portly dames, whose voluminous wrappings, and waddling gait, when on foot, give them the appearance of walking woollacks, were often mounted astride on donkeys, their feet placed in short stirrups, and their awkward-looking, elevated saddles, as well as the backs of the animals they rode, covered with rich carpets. An attendant held the bridle, and one or two others followed, according to their rank. Negroes of both sexes were frequently mingled with the crowd, some of them smartly dressed, with gay red turbans, while others looked as if devoted to a life of laborious slavery, or of abject destitution. The scene was now and then diversified by groups of picturesque beggars, often surrounded by numerous children, all nearly in a state of nudity, and many, partially or totally blind;—these moved slowly along, constantly repeating, in a piteous tone, their importunate supplications.

The market of Alexandria is by no means destitute of luxuries. Ordinary provisions are excellent in quality, and figs, apricots, mulberries, and bananas, are in great abundance. In July grapes may be expected, and in autumn large quantities of apples arrive

from Cyprus. Ices here, as in other sultry climates, are considered by the Frank inhabitants as articles of necessity. To meet the demand thus created, large cargoes of snow are regularly imported from the mountains of Candia, and every evening the Italian coffee-houses furnish the requisite supply. The population of this city, exclusive of the military and marine, is estimated at from twenty to twenty-five thousand, and of these three thousand are said to be Europeans (Franks).

THE ENGLISH BIJOU ALMANAC.

[FROM the land of Lilliput, or whence came this tiny thing—this pretty little piece of poetry and engraving—this almanac in miniature? Its dimensions are Lilliputian; it is certainly not larger than the thumb-nail of a large hand; though it would require a micrometer to measure its contents with nicety. It contains an almanac for the year, lists of the Royal Family, &c., and six portraits—Schiller, Retsch, Hemans, Byron, Raffaele, and Martin; with pendent lines by L. E. L.: it is, moreover, bound, gilt, and in a gilt case. We quote from the poetry:—]

SCHILLER.

Oh, many are the lovely shapes
That glide along thy lovelier line,
And glorious is the breathing life
That warms that burning page of thine.
But never yet a form more fair
Amid the poet's visions moved,
Than Thekla, thy sweet fancy's child,
The German maid who "lived and loved."
For her sad sake shall woman's tears
Bedew thy low sepulchral cell,
And say—thrice blessed be the sleep
Of him who knew our hearts so well.

HEMANS.

WHERE the purple violet groweth
Beneath the willow tree,
Where the early snowdrop bloweth
Seek we a wreath for thee.

For the violet's breath perfumeeth
The open air around,
And the gentle snowdrop bloometh
When none beside are found.

We will gather these, these only
To strew thy grave along;
They are lovely, they are lonely,
And they haunt us like thy song.

[The Bijou is, certainly, a gem of an almanac; and well bespeaks the ingenuity of its publisher. It is one of the prettiest trifles we have seen for a long time.]

The Gatherer.

Half-and-Half.—The last time Madame Pasta was in England, a literary lady of high distinction asked her whether she drank as much porter as usual:—"No, mia cara, prendo *half-and-half* adesso."—*Quarterly Review.*

The Baron de Béranger relates that having secured a pickpocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the liberty of in-

quiring whether there was anything in his face that had procured him the honour of being singled out for such an attempt:—"Why, sir," said the fellow, "your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a *flat*."—*Ibid.*

Mullet.—The late Duke of Portland was in the habit of going to Weymouth during the summer months for the sake of the red mullet which formerly abounded there. The largest used to be had for three-pence or four-pence apiece, but he has been known to give two guineas for one weighing a pound and a half.—*Ibid.*

The best place for a beef-steak is Simpson's, in the City, or the Blue Posts, in Cork-street. Offley's is as good as any for a chop.—*Ibid.*

An original notion was struck out by a party of eminent connoisseurs who entertained the Right Hon. Henry Ellis at Fricœur's, just before he started on his Persian embassy; they actually ordered a roasted turbot, and are still boasting loudly of the success of the invention, but a friend of ours had the curiosity to ask M. Fricœur in what manner he set about the dressing of the fish,—"Why, sare, you no tell Monsieur le Ducteur Somerville; we no roast him at all,—we put him in oven and bake him."—*Ibid.*

It is customary, on certain grand occasions at the Inner Temple, to pass a large silver goblet down the hall, filled with a composition immemorably termed sack; the butlers attend its progress to replenish it, and each student is restricted to a *sip*. Yet it chanced not long ago that, though the number present fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquid were consumed.—*Ibid.*

A lady, to whom her medical attendant had prescribed turtle-soup, lately purchased a turtle in the Palais Royal. The cook discovered under the shell a magnificent diamond, which a jeweller values at 60,000 fr. (2,400*l.*) It is supposed that the precious stone must have been intentionally concealed, although there was no mark of an incision.

Translation Blunders.—Those who have read Gil Blas, may recollect that part where Rolando takes Gil Blas through the different parts of the cavern. The original runs thus—"Il me fit traverser plusieurs chambres: dans les unes il y avait des pièces de toile, dans les autres des étoffes de laine et de soie. Dans une autre de l'or et de l'argent et beaucoup de vaisselle à diverses armoiries." "He made me pass through divers apartments, some of which contained bales of linen, others of silks and stuffs. In one I perceived gold and silver, and a great quantity of plate in different cupboards." Smollett renders the French word *armoiries*, (coats of arms,) by the English word cupboards.

In the *Journal of Las Cases* we find that about the time of the battle of Wagram, the son of a Protestant minister had laid a plan for the assassination of Napoleon, "*en pleine parade*," that is, in the middle of the parade; but, according to the English translator, Napoleon was to be assassinated *with due parade*.

The translator of *Madame de Genlis's Memoirs* committed some strange blunders. The word "*rôtie au vin*" (mulled wine), he translated by *some roast meat prepared with wine*. "*Un livre d'heures*" (a prayer-book) by *a book of hours*. *Madame de Genlis*, describing her apartments at the Palais Royal, says in the original—"Il était meublé magnifiquement, tapissé en damas bleu," &c. They were magnificently furnished, hung with blue damask, &c. The translator makes her say—"My apartments at the Palais Royal were magnificently furnished, carpeted with blue damask," &c. The following blunder is very ludicrous. We shall give the English translation only; it will be a kind of riddle for our readers. *Madame de Genlis* was residing in a convent. "When any one," says she, "wished to come in, he rang at the grate, and the nuns, pulling down their veils, went to open the door; besides this precaution we had a little tower built beside the grate, in which were laid our letters, our packets, and the dishes for our meals." What does this mean? Why, it means nothing at all. The translator had mistaken the word *tour*, a turn-about, a sort of turning box in a convent, for the word *tower*, a tower.

Another of *Madame de Genlis's* works, entitled "*Nouveaux Contes Moraux*," is translated in very nearly the same intelligent manner. In the original it is said—"La Duchesse courut à une fenêtre et vit à travers la jalousie, le Baron et M. de Ferriolles descendre de voiture." The translation ought to have been—"The Duchess ran to a window and beheld, through the blinds, the Baron and M. de Ferriolles alight." But the translator thought that the French word *jalousie* had no other meaning than *jealousy*, and translated the above passage thus—"The Duchess ran to a window, and beheld with the eye of jealousy the Baron and M. de Ferriolles alight."—*Analyst*.

I remember when I was at school, two of the boys proceeded to a pond, for the purpose of swimming a gallipot, which was the property of the bigger boy of the two. It chanced that, in the eagerness incidental to this exciting amusement, the smaller boy tipped into the water, and, after a good deal of struggling, sank, and was drowned. After the melancholy catastrophe, the bigger boy was questioned as to what efforts he had made to rescue his companion, and his answers made it evident that he had by no means exerted himself to the utmost. This conviction produced a severe rebuke from the

tutor; upon which Master Simpson burst into a flood of tears, and said—"I do think that I could have saved Green—but—if I had tried, I should have lost my gallipot."—*Gilbert Gurney*.

Sheridan.—The following story of *Sheridan* and the playwright, is vouched for upon good authority. The playwright had sent a comedy to Mr. *Sheridan* for perusal, and of course approval, and of course heard nothing more of his comedy. He waited six months patiently—the season was then over, and he therefore resolved to wait on till the next season began: he did so—he then called at Mr. *Sheridan's*, who at that time lived in George-street, Hanover-square—not at home, of course—he then dispatched a note—no answer—another—ditto—another call—still the same result. At last, however, the author hit upon the expedient of posting himself in the hall, on a day in the evening of which there was to be an important debate in the House of Commons. This was a blockade which even the ingenuity of the wit could not evade; the author was therefore admitted.

His inquiries were respectful, but earnest. "My comedy, Mr. *Sheridan*—I—"

"Yes—to be sure—clearly—the —?"

"*Fashionable Involvements*, in five acts," said the author, helping his great friend to the name of his work, which he hoped might recall the work itself to his recollection—a hope most vain.

"Upon my word," said *Sheridan*, "I—I'm in a great hurry—I really don't remember—I am afraid your play has been somehow mislaid."

"Mislaid!" exclaimed the anxious parent of the lost bantling. "My dear sir, if it is, I am ruined—I have no copy of it."

"It is very unfortunate," said Mr. *Sheridan*, "very—I'm sure I regret—I—"

"But what can I do, sir?" said the author.

"I tell you what my dear friend," replied Mr. *Sheridan*, "I cannot promise you your own play back, because I don't know where any of the last year's pieces are; but if you will open that table-drawer, you will find a great number that have been sent me this year: you may take any three of those in exchange, and do what you like with them."—*Gilbert Gurney*. (A similar anecdote is related of *Garrick* and a dramatist.)

The Duke of Litta died lately at Vienna. This nobleman acquired a degree of celebrity in consequence of having been at the head of the deputation which, in 1805, offered the iron crown to Napoleon, and thus struck the last blow to republicanism in Italy.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House), London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

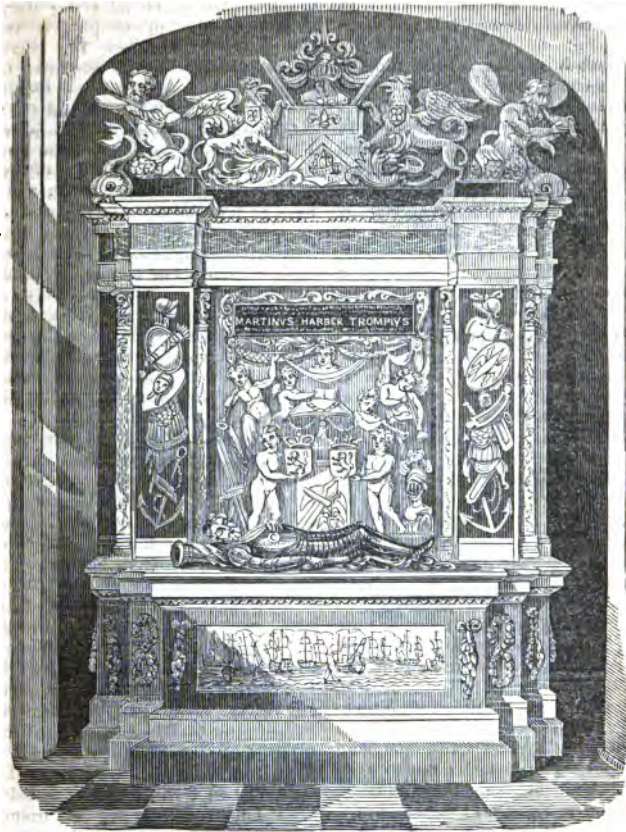
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 763]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.



MONUMENT TO VAN TROMP, AT DELFT.

DELFT is an ancient town of South Holland, between Rotterdam and Leyden, and about eight miles distant from the former.* Its celebrity in the manufacture of earthenware is almost forgotten among the excellence of our own potteries. The place has, however, more lasting claims on our memory; as the birthplace of Grotius, and the burial-place of Van Tromp and Peter Heyne. The latter is a fine, old, Gothic church, which is often inspected by sight-hunting tourists.

Van Tromp, or Martin Herbertson Tromp, will be remembered as the most celebrated admiral of his time. He was born at Brill, in 1597. He went to sea when young, with

his father, and was taken prisoner in a combat with an English piratical vessel, on board which he continued two years. Being restored to his country, he was made lieutenant on board a ship of the line in 1622; and two years afterwards he received the command of a frigate. After experiencing some neglect, he was created lieutenant-admiral in 1637, and appointed commander of a squadron of eleven vessels, with which he attacked and beat a superior fleet of the Spaniards.

But the principal services of Tromp were against the English, in which he was pitted with our heroic Blake. Before the declaration of hostilities against Holland in 1652, a rencontre took place in the Downs between Tromp and Blake, which was disadvantageous to the English.

763

* See an Engraving and Description of Delft, in the Mirror, vol. v. p. 161.

teagueous to the former. He was dismissed from his command, but, soon after, being restored, he fought a second battle with Blake, in which he was beaten; and a third, an outline of which, with the further services of the Dutch admiral, are thus sketched in Mr. Grattan's clever *History of the Netherlands*:—*

"In the month of May, 1652, Tromp, commanding forty-two ships of war, met with the English fleet under Blake, in the Straits of Dover; the latter, though much inferior in number, gave a signal to the Dutch admiral to strike, the usual salutation of honour accorded to the English during the monarchy. Totally different versions have been given by the two admirals of what followed. Blake insisted that Tromp, instead of complying, fired a broadside at his vessel; Tromp stated that a second and a third bullet were sent promptly from the British ship while he was preparing to obey the admiral's claim. The discharge of the first broadside is also a matter of contradiction, and, of course, of doubt. But it is of small consequence; for, whether hostilities had been hurried on or delayed, they were ultimately inevitable. A bloody battle began: it lasted five hours. The inferiority in number on the side of the English was balanced by the larger size of their ships. One Dutch vessel was sunk; another taken, and night parted the combatants.

"The states-general heard the news with consternation: they despatched the grand pensionary Pauw on a special embassy to London. The imperious parliament would hear of neither reason nor remonstrance. Right or wrong, they were resolved on war. Blake was soon at sea again with a numerous fleet; Tromp followed with a hundred ships; but a violent tempest separated these furious enemies, and retarded for awhile the rencontre they mutually longed for. On the 16th of August, a battle took place between the Sir George Ayscue and the renowned De Ruyter, near Plymouth, each with about forty ships, but with no decisive consequences. On the 28th of October, Blake, aided by Bourn and Pen, met a Dutch squadron of nearly equal force off the coast of Kent, under De Ruyter and De Witt. The fight which followed was also severe, but not decisive; though the Dutch had the worst of the day. In the Mediterranean, the Dutch admiral Van Galen defeated the English captain Baddely, but bought the victory with his life. And on the 29th of November, another bloody conflict took place between Blake and Tromp seconded by De Ruyter, near the Goodwin Sands. In this determined action, Blake was wounded and defeated; five English ships taken, burnt, or sunk; and night saved the fleet from destruction. After this

victory, Tromp placed a broom at his mast-head, as if to intimate that he would sweep the Channel free of all English ships.

"Great preparations were made in England to recover this disgrace: eighty sail put to sea under Blake, Dean, and Monk, so celebrated subsequently as the restorer of the monarchy. Tromp and De Ruyter, with seventy-six vessels, were descried on the 18th of February, escorting three hundred merchantmen up Channel. Three days of desperate fighting ended in the defeat of the Dutch, who lost ten ships of war and twenty-four merchant vessels. Several of the English ships were disabled, one sunk; and the carnage on both sides was nearly equal. Tromp acquired prodigious honour by this battle; having succeeded, though defeated, in saving, as has been seen, nearly the whole of his immense convoy. On the 12th of June and the day following, two other actions were fought: in the first of which the English admiral Dean was killed; in the second, Monk, Pen, and Lawson amply revenged his death, by forcing the Dutch to regain their harbours with great loss.

"The 21st of July was the last of these bloody and obstinate conflicts for superiority. Tromp issued out once more, determined to conquer or die. He met the enemy off Scheveling, commanded by Monk. Both fleets rushed to the combat. The heroic Dutchman, animating his sailors with his sword drawn, was shot through the heart with a musket-ball. This event, and this alone, won the battle, which was the most decisive of the whole war. The enemy captured or sunk nearly thirty ships." The body of Tromp was carried with great solemnity to the church of Delft, where the magnificent mausoleum in the engraving was erected over the remains of this eminently brave and distinguished man.

Cornelius Tromp, son of the preceding, and, by his bravery and patriotism, a son worthy of such a sire, who died in 1691, was buried in his father's splendid tomb at Delft. Like his father, he distinguished himself against the navies of Britain. With De Ruyter, he was engaged in the famous battle in the Downs, in June, 1666, which lasted four days. After the peace of 1675, he visited London, and was created a baronet by Charles II.

The print shows this monument to be elaborately embellished. The effigies, of white marble, is recumbent upon a pedestal tomb, bearing on its front a representation of one of Tromp's engagements. Above the effigies are emblematic figures bearing arms, &c., and over them is a tablet with a brief epitaph; this space being flanked with pilasters, enriched with emblems of maritime warfare. Above the entablature are the full arms of Tromp; on each side of which is a grotesque

* Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. x.

figure, blowing a shell. The monument stands in a recess between clustered columns, and the light through a window on the left brings out the details of the sculpture with good effect. The materials are mostly black and white marble.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

By M. L. B.

THE bird on the bough,
The bee on the flower,
Eve's cool, perfum'd air,
And still, sunset hour;
I feel that they were,
For with them wert Thou,

Lindor!

Then music and mirth
From greenwood and wild,
Ere day went to rest,
Like a play-worn child,
Seem'd blessing, the best
And dearest on earth—

Lindor!

And dost thou forget
On parting, that eve,
Thy promise remained,
Which should not deceive?
Yet long years have wan'd,
And we have not met—

Lindor!

In cool breezes now
Pale lily bells ring;
In dim, moonlit air,
Fond nightingales sing:—
They come—but, ah! where
And why, ling'rst Thou—

Lindor?

The Sketch-Book.

CHAMBORD.—II.

BEFORE the erection of the present chateau, there already existed on the same spot an old edifice, which, from the twelfth century, was a country seat, often inhabited by the ancient counts of Blois, of the houses of Champagne and Chastillon. It was then called Chambord-Montfrault, from the name of another building still more ancient, situated at some distance from it, near the locality of the present *Pavillon de Montfrault* in the park. The antiquity of the reports respecting this older chateau, is lost in a remote, popular tradition, similar to that of the *Black Huntsman*, so prevalent in the north of Europe, and become so familiar to ourselves by the enchanting music of *Der Freyschutz*; and which borrows in each country the name of some redoubtable personage, who dwelt there in some remote epoch, and whose memory still survives. When the timid peasant, who has "eaten of the insane root," wanders at midnight near the pavilion of Montfrault, he is still in danger of meeting a nocturnal hunter, clothed in black, and attended by black dogs, who is no other than Thibault of Champagne, surnamed the *Old*, or the *Cheat*, the first hereditary Count of Blois, and one of the most perfect types of an

iron baron of the early times of the feudal system. Often, too, nightly noises of men, horses, dogs, and horns, are heard to depart from Montfrault, and return after an aerial chase, with no visible appearance of horses, dogs, or huntsmen!

The historical recollections relative to Chambord, however, are very rare until the period of Francis I.; the most remarkable on record being the costly funeral of Jehan de Chastillon, Count of Blois, in the year 1280, which occupied two days in proceeding in state from the chateau to the abbey of Guiche, which he had founded, three leagues from Blois, on the right bank of the Loire. In 1498, Chambord became united to the crown domains, when Louis of Orleans, twenty-third hereditary Count of Blois, ascended the throne of France under the name of Louis XII. It was then only used as an occasional hunting rendezvous; the brilliant princes of the house of Orleans deserting the gloomy fortress, (for the pleasure residence of the old counts was nothing better,) for mansions in a more elegant style, introduced into France by the Italian architects.

The construction of the new edifice was commenced by Francis I., it is supposed in the year 1526, after his return from captivity; and the works were pushed on with great activity, 1,800 men being employed upon them for upwards of twelve years. It is somewhat singular that the architect of so conspicuous an edifice, built, too, in comparatively modern times, should not be with certainty known: it has generally been attributed to Primaticcio, though sometimes to Il Rosso, or even Vignolle; but there are reasons of some weight for supposing that the merit is due to an artist of Blois, whose name has escaped the researches of antiquarians. If so, in the spirit of the inscription to Wren in St. Paul's, and with still more literal application, we must look upon the work itself as his monument.

It may also appear surprising that the gay and gallant Francis, (whose brilliant reign established kingly despotism among his subjects, as that of his great rival the Emperor Charles V. did in Spain, and his burly contemporary, our own Henry, in England,) should have chosen for his fine building so wild a scene, whilst, at a short distance, the rich banks of the Loire afforded a multitude of admirable positions; but this is accounted for by his passion for the chase, and, perhaps, by a circumstance of powerful effect upon the feelings of so chivalrous a prince—the recollection of the visits he had made, when only Duke of Angoulême, to the manor of the beautiful Countess of Thoury, situated in the neighbourhood—reminiscences of a first love!

The apartments of the king were in the wing of the chapel, which has been named

after the family of Orleans who had inhabited it. The sculptured ornaments are there in greater profusion than in any other parts of the chateau, and Francis was particularly attached to the tower which terminated it. There is situated the outbuilding alluded to in the description previously quoted, which seems to have been an afterthought; and in which may be remarked a double flight of steps, and a subterranean gallery below the oratory, communicating with the ditches of the chateau. The terrace above it was accessible from the king's bedchamber, and was one of the spots that most delighted him. He was fond, in the fine summer nights, of passing hours there in gallant converse with those male and female courtiers, who were called, "*la petite bande de la cour*;" and for the convenience of whose intrigues, the secret staircases and dark passages on this side of the castle were, no doubt, planned.

Francis I., in the latter years of his life, frequently visited Chambord, accompanied by his excellent sister, the Queen of Navarre, for whom he always retained the greatest tenderness, and whose delicate and lively wit afforded him some relief from the approaches of premature old age, and the fits of melancholy to which he was often subject. She was with him when, in one of those moments of gloom, recalling to mind the time when his successes with the fair sex were more sure and durable, he wrote on one of the windows of his chamber, with the point of a diamond he wore upon his finger, this couplet so often quoted since:—

*Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol est qui s'y fie.*

Oh, woman! ever prone to rove,
He's but a fool that trusts your love.

Margaret of Navarre could afford to allow this effusion of spleen to remain—her "withers were unwrung;" but, in after times, Madame de la Valliere seems to have deemed it a libel, (the greater the truth the greater the libel;) for Louis XIV., to prove he was of her opinion, (he was then young and happy,) is said to have sacrificed the offending pane to her displeasure. Would that some careful lover of relics had at the moment concealed it where it might have been turned up by a congenial spirit of our own times! What a competition would it have excited amongst our Jonathan Oldbucks! What a charm would it have thrown over the pursuits of antiquarianism!

Towards the close of the year 1545, Francis I. for the last time visited Chambord, which he left unfinished to Henry II., the successor to the crown and to the tastes of his father, having the same predilection for the chateau of Chambord, and continuing its works on the same plans. The ciphers of Henry and Diana of Poitiers, interlaced with

her emblem the crescent, show the portion of the edifice erected by him. Of this favourite, who became Duchess of Valentinois, her royal lover must have been passionately enamoured, thus to consecrate the memory of his weakness upon the public fabrics of his reign; while it appears she inadequately returned his devotion, since the following adventure is related by M. Merle as having occurred at Chambord:—

"In the journeys of the Court, when the queen was of the party, Diana of Poitiers did not reside in the chateau, but occupied a house situated in the middle of the park, then called the hotel of Montmorency. The king did not fail to visit her there every evening in the most rigid incognito. As the hour was always regularly fixed, Brissac, who had captivated the heart of the favourite, could pass in her company every instant not dedicated to her by the king. One night, the charms of an interview had caused the two lovers to forget the hour of separation, when her attendants came to inform them that the king must soon arrive, and that the flambeaux of his pages were already seen under the subterranean vault through which he came out of his apartments. Brissac had barely time to steal away as fast as he could across the alleys of the park, to avoid meeting his illustrious rival. In his flight, he ran direct against Claude de Tais, the grand master of artillery, who rallied him upon the emotion that agitated him in his nocturnal promenades, hinting that he divined the cause. Brissac, piqued at the ironical tone of this official, complained to the Duchess of Valentinois, who, to console him, managed to deprive Tais of his place of grand master, and give it to her lover. The count perceived too late that discretion is one of the most useful virtues in a court, and so far profited from his lesson, as not even to venture to complain of it."

However, if the beautiful Diana was fickle in life, at least she has remained constant *in effigy*, upon the elaborate and admirably worked monument she erected in memory of her husband, in that glorious pile, the cathedral of Rouen; where still it

stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.

The fatal and premature death of Henry II. prevented Chambord from being finished, as, no doubt, it otherwise would have been by him; and the short reign of Francis II. furnishes nothing particular on the subject.

During her regency, Catherine de Medicis, who was fond of the exercise of riding, as well as hunting, often came to Chambord. In the evening, she was wont to ascend the lantern tower, in company with astrologers, to consult the heavens and the stars, as was also her custom at the castle of Blois, where

she had a regular observatory, the site of which is still pointed out.

Charles IX., who loved the chase to distraction, was a frequent visitor to Chambord, where he performed the feat of coursing a stag without the aid of dogs, an exploit celebrated by a poet of the time, who compared the prince to Hercules, and wished he was able to place him in the sky, as the prize of his victory, under the form of a constellation that might shed its favourable influence over future hunters. Charles continued the works of Chambord, but, for want of funds, more slowly than Henry II., though sufficiently to place the chateau in nearly the same state as we now see it; subsequent possessors having done little more than supply necessary repairs.

We may pass over the reigns of about the worst and the best of the French line of kings—of Henry III., the rural sports of Chambord not suiting the effeminate and mysterious pleasures of his court; and of the *bon roi* Henry IV., who neglected it for Fontainebleau and St. Germain's, political motives also preventing him leaving the neighbourhood of the capital.

Louis XIII. came sometimes to Chambord, and partly directed its embellishment. It was there the circumstance occurred which gives so good an idea of his habitual prudery. Wishing to read a letter which Mademoiselle de Hautefort, to whom he was attached in his way, had concealed in her bosom, and not venturing to take it with his hand, he sought a pair of tweezers to lift it with! It has been well observed, that his father, Henry IV., would, in such a juncture, have shown either more delicacy or more rudeness.

Louis, in 1635, gave the county of Blois, of which the domain of Chambord formed part, as an increase of appanage to his brother, Gaston of Orleans, who often inhabited it, particularly during the last eight years of his life, which he passed in exile in his county. His daughter, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, having been taken there very young, thus commemorates in her memoirs the *naïve* remembrance of her first arrival:—

"One of the most curious and remarkable things about the house is the staircase, so constructed that one person may ascend and another descend without meeting, though they see each other; and Monsieur was much amused in tricking me upon it at first. He was at the top when I arrived; he descended as I went up, and laughed heartily to see me run in expectation of catching him: I was also very glad at the pleasure he experienced, and still more when I joined him."

She then little thought, that thirty years later, this chateau would witness the commencement of a passion, which was to fill with bitterness the remainder of her life. M. Merle affirms that it was at Chambord

she confessed to her lover the affection she felt for him, by breathing upon a glass, and writing with her finger the name of *Lauzun!* W. G.

The Naturalist.

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[Our esteemed and indefatigable Correspondent, Mr. J. H. Fennell, some time since announced for publication a work illustrative of Shakspeare's knowledge of Natural History, a design to which we cordially wish success, inasmuch as it must prove a mine of entertaining research to every admirer of our great Dramatist, and present opportunities for the correction of many misconceptions of Shakspeare's writings, and many errors in the several branches of natural knowledge. Mr. Fennell brings to his task a good acquaintance with the works of the best naturalists, and untiring aptitude for literary inquiry, with an enthusiasm moderated by judgment; all which qualifications fit him eminently for his difficult, but, we doubt not, pleasing labour. He has submitted a few extracts from his manuscript in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the present month, "in the hope that some readers, admirers of our great dramatic bard, may be induced to favour him with such information respecting his life and writings as may not have hitherto attracted public notice." Of these specimens we quote a few.]

CRICKET (Field).—Field crickets possess very acute hearing, which is proved by their instantly ceasing to chirp on the slightest noise being produced near their station. *Mammilius*, when about to tell a tale of "sprites and goblins," says,

"I will tell it softly,
Yon crickets shall not hear it."

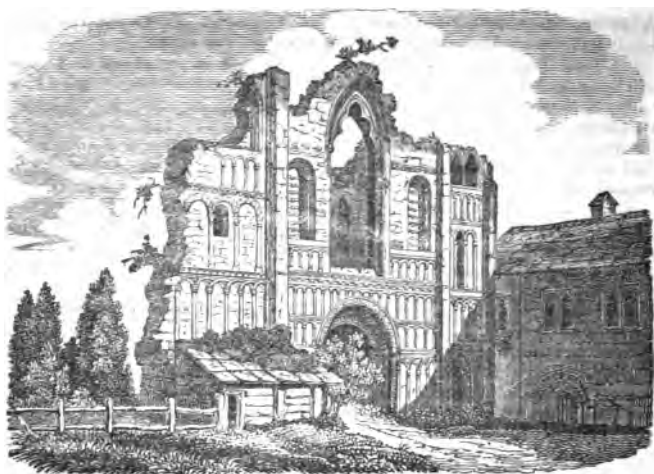
Winter's Tale, ii. 1.

Professor Rennie observes that this passage "shows that Shakspeare had a more accurate knowledge of insects than two of our most distinguished naturalists, Linnæus and Bonnet, who are disposed to deny that insects hear at all."

DEWBERRY.—Titania, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, instructing the Fairies how to treat Bottom, tells them to

"Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries."
(iii. 1.)

The word *dewberry* being applied to more than one species of fruit, and the above mention being so deficient in points that might assist in fixing the identity, it is a matter of doubt to which of them Shakspeare alludes. Hawkins says, dewberries are properly the fruit of a species of wild bramble, called the creeping or lesser bramble, but contends that from their being here included among the more delicate fruits "they must be understood to mean raspberries, which are, also, of the bramble kind." Pye says, "the dewberry is well known all over England by those who speak the English language, to be the fruit of that bramble called by Millar '*Rubus minor fructu cæruleo*,' from which circumstance it is sometimes vulgarly called the *blue-berry*. It is a very delicate fruit, and as



(Castle Acre Priory.)

western end remains, as shown in the above Print. Here was the principal entrance through a large, circular, receding arch, supported on each side by three handsome columns; the mouldings of which arch, richly ornamented, are still in good preservation, though the shafts of the columns are broken from their capitals. Over the door is the case of an elegant pointed window, with a few fragments of its tracery. On each side of the great window is a circular arch, with zig-zag mouldings sustained by a slender column; below these is a tier of small circular arches, and under them is a projecting moulding, supported by grotesque heads; beneath this moulding is a range of intersecting arches, and rising from the ground another range of the same description; the intermediate space being filled with a tier of small arches like those above. The centre of the west-front was flanked by two towers, each containing a circular door leading into the aisles. On the south side was the cloister part of which, with a fine ornamented doorway, is shown in the Engraving.

New Books.

IRVING'S LEGENDS OF SPAIN.

(Concluded from page 63.)

[We are now enabled to bring to a close the fearful career of]

Count Julian and his Family.

On the following morning, a messenger arrived with tidings that the Bishop Oppas had been made prisoner in battle by the insurgent Christians of the Asturias, and had died in fetters in a tower of the mountains. The same messenger brought word that the

Emir Alahor had put to death several of the friends of Count Julian; had obliged him to fly for his life to a castle in Arragon; and was embarking with a formidable force for Ceuta.

The Countess Frandina, as has already been shown, was of courageous heart; and danger made her desperate. There were fifty Moorish soldiers in the garrison; she feared that they would prove treacherous, and take part with their countrymen. Summoning her officers, therefore, she informed them of their danger, and commanded them to put those Moors to death. The guards sallied forth to obey her orders. Thirty-five of the Moors were in the great square, unsuspecting of any danger, when they were severally singled out by their executioners, and, at a concerted signal, killed on the spot. The remaining fifteen took refuge in a tower. They saw the armada of the emir at a distance, and hoped to be able to hold out until its arrival. The soldiers of the countess saw it also, and made extraordinary efforts to destroy these internal enemies, before they should be attacked from without. They made repeated attempts to storm the tower, but were as often repulsed with severe loss. They then undermined it, supporting its foundations by stanchions of wood. To these they set fire, and withdrew to a distance, keeping up a constant shower of missiles to prevent the Moors from sallying forth to extinguish the flames. The stanchions were rapidly consumed; and when they gave way the tower fell to the ground. Some of the Moors were crushed among the ruins; others were flung to a distance, and dashed among the rocks: those who survived were instantly put to the sword.

The fleet of the emir arrived at Centa about the hour of vespers. He landed, but found the gates closed against him. The countess herself spoke to him from a tower, and set him at defiance. The emir immediately laid siege to the city. He consulted the astrologer Yuza, who told him that, for seven days, his star would have the ascendant over that of the youth Alarbot; but after that time the youth would be safe from his power, and would effect his ruin.

Alahor immediately ordered the city to be assailed on every side, and at length carried it by storm. The countess took refuge with her forces in the citadel, and made a desperate defence; but the walls were sapped and mined, and she saw that all resistance would soon be unavailing. Her only thoughts now were to conceal her child. "Surely," said she, "they will not think of seeking him among the dead." She led him, therefore, into the dark and dismal chapel. "Thou art not afraid to be alone in this darkness, my child?" said she.

"No, mother," replied the boy, "darkness gives silence and sleep." She conducted him to the tomb of Florinda. "Fearest thou the dead, my child?" "No, mother, the dead can do no harm,—and what should I fear from my sister?"

The countess opened the sepulchre. "Listen, my son," said she. "There are fierce and cruel people who have come hither to murder thee. Stay here in company with thy sister, and be quiet as thou dost value thy life!" The boy who was of a courageous nature, did as he was bidden, and remained there all that day, and all the night, and the next day until the third hour.

In the mean time the walls of the citadel were sapped, the troops of the emir poured in at the breach, and a great part of the garrison was put to the sword. The countess was taken prisoner and brought before the emir. She appeared in his presence with a haughty demeanour, as if she had been a queen receiving homage; but when he demanded her son, she faltered, and turned pale, and replied, "My son is with the dead."

"Countess," said the emir, "I am not to be deceived; tell me where you have concealed the boy, or tortures shall wring from you the secret."

"Emir," replied the countess, "may the greatest torments be my portion, both here and hereafter, if what I speak be not the truth! My darling child lies buried with the dead."

The emir was confounded by the solemnity of her words; but the withered astrologer, Yuza, who stood by his side regarding the countess from beneath his bushy eyebrows, perceived trouble in her countenance and equivocation in her words. "Leave this

matter to me," whispered he to Alahor; "I will produce the child."

He ordered strict search to be made by the soldiery, and he obliged the countess to be always present. When they came to the chapel, her cheek turned pale and her lip quivered. "This," said the subtle astrologer, "is the place of concealment."

The search throughout the chapel, however, was equally vain, and the soldiers were about to depart, when Yuza remarked a slight gleam of joy in the eye of the countess. "We are leaving our prey behind," thought he; "the countess is exulting."

He now called to mind the words of her asseveration, that her child was with the dead. Turning suddenly to the soldiers, he ordered them to search the sepulchres. "If you find him not," said he, "drag forth the bones of that wanton Florinda, that they may be burnt, and the ashes scattered to the winds."

The soldiers searched among the tombs, and found that of Florinda partly open. Within lay the boy in the sound sleep of childhood, and one of the soldiers took him gently in his arms to bear him to the emir.

When the countess beheld that her child was discovered, she rushed into the presence of Alahor, and, forgetting all her pride, threw herself upon her knees before him.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried she, in piercing accents, "mercy on my son—my only child! O emir! listen to a mother's prayer, and my lips shall kiss thy feet. As thou art merciful to him, so may the most high God have mercy upon thee, and heap blessings on thy head!"

"Bear that frantic woman hence," said the emir; "but guard her well."

The countess was dragged away by the soldiery, without regard to her struggles and her cries, and confined in a dungeon of the citadel.

The child was now brought to the emir. He had been awakened by the tumult, but gazed fearlessly on the stern countenances of the soldiers. Had the heart of the emir been capable of pity, it would have been touched by the tender youth and innocent beauty of the child; but his heart was as the nether millstone, and he was bent upon the destruction of the whole family of Julian. Calling to him the astrologer, he gave the child into his charge with a secret command. The withered son of the desert took the boy by the hand, and led him up the winding staircase of a tower. When they reached the summit, Yuza placed him on the battlements.

"Cling not to me, my child," said he; "there is no danger." "Father, I fear not," said the undaunted boy; "yet it is a wondrous height!"

The child looked around with delighted

eyes. The breeze blew his curling locks from about his face, and his cheek glowed at the boundless prospect; for the tower was reared upon that lofty promontory on which Hercules founded one of his pillars. The surges of the sea were heard far below beating upon the rocks, the sea-gull screamed and wheeled about the foundations of the tower, and the sails of lofty caraccas were as mere specks on the bosom of the deep.

"Dost thou know yonder land beyond the blue water?" said Yuza.

"It is Spain," replied the boy; "it is the land of my father and my mother."

"Then stretch forth thy hands and bless it, my child," said the astrologer.

The boy let go his hold of the wall, and, as he stretched forth his hands, the aged son of Ishmael, exerting all the strength of his withered limbs, suddenly pushed him over the battlements. He fell headlong from the top of that tall tower, and not a bone in his tender frame but was crushed upon the rocks beneath.

Alahor came to the foot of the winding stairs.

"Is the boy safe?" cried he.

"He is safe," replied Yuza; "come and behold the truth with thine own eyes."

The emir ascended the tower and looked over the battlements, and beheld the body of the child, a shapeless mass, on the rocks far below, and the sea-gulls hovering about it; and he gave orders that it should be thrown into the sea, which was done.

On the following morning, the countess was led forth from her dungeon into the public square. She knew of the death of her child, and that her own death was at hand; but she neither wept nor supplicated. Her hair was dishevelled, her eyes were haggard with watching, and her cheek was as the monumental stone; but there were the remains of commanding beauty in her countenance; and the majesty of her presence awed even the rabble into respect.

A multitude of Christian prisoners were then brought forth; and Alahor cried out—"Behold the wife of Count Julian; behold one of that traitorous family which has brought ruin upon yourselves and upon your country." And he ordered that they should stone her to death. But the Christians drew back with horror from the deed, and said—"In the hand of God is vengeance, let not her blood be upon our heads." Upon this the emir swore, with horrid imprecations, that whoever of the captives refused should himself be stoned to death. So the cruel order was executed, and the Countess Frandina perished by the hands of her countrymen. Having thus accomplished his barbarous errand, the emir embarked for Spain, and ordered the citadel of Ceuta to be set on fire, and crossed the straits at night by the light of its towering flames.

The death of Count Julian, which took place not long after, closed the tragic story of his family. How he died remains involved in doubt. Some assert that the cruel Alahor pursued him to his retreat among the mountains, and, having taken him prisoner, beheaded him; others that the Moors confined him in a dungeon, and put an end to his life with lingering torments; while others affirm that the tower of the castle of Marcuello, near Huesca, in Arragon, in which he took refuge, fell on him and crushed him to pieces. All agree that his latter end was miserable in the extreme, and his death violent. The curse of Heaven, which had thus pursued him to the grave was extended to the very place which had given him shelter: for we are told that the castle is no longer inhabited, on account of the strange and horrible noises that are heard in it; and that visions of armed men are seen above it in the air; which are supposed to be the troubled spirits of the apostate Christians who favoured the cause of the traitor.

In after times a stone sepulchre was shown, outside of the chapel of the castle, as the tomb of Count Julian: but the traveller and the pilgrim avoided it, or bestowed upon it a malediction; and the name of Julian has remained a by-word and a scorn in the land for the warning of all generations. Such ever be the lot of him who betrays his country!

Here end the legends of the conquest of Spain.

Written in the Alhambra, June 10, 1829.

The Nobelist.

THE GERMAN STUDENT'S STORY.

(From Mr. Fay's Novel of *Norman Leslie*.)

"I HAVE myself," said Kreutzner, "witnessed many duels; but we are not so blood-thirsty, generally speaking, as you moral Americans. We usually settled these matters with a sword, a better method, by-the-way, and more worthy of a soldier than your cold, murderous pistol-firing. Any poltroon may pull a trigger, but it requires the firm hand and steady eye of a *man* to manage the steel. However, as I was saying, when I was at Jena they called each other out as merrily as beaux and belles to a dance. It was but the treading on a toe—the brushing of an elbow; nay, an accidental look that fell on them when they wished not observation, and the next day, or, by St. Andrew, the next hour, there was the clash of steel, and the stamping of feet on the greensward; and the kindling and flashing of fiery eyes—and plunge and parry, and cut and thrust, till one or both lay stretched at length; a pass through the body

—a gash open in the cheek—the skull cleft down, or a hand off, and the blood bubbling and gushing forth like a rill of mountain-water. There were more than one of those fellows—devils, I must say, who, when they found among them some strange student, timid or retired, with whose character they were unacquainted, or whose courage they doubted, would pass the hint out of mere sport; brush his skirt, charge the offence upon him, demand an apology too humble for a hare, and dismiss him from the adventure only with an opened shoulder, or daylight through his body.

“There was among us one fellow named Mentz, who assumed, and wore with impunity, the character of head bully. He was foremost in all the devilry. His pistol was death, and his broadsword cut like the scissars of fate. It was curious to see the fellow fire—one, two, three, and good-by to his antagonist. His friendship was courted by all; for to be his enemy was to lie in a bloody grave. At length, grown fearless of being called to account, he took pride in insulting strangers, and even women. His appearance was formidable: a great burly giant, with shaggy black hair, huge whiskers, and grim mustaches, three inches long, twirled under his nose. A sort of beauty he had too: and among the women—heaven help us—wherever those mustaches showed themselves every opponent abandoned the ground. It was, at last, really dangerous to have a sweetheart; for out of pure bravado Mentz would push forward, make love to the lady, frighten her swain, and either terrify or fascinate herself. Should the dooored lover offer resistance, he had no more to do but call a surgeon; and happy enough he considered himself if he escaped with the loss of his teeth or an eye. He had killed four men who never injured him—wounded seventeen, and fought twenty duels. He once challenged a whole club, who had black-balled him anonymously; and was pacified only by being re-admitted, though all the members immediately resigned, and the club was broken up.

“At last there came a youth into the university—slender, quiet, and boyish-looking, with a handsome face, though somewhat pale. His demeanour, though generally shy, was noble and self-possessed. He had been but a short time among us, however, before he was set down as a cowardly creature, and prime game for the ‘devils broke loose,’ as the gang of Mentz termed themselves. The coy youth shunned all the riots and revels of the university—insulted no one; and if his mantle brushed against that of another, apologized so immediately, so gracefully, and so gently, that the devil himself could not have fixed a quarrel upon him. It soon appeared, too, that Gertrude, the lovely daughter of the Baron de Saale—the toast of

all the country—upon whom the most of us had gazed as on something quite above us—it soon appeared that the girl loved this youthful stranger. Now Mentz had singled Gertrude out for himself, and avowed his preference publicly. Arnold, for thus was the new student called, was rarely, if ever, tempted to our feasts; but once he came unexpectedly on a casual invitation. To the great surprise and interest of the company, Mentz himself was there, and seated himself unabashed at the table, though an unbidden guest. The strongest curiosity at once arose to witness the result; for Mentz had sworn that he would compel Arnold, on their first meeting, to beg pardon on his knees for the audacity of having addressed his mistress. It had not appeared that Arnold knew anything of Mentz’s character, for he sat cheerfully and gaily at the board, with so much the manners of a high-born gentleman, that every one admitted at once his goodness, his grace, and his beauty; and regretted the abyss on the brink of which he unconsciously stood.

“‘What, ho!’ at length shouted Mentz, as the evening had a little advanced, and the wine began to mount: ‘a toast! Come—drink it all; and he who refuses is a poltroon and a coward. I quaff this goblet—fill to the brim—to the health and happiness of Gertrude de Saale—the fairest of the fair! Who says he knows a fairer is a black liar, and I will write the word on his forehead with a red-hot brand.’

“Every goblet was emptied but one, which stood untasted—untouched. On perceiving this, the ruffian leaning forward, fixed his eyes on the cup, struck his brawny hand down fiercely on the table, which returned a thundering clash and rattle, and then repeated, in a voice husky with rage—

“‘There is a cup full: by St. Anthony! I will make the owner swallow its measure of molten lead, if it remain thus one instant longer.’

“‘Drink it, Arnold—drink it, boy; keep thy hand out of useless broils,’ whispered a student near him, rather advanced in age.

“‘Drink, friend!’ muttered another, dryly, ‘or he will not be slow in doing his threat, I promise thee.’

“‘Empty the cup, man!’ cried a third; ‘never frown and turn pale, or thy young head will lie lower than thy feet ere to-morrow’s sunset.’

“‘It is Mentz, the duellist,’ said a fourth. ‘Dost thou not know his wondrous skill. He will kill thee as if thou wert a deer, if thou oppose him in his wine. He is more merciful than a wild boar. Drink, man, drink!’

“During this interesting scene, the youth had remained motionless, cool, and silent. A slight pallour, but evidently more of indignation than fear, came over his handsome

features; and his eyes dilated with emotion, resting full and firm upon Mentz.

"By the mass, gentlemen!" he said at length, "I am a stranger here, and ignorant of the manners prevalent in universities; but if yonder person be *sane*, and this no joke—"

"Joke!" thundered Mentz, foaming at the lip.

"I must tell you that I come from a part of the country where we neither give nor take such jokes, or such insults."

"Hast thou taken leave of thy friends?" said Mentz, partly hushed by astonishment; "and art thou tired of life, that thou hurriest on so blindly to a bloody pillow! Boy! drink, as I have told thee, to Gertrude, fairest of the fair!" And his huge round eyes opened, like those of a bull, upon a daring victim.

"That Gertrude de Saale is fair and lovely," cried the youth, rising, "may not be denied by me. But—I demand by what mischance I find her name this night common at a board of rioters, and polluted by the lips of a drunkard and a ruffian?"

"By the bones of my father," said Mentz, in a tone of deep and dire anger, which had ere then appalled many a stout heart—by the bones of my father, your doom is sealed! Be your blood on your own head. But," said he, observing that the youth, instead of cowering, bore himself more loftily, "what folly is this! Drink, lad, drink! and I hurt thee not! I love thy gallant bearing—and my game is not such as thou."

"He added this with a wavering of manner which had never before been witnessed in him, for never before had he been opposed so calmly and so fiercely; and, for a moment, he quailed beneath the fiery glances darted at him from one whom he supposed meeker than the dove. But, ashamed of his transient fear, he added:

"Come to me, poor child! Bring with thee thy goblet—bend at my foot—quaff it as I have said, and—out of pity—I spare thy young head."

"What was the astonishment of the company on beholding Arnold, as if effectually awed by a moment's reflection, and the ferocious enmity of so celebrated and deadly a foe, actually do as he was commanded. He rose, took the cup, slowly approached the seat of his insulter—knelt and raised the rim to his lips. Murmurs of 'shame, shame, poltroon, coward!' came hot and thick from the group of spectators who had arisen in the excitement of their curiosity, and stood eagerly bending forward, with every eye fixed upon the object of their contempt. A grim smile of savage triumph distorted the features of Mentz, who shouted, with a hoarse and drunken laugh—

"Drink deep—down with it—to the dogs!"

"Arnold, however, only raised the rim to his lips, and waited a moment's silence, with an expression so scornful and composed that the hisses and exclamations were again quelled; when every sound had ceased to a dead silence:

"Never," he said, "shall I refuse to drink to the glory of a name I once loved and honoured—Gertrude, fairest of the fair! But!" he added, suddenly rising and drawing up his figure, with a dignity that silenced every breath, "for thee, thou drunken, bragging, foolish beast! I scorn—I spit upon—I defy thee! and—thus be punished thy base, brutal insolence, and thy stupid presumption."

"As he spoke he dashed the contents of the ample goblet full into the face of Mentz; and then, with all his strength, hurled the mazy goblet itself at the same mark. The giant reeled and staggered a few paces back; and, amid the shining liquor on his drenched clothes and dripping features, a stream of blood was observed to trickle down his forehead.

"Never before was popular feeling more suddenly and violently reversed. The object of their vilest execrations flashed upon them with the immediate brightness of a superior being. A loud and irrepressible burst of applause broke from every lip, till the broad and heavy rafters above their heads, and the very foundations of the floor, shook and trembled. But the peal of joy and approbation soon ceased; for although this inspiring drama had so nobly commenced, it was uncertain how it might terminate. Before the tyrant recovered from the stunned and bewildered trance into which the blow, combined with shame, grief, astonishment, and drunkenness, had thrown him, several voices, after the obstreperous calls for silence usual on such occasions, addressed the youth, who stood cool and erect, with folded arms, waiting the course of events.

"Brave Arnold! noble Arnold! A gallant deed! The blood of a true gentleman in his veins!"

"But, canst thou fight," cried one.

"I am only a simple student, and an artist by profession. I have devoted myself to the pencil—not the sword."

"But thou canst use it a little—canst not?" asked another.

"But indifferently," answered the youth.

"And how art thou with a pistol?" demanded a third.

"My hand is unpractised," replied Arnold. "I have no skill in shedding human blood."

"Fore heaven! then, rash boy, what has tempted thee to this fatal extremity?"

"Hatred of oppression," replied the youth, "in all its forms; and a willingness to die rather than submit to insult."

"Die then thou shalt! and that ere to—"

morrow's sun shall set!' thundered Mentz, starting up in a phrensy, and with a hoarse and broken voice that made the hearts of the hearers shudder as if at the howl of a dog or a demon. 'I challenge thee to mortal combat.'

"And I accept the challenge."

"It is for thee to name time, place, and weapon; but, as thou lovest me, let it not be longer than to-morrow night, or I shall burst with rage and impatience."

"I love thee not, base dog!" replied Arnold; 'but thou shalt not die so inglorious a death. I will fight with thee, therefore, to-night.'

"By heaven, boy!" cried Mentz, more and more surprised, 'thou art in haste to sup in hell!' and the ruffian lowered his voice. 'Art thou mad?'

"Be that *my* chance," answered Arnold: 'I shall not be likely to meet, even in hell, a companion so brutal as thou—unless, which I mean shall be the case, thou bear me company.'

"To-night then be it," said Mentz; 'though to-night my hand is not steady; for wine and anger are no friends to the nerves.'

"Dost thou refuse me, then?" demanded the youth with a sneer.

"By the mass, no! but to-night is dark; the moon is down; the stars are clouded, and the wind goes by in heavy puffs and gusts. Hear it even now."

"Therefore," said the youth, apparently more coldly composed as his fierce rival grew more perceptibly agitated—"therefore will we lay down our lives here—in this hall—on this spot—on this instant—even as thou standest now."

"There is no one here who will be my friend," said Mentz; so evidently sobered and subdued by the singular composure and self-possession of his antagonist, that all present held him in contempt, and no one stirred.

"No matter," cried Arnold; 'I will myself forego the same privilege.'

"And your weapons?" said Mentz.

"Are here," cried Arnold, drawing them from his bosom; 'a surer pair never drew blood. The choice is yours.'

"The company began now to fancy that Arnold had equivocated in disclaiming skill as a duellist; and, from his invincible composure, thought him a more fatal master of the weapon than the bully himself. The latter also partook of this opinion."

"Young man," he cried, in a voice clouded and low; but stopped, and said no farther.

"Your choice!" said Arnold, presenting the pistols.

"Mentz seized one desperately, and said—

"Now name your distance."

"Blood-thirsty wolf," said Arnold, 'there shall be no distance!' He then turned and addressed the company.

"Gentlemen," said he, 'deem me not either savage or insane, that I sacrifice myself and this brutal wretch thus before your eyes, and to certain and instant destruction. For me, I confess I have no value in life. Her whom I loved I have sworn to forget; and if I existed a thousand years, should probably never see again. This ruffian is a coward, and fears to die; though he does not fear daily to merit death. I have long heard of his baseness, and regard him as an assassin—the enemy of the human race and of God—a dangerous beast—whom it will be a mercy and a virtue to destroy. My own life I would well be rid of, but would not fling it away idly when its loss may be made subservient to the destruction of vice and the relief of humanity. Here, then, I yield my breath; and here, too, this trembling and shrinking craven shall close his course of debauchery and murder. My companions, farewell: should any one of you hereafter chance to meet Gertrude de Saale, tell her I nobly flung away a life which her falsehood had made me despise. And now, recreant,' he said, in a fierce tone, turning suddenly toward Mentz, 'plant thy pistol to my bosom, as I will plant mine to thine. Let one of the company cry three, and the third number be the signal to fire.'

"With an increased paleness in his countenance, but with even more ferocity and firmness, Arnold threw off his cap, displaying his high brow and glossy ringlets. His lips were closed and firm; and his eyes, which glistened with a deadly glare, were fixed on Mentz. He then placed himself in an attitude of firing; broadened his exposed chest full before his foe; and with a stamp of fury and impatience raised the weapon. The brow-beaten bully attempted to do the same; but the pistol, held loosely in his grasp, whether by accident or intention, went off before the signal. Its contents passed through the garments of Arnold, who, levelling the muzzle of his own, cried calmly—"On your knees, base slave! vile dog! down! or you die!"

"Unable any longer to support his frame, the unmasked coward sunk on both knees and prayed for life with right-earnest vehemence. Again wild shouts of applause and delight, and peals of riotous laughter, stunned his ears. As he rose from his humiliating posture, Arnold touched him contemptuously with his foot. Groans and hisses now began to be mingled with several missiles. Mentz covered his face with his hands and rushed from the room. He was never subsequently seen among us."

The prudent man may direct a state, but it is the enthusiast who regenerates it, or ruins. —*Bulwer.*

The Public Journals.

THE ART OF DINING.

It is not merely the expense, but the trouble and fuss of dinner-giving on the present system, that checks the extended practice of "the Art," and imposes a galling restraint on sociability—many a man, to whom a few pounds are a matter of indifference, being deterred by the prospect of having the lower part of his premises converted into a laboratory for a week. We shall, therefore, endeavour to facilitate the adoption of the simple method, enumerating some of the many excellent things to be found within the precincts of our own country, by those who know when and where to look for them. Much of what we are presently about to state may prove interesting to ornithologists, ichthyologists, and other ologists, as well as to aristologists.

On the subject of soup we merely wish to discountenance the custom of beginning dinner with any strong compound not especially intended as a point in the repast. Such things as turtle at the Albion, *potage à la Meg Merrilies* at Dalkeith, or grouse soup at Hamilton—(made on the principle of a young grouse to each of the party, in addition to six or seven brace stewed down beforehand for stock)—are graces beyond the reach of ordinary art, and may be regarded as exceptions to rule; but we must say that to begin by stuffing one's self with ox-tail or *mock* turtle when two or three dishes of merit are to follow, argues a thorough coarseness of conception, and implies, moreover, the digestive powers of an ostrich. Spring soup, or *Julienne*, is the proper thing in the ordinary run of houses in this country, where varieties of the simple *potage* are unknown. Palestine soup (one of Ude's last) is strictly within our category, when it can be got, the principal ingredient being the Jerusalem artichoke, whence the name. Whitesoup is a shade too solid, but permissible. As regards spring soup, we recommend Birch's.

Fish richly merits a chapter to itself, but as we are not writing a book, we must confine ourselves to a limited number of hints. Our first relates to the prevalent mode of serving, which is wrong. The fish should never be covered up, or it will suffer fatally from the condensation of the steam. Moreover the practice of putting boiled and fried fish on the same dish cannot be too much reprobated, and covering hot fish with cold green parsley is abominable. Sometimes one sees all these barbarities committed at once, and the removal of the cover exhibits boiled and fried fish both covered with parsley, the fried fish deprived of all its crispness from contact with the boiled, and both made sodden by the fall of the condensed steam from the cover; so the only merit the fish has is

being hot, which it might have just as well if it followed instead of accompanying the soup. It is commonly made an object to have *five large slices* of cod, as they are called. There is no error greater than this. Cod ought to be crimped in thin slices, and you will then have the whole of your fish boiled equally, whilst in thick slices the thin, or belly part is overdone before the thick part is half boiled. Another advantage is that you need not put your fish into the kettle (it ought always to be put into *boiling* water) until your guests are arrived. Of sauces, we hold Dutch sauce to be applicable to all white-fleshed fish, except perhaps cod, when oyster sauce may be allowed. There is little mystery in the composition of oyster sauce, but lobster sauce is not so generally understood. The lobster should be chopped much smaller than ordinarily, and the sauce should be composed of three parts cream to one of butter, a slight infusion of cayenne, with salt and cavice or coratch, both which may be had of the best quality at Morel's. Lobster sauce leads us by a natural transition to salmon. The Christchurch is decidedly the best in England, for the Thames may now almost be considered extinct, not more than four having been caught within the last four years, though a good many have been sold as such. The salmon at Killarney, broiled, toasted, or roasted on arbutus skewers, is a thing apart, and unfortunately inimitable. The Dublin haddock is another untransportable delicacy peculiar to the sister island; but to prevent Scotland from becoming jealous, we will venture to place the fresh herring of Loch Fyne alongside of it. The Hampshire trout enjoy a prescriptive celebrity, but we incline to give the Colne and the Carshalton river the preference. Perch (Thames) and tench are always very good with Dutch sauce. Perch are best water-zoutched, or fried in batter as they used to be at Staines. The superabundant introduction of sea-fish has unduly lowered the character of carp; when fat, he is a dish for a prince. Pike (Dutch sauce, again) are capital if bled in the tail and gills as soon as caught; they die much whiter (which is a comfort to themselves), and look better at table. Pike is capitally dressed at the White Hart, at Salisbury.* London is principally supplied with eels from Holland, and whole

* Mr. Jones, the worthy landlord of the White Hart, has learnt the science of good eating by practising it. He often orders down from London a couple of quarts of turtle and a haunch of venison for his own eating, and sits down to dinner by himself; scorning all assistance but that of a bottle of Madeira and two bottles of old Port. Generally speaking, country inns are sadly deteriorated; and if, amongst their numerous commissions, Government would send out one to investigate their state, a real benefit would be conferred on the community. The main cause, we fear, is the increased rapidity and facility of travelling, which render it unnecessary (for anybody but a Whig commissioner) to sleep upon the road.

cargoes are daily sent up the river to be eaten as Thames or Kennett eels at Richmond, Eel-pie Island, &c. A Dutch eel, small in the head and kept long enough in clean water to purify him, is far from a contemptible commodity; but this creature is certainly to be had in the highest perfection at Godstow,—which is, or used to be, the favourite side-table of the Oxonians,—at Salisbury, Anderton, or Overton. The landlord of the principal inn at Overton was formerly cook at the York House, at Bath, whilst under the management of Ryley, to whom it is indebted for its celebrity. We take this opportunity of mentioning that we were in error in supposing that the wager respecting the relative merits of the Albion and York House dinners, mentioned in a former number,* was left undecided. It was really won by a refinement of Ryley's in causing *his* finger-glasses to be supplied with rose-water. The gudgeons at Bath will be found well deserving of the attention of the connoisseur; they are little, if at all, inferior to the most delicate smelts. The best lampreys are from Worcester.

The mullet have now deserted Weymouth for the coast of Cornwall, whither we recommend the connoisseur to repair in the dog days, taking care to pay his respects to the dories of Plymouth on the way,—and he will have the pleasure of following the example of Quin. There are epicures who combine these luxuries, eating the flesh of the dory with the liver of the mullet; but though the flesh of the mullet be poor, it is exactly adapted to the sauce which nature has provided for it, and we consequently denounce all combinations of this description as heterodox. The Brighton dories are also very fine, and the Jersey mullet are splendid, weighing often three or four pounds apiece. To procure fish, particularly fresh-water fish, in the highest perfection, you had better give a hint, two or three days in advance, to Grove of Charing-cross, the first fishmonger in Europe, as Lord Harrington emphatically termed him the other day within hearing of a friend of ours. "You see, sir," said the gentleman who attends the shop, modestly justifying the commendation, "when these sort of people get tired of cod and salmon, we know how to tip them something nice and natty,—like a perch or trout and so forth."

We shall next set down a few specialities regarding birds. The greatest novelty, perhaps, is the poachard or dun-bird, a species of wild-fowl, supposed to come from the Caspian sea, and caught only in a single decoy on the Misley Hall estate, Essex, in the month of January in the coldest years. The mildness of the season kept them away during the winters of 1833-4 and 1834-5; but a few have arrived within the last month, (Jan.,

1836.) and were generally admired by those who had the good fortune to become acquainted with them. Their flesh is exquisitely tender and delicate, and may almost be said to melt in the mouth, like what is told of the celebrated canvass-back duck of America; but they have little of the common wild duck flavour, and are best eaten in their own gravy, which is plentiful, without either cayenne or lemon-juice. Their size is about that of a fine widgeon.

Ruffs and reeves are little known to the public at large, though honourable mention of them is made by Bewick.† The season for them is August and September. They are found in fenny countries, (those from Whittlesea Meer, in Lincolnshire, are best,) and must be taken alive and fattened on boiled wheat, or bread and milk mixed with hemp-seed, for about a fortnight, taking good care never to put two males to feed together, or they will fight *à l'outrance*. These birds are worth nothing in their wild state, and the art of fattening them is traditionally said to have been discovered by the monks in Yorkshire, where they are still in high favour with the clerical profession, as a current anecdote will show. At a grand dinner at Bishopthorpe (in Archbishop Markham's time) a dish of ruffs and reeves chanced to be placed immediately in front of a young divine who had come up to be examined for priest's orders, and was considerably (or, as it turned out, inconsiderately) asked to dinner by his grace. Out of sheer modesty the clerical tyro confined himself exclusively to the dish before him, and persevered in his indiscriminating attentions to it till one of the resident dignitaries (all of whom were waiting only the proper moment to participate) observed him, and called the attention of the company by a loud exclamation of alarm. But the warning came too late; the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird, and with them, we are concerned to add, all the candidate's hopes of Yorkshire preferment are said to have vanished too.—*Quarterly Review*.

† History of British Birds, vol ii., p. 98.

The Gatherer.

Sir Walter Scott and Lady Morgan.—Sir Walter Scott was a Scotchman; his novels are enough to convince us of this fact. His exclusive love of Scottish subjects proves his love for Scotland; revering the old customs of his country, he makes amends to himself, by faithfully portraying them, for not being able to observe them more religiously; and his pious admiration for the national character shines forth in the willingness with which he details its faults. An Irish lady—Lady Morgan—presents herself as the natural rival of Sir Walter Scott, in

* Quarterly Review, No. CVII., p. 141.

persisting, like him, in writing only on national topics : but there is in her works much more love of celebrity than attachment to country, and much less national pride than personal vanity. — Lady Morgan seems to paint Irishmen with pleasure ; but it is an Irishwoman whom she, above every thing and every where, paints with enthusiasm : and that Irishwoman is herself. Miss O'Halligan in O'Donnell, and Lady Clancare in Florence MacCarthy, are neither more nor less than Lady Morgan, flattered by herself. — *Victor Hugo.*

The Old Haymarket Green Room.—It was literally a green room, into which light was admitted by a thing like a cucumber-frame at one end of it. It was matted, and round the walls ran a bench covered with faded green stuff, whereupon the *dramatis personæ* deposited themselves until called to go on the stage ; a looking-glass under the skylight, and a large bottle of water and a tumbler on the chimney-piece, completed the furniture of this classic apartment. — *Gilbert Gurney.*

A Coffee Room.—A dear, nice, uncomfortable room, with a bar opening into it, a sanded floor, an argand lamp smoking a tin tray in the middle of its ceiling, boxes along its sides, with hard carpet-covered benches, schoolboy tables, and partitions, with rods, and rings, and curtains, like those of a churchwarden's pew in a country church. — *Ibid.*

Common Sense is like flour,—the other sort of sense is like sugar, and gilding, and all the rest of those things—beautiful to adorn a cake and embellish the *pâtisserie*, but, without the flour, mere ornaments—now, without the ornaments, the flour will make bread. — *Ibid.*

Courtship.—Formerly there really existed something like sentiment and affection, devoted and unqualified by worldly grovelling. Now, these exist no longer : nobody ever hears of an unmarried woman's being seriously attached : the highly-accomplished and double-refined beauty of the period at which I write would be shocked to death if she were thought to be what in other times was called being in love. Girls like dandies, and with the dandies whom they like they flirt, and they waltz, and, if it happens to be quite convenient to all parties, eventually marry them. Wit and accomplishments have taken place of that sober serious devotion, which “looked unutterable things ;” and a man, in these times, convicted of having been upon his knees, would be as much damaged in the estimation of the sporting world, as a horse would be for the same reason. — *Ibid.*

Gambling-Houses.—So far from hazard being formerly considered a wrong or disreputable game, the kings of England, till the

reign of George III., used annually, on twelfth-night, to play hazard in an open room in St. James's Palace, which ceremony the public were admitted to witness. Hence the name given to these places of amusement.—The room in which the king publicly exhibited himself to his people, was called as those houses are now called on account of its darkness by day ; and hence the opprobrium which has fallen upon players in modern times, who congregate in places which, to the delicate imaginations of little masters and misses, deserve the same horrible appellation on account of their infamy, instead of having received it from the court itself : hence, too, the title of my worthy friend in the chair with the rake—he is called groom-porter—why, nobody on earth could possibly surmise, who did not know that in the royal hazard-playing, which has been just mentioned, it was the duty of the groom-porter of the palace to call the odds. — *Ibid.*

Oh ! how true it is that when those we have adored are gone—when those lips we have loved are sealed in silence, and can no longer speak a pardon for our indiscretions or omissions—we reproach ourselves with inattentions and unkindnesses, which, at the time we then fancied them committed, would perhaps have been matters of indifference or even jest. — *Ibid.*

Poet's Tree.—In the park at Ferney, is shown an elm planted by Voltaire, in 1763, of which the trunk, in 1831, was six feet four inches in circumference, at four feet from the ground. Since that time, the tree has been so mutilated by visitors, who have stripped off portions of its bark as a memorial of the great poet of Ferney, that it has been found necessary to surround it with stakes.

The School for Scandal.—Of the original representatives of the characters in Sheridan's *chef d'œuvre*, the “School for Scandal,” and of his very witty burlesque, “The Critic,” but two survive. In the former, the widow of the late John Philip Kemble, then Miss Hopkins, first played *Maria* ; and in the latter the part of *Don Ferolo Whiskerandos* was originally sustained by Mr. Bannister, jun., (familiarily called Jack Bannister,) who, save some occasional visitations of his old enemy the gout, cheerfully enjoys, in his 76th year, a green old age ; and, to the no small gratification of his friends, “fights his battles o'er again,” with surprising vivacity and vigour.

Every one in his turn becomes unpopular ; the people themselves may become unpopular at last. — *Victor Hugo.*

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London ; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris ; CHARLES JUGEL, Francofort, and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

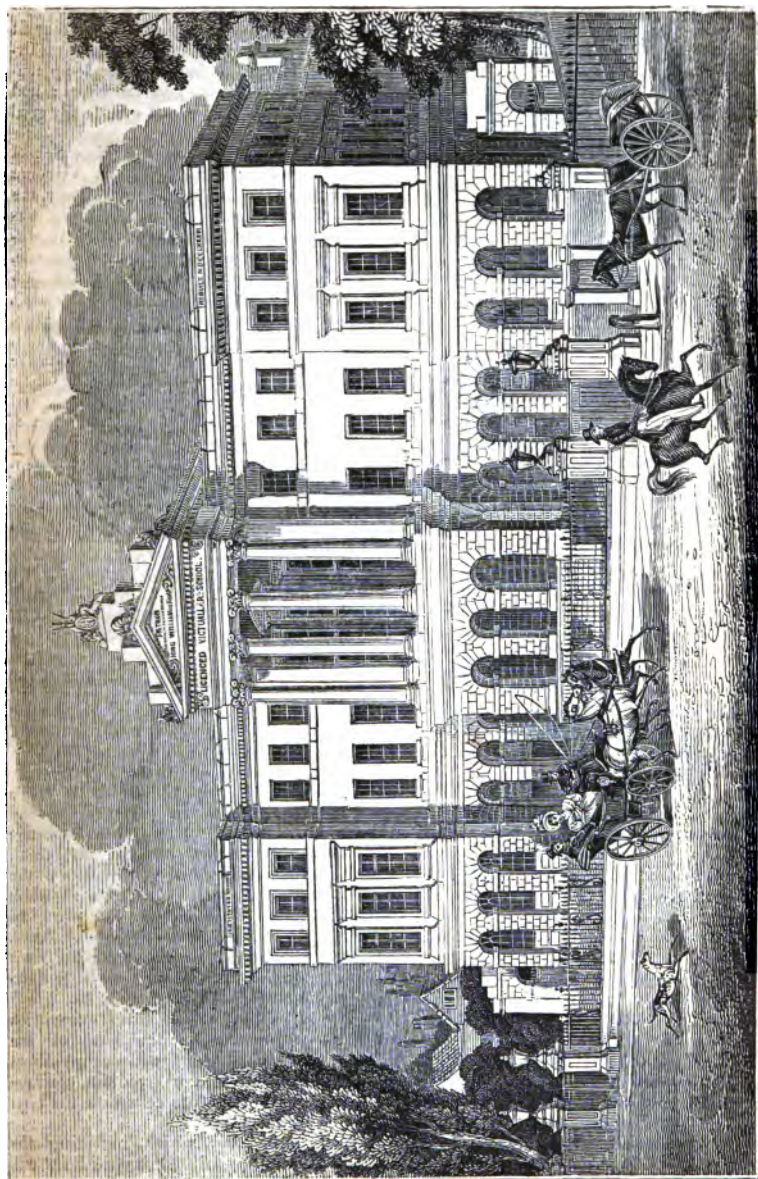
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 764.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' NEW SCHOOL, KENNINGTON LANE.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS NEW SCHOOL.

THE handsome edifice represented on the previous page is now in course of erection in Kennington Lane, Lambeth. The architect is Mr. Rose, of Southwark. Before proceeding to the descriptive details, it may, however, be interesting to explain the noble object to which this building is to be appropriated.

The Friendly Society of Licensed Victuallers was established in 1794, for raising a fund for the relief of its decayed Members and their Widows, in sickness and old age, want, and infirmity; and of affording some assistance to their fatherless children and orphans. To accomplish these benevolent objects, the *Morning Advertiser* Newspaper was published in the above year, from which time, one third of its profits, and other aids have formed a permanent fund. In 1803, a School for the education and maintenance of the destitute children was added to this charitable plan; and, about three years afterwards, premises in Kennington Lane were purchased of the late Sir Joseph Mawbey, and the establishment was removed there. In 1807, additional funds were raised by subscription, and the School was enlarged; and such has been the increase of its patrons and funds, that the amount which, in 1807, was 405 *l.* 11 *s.*—at the last return, in 1835, had risen to 4,223 *l.* 3 *s.*

The number of children has, accordingly, increased from twenty to upwards of one hundred and twenty; and the premises above mentioned being found inconvenient and inadequate to the object of the School, they have been taken down, and a structure better adapted to the increased extent of the Establishment has been commenced on the site of the old school-house. The children have been removed to Grove House, Camberwell, where they will remain during the erection of their new abode; so that the routine of instruction will not be impeded.

As an aggregate of the happy results of the Licensed Victuallers School, it is stated in an interesting pamphlet, (obligingly forwarded to us by the Secretary,) that since the School was instituted, "it has rescued from poverty and ignorance 717 orphans and other destitute children of both sexes; and, it may be considered as no slight additions to its advantages, that, of the children who have left it, 178 of the boys have received 5*l.* each, to place them out as apprentices, and 224 of the girls, 3*l.* each, to furnish them with suitable clothing on their being placed in respectable situations as servants." It should be remembered also, that much of this good work was effected in days when the facilities for public education were much less advanced than at the present time; for the lapse of upwards of a quarter of a century, (1807 to 1836), has worked great improve-

ment in the disposition of the public towards gratuitous education, as well as in the channels through which its philanthropic object is to be accomplished. In the Establishment before us, over-education is carefully avoided: the common rudiments only, as reading, writing, and arithmetic, are set before the scholars; with such general instruction in the useful arts of life as may fit the Boys and Girls "to get their own living;" the former to become good apprentices, and by industry, good masters; and the latter active servants, and eventually good mistresses.

The foundation-stone of the New School was laid on January 21, 1836, by Viscount Melbourne, in the name of His Majesty, the patron of the School. The ceremony was attractive, and thousands assembled to witness it. There was a procession to the site, an anthem was sung by some of the children, an Address, (written by the Secretary), was recited by the senior Boy; a brass-plate, recording the event, with coins and plans, was deposited, the Noble Founder spread the mortar with a silver trowel, and the stone was lowered, its accuracy ascertained, and the three blows were struck; the ministers of the parish church then offered up a prayer and thanksgiving, and the children sung a hymn, written by one of the former pupils of the Establishment. The event was celebrated by a sumptuous dinner, of which five hundred persons partook.

It is now time to describe the New School.

"The building will be of sufficient extent for the complete accommodation of 250 children of both sexes, and will be erected with the best stock bricks.

"The principal front, which has a northern aspect, will be 140 feet in length by 50 feet in height, and will be stuccoed in Roman cement up to the first floor, and rusticated. Over the Arcade to the principal entrance, there will be a handsome Corinthian Portico, surmounted above the pediment by the king's arms and a group of flags. The Arcade and Portico will project eight feet, and the wings four feet, from the principal front. This front, together with the east and west flanks of the principal building, will be faced with white Suffolk bricks. On each side the principal entrance, will be the boys and girls' entrances, and at each extremity of the principal front will be a wall, fifteen feet high, with doorway for the entrance of tradesmen, &c.

"The basement, which is an excavation about twelve feet below the level of the ground, and arched over, will occupy about 1,500 square feet, and will contain commodious beer, coal, and store cellars on the boys and on the girls' side.

"The ground floor, which, including the offices, will occupy 15,000 square feet, will comprise, within the principal building, a

boys' dining hall, forty feet by twenty-five, and eighteen feet high; a girls' dining-hall, thirty feet by twenty-five, and eighteen feet high; a sitting-room on each side for the master and mistress; a kitchen twenty-seven feet by twenty-four; a scullery, spacious provision rooms and larder; with bath-rooms, lavatories, and a store-room.

"The Entrance Hall, which will be approached by a spacious and handsome flight of stone steps, will be twenty-eight feet by twenty, and fifteen feet high, and will lead to the principal staircase, twenty-five feet by twenty, which will be lighted from above by a handsome lantern light. On each side this staircase will be a private staircase, leading to the boys and girls' sides of the building. On either side of the hall will be a waiting-room, twelve feet by eleven.

"Behind the main building will be a wing on each side, at right angles with the front. The wing on the east side, appropriated to the boys, will contain, on the ground floor, a school-room, forty-six feet by thirty-two, and sixteen feet high, with a covered playground forty-four feet long, and of the same height and width. On the west side, appropriated to the girls, will be a school-room, thirty-two feet by thirty, and sixteen feet high; a covered playground thirty-two feet by twenty-eight, and of the same height; and a wash-house thirty-two feet by twenty-three, and sixteen feet high, separated from the covered playground by a party wall. A lofty division wall is intended to separate the two open playgrounds.

"The mezzanine floor will contain, on the boys' side, a wardrobe eighteen feet by sixteen, and a work-room, thirty-three feet by ten, each with inclosed closets. On the girls' side there will be corresponding rooms, with a store-room twenty-four feet by seventeen, and a spare-room seventeen feet by sixteen.

"On the one-pair floor will be the committee room, forty-seven feet by twenty-four, and sixteen feet high, with a lobby on each side of the staircase landing.

"On the same floor, on the boys' side, will be their principal dormitory, occupying the whole length and width of the east wing, being about ninety feet by thirty-two, and sixteen feet high. In the front, or main building, will be another boys' dormitory, twenty-five feet by twenty-four, and of the same height; and adjoining these rooms will be the Master's bed-room and two bed-rooms for assistants, overlooking both dormitories.

"On the girls' side, within the west wing, the principal dormitory will be fifty-eight feet by thirty-two, and sixteen feet high; and in the front will be another girls' dormitory, thirty feet by twenty-five, and of the same height; and adjoining these, the bed-rooms of the mistress and assistants, overlooking both dormitories, as on the boys' side.

"At the end of the girls' principal dormitory, over the wash-house, will be a laundry, twenty-four feet by thirty-two, separated from the dormitory by a party-wall, and approached by stairs from the wash-house.

"The two-pair floor which is confined to the front, or main building, will contain on the east side an infirmary, or sick-ward for the boys, forty-one feet by twenty-four, and eleven feet high; and, on the west side, a girl's infirmary, thirty feet by twenty-four, and of the same height. On the same floor will be the nurse's room, eighteen feet by sixteen, three servants' bed-rooms, approached by a separate staircase from the one-pair floor, and a spare-room eighteen feet by twenty.

"The whole site of the building will be inclosed on the south, east, and west sides, by a brick wall, ten feet high; and the front, towards the road, will have a handsome ornamental iron railing, on granite and Portland curbs. At each end will be a pair of folding entrance gates, and a side door, each hung to Portland stone piers, and surmounted by a neat lamp."

The estimated cost of the New School is 14,000*l.*; a portion of which sum has been already subscribed; the remainder will, we hope, be contributed before the completion of the building. The Institution is, indeed, an excellent one: the annual cost of the School and Asylum is 7,000*l.* All this good is effected by zealous co-operation, such as we learn from the fable of antiquity: and the chairman at the Dinner was justified in asking his visitors who were strangers to the above Institutions, "whether there is any trade in this metropolis which exhibits the example of spending 7,000*l.* for the benefit of individuals belonging to it." How it gladdens the heart to reflect on such a result, as we turn to the noble monument of British benevolence, engraved on the preceding page.

This School, however, is not the only establishment of the Victuallers Society: for, not only have they provided for the parentless child, but they have also reared a substantial asylum for the aged and decayed members of their fraternity; thus furnishing a shelter from misfortune and vicissitude, in the first and last act of the drama of life.

Retrospective Cleanings.

NOBILITY.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—Thomas Sarsannes, being asked what kind of prelate he thought Eugenius IV. would prove, answered, that it might be easily guessed at if they knew but the stock he came off, for such as was his family, such a prince would they find him. It is true, by his own virtues or vices a man does often differ from his progenitors; but usually

through successive generations the blood does hold its tincture. And in a noble family, for the most part, the stream does still hold noble; which, by wise states, hath been sometimes so presumed upon, that they have set marks of honour upon them; not only out of respect to their ancestors, but in hopes of finding the successor not so degenerate. It was a law among the Romans, that if there happened contentions in their elections for the consulship, those that were descended of the Sylvians, Torquations, and Fabricians, should in the first place be preferred; and we see it common among princes, that offices of trust, and places of command, are settled on the heirs of some deserving families, as presuming they will merit to keep, what their ancestors, at first, by their merit, did acquire. Certainly, it is to be believed that, he which out of nothing, or a mean beginning, is the founder of a house and fortune, had something in him beyond the standard of an ordinary man; and it is likewise to be believed, that where the spirits are so rarefied and refined by virtue and industry, even in the generation of posterity, they do transmit themselves, and are propagated to succeeding ages. Some families are observable for peculiar eminences in the current of successions. The Romans had not a family of more merit than the Scipios; and it is not unworthy our observing, that even the first founders of that family were eminent for their piety, and their love to their parents: the first whereof, when his father was blind, as his staff, he was his guide, and led him about in his way, from whence he took his name. The next, being a child, did, every day in private, set out some time for the temple; and, at seventeen years of age, brought off his wounded father, encompassed by the enemy: and, indeed, he that discharges his duty to these two, cannot but be eminent in all the rest of his conversation. The foundation of honour and greatness is laid in obedience and respect to these: but the neglect thereof, or practices of a contrary nature, put a man out of favour with nature's genius; and leave him to be ravined upon by all the insects of his own small appetites, as well as the greater ragings of his intemperate passions. They that are bred under the government of such as are thus wise, are seasoned with maxims of honour; and if but one in an age steps up to do this, he leaves an example that puts posterity in the way of continuing it: and not to speak of the helps of fortune, which are infinite, they are presided into virtue and honour; and they are deterred from poor and skulking conveyances by the orientness of that fame which their forefathers have left them! so that earth cannot present us any thing that is more glorious than ancient nobility, when it is illustrated by the rays of virtue: and though

to be a king in virtue and wisdom is the brightest jewel that sparkles in a regal crown, yet, merely, as in a beautiful body, the temper and transcendency of the spirit is more grateful, so is virtue more lustrous and shining in the stem of ancient and ennobled blood, than in the newness of a rising house: each may be a marble in the quarry where it lies, but it must be by art and industry, and the diligence of a laborious hand to give it gloss and smoothness, before the streaks and taking veins can be discerned in it. Alexander would needs derive from Jupiter; the Romans from Hercules, Venus, Æneas, and the like; and how many nations have thought it their honour to draw their descent from the Trojans? As it was an honour to be a Grecian, where virtue and the arts were learned, so it was held a stain, and he was branded with the name of barbarian, that was of another nation. It was objected to Antisthenes as a disgrace that his mother was a Phrygian, had he not well wiped it off by replying, that Phrygia was the mother of the gods. But, however it be, it is virtue and true nobleness that is the crown of honour. They that are of the highest merit in themselves, the least insist upon their ancestry; for they well know that he who boasts his stock, commends but what belongs to another. The best use they can make of glorious actions, by them well achieved, is to endeavour that they may outgo them; or, at least, to beware, that they darken not, by their own declination, the splendour that they lived in. The best way to keep their ancestors' great acts in memory is to refresh them with new ones of their own; and let them be sure to remember, they grew up to that brightness by degrees: even fire itself, the quickest of the elements, must be kindled and blown up by degrees, before it shines itself into a flame: when it breaks out on a sudden, it is usually both ominous and harmful. It is better to be foolish than unthrifty; for another generation may prove wise: but the riotous and indiscreetly prodigal, after he hath wasted all the fruit, digs up the tree by the roots, that it can bear no more; and instead of hoped applause, departs the world with infamy. A degenerate son of a noble family, is like a worm at the root of a tree: a spendthrift, like an earthquake, does shake the house so long, that at last it either falls in pieces, or is swallowed up in ruin. He is not likely to be prevalent in battle, who thinks that, without his own stout fighting, it is enough for him to be covered with the shields of his ancestors.

W. G. C.

Habit or custom, like a complex mathematical scheme, flows from a point, insensibly becomes a line, and unhappily, (in that which is evil,) it may become a curve.—*Robinson.*

THE POET THOMSON.
Letters from THOMSON to DR. CRANSTOWN.
 (Continued from page 55.)

v.

London August the 7th 1735

Dear Sir

The bearer hereof my brother was seized last spring with a severe cold, which seems to have fallen upon his lungs, and has reduced him to such a low condition that his physician here advises him to try what his native air can do as the only remaining means of recovery. In his present melancholy circumstances, it gives me no small satisfaction to think that he will have the benefit of your directions: And for me to spend more words in recommending him to your care, were, I flatter myself, a superfluous formality. Your old acquaintance Anderson attends him; and besides what is necessary to defray the expenses of their journey, I have only given my brother five guineas; chusing rather to remit the money he will afterwards want, which shall be done upon the first notice.

My Brother's illness puts me in mind of that which afflicted you some years ago, and it is with the sincerest pleasure that I reflect on your recovery. Your health I hope is perfectly established; Health being the life of Life. I will not make you the compliments which I justly could upon that subject: the sentiments of the heart are generally plain and mine rejoices in your welfare.

Should you enquire into my circumstances—They blossomed pretty well of late, the Chancellor having given me the office of Secretary of the Briefs under him: but the Blight of an idle Inquiry into the fees and offices of the Courts of Justice which arose of late seems to threaten its destruction. In that case I am made to hope amends: to be reduced however from enjoyment to hope will be but an awkward affair—Aukward or not Hope and I (I hope) shall never part. Hope is the breath in the nostrils of Happiness. When that goes, this dyes. But then we ought at the same time to distinguish between the fair star of Hope, and that meteor Court-Expectation. With regard to the last, I subscribe to a new Beatitude of Popes or Swifts I think it is—Blessed is he who expecteth nothing for he shall never be disappointed.

You will see by the three first parts of a Poem called Liberty, which I send you, that I still attempt the barren but delightful mountain of Parnassus. I have pour'd into it several of those Ideas which I gathered in my travels and particularly from Classic Ground. It is to consist of two parts more which I design to publish next winter—not quite to tantalize you, I send you likewise some of the best things that have been printed here of late, among which Mr. Pope's second volume of miscellanies is eminent, and

in it his *Essay on Man*. The first volume of his *Miscellany Poems* was printed long ago and is every where. His *Letters* were pyracically printed by the Infamous Curl. Tho' Mr. Pope be much concerned at their being printed, yet are they full of wit, humour, good sense, and what is the best of all, a good Heart. One Mr. Littleton, a young gentleman and member of Parliament wrote the *Persian Letters*. They are reckoned prettily done. The *Book on the Sacrament* is writ by Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester. All Bigots roar against it, consequently it will work your *Mis-Johns*. I wish I could send you more entertainment of this kind: but a new Gothic night seems to be approaching, the great year the millennium of dullness.—Believe me most affectionately yours,

J. THOMSON.

Remember me kindly to all friends and direct to me (should you favour me with a Letter) at the Lancaster Coffee house, Lancaster-Court, in the Strand London.

vi.

Dear Sir

Being but lately returned from Mr. Dodingtons seat in Dorsetshire, I only received yours of Sept'r the 23rd a few days ago. The account it brought me of my brother's death I was pretty much prepared against, considering the almost hopeless condition he had for some time been in. What you mention is the true point of view wherein to place the Death of Relations and Friends. They then are past our Regret: the Living are to be lamented, and not the Dead. And this is so true and natural that People when they grieve for the Death of those they love, from a principle of Compassion for the departed without a return upon themselves, they envisage them in the article of death, and under the Pains both real and imagined, thereof; that is to say, they grieve for them whilst they were alive. Death has a Limit which Human Passions ought not, but with great Caution and Reverence, to pass. Nor indeed can they easily pass that Limit, since beyond it things are not clearly and distinctly enough perceived formally to excite them. This, I think, we may be sure of, that a future state must be better than this; and so on through the neverceasing succession of future states; every one rising upon the last, an everlasting new display of infinite Goodness! But hereby hangs a System, not calculated perhaps for the Meridian in which you live tho' for that of your own mind, and too long to be explained in a letter. I will conclude these thoughts by giving you some lines of a Copy of verses I wrote on my Friend Mr. Talbot's Death and design'd at first to be prefix'd to Liberty, but afterwards reduced to those you see stand

there. Perhaps sometime or other I may publish the whole.

Be then the starting Tear
Or selfish, or mistaken, wip'd away!
By Death the Good from reptile matter rais'd,
And upward soaring to superior day,
With Pity hear our Plaints, with Pity see
Our Ignorance of years, if e'er indeed,
Amid the woes of Life, they quench their Joys.
Why should we cloud a Friend's exalted state
With idle Grief tenaciously prolonged
Beyond the lovely drops that Frailty sheds,
Surpris'd? No, rather thence less fond of Life,
Yet still the Lot enjoying Heaven allows,
Attend we, cheerful, the rejoicing Hour.
Children of Nature! Let us not reject,
Froward, the Good we have, for what we want.
Since all, by turns, must spread the sable sail,
Driven to the Coast that never makes Return,
But where we happy hope to meet again;
Sooner or later, a few anxious years,
Still flutt'ring on the wing, not much imports.
Eternal Goodness reigns: be this our stay;
A subject for the past of grateful song,
And for the future of undrooping Hope.

Every thing it seems, is a subject of contention in this interested world. Let his effects be all given to his Cousin Thomas Turnbull, who so kindly attended him in his Illness. Only his Great Coat, (Jockey Coat I mean,) may be given to David of Minto, since he, I hear, desires it. Very likely he took it amiss that my Brother was not lodged with him, but my aunt of Chesters I thought more proper to tend and soften his sickness, she being a very good tender-hearted woman. Let her son Thomas therefore have all his Effects, except it be the foresaid Jockey Coat. I shall be glad besides to render them all other service.

Please to let me know to whom I shall pay what is due upon my brother's account. Your goodness on this occasion gives me no new sentiment of satisfaction. It is what I have been long acquainted with. If you would still add to your obligations, lay freely your commands upon me whenever I can be of any service to you.

There are no news here. The King is expected this week. A Battle likewise is by some expected we hungered and thirsted after Seckendorff and Belle-Isle. But the French and Germans seem to have fought enough last Campaign in Italy to excuse them for this. The gallant French this year have made war upon the Germans (I beg their Politeness' Pardon,) like vermin—eat them up. Hang them all. If they make war it is to rob, if Peace to cheat one another. Such are the noble Dispositions of mankind at present.—But before I fall into a bad humour, I will take my leave of you, being always—My dear Friend

Your most affectionate
humble Servant
JAMES THOMSON.

Pray remember me kindly to all Friends.

[The four preceding letters seem to have come

under covers, and are not addressed to any person. There is no doubt, however, that they were written to Thomson's friend Dr. Cranstoun, at Ancrum.]

VII.

[This letter has no date, and is mutilated in some places.]

Dr Sir

I received yours by which I find you have been as much concerned as Mr Golden indifferent about me, he, good man, recommends me to God Almighty, very well; but I wish he had exerted something more of the layman on that ***: for (to be deeply serious) the **** father of mankind beholds all *** offspring with a melting eye *** needs none to prompt to acts of goodness, so that I can't conceive for what purpose people's prayers are for one another unless it be to stir up humane and social dispositions in themselves. I have gotten several recommendations and am promised more afterwards, when I'm fixed on any particular view, which would make them more pointed and effectual. I shall do all that's in my power, act, hope, and so either make something out or be buried in obscurity. There is, and I'm persuaded of it, I triumph in it, another life after this, which depends as to its happiness on our virtue, as this, for the most part, on our fortune. My spirits have gotten such a serious turn by these reflections that altho' I be thinking on Mis John I declare I'll hardly force a laugh before we part (for this I think will be my last letter from Edinburgh, for I expect to sail every day.) Well, since I was speaking of that merry soul I hope he's as bright, as easy, as degagee, as susceptible of an intense laugh, as he use to be, tell him when you see him that I laugh in imagination with him ha! ha! ha! Mis John how in the name of wonder drag'd you so much good humour along with you thro' the thorny paths of systems and School Divinity, considering the many hardy attempts you have made to epitomize * * * * * and so forth. Whenever I began to rust in these exercises the doctor cleared me. Well may witt humour and everlasting joy surround you both, and if I but at any time [can—supposed] kindle up the laugh from London I'll be sure to ha* * [have it—supposed] returned upon me with greater force. Your's while I am

JAMES THOMSON.

[Note added on the fold—]

If you have the opportunity to be at Marlow, in Mr. Wilson's there you'll find a treasure of a good comerade call'd Peter Murdoch who will stay there these eight days.

[Addressed]

To Doctor Cranstoun att Ancrum.

The Robelist.

THE TOMB OF THE CHRISTIAN.—AN ALGERINE LEGEND.

From the French of S. de Monferrier.

TWENTY leagues from Algiers, to the east of Belida, rises a vast mausoleum, built like a pyramid upon the declivity of Atlas, and the object of veneration and terror to all the inhabitants of the country; no profane person approaches the environs of this formidable place, for it is the abode of spirits. Many years ago, and tradition does not fix the date, a Numidian prince caused this tomb to be constructed in honour of his wife who was a Christian; to hinder the infidels from profaning it, he devoted it to the spirits of darkness, and took measures, besides, to prevent their entering. The monument had no exterior opening; a subterranean passage, a league in length, of which the trace is lost, is, it is said, the only available door. One month after the completion of the mausoleum, the prince disappeared with all his treasures; and a report spread throughout the country, that he had been seen one night to sink down into the subterraneous passage with the most faithful of his slaves, laden with coffers, which were filled with gold and diamonds.

Curiosity and avarice wrought long among the people, but the most frightful stories deterred the bravest of them from making any attempt to penetrate into the accursed place. Some saw at the hour of darkness, flames spout from the earth, and devour their imprudent comrades; others were, during one night, the sport of a troop of malignant genii, who amused themselves by mutilating them; these beheld ascend into the heavens frightful and fantastic shadows; and those, famished lions and tigers, who menaced passers by, and hindered them from approaching.

About fifty years ago, some lion-hunters uniting themselves in great numbers to attempt the adventure, approached the tomb, and endeavoured to force an opening by pulling down a part of the wall, when a horrible noise, mingled with frightful groans, iced them with terror. The earth shook under their feet; amid the glimmer of lightnings, grim, menacing shadows appeared, and whilst some fell to the ground deprived of sense, the others fled to their homes, sowing alarm by the way. This was the last attempt; from that day the inhabitants never went by the Tomb of the Christian, without invoking the protection of the Prophet; the nearest tribes removed far from it, and a vast solitude, bristling with angular stones, and briars, and thorns, rose around it.

About twenty-two years since, there lived at Algiers, a young Turk, the son of Kas-

nadji Soliman, who was indisputably the handsomest janissary in the army; perhaps, one of the bravest; when he passed through the narrow streets of the town, respect and fear opened for him a passage through the dirty population of slaves and Bedouins, who circulated about them; every one drew back before him, for the young Ali was haughty, and the imprudent slave who had stopped his way, would have been severely punished, perhaps put to death by a stroke of his cimeter, for truly he was noble. He should have been seen in his white turban, surmounted by a superb aigrette; his azure caftan embroidered with gold: his ample silken girdle, and his silver mounted poignard, enriched with precious stones; he was truly the pearl of warriors. So much so, that whenever an old Moorish woman passed him, she invoked Allah—"O great prophet, let him become my son!" But Ali had already given away his heart, as far as a Mussulman can give it. Stella Ben Sultana was the object of his secret adoration; and how had they become acquainted? That's what I never could discover, since it is well known that at Algiers, women of decorum never go out; they reside in the harem, concealed from all profane eyes, and mothers only have seen the fair betrothed destined for their sons, ere the marriage is concluded. Now Ali had no mother, yet he knew Stella, the daughter of a noble family, and adored her.

Upon the banks of Babelouard, near the English fort, and not far from the Valley of Tombs, Stella's family possessed a country-seat, where she passed a part of the year; it was a delightful place, and she liked better to live there, than in her house in town. The air, freshened by sea-breezes, was purer, and females, too, enjoyed there greater liberty; since, not being exposed, as upon the terraces of Algiers, to the gaze of the indiscreet, they might, divested of their long veils, roam gaily amid groves of orange and citron trees. One day, Stella was alone with her mother at this country-seat; evening drew on, the lengthy songs of Saadi had failed to make the latter sleep, and the young girl was in despair, for Ali was coming that evening to talk of their future marriage. The idea then occurred to her, though a little late, of confiding the affair to her mother, and after all necessary precautions, she detailed the story of her love. Sultana was a wise woman; far from flying into a passion, she embraced her daughter for placing confidence in her: Sultana was a woman profoundly cunning; and so far from telling her daughter that she had already given her to another husband, she held to her this language:—"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet; I have always invoked the prophet, and the prophet has never abandoned me. Thou knowest, Stella, that I have always had a

greater regard for thee than for thy sister, therefore my daughter hearken with respect and affection, to the words with which God has inspired me. I watch over thy happiness; thou art the joy of mine old age, therefore obey me." Stella was kneeling before her mother; she had repeated a verse of the Koran, and listened in religious silence.

"Thou speakest to me of Ali, but dost thou know him well? Thou wouldst be his wife dost thou know if he can render thee happy? Poor child! Ali is handsome, but they say that he has fled before the Monsayaa. Ali is the son of Kasnadji, but he is a libertine, and spends in debauchery with immodest women, and certain hare-brained youths, the fruit of his father's labours. Thou weepst, Stella, my beloved child, but if with sharp words I have rent thy soul, I know how to shed over it the balm of consolation. See now what I propose.—Ali should come hither this evening, should he not? Well, put his courage and love to the test; require the Christian's Crown, and if he goes to seek it in her tomb, I will say, Ali is brave, Ali loves thee, let him be thy spouse."

Scarcely had the old lady finished these words, when Ali appeared, guided by a slave whom he had gained over to his interests. He prostrated himself before Stella's mother: "O venerable lady," said he, "may God be with you. I heard my name upon your lips, may God give you his blessing: you are aware of my passion, have pity upon me!"

"Young man, rise! my daughter will tell you that has been agreed on between us."

Then Stella raised her beautiful black eyes upon Ali with a look of caressing love: "Ali, you are to be my husband; my mother consents; but, only when you shall have brought me the Christian's Crown."

The young man turned pale; a cold perspiration gathered thick upon his forehead; then he rose, and departed in despair, "Tomorrow," being his only adieu.

At three o'clock in the morning, Ali found himself near the tomb; his faithful coursers fell dead from fatigue, and his own strength failing him, he fainted.

Shortly afterwards he seemed to hear a confused sound of voices; his strength returned; he heard himself named, and he opened his eyes; but where shall we find colours to paint the picture which offered itself to his observation, or expressions to speak his astonishment.

He was in the tomb; a vast saloon of marble presented itself to his gaze; all around him rose jasper columns, whose golden capitals were enriched with diamond triangles,* amid which were written in fiery characters, three signs that he could not under-

stand.† The walls, tapestried with cachemirs, represented unknown subjects, in most of which a man of perfect beauty was seen, carrying a cross. In the midst of the saloon rose a throne, covered with a purple canopy enriched with pearls; a woman in a white robe, divine in the expression of her features, and the softness of her contour, was seated on the throne; a crown of red roses encircled her brow in the manner of a diadem, and a crowd of fantastic, but graceful creatures, sung at her knees. Everything was sparkling with gold and jewels; the most exquisite perfumes imbued the air; the most melodious music inebriated the senses; at length the woman rose, and majestically advanced towards Ali:—"Mussulman," said she, and her voice was very sweet, "I know the cause which hath brought thee hither; fear not, the Holy Spirit hath commended thee to me, and in proof of it, here, take my crown."

Ali took the fatal crown, and almost immediately, everything changed its aspect. The Christian, for without doubt it was her, sunk into the abyss before him, her radiant viaged suite were metamorphosed into frightful demons, a sulphureous odour filled the saloon; its riches disappeared, and it was now nothing more than a hideous cavern, illuminated with bluish flames, horrible to behold. The crowd of the damned rushed upon Ali, vociferating

It was mid day, a Bedouin passed; his mule stopped affrighted before the body of a man extended upon the road, about a league from the Christian's Tomb. Moved by pity, this man took up the body, which exhibited some signs of life, and carried it to Algiers, whither he was journeying. Ali was recognised in the town, the Bedouin took him home to his father, and received a handsome reward.

Twenty years afterwards, Algiers had changed masters, and I walked through its narrow streets to study their windings, and to examine closely the inhabitants of the city, when I saw coming at a distance, a man half naked, who made violent gestures, and whom the crowd seemed to respect. Ali Pacha, the son of the Dey who reigned there two and twenty years since, was with me, and related the story, which, well or ill, I have told you. "Ali Soliman," said he, in conclusion, "has become insane since his visit to the tomb, and often stops the crowd to recount his story; for myself, I have heard it several times. His old father died long since, without leaving him any fortune, and this, his unhappy son, subsists on the charity of the people, who, as you know, have great veneration for idiots. As to the lovely Stella,

* The Triangle is the well known hieroglyphic of the sacred Trinity.—*Trans.*

† Of course the three Hebrew signs, or letters, for the name of the Supreme Being, generally written within the emblematic triangle.—*Trans.*

the story made so much noise, that the cadi mentioned it to the Dey, and her name was inscribed upon the lists of the Mezonard, the guardian of bad women, for having maintained, in spite of the laws, an illegal connexion with poor Ali."

I put no more questions, but next day, disguised as an Arab, departed with some of the townspeople for Belida, where, from the top of a minaret, I could contemplate the peak of the pyramid of the Christian's Tomb. To try to go further was impossible, for a tribe of marauders were at the foot of Atlas, and it would have been running to certain danger. I returned in the hope that I might one day satisfy my curiosity, but, vain illusion! since that period the posts have been but very little advanced on that side, and I have departed from Algiers, without having been able to see closely this famous monument.—*From the Courrier du Pas-de-Calais.*

M. L. B.

Antiquariana.

WIDDRINGTON CASTLE.

This once-famed stronghold is celebrated in Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*, as one of the objects which the Abbess of St. Hilda, and her "five fair nuns," saw in coasting

from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
Bound to St. Cuthbert's holy Isle.

* * * * *

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;

Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wausbeck floods
Rush to the sea thro' sounding woods;
They past the tower of Widdrington,
Mother of many a valiant son.

Widdrington Castle was the seat of "Gerard de Woderington, in 1272," who held it with Dring and Borndon, of the barony of Whalton, by the service of one knight's fee. This family stands conspicuously as a line of heroes, and in the list of sheriffs of this county. We also find them possessors of several other seats: thus, Cartington Castle belonged to Edward Widdrington, who raised a troop of horse for Charles I., and was created a baronet in 1642; Houghton Castle was possessed by the Widdringtons, in 1567; Swinburne Castle passed to them by marriage; Harbottle Castle was granted to them by the Crown, in 1567; one of them, Sir Thomas Widdrington, founded and endowed a free-school at Stamfordham, in 1663; he was recorder of York, lord keeper in 1647, speaker to parliament in 1656, and lord chief baron in 1658.

Sir William Widdrington was advanced to the dignity of a baron of the realm by Charles I., and lost his life at Wigan in Lancashire, in the cause of Charles II. "He was," says Clarendon, "one of the goodliest men of his age, being near a head higher than most tall men." His grandson, William,



(Widdrington Castle.)

Lord Widdrington, forfeited the estate in the rebellion of 1715; after which Widdrington Castle was valued at 100,000*l.* and sold by the Crown.

The castle, though irregular, and the work of various ages, was a noble structure, especially the most ancient part of it, which was a gothic tower, finished with machicolations, and four round turrets, as shown in the print. It was burnt down about fifty-three years since; the only remaining part being an octangular embattled tower, to which a square modern edifice has been added. It commands an extensive sea prospect to the east, and a land view towards the south, as far as Tynemouth Castle.

The cut shows Widdrington to have been, in modern times, a strange admixture of castle and family dwelling: in it, however, are preserved the machicolations, the defensive characteristic of the old border mansions.

The Naturalist.

STRAY FACTS.—BY M. L. B.

Luminous British Insects.

LATELY, a gentleman walking in the country, (we forget whether in the county of Oxfordshire or Berks,) took up a small and very brilliant mass of what he conceived to be glow-worms; but, to his surprise, he found in his hand three strange insects, which crawled away at an amazing rate, but which he describes, from the glimpse he got of them, to have been more like ants than anything else, and about the length of his thumb-nail; they were fully as brilliant as the glow-worm.

Three or four summers since, a lady walking one evening, until it became quite dark, in her garden at Marlow, observed something moving along in a snake-like manner on the grass, wholly luminous, but not brilliantly so; resembling a piece of animated whipcord, faintly lustrous, and four or five inches in length. She did not like to take up the creature, nor from the darkness could she distinguish what it was; it glided swiftly away; but, on mentioning the circumstance, a centipede, (for which it seemed too long,) or a slow-worm, (for which it was too slender,) were suggested as probable solutions of the mystery, both these reptiles being, we are assured, luminous in the dark.

A short time since, some friends drinking tea one summer evening at their residence near Maidenhead, with all the windows of the drawing-room open, there suddenly burst in a host of small flies, which covered the table and the furniture; every one of these emitted a sparklet of light, pure and intense like that of the glow-worm; and altogether they formed, for a few minutes, a spectacle as beautiful, as we should imagine it to be, in the British isles, uncommon.

Tenacity of Life in Insects.

An entomologist having caught a large species of moth, pinned it to the wall of a room, (the old method of putting an insect to death, which we believe is now more expeditiously performed, and therefore more humanely, by giving it prussic acid). In this situation it was left for above ten days, the gentleman having quitted home for that period; but, upon his return, the poor, impaled creature was yet in strong life, as it fluttered its wings when touched!

M. Lamotte, a French *savant*, to preserve stuffed birds, used a mixture, not, we believe, unknown to British ornithologists, of soap and arsenic, worked up to about the consistence of custard. A very small dose of this preparation would kill a man; but one day when it was in use, a *Demoiselle* (an extremely large, and beautiful species of dragon-fly, whose body is as thick as a lady's little finger,) flew in at the window, alighted upon the basin of deadly conserve, and sucked up with its capacious mouth, for at least five minutes, a considerable quantity of it. Its legs and thighs were covered with the mixture, and it flew to the window, where, apparently not affected by a dose which would have killed a human being in an hour, it endeavoured to cleanse them. It lived till the evening, a space of many hours after swallowing the poison, but whether it had seemed to suffer much was not known, nobody having watched it.

Tenacity of Life in Man.

Once upon a time, after some consideration upon a subject, to the positive knowledge of which we could not possibly attain, we did venture to introduce the following passage into a story; and we quote it here, because it forms an appropriate opening to this, our last "stray fact," which will be found amply to confirm our idea:—

"Is there a dream in life, so dark, so dread,
As that of those, who know themselves, the Dead!
Horrible knowledge! so, the soul's chief seat,
Instinct with sense, and warm with vital heat,
(Ere its sad tenant be dislodg'd) must feel
When rais'd fresh reeking from the headman's
steel;
Dimly its sinking, dark'ning eye-balls see
The stir of life; it hears, but cannot flee
From shameful insult; whilst its agonies
Are visible, of horror, pain, surprise;
'Tis speechless, yet would speak! the lips move
slow;
It feels, and shudders from the keen death-blow—
It lives,—ah, horrible! to know it can
No more hold dear companionship with man."

Il Campanaro.

"A memoir," says the *Court Journal* for 1833, p. 664, "has recently been presented to the Academy of Sciences, on the subject of death by decollation, which will cause an investigation to take place, under the authority of Messrs. Majendie and Flourens. Guillotin, the inventor of the guillotine, as well

as several other distinguished physiologists, was of opinion that no physical suffering attends the act of decapitation. Sue, Sommering, and Castet, entertain different views." (Here follows a series of experiments upon animals, whose sufferings, after the loss of their heads, seem to be extreme.) "Mojou, Professor of Physiology at Genoa, having produced at Paris a system of investigation of the results of the guillotine, states, that having exposed two heads, a quarter of an hour after decollation, to a strong light, the eyelids closed suddenly. The tongue, which protruded from the lips, being pricked with a needle, was drawn back into the mouth, and the countenance expressed sudden pain. The head of a criminal named Tillier, being submitted to examination after the guillotine, the head turned in every direction from whence he was called by name. A report hitherto treated as fabulous, may therefore be believed,—that when the executioner gave a blow on the face to Charlotte Corday's head, the countenance expressed violent indignation. Fontenelle asserts, that he has frequently seen the heads of guillotined persons move their lips; and his memoirs contains many other apparently incredible, but equally well authenticated facts. Sireling declares, that by touching the spinal marrow, the most horrible demonstrations of agony succeed. * * * It appears on the present showing, that the guillotine is the most cruel mode of destruction ever yet devised; since no limit can be placed to the agonies of death after its operation."

The late Mr. Mathews, we believe, (not the comedian,) in his *Diary of an Invalid*, mentions having been present at an execution in France, by the guillotine, in which he says, the head being held up to the execration of the people, by the executioner, he plainly distinguished on the countenance, the expression of the emotions of pain, anger, astonishment, and horror! (We have not the book by us to quote Mr. M.'s exact words, but remember being singularly horrified by the account.)

A young and beautiful Vendean heroine, who had thrown herself upon the protection of General Marceau, was, with himself, (for affording her that protection,) condemned to death. He had saved the life of one, who in turn saved his: "mais, les larmes de Marceau, ne purent sauver la jeune infortunée de la fureur des juges qui etaient dignes de servir sous un maître tel que Robespierre. * * Ces juges, firent arracher la belle Vendéenne de l'asile où Marceau l'avait cachée." "Condemned," the account goes on to say, "at the age of seventeen to die, she confided her portrait to a friend, to offer to the warrior, whose pity and whose features were too deeply engraven on her heart. On going to execution, she placed between her lips an artificial rose,

with which, one day, the hand of Marceau had ornamented her beautiful hair. The executioner showed her head after it was cut off, when the frightened people believed that she vomited blood; but it was the rose, which the yet animated mouth clenched with gnashings of the teeth, (*grincemens*), in the convulsions of death. This horrible image ever pursued the hero, and when he recalled it, grief suspended his recital, and he shed burning tears of indignation." But, besides these instances of life, passions, and consciousness, in the human head when severed from the body, and either experimented upon, or displayed to the multitude, the bereaved trunk has been known to start upright with the board to which it was strapped, and even to walk some steps on the scaffold.

The following circumstance has never been published, but it is perfectly authentic. A few years since, a great criminal was to be guillotined at Abbeville, and a very worthy man, a glazier, (one of the *Frères de la Charité*, who see to the burial of malefactors and others, who have nobody besides to give them decent interment, without remuneration,) sought, and obtained from the proper authorities, the favour of undertaking at his own expense, the burial of the condemned. The kind brother stood on the scaffold with a coffin, ready to receive the body so soon as the head was taken off, (every one knows that decapitation by the guillotine is instantaneous,) which, when done, it was immediately unstrapped from the board, thrown into the chest, whose lid was put down, but not fastened, and our Frère de la Charité, bearing his burthen on his shoulder, set off with it through the Place de ——— where the execution took place, and which was a tolerably spacious area, to the place where he prepared it for interment.—This worthy brother was glazier, at the period, to the gentleman, then resident in France, from whom we have the anecdote, and told him voluntarily, "that the trunk of the guillotined criminal kicked so violently whilst he was carrying it through the square, that he thought the lid of the coffin would have been kicked off, or the bottom out!"

These horrible, and to us, most plainly speaking, circumstances, will, probably, in these sceptical days, be, by certain philosophers, attributed solely to "muscular motion;"—a favourite theory with some individuals, but to us far indeed from satisfactory; since who can certainly know that life is extinct—sensation and consciousness quite gone—as soon as the head is separated from the body?—Who shall certainly affirm that the dismissal of the sentient soul from its mortal tenement, immediately takes place upon the severing of the spinal marrow? No one; for no one who asserts it has ever been guillotined; and no decapitated sufferer:

has ever been able to tell the unsuffering spectator, (though his lips may have moved to do it,) what an eternity of agony of which he little dreams, may be endured for the first quarter of an hour after execution!—M. L. B.

The Public Journals.

THE ART OF DINING.

(Continued from page 111.)

A PASSAGE in Bewick also tends to prove that ruffs and reeves have always been esteemed great delicacies in York:

"In a note communicated by the late George Allan, Esq., of the Grange near Darlington, he says,—I dined at the George Inn, Coney-street, York, August 18, 1794, (the race week,) where four ruffs made one of the dishes at the table, which in the bill were separately charged sixteen shillings."

It may not be deemed beside the purpose to state that Prince Talleyrand is extremely fond of them, his regular allowance during the season being two a-day. They are dressed like woodcocks. Dunstable larks should properly be eaten in Dunstable; but Lord Sefton has imported them in tin boxes (in a state requiring merely to be warmed before the fire) with considerable success. Larks are best in January. Surrey and Sussex are the counties for the capon—and also for the same animal in his more natural though less aristological condition; Norfolk and Suffolk, for turkeys and geese. We are not aware that any marked superiority has been accorded to any district as to game. The largest pheasant ever known of late years was sent a short time since, (by Fisher,) to Lord William Bentinck at Paris. It weighed four pounds wanting an ounce, but we are not aware in what county it was killed. It is a singular fact with regard to woodcocks, that the average weight is full fifteen ounces, yet the largest invariably falls below sixteen. The largest common grouse ever known weighed twenty-eight ounces. A cock of the woods, weighing very nearly ten pounds, was sent, a few weeks since, to Lord Balcarras, by Fisher of Duke-street, St. James's, confessedly the best poulterer in London. He certainly defies comparison in one particular—having actually discovered the art of sending fowls with two liver wings to his friends. He enjoys the unlimited confidence of Lord Sefton, which is one of the highest compliments that can be paid to any man directly or indirectly connected with gastronomy.

It may prove a useful piece of information to know that turkeys and pheasants, ready stuffed with truffles, are regularly imported from Paris by Morel of Piccadilly. The saving in the duty thus effected is such as to make nearly a third difference in the price, that of a turkey stuffed in England being

about 3*l.* 10*s.*, and that of a turkey stuffed before landing 2*l.* 10*s.*, the advantage in respect of flavour being (if anything) in favour of the latter. Morell will send his own cook, Le Fortier, an artist of merit, to dress the whole dinner for you if you like. Another capital thing, occasionally imported by Morell from Strasburg, is the far-famed *Hôte de Sanglier aux truffes*—none of your common pigs' heads with a lemon in the mouth, but the head of a regular wild boar from Westphalia or the Black Forest, such as might grin with credit on the banner of an old noble of Germany. But these are foreign delicacies, and therefore foreign to the principal object of this enumeration, which is to vindicate the genuine old English cookery from reproach, and show that it is, in fact, equally distinguished for goodness and variety. Our next topics, however, shall not be open to the reproach which with some semblance of reason might be thrown out against our last; for our next topics will be mutton and beef in their unadulterated simplicity.

Most people know that a roast leg of mutton (it were superfluous to expatiate upon the haunch) with laver served in the *sauce-pan* is a dish of high merit, but it ought never to be profaned by the spit, which lets out the gravy, and shocks the sight with an unseemly perforation just as you are cutting into the Pope's eye. Neither is a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, with caper sauce, to be despised. Besides it gave rise to a fair enough *mot* of Charles Lamb. A farmer, his chance companion in a coach, kept boring him to death with questions in the jargon of agriculturists about crops. At length he put a poser—"And pray, sir, how are turnips t' year?"—"Why that, sir, (stammered out Lamb,) will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

If you resolve on roast beef, you should repair at an early hour, with a competent adviser, to Leadenhall market; but if your affections are fixed on boiled, order a round of from 26 lbs. to 30 lbs. from the shop (Finch and Austin) at the corner of St. Martin's Court, to be sent hot precisely at a quarter after six. Sixty years' experience has taught them the policy of punctuality, and no butcher can send it so perfectly cured, no cook can serve it hotter or better. Any distance within the bills of mortality will suit: many a round has been sent to George IV. at Carlton House, many to the Duke of Sussex at Kensington; and we collect from Dr. Lardner's evidence before the Lords' Committee that, so soon as the rail-road is completed, it will be quite practicable to send a round to Birmingham, without any injurious reduction in temperature, or so much as spilling a drop of gravy on the way. Perhaps he contemplates the possibility of applying the boiler to

the beef. For a small party, the flank part of a brisket from the same shop may be found preferable.

The capabilities of a boiled edgebone of beef may be estimated from what happened to Pope the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art. He received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the intended fare,—a small turbot and a boiled edgebone of beef. "The very things of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope; "I will come with the greatest pleasure;" and come he did, and eat he did, till he could literally eat no longer; when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in, fit to be made the subject of a new poetical epistle:—

"For finer or fatter

Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study:
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy."

Poor Pope divined at a glance the nature of the trap that had been laid for him, but he was fairly caught, and after a puny effort at trifling with a slice of fat, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming—"A friend of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner!"

The late Duke of Devonshire's passion was a broiled blade-bone of mutton, which was every night got ready for him at Brookes's; and the late Duke of Norfolk was accustomed to declare that there was as marked a difference between beef-steaks as between faces; and that a man of taste would find as much variety in a dinner at the beef-steak club (where he himself never missed a meeting) as at the most plentifully served table in town. Both their graces were men of true *gusto*; yet we doubt if either of them could have given the reader the valuable information we here think it proper to communicate. Whatever the subject of your broil—steak, chop, or devil—take care that the gridiron be heated before the article is placed upon it; in the case of a fry observe the same precaution with the frying-pan.

It may encourage many a would-be Amphytrion to learn from our own experience by what simple expedients the prosperity of a dinner may be insured, provided only it possess the interest of novelty.

We have seen an oyster soup prepare the way for a success, which was crowned by blackpuddings from Birch's. We have seen a kidney dumpling perform wonders, and a noble-looking shield of Canterbury brawn from Grove's diffuse a sensation of unmitigated delight. One of Morel's *pâtés de gibier aux truffes*—or a woodcock pie from Bavier's of Boulogne, would be a sure card, but a home-made partridge pie would be more likely to come upon your company by surprise, and you may produce a *chef d'œuvre* by

simply directing your housekeeper to put a beef-steak over as well as under the birds, and place them with their breasts downward in the dish. Game, or wildfowl, for two or three is never better than broiled; and a boiled shoulder of mutton or boiled duck might alone found a reputation—but these things can only be attempted by a bachelor; for the appearance of either at a married man's table is regarded as a sure token of the complete subjection of his wife.

The delicacy of a roasting pig, except in the case of flagellation, depends on his being nurtured on mother's milk exclusively from his birth to his dying day. The most delicate rabbits are nurtured in the same manner, and we have known them kept sucking till they were bigger than their mammas.

The comparative merits of tarts and puddings present a problem which it is no easy matter to decide. On the whole, we give the preference to puddings, as affording more scope to the inventive genius of the cook, but we must insist on a little more precaution in preparing them. A plum-pudding, for instance, our national dish, is hardly ever boiled enough, and we have sometimes found ourselves, in England, in the same distressing predicament in which Lord Byron once found himself in Italy. He had made up his mind to have a plum-pudding on his birthday, and busied himself a whole morning in giving minute directions to prevent the chance of a mishap, yet, after all the pains he had taken, and the anxiety he must have undergone, it appeared in a tureen, and about the consistency of soup. "Upon this failure in the production (says our authority) he was frequently quizzed, and betrayed all the petulance of a child, and more than a child's curiosity to learn who had reported the circumstance." As if the loss of a whole day's thought and labour was not enough to excite the petulance of any man, let alone his belonging to the *genus irritabile*!

Instead of icing punch, the preferable mode is to mix it with a proportion of iced soda-water.* The gin punch made on this principle at the Garrick Club is one of the best things we know, and we gladly take this opportunity of assigning the honour of the invention to the rightful patentee, Mr. Stephen Price, an American gentleman, well known in the theatrical circles and on the turf. His title has been much disputed—

Grammatici certant et adhuc sub judice lis est—
and many, misled by Mr. Theodore Hook's frequent and liberal application of the discovery, are in the habit of ascribing it to him. But Mr. Thomas Hill, the celebrated "tre-

* Pour half a pint of gin on the outer peel of a lemon, then a little lemon-juice, sugar, a glass of Maraschino, about a pint and a quarter of water, and two bottles of iced soda-water. The result will be three pints of the punch in question.

entertainer of a popular song, who was present at Mr. Hook's first introduction to the beverage, has set the matter at rest by a brief narration of the circumstances. One hot afternoon in July last, the inimitable author of "Sayings and Doings" (what a book might be made of his own!) strolled into the Garrick in that equivocal state of thirstiness which it requires something more than common to quench. On describing the sensation, he was recommended to make trial of the punch, and a jug was compounded immediately under the personal inspection of Mr. Price. A second followed—a third, with the accompaniment of some chops—a fourth—a fifth—a sixth—at the expiration of which Mr. Hook went away to keep a dinner engagement at Lord Canterbury's. He always eats little, on this occasion he ate less, and Mr. Horace Twiss inquired in a fitting tone of anxiety if he was ill. "Not exactly," was the reply; "but my stomach won't bear trifling with, and I was tempted to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry about three." —

Quarterly Review.

* Mr. James Smith once said to this gentleman, "Hill, you take an unfair advantage of an accident: the register of your birth was burnt in the great fire of London, and you avail yourself of the circumstance to give out that you are younger than you are." It is generally understood that he sat for the portrait of Paul Pry—this, Mr. Poole, the author, (in his amusing "Sketches and Recollections,") denies; but he is undoubtedly the hero (under the name of Hull) of some of the best scenes in "Gilbert Gurney"—a book containing more genuine humour and graphic description, than all the recent publications of the comic order put together.

Notes of a Reader.

GEMS,

*From The Vow of the Peacock, and other Poems.
By Miss Landon.*

THE PRESENT AND PAST.

THE present! it is but a drop from the sea
In the mighty depths of eternity.
I love it not—it taketh its birth
Too near to the dull and the common earth.
It is worn with our wants, and steeped with our
cares,

The dearest aspect of life it wears;
Its griefs are so fresh, its wrongs are so near,
That its evils of giant shape appear;
The curse of the serpent, the sweat of the brow,
Lie heavy on all things surrounding us now.
Filled with repining, and envy, and strife,
What is the present—the actual life?
The actual! it is as the clay to the soul,
The working-day portion of life's wondrous whole!
How much it needeth the light and the air
To breathe their own being, the beautiful, there!
Like the soil that asks for the rain from the sky,
And the soft west wind that goes wandering by,
E'er the wonderful world within will arise
And rejoice in the smile of the summer's soft eyes.

The present—the actual—were they our all—
Too heavy our burthen, too hopeless our thrall;
But heaven, that spreadeth o'er all its blue cope,
Hath given us memory,—hath given us hope!
And redeemeth the lot which the present hath cast,
By the fame of the future, the dream of the past.
The future! ah, there hath the spirit its home,
In its distance is written the glorious to come.

The great ones of earth lived but half for their day
The grave was their altar, the far-off their way.
Step by step hath the mind its high empire won;
We live in the sunshine of what it hath done.

The present! it sinketh with sorrow and care,
That but for the future, it never could bear;
We dwell in its shadow, we see by its light,
And to-day trusts to-morrow, it then will be bright.
The maiden who wanders alone by the shore,
And bids the wild waters the dear one restore;
Yet lingers to listen the lute notes that swell
As the evening winds touch the red lips of the shell.
She thinks of the time when no longer alone
Another will thank those sweet shells for their tone;
They soothed her with music, the soft and the deep,
That whispered the winds, and the waves were asleep.
Such music, hope brings from the future to still
Humanity vexed with the presence of ill.

The past! ah, we owe it a tenderer debt,
Heaven's own sweetest mercy is not to forget;
Its influence softens the present, and flings
A grace, like the ivy, wherever it clings.
Sad thoughts are its ministers—angels that keep
Their beauty to hallow the sorrows they weep.
The wrong, that seemed harsh to our earlier mood,
By long years with somewhat of love is subdued;—
The grief that at first had no hope in its gloom,
Ah, flowers have at length sprung up over the tomb
The heart hath its twilight, which softens the scene.
While memory recalls where the lovely hath been.
It builds up the ruin, restores the grey tower,
Till there looks the beauty still from her bower.
It leans o'er the fountain, and calls from the wave
The naiad that dwelt with her lute in the cave,—
It bends by the red rose, and thinketh old songs:—
That leaf to the heart of the lover belongs.
It clothes the grey tree with the green of its spring,
And brings back the music the lark used to sing.
But spirits yet dearer attend on the past,
When alone, 'mid the shadows the dim hearth has
cast;

Then feelings come back, that had long lost their
tone,

And echo the music that once was their own.
Then friends, whose sweet friendship the world could
divide,

Come back with kind greetings, and cling to our
side,

The book which we loved when our young love was
strong;—

An old tree long cherished; a nursery song;—
A walk slow and pleasant by field and by wood;—
The winding 'mid water-plants of that clear flood,
Where lilies, like fairy queens, looked on their glass,—
That stream we so loved in our childhood to pass.
Oh! world of sweet phantoms, how precious thou art!
The past is perpetual youth to the heart.

The past is the poet's,—that world is his own:
Thence hath its music its truth and its tone.
He calls up the shadows of ages long fled,
And light, as life lovely, illumines the dead.
And the beauty of time, with wild flowers and green,
Shades and softens the world-worn, the harsh, and
the mean.

He lives, he creates, in those long-vanished years—
He asks of the present but audience and tears.

MORNING.

The morning! 'tis a glorious time,
Recalling to the world again
The Eden of its earlier prime.
Ere grief or care began their reign.
When every bough is wet with dew,
Their pure pale lit with crimson hues;
Not wan, as those of evening are,
But pearls unbraided from the hair
Of some young bride who leaves the glow
Of her warm cheek upon their snow.
The lark is with triumphant song
Singing the rose-touched clouds among
'Tis there that lighted song has birth,
What hath such hymn to do with earth?
Each day doth life again begin,
And morning breaks the heart within.

Rolling away its clouds of night,
Renewing glad the inward light.

Many a head that down had lain,
Impatient with its twelve hours' pain,
And wishing that the bed it preat,
Were, as the grave's, a long last rest,
Has sprung again at morning's call,
Forgiving, or forgetting all;
Lighting the weary weight of thought
With colours from the day-break brought,
Reading new promise in the sky,
And hearing Hope, the lark on high.

HEAD OF ARIADNE.

Oh, why should woman ever love,
Throwing her chance away,
Her little chance of summer shine,
Upon a rainbow ray?

Look back on each old history,
Each fresh remembered tale;
They'll tell how often love has made
The cheek of woman pale;—

Her unrequited love, a flower
Dying for air and light;
Her love betrayed, another flower
Withering before a blight.

Look down within the silent grave;
How much of breath and bloom
Have wasted,—passion's sacrifice
Offered to the lone tomb.

Look on her hour of solitude,
How many bitter cares
Belle the smile with which the lip
Would sun the wound it bears.

Mark this sweet face! oh, never blush
Has past o'er one more fair,
And never o'er a brighter brow
Has wandered raven hair.

And mark how carelessly those wreaths
Of curl are flung behind,
And mark how pensively the brow
Leans on the hand reclined.

'Tis she of Crete!—another proof
Of woman's weary lot;
Their April doom of sun and shower,—
To love, then be forgot.

Heart-sickness, feelings tortured, torn,
A sky of storm above,
A path of thorns,—these are love's gifts,—
Ah, why must woman love!

The Gatherer.

The Memoirs of the Linnæan Society of Normandy contain the description of a new species of bivalvular shell, called *Munsteria*, after the celebrated geologist, M. G. de Munster. It resembles the *Gastrochènes*, and differs but little from Parkinson's *Trigonalites*. It already contains six species, two of which were found in the lithographic stone quarries of Poppenheim in Bavaria, and the other four, in the neighbourhood of Caen, in France.

Living Fossil.—A small eel was lately thrown up by an artesian well, in the Calvados. It would be difficult to account for its presence there; but the circumstance of its being able to live is not extraordinary, as fish of a higher order have been known to thrive in the waters of these wells. Water of common wells contain numerous invertebræ connected with various species, which easily reproduce, and belonging mostly to the

class of crustaceæ, termed *Daphne Cypris*, &c. The common shrimp, lately designated as *grammarus pulex minimus*, is of this order. Several of the order of Nais and Planaires have also been observed in certain subterraneous waters.

Old Tree.—At Fribourg, in the public square, there is a large lime, the branches of which are supported by pieces of wood: this tree was planted on the day when the victory was proclaimed of the Swiss over the Duke of Burgundy, by Charles the Rash, in the year 1476; and it is a monument admirably accordant with the then feebleness of the Swiss republics, and the extreme simplicity of their manners. In 1831, the trunk of this tree measured 13 feet 9 inches in circumference.—*Arboretum Britannicum*.

Literature and Art.—The supplement to "Bent's Literary Advertiser," for 1835, just issued, contains lists of the new books and engravings published in London, during the past year, with their sizes and prices. The number of books is about 1,400, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals, being 130 more than in 1834. The number of engravings is 100 (including 47 portraits), 15 of which are engraved in the line manner, 75 in mezzotinto, and 10 in aquatinta, chalk, &c.

As soon as I got well of my wounds, (said a sailor, in narrating his adventures,) they marched me inland to Verdun. I was not there a fortnight before the governor sent for me, and got one of your tarpeturs to unlay his parlee-veo lingo, and turn it into twice-laid English. "Well," said the tarpetur, "the governor desires me to say as how you brought a good character away with you from Brest—that if so be you have a liking for your liberty, you may have it—but mind, it all depends on yourself." Well, I made a sort of salam; for you see, you will never do anything with Crappo, if you do not bow and scrape, ay, and bend your body almost double, like a boot-jack. "Well," said I, "I have nothing to say more than this: that liberty is sweet all over the world." After a little palaver, the tarpetur came to the point. "Well," said he, "the governor desires me to say, if so be you have a liking that way, he will make you a gentleman, and moreover a lieutenant in Buonaparte's service."—"I am obliged all the same, sir," said I, making a grand salam to the governor, "but as I never had a turn for the thing, that is to say, never served my time to the trade of a gentleman, if it is all the same to the governor, I would rather remain as I am."—Well, instead of giving him offence, I am blest if the old gentleman did not shake me by the fist, and said, as the tarpetur afterwards told me, "I was a fine fellow, and too good a man to be a gentleman in any service." W. G. C.

Ludicrous Scene.—The following scene, which took place at Dessein's Hotel, at Calais, is extracted from the diary of Reynolds the dramatist:—"Wanting to walk on the Pier," says Mr. Reynolds, "I asked the garçon, who spoke English very tolerably, the French for it. He, thinking as *Milord Anglais*, I could mean nothing but *peer*, a lord, replied *pair*. Away I then went, and passing over the market-place and draw-bridge, stumbled on the pier, without having had occasion to inquire my way to it by the garçon's novel appellation—there I remained, strutting my half-hour, till dinner-time. At the *table d'hôte*, the Commandant of the troops of the town sat next to me, and among other officers and gentlemen at the table, were the President of the Council at Ratisbon, a Russian Count, and several Prussians; in all amounting to about twenty, not one of whom, as it appeared to me, spoke a word of English. I thought I could never please a Frenchman so much as by praising his town:—"Monsieur," I said condescendingly to the Commandant, "*J'ai vu votre pair*," meaning I have seen your *pier*; but which he naturally understood, I have seen your father. This address from a perfect stranger surprised him.—"Il est beau et grand, Monsieur," I continued. The Commandant examined me from head to foot with an astonishment that imparted to me an almost equal share. I saw there was a mistake, and I attempted to explain, by pronouncing very articulately, "*Où, Monsieur, j'ai vu votre pair—votre pair, sur le havre*."—"Eh bien, Monsieur," replied the Commandant, "*Et que vous a-t-il dit?*" (What did he say to you?) I was astounded, and looking round the room for the keeper of the supposed madman, I discovered that the eyes of the whole company were upon me.—"Monsieur," I cried, again attempting to explain, with as much deliberation and precision, and in as good French as I could command—"Monsieur, est-il possible que vous résidiez ici et que vous ne connaissiez pas votre pair—votre pair—si long!" This speech only increased the incomprehensibility of the whole conversation; and the Commandant beginning, in rather *haut en bas* terms, to demand an explanation, like all cowards, when driven into a corner, I became desperate.—"Messieurs," I cried somewhat boisterously, "*Il faut que vous connaissiez votre pair! le pair de votre ville, qui est fait de pierre, et a la tête de bois*."—This was the *coup de grâce* to all decorum; every Frenchman abandoned himself to his laughter, till the room fairly shook with their shouts, and even the Commandant himself could not help joining them.—"Allow me, sir," said a gentleman whom I had not previously observed.—"My dear sir," interrupted I, "you are an Englishman, pray, pray explain."—"Sir," he replied, "you have just

told this gentleman, pointing to the Commandant, *that his father is the father of the whole town that he is made of stone, and has a wooden head!*"—I was paralyzed.—"Tell me," I cried, as if my life depended on an answer—"what is the French for *pier*?"—"Jetez," he replied. I had scarcely sense enough left to assist the Englishman in his good-natured attempts to unravel the error. He succeeded, however, and then commenced, in French, an explanation to the officers. At this moment, the waiter informed me that the St. Omer diligence was about to depart. I rushed from the scene of my disgrace, and stepped into the vehicle, just as the termination of the Englishman's recital exploded an additional *éclat de rire* at my expense."

Some rocks cannot arrest the course of a river; over human obstacles, events roll onward without being turned aside.

Glory, ambition, armies, fleets, thrones, crowns: the playthings of great children.

Empires have their crises, as mountains have their winter. A word spoken too loud brings down an avalanche.

The conflagration of Moscow: an *aurora borealis* lit up by Napoleon.—*Victor Hugo*.

At a late meeting of the Horticultural Society, some observations made on the uses of pond and spring water, as ascertained by experiment, were practically interesting. Spring water, by the diminution of temperature occasioned, has been found to retard the maturity of plants, whilst pond water has been proved to have a very beneficial effect in increasing the size of the fruit as well as the productiveness of the tree.

Flowers in Pots.—Prepared mould ought to be used with caution, as it often cherishes the growth of a small, white maggot, which in spring time generates in the root, and does a great deal of mischief to plants. When they droop, to re-sift the mould has often been attended with success: should it be cold or heavy, the addition of a little, common, fine sand will make a very light, wholesome soil. The above is a necessary admixture for the genus *Cactus*.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

On March 1, will be published, with many Cuts, price 5s.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART; or an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries, and New Facts in Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, and Social Economy.

Abridged from Scientific Journals, and Transactions of the past Year.

Printed for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 56, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

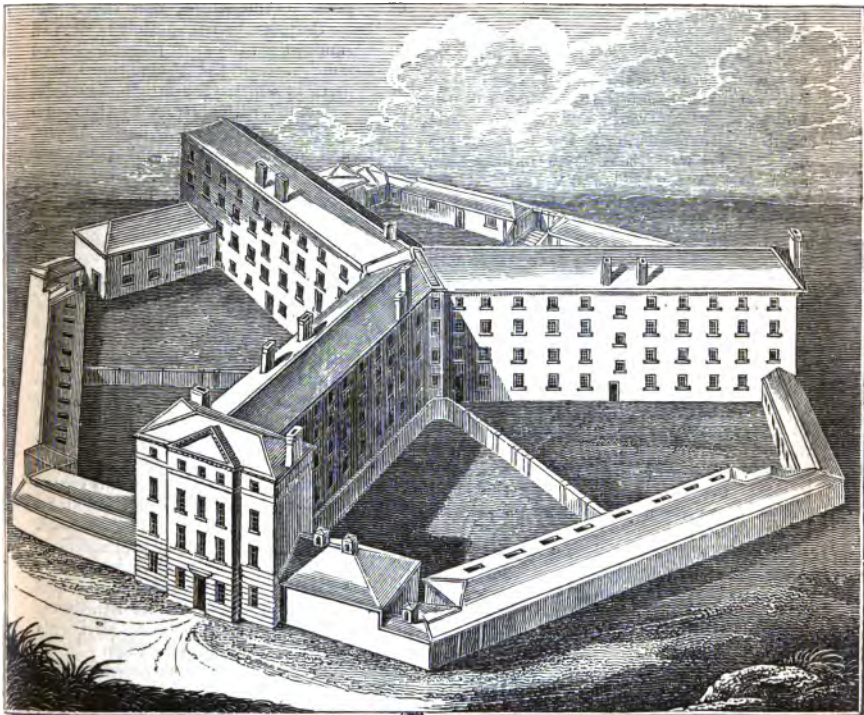
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 765.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE POOR LAW AMENDMENT ACT.



ABINGDON NEW WORKHOUSE.

THE Engraving shows the workhouse which has lately been erected at Abingdon, Berks, for the Abingdon Union; it being the first completed under the provisions of the Poor Law Amendment Act. The building was commenced in the middle of March last, and was completed in about six months; and the inmates began to occupy the rooms in October.

All the buildings are substantial erections of brick, and the entire expense was about 8,500*l*. The large workshops which are shown in the Cut, though requisite for the trade carried on in the town of Abingdon, have very materially increased the total expense.

"The figure of the plan is a hexagon, formed by the external walls: the three

main buildings meet in the centre, forming a Y. In the centre building are the governor's rooms, for the inspection of the whole establishment. This arrangement provides, with great facility, the division into six yards, for the better classification of the inmates.

"*Front Wing*.—The entrance, or waiting-hall, commences the range, and is for the use of the paupers while in attendance upon the Board of Guardians, or when applying for relief in kind. The porter's room is on the right. The kitchen, bakehouse, and scullery, are beyond it, on the right. On the left of the hall are the searching-room and porter's bedroom. The stairs beyond the hall are for the men to go up to the dining-hall, and also for access to the board-room, &c. From the entrance-hall, the sexes are divided off to the

parts of the house intended for them, and have separate passages to their respective yards and wards. The front range is then occupied by the laundry, wash-house, master's kitchen, bread-room, &c. The stairs at the end (next centre building) are for the women to go to the dining-hall and upper rooms. The centre room is a bedding-store. The store-room is on the right, with entrance from men's yard. From hence the hot water pipes are conveyed to warm the day-rooms, dining-hall, and chapel, and other rooms.

"*The Right and Left Wings* contain receiving wards and bath-rooms attached, which are kept distinct from the other parts of the house; a diseased ward, and partially infirm ward. The staircase to the upper rooms divides these wards, and serves, on this floor, as a passage between the wards. At the extremity of the right wing, the foreman of the work resides, as well to direct the work, as to afford assistance to the governor, if necessary. On three sides of the hexagon are large spinning-shops and other work-rooms; store-rooms, &c., are arranged round the yards, inclosing the whole space.

"*First Floor, Front Wing.*—The board-room, clerk's office, strong-room, and relieving officer's room occupy the front part; the dining-hall and chapel complete the wing. In the centre is the governor's room of observation.

"*The Right and Left Wings* contain the women's two day-rooms, to the left; boys' school, men's two day-rooms, and an infirm ward, to the right.

"*Second and Third Floors.*—The girls' school-room, and bedroom above, commence the front range; the governor's apartments, the centre buildings. The remainder is occupied by the different wards of the several classes.

"Complete drainage has been provided for. The rain-water is collected and kept in large tanks for the service of the house. The spring water is raised by force-pumps from the wells to large cisterns at the top of the main building, from whence a supply is conveyed throughout."

The Abingdon workhouse has been erected from the designs and under the superintendence of Sampson Kempthorne, Esq., who has also completed workhouses of a similar arrangement, though on a less extensive scale, at Bradfield, near Reading, at Banbury, and other places. In many other counties, buildings for the same important purposes are completed or are now erecting.

For the Cut and the accompanying details our acknowledgments are due to the *Companion to the Almanac* of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

ANCIENT BOOKS.

(To the Editor.)

IN your last volume, (p. 160,) is an article stating that "the most ancient printed book, with a date, is a psalter printed at Metz, in 1547, by Fust and Schœffer," which is inaccurate, both as regards date and locality. [The date is corrected in page 240, to 1457.] Fust and Schœffer were citizens of Mentz, Maintz, or Mayence, on the Rhine, now the capital of Hesse-Darmstadt; whilst Metz is situated in the ancient province of Lorraine. That truly beautiful work, the *Psalmorum Codex*, or *Psalter*, to which your article, doubtless, alludes, was, indeed, published by the above-mentioned printers on the 14th day of August, 1457, and is the most ancient book now known to be extant, possessing the name of the place where printed, that of its printers, and the date of the year when executed.

The names of Fust and Schœffer might of themselves cause a most elaborate essay on the subject of this letter. We might expatiate on the talent and wonderful ingenuity of the latter, who is said to have given the last degree of perfection to the art of casting types; many specimens of which are yet to be met with, yielding to nothing of modern date either in beauty or perfection: while Fust, who can only be regarded as little more than a patron of the typographic art, would almost equally engross our attention and time, in the relation of his controversy with John Gaensfleisch, or Gutenberg, who was the inventor of printing,* and had, by his own unaided ingenuity and exertions, made such progress in the art as to have established the very machinery and implements for printing in the city of Strasbourg previous to 1439, which place he afterwards left to form a partnership with Fust.

But volumes have been written on this subject, and antiquaries still continue to differ respecting it; each adopting as positive data such conclusions as his own bias or hypotheses may induce him to incline to. A Correspondent in the fifth volume of the *Mirror*, page 200, informs us that the first book published in the English language was "*The Recuyel of the History of Troy*," which is dated 19th September, 1471, at Cologne; and the *Game of Chess*, dated 1474, printed by Caxton, in Westminster Abbey, is generally admitted to have been the first specimen of the art among us; although mention has been made in the third volume of your miscellany, page 194, of the discovery of a book printed at Oxford in 1468, respecting the authenticity of which there has, I believe, been much controversy. In conclusion, I beg to observe, that books of very ancient

* See an Historical Essay of the Origin of Printing, translated from the French of M. De la Serna Santander, for the Typographical Society of Newcastle, 1819.

date may daily and hourly be obtained: even my humble collection contains numerous vellum-clad *tomes*, of almost all ages, from the year 1470, down to those elegant volumes the Elzevir classics, which may, perhaps, be reckoned among the last specimens of ancient typography. C. S.

THE LATE MR. COLERIDGE.

IN reply to the inquiry of that eminent bibliographer, the Rev. Thomas Frognal Dibdin, whether the late Mr. Coleridge was ever a contributor to the weekly periodical, the *Watchman*, I beg to inform him that he was the sole editor and almost entire author of the same work to its conclusion, on its reaching the twelfth number, in May, 1796. It was written while he resided in Bristol, and sank for want of popular encouragement. The excellent author was, at the time of its publication, greatly straitened in his circumstances; besides his mind had not reached that fine breadth and maturity which afterwards showed itself so conspicuously in his works. ENORT.

STERNE AND GARRICK.

LAURENCE STERNE, the author of *Tristram Shandy*, was always needy from his want of prudence; and in Smith's admirable fac-similes of *Autographical, Historical, and Literary Curiosities*, recently published, there is a fac-simile of Sterne's letter to Garrick, on the morning of his setting out for France and Italy, on his memorable "Sentimental Journey." The original is in Mr. Upcott's possession:—

"Dear Garrick, upon reviewing my finances this morning, with some unforeseen expenses—I find I should set out with twenty pounds less, than a prudent man ought.—Will you lend me twenty pounds? Yours,

"L. STERNE."

Sterne's difficulties did not admit of so ready a return of this loan as Garrick required, and in a letter from the latter to George Colman, the elder, dated Rome, April 11, 1764, he writes:—

"I was told by a gentleman, who is just come from Sterne, that he is in a very bad way,—I hope Becket has stood my friend, in regard to what he ought to have received for me some time ago. I had a draught upon him from Sterne for twenty pounds, ever since he went abroad,—pray, hint this to him, but let him not be ungentle with Sterne."

Garrick, with his usual caution, appears to have lent Sterne the money on a note upon Becket, the bookseller, who was professionally employed as the publisher of both. Sterne died March 18, 1768, a little less than four years after the date of Garrick's letter.—B.

ON TIME.

From the Welsh of Ioan Tegid.

Time flies—it flies—it quicker flies
Than flows the ocean's wave,
When fiercest, howling winds arise,
Or wildest tempests rave.
Time flies—it flies—it quicker flies
Than any ship can boast,
When quickest o'er the deep she hies,
On foaming billows tost.
Time flies—it flies—it quicker flies
Than th' eagle on her way,
When darting from the upper skies,
She drops to seize her prey.
Time flies—it quicker flies, in short,
Than e'en the lightning flies,
When forked beams are seen to sport
From east to western skies.
Quicker is time than words can tell,
Though swift those accents flow;
Consider then, O man! full well,
How thou shouldst live below. T. S. A.

The Sketch-Book.

CHAMBORD.—III.

CHAMBORD, having returned to the crown upon the death of Gaston in 1660, was many a time the theatre of the brilliant fêtes given by the court of Louis XIV., the *Grand Monarque*, that spoiled child of fortune, with qualities that perhaps might have made him a hero in reality, had he not become one by proxy! But it is not only of the luxury, etiquette, and embroidery of this reign that our chateau retains the memory. It was here that the company of Moliere represented, for the first time, his *Pourceaugnac*, in 1669; and the following year, also for the first time, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. With respect to the latter, it is recorded, that the king, fearing to be influenced by the clever acting of the performers, appeared to listen to the piece with coldness, and waited a second trial before giving his opinion upon it. Moliere was in despair; the courtiers became critical, repeating that he fell off visibly, and that his vein was exhausted; but after the next representation, which took place five or six days subsequently, the king, explaining the cause of his apparent coolness, publicly complimented the author, who now could not escape the felicitations upon his improved genius, with which he was overwhelmed by the whole court.

Louis's last visit to Chambord was in 1684. Madame de Maintenon was then rising into favour, and had a seat in the king's carriage, while Madame de Montespan was in one of the following coaches with her children. This journey presents nothing remarkable but the ill humour of the two rivals, which made it very tiresome. In 1712, after the successes of Prince Eugene, there was an intention of removing the court from Versailles beyond the barrier of the Loire. and Chambord was selected as the safest and

most central situation ; but Villars and the victory of Denain rendered the project unnecessary.

The chateau appears to have been abandoned for some time, until in 1725 it was given by Louis XV. as an asylum to his father-in-law, the unfortunate King of Poland, Stanislaus Leczinski, who, during an abode of eight years there with his queen, endeared himself to the neighbourhood by his kindness and affability. The people long remembered his visits to their cottages, the interest he took in their labours and sports, and the pleasure he felt in adjusting their differences. In many certificates of birth, his name appears as godfather.

After his departure, Chambord was again deserted for a considerable interval ; but it enjoyed a brilliant, though short, destiny, when, towards the end of 1748, it became the appanage of the victor of Fontenoy, the princely-minded Marshal Saxe, whose generous humanity, and sympathetic taste for the elegant arts of life, were not stunted by combinations

Of the deep column and the lengthened line.

The square, the crescent, and the phalx firm ;

who carried a company of comedians with him in his camp, and in peaceful retirement surrounded himself with his veteran soldiers. At Chambord, he daily exercised his two regiments of Hulans, as well as his horses from the Ukraine, who lived in full liberty in the park, and came of their own accord to the parade, when the summons sounded from the terraces of the chateau. He lived here but two years, and the room he died in is still shown with veneration. His body was embalmed, and carried from this western side of France to the extreme eastern frontier of Strasburg, where the superb monument was erected to his memory, of which an Engraving was lately given in the *Mirror*, exhibiting correctly the general design, though on too small a scale to do justice to the characteristic merit of the principal figures.

After his death, Chambord remained for a time the property of the Count of Friesin, his nephew, and then returned to the crown, when the government was restored to the Marquis of Saumery, in whose family it had previously been in some way hereditary ; but it was taken from him in 1779, to be bestowed upon the Marquis of Polignac.

We come now to the French Revolution, which, while it convulsed Europe to its centre, also dismantled Chambord of its rich movables, and all the wonders of art which had been accumulated there during ten reigns ; the whole being dispersed in a few days amongst the brokers, who flocked to the sale from every corner of the province. Even the wainscot on the walls, the inlaid floors, the window-shutters, and the mantel-pieces of the chimneys, were torn to pieces ; and the

interior doors, so rich in ornament, were cast into a fire lighted in the hall. The chimney-pieces, which are yet to be seen, only owe their preservation to their being scorched by the heat of the flames in this scene of destruction. The sole piece of furniture that escaped is a remembrance of death—the table of *liais-stone* upon which the body of Marshal Saxe was embalmed.

Some months afterwards, a member of the departmental Directory arrived to obliterate all the *fleurs de lys* and other ensigns of royalty, which would have been equivalent to the demolition of the chateau ; but this was prevented by the ingenuity of an architect, who gave in an estimate of 500,000 francs as the cost of such destruction. A sale of the domain was then ordered, but no buyer appearing, the building remained.

The genius of Napoleon felt the importance of preserving the glories of the French nation, and he arrived in time to save Chambord by placing it under the protection of the Legion of Honour, by which noble patronage he prevented the ruin of many of the remarkable edifices of old France. He conceived the project of forming at Chambord the seminary for educating the female orphans of the Legion of Honour, decreed after the battle of Austerlitz ; but this was abandoned in consideration of the great expense, and the same motive prevented his fixing there the residence of the princes of Spain.

In 1809, Chambord was detached from the Legion of Honour, re-united to the crown, and soon afterwards presented by the emperor to the prince of Wagram, (Berthier), with the addition of a revenue of 500,000 francs from the proceeds of the navigation of the Rhine, on condition that this money should be expended in the restoration of the chateau, which however was never complied with ; and though the prince once visited the place, it continued in a state of abandonment in 1814, when, on the flight of the imperial government to Blois, there was a momentary design of retiring beyond the Loire, and cutting off the bridges across that river. An advanced detachment of the carriages of the court was actually sent on to Chambord, and the princess of Wagram established herself there for a few days.

After the restoration, and the death of Berthier, who, it will be recollected, threw himself from a window in a paroxysm of remorse at having been induced to flow with the stream, which left his former master's fortunes a wreck upon the rocks, his widow, having lost the revenue from the Rhine, endeavoured to make the most she could out of the domain. She cut down wood, dug up corpses, and at last let the chateau for two years, with the right of chase, to an Englishman "of coarse habits, who often made the roofs of Chambord resound with his orgies,"

according to a French authority; although our *cicerone* seemed to retain an agreeable *souvenir* of the bustle and hospitality that reigned in the chateau under this tenant.

The princess of Wagram subsequently finding Chambord a burden, with her limited means, after much difficulty obtained permission from Louis XVIII. to sell the domain in 1820; and the chateau would probably have fallen into the hands of the *bande noire*, who were desirous of destroying all the monuments of the old kings, had not an "inspiration, truly French," saved it. The Count Adrien de Calonne proposed a subscription throughout the departments of France to repurchase this ancient heritage of her kings, and offer it to their last descendant. A committee was accordingly formed; and, though the searching pen of the celebrated Paul Louis Courier was exerted to prove that the pretended voluntary subscription was no other than a forced contribution from every one in office under, or influenced by, the government, the domain was adjudged, at the price of 1,542,000 francs, (about 64,250*l.*) to the count, as representing the committee, "to be offered in homage," as expressed in the deed of sale, "in the name of France, to H. R. H. Monseigneur the Duke of Bordeaux, for whose advantage the domain is consequently purchased from this date." It was intended to restore the chateau before presenting it to the duke, but the revenues were found insufficient.

Charles X., fearful of interfering in the affair, could scarcely be induced to permit the duchess of Berri to step at the chateau in a journey she was about making into La Vendée, in 1828. She arrived on the 18th of June, and was received by seven or eight thousand people assembled from all quarters of the Blésois, who saw in this visit an assurance that Chambord would not be destroyed, and that the domain would be accepted by the king in the name of his grandson. She was delighted with the interest excited, and in memory of her visit wrote her name with the point of a knife under the cupola of the grand staircase. This inscription, more fortunate than that of Francis I., has been plastered over, since the "glorious three days," by some zealous Bourbonite, to be reproduced with *éclat* when the royalist dream of Henry V. shall come true.

The duchess revisited the place on the 12th of May, 1830, with the princes of Sicily; the committee having previously made a formal gift of it to Charles X., who had at length accepted it in the name of the duke of Bordeaux.

The panic of 1831 having caused a crusade against royal emblems, the local administration was obliged to disfigure the great *heurs-de-lys* of the staircase, as well as the crowned H's of Henry II., that they might

not be attributed to Henry V.! But a more serious consequence to Chambord of the last revolution was its seizure by government, on the 5th of December, 1832, as an appanage of the state. The duchess of Berri, however, opposed this measure, and the affair was carried, as a last resort, before the tribunal of Blois, which, on the 19th of February, 1834, decreed that the state had no claim to its possession; thus exhibiting either a memorable example of legal independence, or a decided proof of political feeling in the magistracy of that city, which is a kind of nucleus for the vegetating remains of the old *regime*.

In this position the matter now rests, and the future destiny of Chambord is in the scales of fate! It is said that the government, without disputing the decree, mean to stir the question of *appanage* to the bottom; but, probably, Louis-Philippe has too much on his hands at present to give the subject full consideration.

Such are some of the events and personages out of which fancy weaves her magic web over the silent chateau of Chambord. But, however dearly we may love "such hours of shadowy dreams," the gross realities of life will have their turn; and the theory of Berkeley was dissipated by a *coutelette de mouton* and a bottle of *vin de Bordeaux*. The geese, though still motionless, had, nevertheless, progressed; they were now lounging upon the road beyond the hotel, a few stragglers of the rear being scarcely past the door, and we found one perched upon the seat of our *voiture*. We thought it might have taken up its rest there to avoid the fatigue of farther travelling on foot, till the driver intimated that he had bought the bird to carry home to his children; a trait of domestic consideration which entitled him to an extra gratuity of its value, with which he was well satisfied.

The sun was about setting as we left Chambord, and it would have been dark when we reached the bank of the Loire, but for the heat-coloured tint which lingered in the western sky, and which, reflected in the surface of the water, threw out in deep relief the form of the many-arched bridge of Blois, and the outlines of the bold eminences of the city; only prevented from appearing one mass by the gradually softer shade of the more distant portions, and the scattered lights twinkling here and there from the houses. All was quiet as we crossed the bridge, and turned round into the street-road, when a strange sound from before us struck upon the ear, like the sigh of the wind, or the rushing of waters; only too regular in its intervals for either. It advanced, and the cause became apparent:

There echoed from the groaning ground
The warriors' measured tread.

The garrison, consisting of 2,000 men, were

returning to the castle with military step after bathing in the river, a strict attention to which, in regard for their health during the hot weather, was amongst the regular orders of the day. W. G.

Manners and Customs.

THE OVAHS OF MADAGASCAR.

(Concluded from page 85.)

FROM the slave trade the Ovahs realized considerable wealth; but Radáma put an end, or greatly assisted to abolish it in Madagascar. His subjects who possessed slaves were directed to employ them in planting rice and other provisions, and in taking care of their flocks, in collecting bees-wax and gums, and in manufacturing cloths and other articles which they could sell; and the king set them the first example by abandoning the tax which was payable to him upon the sales of slaves for exportation. It was usual also for the Ovahs, once a year, to make an attack upon the Sultan of Johanna and the Comoro Islands for the purpose of obtaining slaves: but Radáma now prohibited this also.

Radáma, at this period, had obtained, through the medium of trade, about 20,000 stand of arms. In 1817, about three hundred Ovahs, forming the king's body guard, were clothed in uniform, and under military discipline; but some thousands were supplied with muskets to appear as soldiers, who, when reviewed before us, looked more like an armed mob, running wild, than soldiers. In a few years afterwards, however, on again visiting the king's encampment, a very great improvement was visible in their organization, and thousands appeared as regular troops.

The regal power was at this time hereditary in the line of Radáma's family: the secondary powers were elective, and chosen from his allies or subordinate chieftains. All possessions belonged to, and were at the immediate disposal of the king; but he was never known to disturb those to whom property was once granted. When a parent died, the elder of the family succeeded to the whole of his property; and if he had not land sufficient to maintain all his family, he applied to the king, who gave him the use of any further quantity he asked for, on condition that he would cultivate it. But in case the family became extinct, the property reverted to the king. Requests for land were always accompanied by a present.

A tithe, or tenth part of the produce of all land was paid to the king, who was also the high priest. An offering was likewise made at all times on approaching his person, which I had an opportunity of witnessing, when the followers of Ratafike and Rahove escorted those princes into the presence of Radáma, on which occasion they gave rupees and

dollars in testimony of fealty, or by way of homage, thereby acknowledging his majesty.

The province of Ovah is not liable to that petty warfare which frequently caused the low country people to abandon their homes. The natives were always admitted to the presence of the king to report cases of oppression; and Radáma, though despotic, caused such complaints to be investigated with care. Women were not excluded from having a share in public affairs, and they were their own advocates on all personal concerns; yet so little did the men acknowledge the consequence of the female sex, that they imposed on them all laborious work.

Treason, murder, theft, and falsehood to the king, or his delegate, were punished by death or slavery: the latter was awarded for many other offences, and some crimes were punished by fine and imprisonment. Among the Ovahs, however, murders were scarcely known, though poisonings sometimes occurred, being effected by the nut of the tanguin tree. There was a superstitious custom among them, often productive of fatal consequences. A native, being accused of a heinous crime, was given of the fruit of the tanguin; if he died, he was supposed to have been guilty; if he recovered, innocent. And another of their punishments was that of taking a criminal to the brow of the hill on which the city (of Thanaan-arive) was built, and thence casting him down headlong.

In 1817, the Holy Scriptures were not known among the Ovahs, and I am not aware that any place was especially frequented by them for the purpose of Divine worship.

At the close of each year, at a festival called Faunrouan, Radáma, as high priest, distributed many bullocks among his people, and sacrificed a young spotted heifer at the tombs of his ancestors; when tasting its blood he returned thanks to God, whom he called the perfumed king. It was usual for him to go through a similar ceremony at the tomb of his father, on his return from a victorious expedition.

The effect on the mind of Radáma, when he first looked on the sea, on approaching the shores of Tamatave, was also that of intense veneration; and the result was the usual sacrifice, soliciting thereby supreme protection for his people, to a few of whom he granted permission to plunge into the sea. And after these men had amused themselves for some time, diving into, and making their appearance again beyond the surf, they returned into Radáma's presence, in order to intimate that this sacrifice had been propitious to his wishes.

The ompamonsávous,* or wise men, have great influence over the Ovahs, who are very

* Sorcerers, magicians—(Flacourt's Vocabulary): mousáva is magic; ompamonsavu, one who practises sorcery.—S.

superstitious, and place great confidence in divination. They consult their skids, that is, some sand put into a plate in which characters are traced, and a meaning attached to them of their own interpretation. And they also place much faith in the amulets with which they are wont to decorate their persons. Under the symbol of fire they have an undefined idea of the Deity. There is a hot-spring, situated about the ninth day's journey, or one hundred and ten miles between Tamatave and the Ovah province, called Raunamafaun, which signifies hot water (ránumafén, water hot). Radáma, on his return to his capital, paid homage at this spring.

With regard to marriage, there was never an instance of a female withholding herself from the person pointed out by the king; and she generally accepted the man proposed by her parents. Many children were bespoken at a tender age, and girls often disposed of themselves without their parent's consent; in either of these cases the parents seldom interfered, and when their authority was exerted the man, if rich, gave the girl's parents a sheep, and, if poor, in proportion to his means.

Polygamy was tolerated, and a man might possess, with the approbation of his senior wife, and sanction of the king, on paying the customary tribute, as many women as he could support, and dismiss any or all of them, on making a provision for each, and paying a further tribute. These tributes, amounting to a considerable sum, were collected by persons under the king's authority. There was no particular form attending the naming of a child, but this generally related to some occurrence that happened on or about the birth, and was afterwards often changed by the parents. Circumcision is their type of baptism.

On the death of an Ovah, his body was interred in the burial place of his fathers. And in consequence of this custom the people, when proceeding on the expeditions which took place between 1817 and 1824, entered into a solemn agreement with one another to bring back the bones of such as might be killed, to be thus buried; and they were faithful in their endeavours to perform this kind office, till the weight of the burden and state of the bones became so obnoxious as to produce fever, which terminated in their own death. This happened to such an extent, that Radáma deemed it necessary to abolish this practice; and at length fully persuaded his people, that although the bones lay not with their ancestors, and in the place of their nativity, yet, being buried in Madagascar, they were still interred in their own country.

The corpse generally lies three days previously to interment; and during that period beef, in proportion to the wealth of the de-

ceased, is distributed to the poorer people who attend. The near relatives prepare the grave, which is generally lined with rough timber; the corpse is enveloped in the best covering that was in the possession of the deceased; and having been lowered into the grave, is sprinkled with sand. If the grave is that of an eminent person, some money is put into it, and some horns on poles placed over it; but in every case the spot is marked out by a heap of stones, or an inclosure of wooden fence.

On the death of Radáma, which happened on the 24th of July, 1828, his subjects became plunged in the deepest affliction. The town of Thanaan-arive was represented to have had a most melancholy appearance—the houses shut up—silence everywhere prevailing, interrupted only by deep lamentations and sighs of the people—and men, women, and children, of all ranks and ages, with their hair loosened from plaits, or their heads shaved, in token of their deep despair and mourning. Twenty thousand oxen were sacrificed to his manes, and there were buried in his mausoleum gold and silver vases, the most costly weapons, magnificent watches, clocks, and jewels—numerous portraits, among others one of our late sovereign George IV., and 150,000 dollars in gold and silver coins and ingots. All which offerings at his shrine, and including his coffin, made of 14,000 dollars, were estimated to amount in value to the sum of 60,000*l.* sterling.

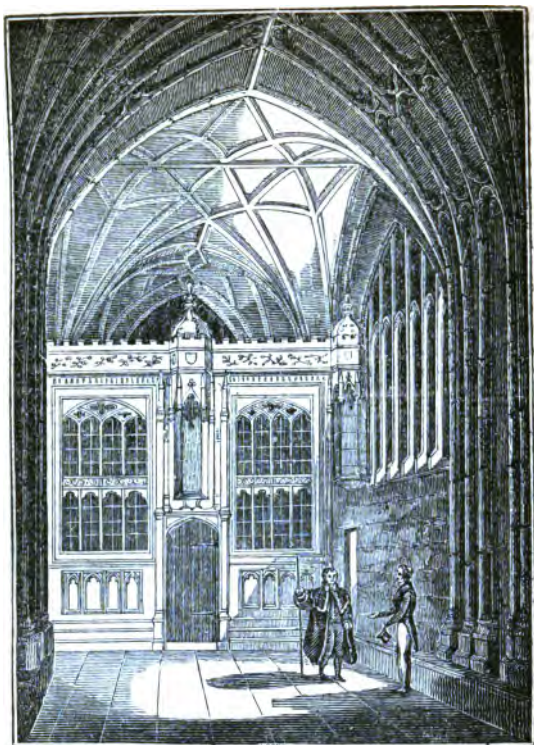
Radáma was the first chieftain in Madagascar who assumed the title of king—he was known to his people under the name of Radáma, Lahi Manzaka, or Radáma, *King of Men*.* When I met him the second time, that is, in July, 1824, in Bembatooka Bay, he had subdued, in the course of seven years, the greater part of the immense island of Madagascar, and had stationed military forces in the several provinces for the purpose of exacting obedience to his laws. He is now dead;—and thus terminated the career of a most extraordinary and enterprising man—one of the latest of whose requests to me was, that I would publish to my countrymen what I had seen to interest me in Madagascar.—*Journal of the Geographical Society.*

* Rather the Public Judge: manzaka signifies to administer the law—(Flacourt).

Antiquariana.

DRAPER'S CHAPEL, CHRISTCHURCH.

AT page 297 of our last volume, we illustrated a portion of the monastery of Christchurch, which may be considered one of the most interesting edifices in the kingdom; inasmuch as it presents specimens of almost all the various styles of ecclesiastical architecture in use from the age of William



Draper's Chapel, Christchurch.)

Rufus until the Dissolution ; so that it possesses attractions akin to those of the venerable abbey-church of St. Alban, and a few other celebrated assemblages of our national architecture.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to state that, until about the end of the year 1809, nearly all the finest parts of the interior of Christchurch were concealed by whitewash and plaster, and many of them were much defaced. Heaps of rubbish had accumulated to a great depth in several places, but more particularly in the southern transept ; and in the two oratories, at the east side of the northern transept ; several of the windows were blocked up with lath and plaster, and brick and stone. The upper part of the fine, old font lay broken at the foot of one of the piers in the nave ; and a rude, inelegant, modern font had been erected in its place. The hatched work over the arches of the nave had been plastered up with a trowel ; and the stone screen was hidden by a range of pews. The noble and almost unrivalled screen at the high altar was painted in oil, the figures and other prominent parts white, and the back of the niches and all the sunk

parts dark blue. The altar-rail was a dark red balustrade of the rudest workmanship ; and the stalls of the choir were almost white with age. The elegant chapel of Caen stone at the end of the south aisle of the choir, erected by John Draper, the last prior, had all its beauty hidden by whitewash ; and the chapel of our Lady, behind the high altar, was in a deplorable condition.

At the suggestion and by the exertions of the late Rev. Mr. Bingley, curate of Christchurch, a subscription was commenced for restoring the church to, at least something like, its pristine state. Under his superintendence and direction, the plaster and whitewash were removed from the walls ; the defective parts restored ; the rubbish removed ; seven of the windows opened and reglazed ; the screen uncovered ; the altar-screen cleansed ; the stalls cleaned and oiled ; and many other judicious improvements were effected.

The chapels were also restored ; as the Countess of Salisbury's, engraved at page 297 of our last volume ; and Draper's Chapel, represented above. It was built in 1529, with stone similar to that of the Salisbury

chapel; its ornamental parts are very highly finished, and it presents some of the best features of the Tudor style.

In the progress of the above restorations, the tombstone of prior Draper was discovered by Mr. Bingley on removing some of the pews in the nave, not far from the entrance into the choir; when the grave was opened in the presence of the churchwardens. The body had been interred in a thick, wooden coffin, which was nearly crumbled to dust; the skeleton was perfect, and had, evidently, not been disturbed. The teeth, however, were much decayed. After placing the head in the same position in which it was found, the grave was again closed as before. The inscription is in Gothic characters round the edge of the stone: "X TUMBA JOHIS DRAPER: VIOESSIMI SEXTI PRIORIS HUIUS ECCLESIE: QUI OBIT XXIX^o DIE MESIS SEPTIIS ANNO DNI: MIL^o CCCCLII^o CUIUS ANIME PROPITIETUR DEUS. AMEN."

New Books.

LETTERS, CONVERSATIONS, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

[THIS work escaped our notice on its first publication towards the close of last year. The staple of its contents is, however, too sound to allow it to pass by unquoted. It is full of shrewd remark and pleasant anecdote—of the books, men, and things of our own times, and, above all, of those treasurable germs of genius—those beautiful trails of thought,—and that fascinating quaintness—that delightful expression of new ideas in olden phraseology, by which was distinguished Coleridge as the most original thinker, and one of the soundest writers of his age. The reader will remember how we lingered over Coleridge's *Table Talk*, and how we strung its gems in our last volume; he need not, therefore, be told that we enter upon quotation from the work before us with renewed gusto. Its editorship has been confided to an ardent admirer of the genius of Coleridge, "that wonderful, that myriad-minded man, whose loss is, however, far too recent to admit of just or adequate estimation." The date of the earliest letter is 1818, and that of the latest memorandum 1832, an interval of fourteen eventful years. Our limits may not enable us to quote an entire letter, nor the editor's comments, but rather a cento of striking passages à discretion.]

Sir Walter Scott's Novels.

I occasioned you to misconceive me respecting Sir Walter Scott. My purpose was to bring proofs of the energetic or inenergetic state of the minds of men, induced by the excess and unintermitted action of stimulating events and circumstances,—revolutions,

battles, newspapers, mobs, sedition and treason trials, public harangues, meetings, dinners; the necessity in every individual of ever increasing activity and anxiety in the improvement of his estate, trade, &c., in proportion to the decrease of the actual value of money, to the multiplication of competitors, and to the almost compulsory expedience of expense, and prominence, even as the means of obtaining or retaining competence; the consequent craving after amusement as proper *relaxation*, as *rest* freed from the tedium of vacancy; and, again, after such knowledge and such acquirements as are *ready coin*, that will pass *at once*, unweighed and unassayed; to the unexampled facilities afforded for this end by reviews, magazines, &c. &c. The theatres, to which few go to see a *play*, but to see Master Betty or Mr. Kean, or some one individual in some *one* part: and the single fact that our neighbour, Mathews, has taken more, night after night, than both the regular theatres conjointly, and when the best comedies or whole plays have been acted at each house, and those by excellent comedians, would have yielded a striking instance, and illustration of my position. But I chose an example in literature, as more in point for the subject of my particular remarks, and because every man of genius, who is born for his age, and capable of acting *immediately* and widely on that age, must of necessity *reflect* the age in the first instance, though as far as he is a man of genius, he will doubtless be himself reflected by it reciprocally. Now I selected Scott for the very reason, that I do hold him for a man of very *extraordinary* powers: and when I say that I have read the far greater part of his novels twice, and several three times over, with undiminished pleasure and interest; and that, in my reprobation of the *Bride of Lammermoor* (with the exception, however, of the almost Shakespearian old witch-wives at the funeral) and of the *Ivanhoe*, I meant to imply the grounds of my admiration of the others, and the permanent nature of the interest which they excite. In a word, I am far from thinking that *Old Mortality* or *Guy Mannering* would have been less admired in the age of Sterne, Fielding, and Richardson, than they are in the present times; but only that Sterne, &c., would not have had the same *immediate* popularity in the present day as in their own less stimulated and, therefore, less languid reading world.

Of Sir Walter Scott's poems I cannot speak so highly, still less of the poetry in his poems; though even in these the power of presenting the most numerous figures, and figures with the most complex movements, and under rapid succession, in *true picturesque unity*, attests true and peculiar genius. You cannot imagine with how much pain I

used, many years ago, to hear ——'s contemptuous assertions respecting Scott; and, if I mistake not, I have yet the fragments of the rough draught of a letter written by me so long ago as my first lectures at the London Philosophical Society, Fetter-lane, and on the backs of the unused admission tickets.

One more remark. My criticism was *confined* to the one point of the higher degree of intellectual activity implied in the reading and admiration of Fielding, Richardson, and Sterne;—in moral, or, if that be too high and inwardly a word, in *mannerly* manliness of taste the present age and its *best* writers have the decided advantage, and I sincerely trust that Walter Scott's readers would be as little disposed to relish the stupid * * * * * courtship of Widow Wadman, as Scott himself would be capable of presenting it. Add, that though I cannot pretend to have found in any of these novels a character that even approaches in genius, in truth of conception, or boldness and freshness of execution to Parson Adams, Bliffl, Strap, Lieutenant Bowling, Mr. Shandy, Uncle Toby and Trim, and Lovelace; and though Scott's *female* characters will not, even the very best, bear a comparison with Miss Byron, Clementina, Emily, in Sir Charles Grandison; nor the comic ones with Tabitha Bramble, or with Betty (in Mrs. Bennet's Beggar Girl); and though, by the use of the Scotch dialect, by Ossianic mock-highland motley-heroic, and by extracts from the printed sermons, memoirs, &c., of the fanatic preachers, there is a good deal of *false effect* and stage-trick: still the number of characters so *good* produced by one man, and in so rapid a succession, must ever remain an illustrious phenomenon in literature, after all the subtractions for those borrowed from English and German sources, or compounded by blending two or three of the old drama into one—*ex. gr.* the Caleb in the Bride of Lammermoor.

Scott's great merit, and, at the same time, his *felicity*, and the true solution of the long-sustained *interest* novel after novel excited, lie in the nature of the subject; not merely, or even chiefly, because the struggle between the Stuarts and the Presbyterians and sectaries, is still in lively memory, and the passions of the adherency to the former, if not the adherency itself, extant in our own father's or grandfather's times; nor yet (though this is of great weight) because the language, manners, &c., introduced are sufficiently different from our own for *poignancy*, and yet sufficiently near and similar for sympathy; nor yet because, for the same reason, the author, speaking, reflecting, and descending in his own person, remains still (to adopt a painter's phrase) in sufficient keeping with his subject matter, while his characters can both talk and feel interestingly to us as men, without recourse to antiquarian interest, and

nevertheless without moral anachronism (in all which points the *Ivanhoe* is so wofully the contrary, for what Englishman cares for Saxon or Norman, both brutal invaders, more than for Chinese and Cochinchinese?)—yet great as all these causes are, the essential wisdom and happiness of the subject consists in this,—that the contest between the loyalists and their opponents can never be obsolete, for it is the contest between the two great moving principles of social humanity; religious adherence to the past and the ancient, the desire and the admiration of permanence, on the one hand; and the passion for increase of knowledge, for truth, as the offspring of reason—in short, the mighty instincts of progression and free agency, on the other. In all subjects of deep and lasting interest, you will detect a struggle between two opposites, two polar forces, both of which are alike necessary to our human well-being, and necessary each to the continued existence of the other. Well, therefore, may we contemplate with intense feelings those whirlwinds which are for free agents the appointed means, and the only possible condition of that equilibrium in which our moral Being subsists; while the disturbance of the same constitutes our sense of life. Thus, in the ancient Tragedy, the lofty struggle between irresistible fate and unconquerable free will, which finds its equilibrium in the Providence and the future retribution of Christianity. If, instead of a contest between Saxons and Normans, or the Fantees and Ashantees,—a mere contest of indifferents! of minim surges in a boiling fish-kettle,—Walter Scott had taken the struggle between the men of arts and the men of arms in the time of Becket, and made us feel how much to claim our well-wishing there was in the cause and character of the priestly and papal party, no less than in those of Henry and his knights, he would have opened a new mine, instead of translating into Leadenhall-street Minerva Library sentences, a cento of the most common incidents of the stately self-congruous romances of D'Urfe, Scuderi, &c. N.B. I have not read the *Monastery*, but I suspect that the thought or element of the faery work is from the German. I perceive from that passage in the *Old Mortality*, where Morton is discovered by old Alice in consequence of calling his dog Elphin, that Walter Scott has been reading Tieck's *Phantasies* (a collection of faery or witch tales), from which both the incident and name is borrowed.

Lord Erskine, speaking of animals, hesitating to call them brutes, hit upon that happy phrase—"the mute creation."

Lord Kenyon, on the trial of a bookseller, for publishing "Paine's Age of Reason," in his charge to the jury, enumerated many celebrated men who had been sincere Chris-

tians; and, after having enforced the example of Locke and Newton,—both of whom were Unitarians, and therefore not Christians,—proceeded:—"Nor, gentlemen, is this belief confined to men of comparative seclusion, since men, the greatest and most distinguished both as philosophers and as monarchs, have enforced this belief, and shown its influence by their conduct. Above all, gentlemen, need I name to you the Emperor Julian, who was so celebrated for the practice of every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the Apostle."

It is indisputable that nervous excitation is contagious. The greater part of ghost stories may be traced to this source.

For one person who has remarked or praised a beautiful passage in Walter Scott's works, a hundred have said,—“How many volumes he has written!” So of Mathews: it is not “How admirable such and such parts are!” but “It is wonderful that one man should do *all this!*”

A single thought is that which it is from other thoughts, as a wave of the sea takes its form and shape from the waves which precede and follow it.

Absurd terms, when compared, as “conclusion of a war,” conclusion of a peace.” In the one case it means the end, in the other the beginning.

To most men, experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

On William Smith, of Norwich, asking me what I thought of the Monthly Review or Magazine, and of Dr. Aikin, its editor, I was provoked by his evident wish that I should say something in its favour to reply,—“That all men of science or literature could attest that the one was a void Aikin, and the other an aching void.”

Walter Scott's novels are chargeable with the same faults as Bertram, *et id omne genus*, viz. that of ministering to the depraved appetite for excitement, and, though in a far less degree, creating sympathy for the vicious and infamous, solely because the fiend is *daring*. Not twenty lines of Scott's poetry will ever reach posterity; it has relation to nothing.

It often amuses me to hear men impute all their misfortunes to fate, luck, or destiny, whilst their successes or good fortune they ascribe to their own sagacity, cleverness, or penetration. It never occurs to such minds that light and darkness are one and the same, emanating from, and being part of, the same nature.

It is prettily feigned, that when Plutus is sent from Jupiter, he limps and gets on very slowly at first, but when he comes from Pluto, he runs and is swift of foot. This, rightly taken, is a great sweetener of slow gains.

Bacon (alas! the day) seems to have had this in mind when he says, “seek not proud gains, but such as thou mayst get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.” He that is covetous makes too much haste; and the wise man saith of him “he cannot be innocent.”

There are many men, especially at the outset of life, who, in their too eager desire for the end, overlook the difficulties in the way; there is another class who see nothing else. The first class *may* sometimes fail; the latter rarely succeed.

I once wrote to Wordsworth to inquire if he was really a Christian. He replied, “When I am a good man then I am a Christian.”

[The following three good things said by Charles Lamb are chronicled by the Editor.]

Martin Burney, whilst earnestly explaining the three kinds of acid, was stopped by Lamb's saying,—“The best of all kinds of acid, however, as you know, Martin, is wity—assid-wity.”

The conversation turned one night on the witnesses against the queen, especially Majocchi. Lamb said he should like to see them; he would ask them to supper. Mr. Talfourd observed,—

“You would not sit with them?”

“Yes,” said Lamb, “I would set with anything but a hen or a tailor.”

A few days before, he had been with Jameson to the Tower, and, in passing by Billingsgate, was witness to a quarrel and fight between two fishwomen, one of whom, taking up a knife, cut off her antagonist's thumb. “Ha!” said Lamb, looking about him as if he only just recognised the place, “this is Fair-lop-Fair.”

The Public Journals.

TALE OF A TROUBADOUR.

THERE are two accounts of the life of Guillem de Cabestanh, both written in Provençal; and in the principal points agreeing well with each other. We follow the longer notice, both because it is more circumstantial in some particulars, and because it almost seems to have been worked up into a kind of novella, which, both in prose and verse, were very frequently related by joglars or others, at the entertainments of the great, and even to assemblages of the people. The old Provençal account of the life and tragic fate of this troubadour begins as follows:—

“Raimon of Rousillon was a noble knight, as you well know, and had to wife the Lady Margarida, of all bright dames at that time living the most lovely, and the most renowned for pure fame, manifold excellences, and all courtesy. It so happened that Guillem

de Cabestanh, the son of a poor cavalier who owned the Castle of Cabestanh, came to the court of Raimon, and presented himself to him to see if it should please him to receive him in his court as page. Monseignor Raimon, who saw that he was handsome and amiable in appearance, bade him welcome, and prayed of him to dwell at his court. He therefore took up his abode there, and comported himself so agreeably, that great and small loved him; and so much did he ingratiate himself with all, that Monseignor Raimon commanded that he should be page to the Lady Margarida his wife, and so it was done.

"On account of this, Guillem endeavoured to distinguish himself both by word and deed; but, as it frequently happens with regard to love, it came to pass that love began to lay rude siege to the heart of my lady Margarida, and heated her fancy; and such was the delight that she took in Guillem's appearance, and in every thing that he said and did, that, one day, she could not resist saying to him—'Tell me now, Guillem, if a noble lady appeared to love you, would you dare to love her in return?' Guillem, who was already in some degree aware of her passion, answered her quite frankly—'Yes, by my troth, lady, if I were sure that the appearance was true.—By St. John, said the lady, well have you answered, and as a man of noble mind should; but now I would fain prove you, whether you will be able to know and to distinguish of these appearances, which are true and which not? When Guillem heard these words he said—'Lady, according to your good pleasure, so be it. And he began to muse deeply on this occurrence; and presently love got dominion over him, and infused into his heart those thoughts which he imparts to his votaries, and from that time forth he became a servant of love, and began to compose ditties most pleasing and merry, and abounding in the tenderest songs, with music most delightful to her in whose honour he sang. And love, who gives those who serve him their rewards when it happens to please himself, chose to recompense him for the service he had performed; and he filled the heart of the lady so entirely with thoughts of love, that she never ceased by night nor by day from recalling to herself and thinking over the excellencies and accomplishments which had been so abundantly lavished upon Guillem.

"And one day it happened that the lady being alone with Guillem, said to him, Tell me now, I pray you, Guillem, have you yet been able to judge of my looks whether they be true or false? Guillem answered, Lady, as I trust in God, I assure you that from the moment I devoted myself to serve you, there never entered into my heart a thought but that you were the best that ever was born,

and most full of all truth, both in words and looks; that I believe now, and shall believe all my life. And the lady made answer, I tell you, Guillem, as God shall succour me, that never by me shall you be deceived, nor shall your hopes be in vain; and so saying, she stretched out her arms, and sweetly embraced him in the chamber where they were both sitting, and, from that moment, their mutual love gained fresh strength.

"But no very long time elapsed before malicious people, whom may God punish, began to talk about this love-affair, and to give their interpretations of the songs which Guillem composed, saying, that he wrote them to gain the favour of my lady Margarida. And they went about talking so long backwards and forwards, that at the last it came to the ears of Monseignor Raimon. Sorrowful was he, but at the same time in grievous anger that he should thus lose the companion he so dearly loved, but most of all on account of the dishonour laid to his lady's charge.

"It one day happened that Guillem went out to hawk, and took no one with him but a single squire, and Monseignor Raimon inquired for him and asked where he was, and a varlet belonging to the castle told him he had gone out to hawk, and the same, as he knew it, told him in what direction. Instantly went Raimon and armed himself with concealed weapons, and having caused his horse to be brought, he rode away towards the spot where he had been told that Guillem might be found; and after he had ridden for some time he found him. And when Guillem saw him approach, he marvelled greatly, and began to forbode evil; but he went forwards and met him, and greeting him, said, My lord, this is a welcome meeting, but what make you thus alone? Because, said Monseignor Raimon, I have been seeking for you that I might divert myself along with you. Have you taken ought? Little, my lord, for I have found but little; and the proverb, as you well know, says, that he who finds but little should not expect to take much.

"Let us pass from this subject, said Monseignor Raimon, and by the allegiance you owe me, give me a true answer to all the questions that I shall put to you. By my word, said Guillem, if it be possible for me to answer you, my lord, you shall certainly hear the truth. I wish you to make no reservations whatever, said Monseignor Raimon, but that you should tell me exactly in every particular that which I shall ask you. My lord, since it so pleases you, said Guillem, ask me, and I will tell you the truth. And Monseignor Raimon asked him and said, Guillem, as you trust in God, and would preserve your good faith, tell me if you have a lady in honour of whom you sing, and the love of

whom fills your heart? Guillem answered, How, my lord, could I sing of love if my heart were not full of it. Know then, for a certainty that love has me entirely in his power.—That, said Raimon, I can readily believe, for otherwise no man could sing so sweetly as you do; but I would willingly know, if it pleases you to tell me, who your lady is.—Ah! my lord, for the love of God, said Guillem, consider what it is that you ask of me; know you not that it is a man's duty to conceal the object of his affection? Have you not heard what Bernard de Ventadour says?—

In this, at least, my sense I show,
That when one asks my true love's name,
I lie to him and feel no shame.
It is no proof of sense I know,
But of childishness and madness,
When a man enjoys love's gladness,
That he should lay his heart to any bare,
Who cannot serve nor aid the wishes there.

But Monseignor Raimon would not be contented, and swore that he would aid him in all things concerning his love to the uttermost of his abilities; and so much and so constantly did he press him to confide in him, that, at last, Guillem, who was placed in the most embarrassing situation by the other's importunity, after much reluctance, said to him, Know then, my very good lord, that I am enamoured of the sister of the Lady Margarida, your wife, and that we have already interchanged pledges of affection. My heart is now laid open to you, and I therefore beseech you to aid me as you best may, or, at the least, not to allow aught that I have said to work to my prejudice. Take my faith and my hand, said Raimon, for I swear to you, and willingly renew my pledge to aid you to the utmost extent of my abilities; and he most solemnly pledged himself.

"And when this was done, Raimon said, Come, Guillem, let us go together, and visit your lady-love, for she is near at hand.—Most willingly, said Guillem; I pray you let us go thither at once. And upon this they struck into the road that led to the Castle of List, and when they arrived there, they received a warm welcome and a merry from Robert de Tarascon, who was the husband of the Lady Agnes, the sister of the Lady Margarida. And the Lady Agnes herself greeted them most kindly; and Monseignor Raimon took the Lady Agnes by the hand, and led her into her chamber, and they both sat down together, and Monseignor Raimon said to her, Tell me now, I pray you, my fair sister, by the faith you owe me, do you feel love towards any one? And she answered him that she did. And who is it? inquired he. Then she said, you shall never hear from me, the more especially as it concerns you in no wise. At last, however, his importunity was so great, that she confessed to him that she loved Guillem de Cabestanh; and this she

said because she saw that Guillem was troubled in aspect and lost in sad thoughts; and as she well knew how entirely he and her sister loved each other, she trembled lest Raimon should have discovered the whole affair, and be cherishing evil intentions towards Guillem. This answer, however, elevated Raimon to the height of happiness; and the lady told her husband how she had conducted herself in this matter; and he approved of it highly, and told her that she had done well, and gave her his permission to do or say every thing that might be needful to release Guillem from his present embarrassing situation. That did the lady right willingly, and called Guillem into her chamber by himself. Raimon began to think that the reports concerning Guillem which had come to his ears were devoid of foundation, except in the malice of those who first spread them abroad. The lady and Guillem came forth from the chamber, and supper was prepared, and right merrily and with much pleasure did they all sup together.

"On the morrow, they breakfasted in the castle with great merriment; and after that they took their departure homewards, after an affectionate leave-taking. As soon as Raimon had it in his power, he left Guillem and went to his wife, and told her all that had taken place, as he had seen, between Guillem and her sister, which grievously afflicted the lovely lady the whole night long; and the next morning she summoned Guillem to her presence, and received him ill, calling him false and treacherous; and Guillem right humbly besought her to hear him, and to pardon what he had done; and when he had in some degree appeased her, he told her all that had happened, word for word, concealing nothing from her. But, notwithstanding all that he could say or do, love had too great sway over the heart of the Lady Margarida to allow her to rest contented till she sent for her sister Agnes, and found that her story agreed in every particular with what Guillem had already told her; and then she acknowledged that in this matter he was without blame.

"After this, the lady told him and commanded him to compose a song which should show that he loved no lady saving only herself, and, in consequence, he composed the song which begins as follows:—

The thoughts of mirth,
That love so oft gives me,
Lady, give birth
To many songs for thee.

Raimon thought that this song applied more particularly to his wife, on account of the stanza which ends with these lines—

All that I do from fear,
Take in its better sense,
E'en when I'm far from hence.

And while he was brooding over his disho-

nour, and in gloomy silence meditating plans of revenge, he recalled various circumstances and the many reports of curious and evil-minded people, so that the thoughts of the laughter of the world, which he would have to encounter by reason of the tricks which had been put upon him, wound him up to such a pitch of ungovernable fury, that he sent for Guillem to come to him outside the castle; and when he saw him, without giving him time for defence or supplication, he rushed upon him, and with one revengeful blow of his sword killed him on the spot. Nor was his revenge even then satiated; but having cut off the head, he put it into a basket, and he tore out the heart from the body of his victim, and put it along with the head. He then went into the castle, and commanded that the heart should be roasted, and he caused it to be served up to his wife for her mid-day's meal, and made her partake of the dish, all ignorant as she was of its nature. And when she had eaten of it, Raimon rose up and told his wife that what she had been eating was the heart of Guillem de Cabestanh; and he showed her the ghastly head, and asked her if she had made a delicate repast. And she heard what he asked her, and recognised the head of her lover; and then she made answer and told him that it was so delicate and savoury that never should either meat or drink pass her lips, lest she should deprive her mouth of that taste which the heart of Guillem de Cabestanh had left in it. And Raimon rushed upon her with his still reeking sword; and she, who, from the horrors she had suffered, was scarcely conscious of what she did, flew to a window, and casting herself out, was dashed to pieces in the court below.

"These dreadful deeds were bruited far and wide through the whole of Catalonia, and through all the dependencies of the King of Aragon; and the King Alphonse, and all the barons of those countries, made great moan, and were in deep sorrow for the death of Guillem and the lady whom Raimon had so foully done to death. And the friends and relations of Guillem and of the Lady Margarida made alliance together, and all the lovers in those countries joined themselves unto them, and they made war against Raimon with fire and sword; and the King Alphonse himself came into the country when he heard of the lamentable death of the lady and of the gentle knight, and took Raimon prisoner, and destroyed his castles, and ravaged his possessions. He then caused a monument to be raised to Guillem and to Lady Margarida, before the entrance of the church at Perpignan, which is a town in the plain of Rousillon and Cerdagne, and belongs to the King of Aragon. And it was customary for long, that all the knights of Rousillon, Cerdagne, Colofen, Ripules,

and Peiralada, as well as those from the territory of Narbonne, should keep the anniversary of the death of Guillem and of the Lady Margarida; and all true lovers, knights as well as ladies, prayed to God for the repose of their souls. The King of Aragon, who had taken Raimon prisoner, deprived him of all his possessions, and let him die in prison; and all his lands he gave to the relations of Guillem and to those of the lady who died for his sake."

The poems of this unfortunate troubadour do not throw much light on his history. They are full of allusions, however to the dissimulation he was obliged to submit to, and to the difficult position in which he was placed, since, in order to escape "a present ill, he was obliged to feign a love foreign to his heart."

With regard to the story of the serving up of the heart of the lover to the unconscious object of his passion, we must observe, that this aggravation of marital vengeance seems to have been no unusual termination to similar stories, as the well-known adventure of the Chatelain de Coucy and la Dame de Fayel would of itself serve to prove; but a somewhat similar event is the ground-work of one of the *Fabliaux* in Le Grand's collection; the only difference there being, that twelve ladies ate the heart of a common lover, which their husbands had served up to them, and never tasted meat again, after they find out what the horrid meal consisted of. Nor are these the only instances of such cruelty; so that it is possible that an old tradition may have been the foundation of them all; the more especially as any additional horrors would be eagerly received by a public but too much disposed to look with the most unfriendly eyes on any interference of the husband, however much it might have been required, and to aid the lovers during their life, and embalm their memories, and strew flowers over their graves when dead. The tale, however romantic it may appear, agrees in the most essential points, very well both with geography and history; and perhaps, the above mentioned coincidence with the history of the Chatelain de Coucy is the only reason that could be adduced for doubting its authenticity. Boccaccio, in the *Decameron*, mentions nearly the same circumstances, though he has given somewhat different names to the heroes of his tale; and Petrarch, in the *Trionfo d'Amore*, speaks of the subject of this notice.—*Abridged from a Chapter on the Troubadours, in Blackwood's Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE GARDENS.—BY L. E. L.

The fountain's low singing is heard on the wind,
Like a melody bringing sweet fancies to mind;
Some to grieve, some to gladden: around them they cast

The hopes of the morrow, the dreams of the past.
Away in the distance is heard the vast sound,
From the streets of the city that compass it round,
Like the echo of mountains, or ocean's deep call;
Yet that fountain's low singing is heard over all.

The turf and the terrace slope down to the tide
Of the Thames, that sweeps onwards—a world at its
side:

And dark the horizon, with mast and with sail
Of the thousand tall ships that have weathered the
gale:

While beyond the arched bridge the old abbey ap-
pears,

Where England has garnered the glories of years.
There the royal, the lovely, the gifted, the brave,
Haunt the heart with a poetry born of the grave.

Still and lone mid the tumult these gardens extend,
The elm and the lime over flower-beds bend;
And the sunshine rains in as the light leaves are
stirred,

When away from the nest he has built springs the
bird.

The boat, and the barge, and the wave, have grown
red;

And the sunset has crimsoned the boughs over head:
But the lamps are now shining, the colours are gone,
And the garden lies shadowy, silent, and lone.

There are lights in the casements: how weary the
ray

That asks from the night-time the toils of the day!
I fancy I see the brow bent o'er the page,
Whose youth wears the paleness and wrinkles of age.
The hour may be coming when fortune and fame
May crown the endeavour and honour the name:
But the toil has been long that too early began;
And the judge and the peer is a world-weary man.
The robe and the ermine, by few they are won:
How many sunk down ere the race be half run!
What struggles, what hopes, what despair may have
been,

Where sweep those dark branches of shadowy green!
What crowds are around us, what misery is there,
Could the heart, like the face which conceals it, lay
bare!

But we know not each other, we seek not to know
What the social world hides in the darkness below.

I lean in the window, and hear the low tune
Of the fountain, now bright with the new-risen moon.
In the chamber within are the gay and the young;
The light laugh is laughed, and the sweet song is
sung.

I turn to their mirth, but it is in a mask—
The jest is an omen, the smile is a task.
A slave in a pageant, I walk through life's part,
With smiles on the lip, and despair at the heart.*

* I know not that I have ever been more struck
than with the beauty of the Middle Temple Gardens,
as seen on a still, summer evening. There is about
it such a singular mixture of action and repose. The
trees cast an undisturbed shadow on the turf; the
barges rest tranquilly on the dark river; only now
and then the dim outline of a scarcely seen sail flits
by; the very lamps in the distance seem as if shining
in their sleep. But the presence of life is around.
Lights appear in most of the windows; and there
comes upon the air the unceasing murmur of the city
around. Nothing is distinct; all varieties of noise
blending into one deep sound. But the little foun-
tain is heard amid it all; the ear does not lose a
note of its low, sweet music: it is the poetry of the
place, or rather, the voice of the poetry with which
it is filled.

Vow of the Peacock, and other Poems.

The Gatherer.

Planting Vines.—The following method
has lately been adopted with success in what
are termed succession-houses. The sucker,

after having been earthed in a pot, is bound
round that part of the stem nearest the mould
with a little, common, green moss, which, is
to be kept perpetually moist. Suckers
planted in this manner, have seldom been
known to fail, and produce fruit earlier than
the common method. Slips of moss kept
moist, and laid on the surface of the earth
around the root of geraniums, has often been
found of service in preserving them during
winter.

It is said that Angelica Kauffman died im-
poverished and of a broken heart, occasioned
by the havoc made by Napoleon among her
private collection of paintings, the choicest
of which she was obliged to send as an invol-
untary contribution to the gathering at
Paris.

A. C. R.

Portrait of Napoleon.—David's painting,
considered the most accurate likeness extant,
is preserved in the Museum belonging to
the East India Company. Napoleon only
sat twice, to David and Girard. His bust or
portrait would be a valuable addition to the
British Museum.

A. C. R.

Painting in fresco.—It may not be un-
acceptable to the curious or amateurs in this
art to notice that the splendid specimens,
easy of access, to be seen in the Adelphi,
Bute House, and Burlington House, are,
among others, the work of Cipriani, Ange-
lica Kauffman, West, and Opie. The interior
of Burlington House, with its beautiful stair-
case, constructed by an Italian, is especially
worth attention. The length of time taken
to perfect these frescoes also enhances their
value. A single room at Holderness House
ornamented in this manner, lately occupied its
artist for four years; but it certainly presents
a beautiful appearance.

Comparison of Speed.—A French Sci-
entific Journal states that the ordinary rate is
per second:—

Of a man walking	- - -	4 feet.
Of a good horse in harness	- - -	12
Of a rein-deer in a sledge on the ice	- - -	36
Of an English race-horse	- - -	43
Of a hare	- - -	88
Of a good sailing ship	- - -	19
Of the wind	- - -	83
Of sound	- - -	1038
Of a 34-pounder cannon-ball	- - -	1300
Of the air, which so divided, returns into space	- - -	1300

Literary Gazette.

Loquacity of Barbers.—Plutarch relates a
curious circumstance which proves that ton-
sorial garrulity is by no means of modern
origin: he says "a barber who kept a shop
at the end of the suburbs called Pyreum, had
no sooner heard of the Athenians having
been defeated in Sicily, from a slave who had
fled from the field of battle, than, leaving his
shop in confusion, he ran directly into the
city in order that he might be the first to
proclaim the tidings. Such unwelcome news

spreading rapidly caused great commotion in the city, and the people having assembled in the market-place, search was made for the author of the rumour, who being taken before them and examined, knew not even so much as the name of his informer. Upon which the whole assembly, exceedingly exasperated, called out, 'Away with the villain! set the varlet on the rack! put him on the wheel for devising this fable!' The wheel was brought and the barber stretched thereon, when in good time for him came certain news of the defeat. Upon this the assembly broke up, leaving, however, the barber in his uncomfortable position until late in the evening. But no sooner had he been cast loose and set at liberty, than he inquired of the executioner, 'What was the report respecting the General Nicias? and in what manner he was slain?' "

Carl, or Carling Sunday, (as the Sunday after Midlent is termed, in the northern counties,) is called in some parts of Warwickshire, "Care-away," as appears from the following old saying, current in some of the agricultural districts of that county:—

"If it rain on Midlent, *Care-away*,
Palm Sunday, or Easter day,
There'll be a deal of good corn, and but little hay."

W. L. B.

Remarkable Escape.—The celebrated political writer, Thomas Paine, was member for Calais in the National Assembly, after the French Revolution. When Robespierre came into power, he was arrested and carried to prison, no reason of any consequence being assigned for this harsh treatment. The event is thus recorded in his own words:—"One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and a hundred and sixty of them executed the next day. Amongst this number my name was included; and the manner I escaped the guillotine is curious, having all the appearance of accident.

"The room in which I was lodged was on the ground-floor, and one of a long range of chambers under a gallery, with the door opening outwards flat against the wall; so that, when it was open, the inside of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it was shut.

"When persons by scores and hundreds were to be taken out of the prison for the guillotine, it was always done in the night; and those who performed that office had a private mark, by which they knew what rooms to visit and what number to take. The door of my room was marked one morning, unobserved by me, when it was open, and flat against the wall: being closed in the evening, the fatal line of chalk came inside—and thus the destroying angel passed by. A few days after this, Robespierre fell, and Mr. Munroe

arrived to reclaim me, and to invite me to his house."—*Extracted from Letter III., to the Citizens of the United States.*

Between authors and artists there should be no jealousy, for their pursuits are congenial; one paints with a pen, the other writes with a brush; and yet it is difficult for either to be quite impartial, in weighing the merits of their different avocations. The author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, being at a dinner party with Mr. Turner, R.A., whose enthusiasm for his art led him to speak of it and of its professors as superior to all others, the bard rose, and after alluding with a mock gravity, to his friend's skill in varnishing painters as well as paintings, proposed the health of Mr. Turner, and the worshipful company of Painters and Glaziers. This, (to use the newspaper phrase,) called up Mr. Turner, who with a similar solemnity, expressed his sense of the honour he had received, made some good-humoured allusions to blotters of foolscap, whose works were appropriately bound in calf; and concluded by proposing in return, the health of Mr. Campbell, and the worshipful company of Paper-stainers—a rejoinder that excited a general laugh, in which none joined more heartily than the poet himself."—*The Tin Trumpet.*

Droll, though not very logical or conclusive was the reply of the tipsy Irishman, who, as he supported himself by the iron railings of Merriam-square, was advised by a passenger to betake himself home. "Ah now, be aisy; I live in the square; isn't it going round and round, and when I see my own door come up, wont I pop into it in a jiffy?"—*Ibid.*

(See page 137 of our last No.)

The *Times* of Feb. 23 contains the following note:—"The amusing paragraph respecting an English sailor, which we copied from the *Mirror* on Saturday last, ought to have been ascribed by that periodical to its right source—*The Tales of a Tar*, by Captain Glascock."—The paragraph in question was received in the handwriting of an industrious Correspondent, whose initials it bore: we were not, therefore, aware of its un-originality, but having ascertained it, we hasten to make our *amende* to the rightful author.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

This day was published, with many Cuts, price 5s.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART; or an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries, and New Facts in
Mechanics,
Chemistry,
Natural History,
And Social Economy.

Abridged from Scientific Journals, and Transactions of the past Year.

Printed for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JAGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Bookellers.

The Mirror

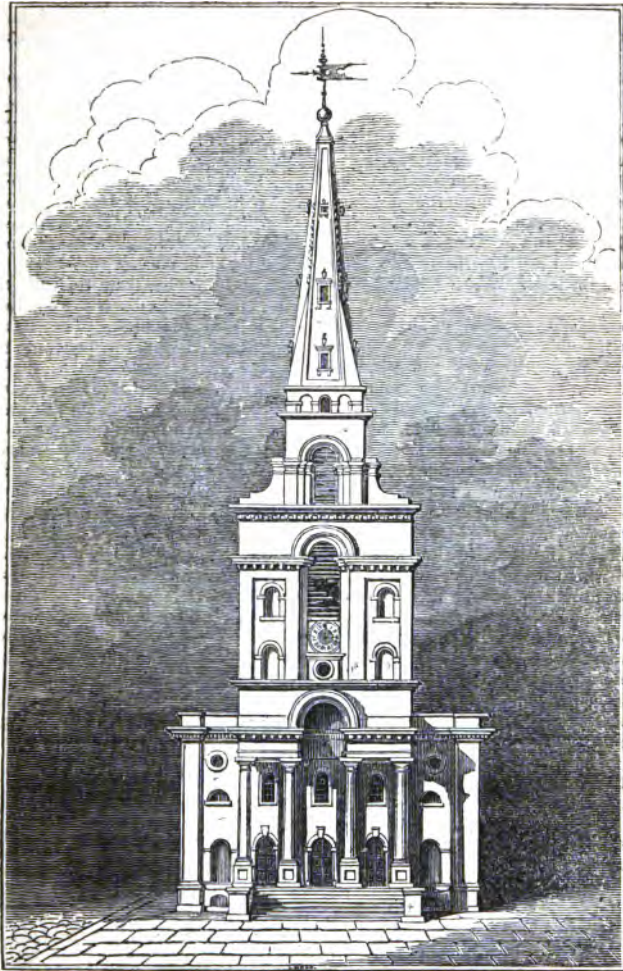
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 766.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]



CHRIST CHURCH, SPITALFIELDS.

A LITTLE to the eastward of Bishopsgate-street lies Spitalfields, originally a hamlet of the parish of St. Dunstan, Stepney. In the reign of Queen Anne, when the Legislature had determined to erect fifty new churches in the metropolis, this populous district was found to require one of the number. The separation accordingly took place; and the first stone of the intended church was deposited by Edward Peck, Esq., one of the

VOL. XXVII.

L

Commissioners, in 1715, as we are informed by the inscription upon that gentleman's monument within the church; though the Parish Clerks' Remarks state 1723; which has been followed by others. The site was purchased for 1,260*l.*, and the chosen architect was Nicholas Hawksmoor, Esq., who was a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. Mr. Hawksmoor's estimate was 13,570*l.*; but he expended 14,418*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* The Church was

766

not completed till 1729, when, on July 5, in the third year of the reign of George II., it was consecrated by Edmund, Lord Bishop of London. It should be added that, at the erection of the parish, the advowson was given by Act of Parliament to Brasenose College, Oxford. At the same time, 3,000*l.* was granted for purchasing possessions in fee-simple, to support the rector and his successors; to which was added, an annual payment of 125*l.* arising from burial-fees, &c., exclusively placed in the receipt, and at the disposal of, the Vestry. The Parish Clerks gave the amount of 300*l.* per annum in 1732. The living cannot be held *in commendam*.

Christ Church, in respect of site, has an advantage not very common to the religious edifices; it may be seen on three sides. It stands at the west end of Church-street, its western door fronting Paternoster-row and Union-street; the latter leading into Bishopsgate-street.

This Church is built entirely of stone: the body is in the heaviest style of Wren's time, with massive, rusticated work and window cases; and it may be equal to some of Wren's designs. The dimensions are 111 feet in length, and 87 in breadth; and the height of the roof 41 feet. The eastern end projects semicircularly, and is enriched; but the imposing feature of the church is the western front. The entrance is through a Doric portico, elevated on a flight of steps: the entablature is broken by a central arch, above and beside which rise other arches, and niches of the tower; which, on its diminishing for the steeple, is supported by the heads of the under corners, which form a kind of buttress; from this part rises the base of the spire with an arcade; its corners are, in the same manner, supported by a kind of pyramidal buttress, ending in a point, and the spire is terminated with a vase and a vane; its extreme height being 225 feet, or 23 feet higher than the London Monument. The steeple contained a peal of 12 bells, scarcely inferior in power and sweetness to any in the kingdom; with a clock, and excellent six-hour chimes.

The general effect of the exterior, especially of the western front, is solidity and vastness; the proportions are almost colossal, and the steeple is ponderous beyond example. It certainly does not boast of architectural beauty, and its defects have been mercilessly dealt with by critical writers. Malcolm excuses himself from describing Christ Church, by saying: "the architect only could name the several parts of the steeple; they are not to be appropriated to orders. Mr. Hawksmoor has proceeded according to a set exclusively his own; but that circumstance would have been justifiable and commendable if any improvements could be discovered. Unhappily, none are to be found: perhaps,

some little imitations may. The church externally might be imagined *like* the Norman or Saxon style, or one gradation towards the Tuscan order."^{*} These are hard words: but, as we view the tiers of arches and empty niches that rise in the western front, we are reminded of Walpole's biting remark on Hawksmoor—that his works display nothing of the taste, and little of the science which distinguished those of Wren.†

The interior of the church is grand, but heavy: it is an oblong square, though the arrangement of the pillars renders it difficult to describe. The chancel is formed by four isolated columns on pedestals, and two pilasters; these being of the Composite incorporated with the Ionic order. The capitals have a graceful effect, but Malcolm suspects the architect of borrowing the idea from the Arch of Trajan, at Rome. The columns support a frieze and enriched cornice, with the Royal Arms, in stucco, directly over the central great intercolumniation. This colonnade is magnificent; but the chancel, to use Malcolm's words, is "as plain as the wall of a belfrey; absolute rustic coins on the angles." It commences as if the architect had intended a semicircle; but this terminates in a square for the altar, which is formed by two circular pillars and two pilasters, with a Doric frieze and cornice, on which commences a Tuscan window, very correctly proportioned, over which is a semicircular aperture, or window. A neat, enriched, but narrow cornice supports a flat ceiling, relieved by cherubim on a glyry.

There are two monuments suited to the partial semicircles, which contribute to the general effect of the building. That on the north side consists of a plain pedestal, on which stands, in the full dress of his office, Sir Robert Ladbroke, who was lord mayor of London in 1747. The figure is relieved by dark marble, and the monument terminates in a pediment. It is one of the early works of Flaxman (in 1794); the drapery is correct, the face and hands are well executed, and the ornaments are in good taste; but it wants the grace and life of the sculptor's later performances.

The second or south monument is that of Edward Peck, Esq., who "was one of the Commissioners for building the fifty new churches; and in this corner laid the first stone of this stately fabric, anno 1715." He died in 1736, and this monument was executed by Thomas Dunn, in 1737. It consists of a pedestal of variegated marble, with a white tablet for the inscription: on the pedestal is a Corinthian pediment, supported by two pillars, with an attic and urns: be-

^{*} *Londinium Redivivum*, vol. iii., p. 387.

† Among Hawksmoor's productions are the churches of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard-street; St. George's in the East; St. Anne's, Limehouse; and St. George's, Bloomsbury,

neath is a small sarcophagus, with two boys leaning against it; and on it stands Mr. Peck's bust, under a canopy.

The west end of the Church has a screen, like the east; but it is divided to admit the organ, elevated upon two majestic Corinthian pillars. This organ is a magnificent instrument, containing 2,126 pipes, and is the masterpiece of the celebrated Bridge.

The nave has four pillars in length supporting a cornice and frieze, which rest on pilasters on the walls. The vaultings between them are chastely and elegantly ornamented, and have enriched keystones. The five arched ceilings on each side aisle are superlatively rich; but that of the nave seems to be the work of another hand. It is flat, and divided into 34 clumsy squares, the ribs of which rest on an attic of the Tuscan order, elevated on the most enriched Corinthian.

The windows are diminutive and ungraceful; and there are heavy side galleries. The reading-desk is a richly-carved Composite pedestal; and the pulpit is carved and inlaid.

Among the bequests to the church is one of 600*l.* towards procuring the bells, by Henry Wheatley, Esq., of Staines: they were, at first, ten in number, and two have since been added. The chimes were given by Mr. Thomas Hardy, in 1741.

The Church was repaired and beautified throughout, about fourteen years since, at an expense of 8,000*l.*

To the above description should be added a brief notice of the conflagration, which had nearly proved the destruction of this costly edifice. On the afternoon of Wednesday, February 17, last, smoke was seen to issue from the windows of the belfry, over the clock: it was soon ascertained that the wood-work in the clock-room was on fire; and that the flames had reached the loft above, over which the bells were hung. Fire engines, and abundance of water, were soon procured; but, from the height of the belfry, the hose did not reach the fire, nor could the flames be checked in ascending to the spire. All exertions were, therefore, directed to save the body of the church, which was mainly done by cutting away the roof. Meanwhile, as the supporting wood-work in the loft was burnt, the bells fell with an astounding crash, especially the tenor, which weighed no less than 44 cwt., or 4,928 lbs. This bell, it was feared, would, from its great weight, have caused much damage in falling; but this was prevented by a strong arch beneath the belfry, and the bell falling on the others, split asunder. At seven o'clock, the wood-work in the spire being consumed, all danger was over. The cause of the fire has not, we believe, yet been satisfactorily explained.

The damage done to the church is very considerable, and the expense of its repair would be almost insupportable by the pa-

rishioners, especially as they have but just recovered from the payment of 8,000*l.* already mentioned. In this position, they have appealed to the public, and we hope their application will be responded to liberally. They have expended considerable sums on the church; it having been erected by Government in so costly a style as to require a considerable amount for ordinary repairs.

From the parochial surveyor's report, the damage by the late fire is as follows: the roof of the church is partially burnt; the organ is so damaged, as, in part, to require re-construction; the massive steeple is entirely gutted; and the stone-work of its interior is materially injured: the clock and chimes are destroyed; and the bells have been either shivered to pieces in falling, or fused by the heat of the conflagration.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(To the Editor.)

It will, no doubt, gratify your numerous readers to hear that there is every probability of their deriving some substantial benefits from the labours of the Committee appointed by Parliament last session, to inquire into the affairs of the British Museum. Among the subjects which came under their notice were,—certain alterations in the *constitution* of the place, connected with the establishment of a scientific board for its management; the subdivision of the present departments, particularly of Natural History; the printing of a Classified Catalogue of the printed books, so long wanted; reducing the price of the Guide to the Museum to *d.*, (now sold for 2*s.*) and the entire revision and improvement of it; the establishment of a *formatore*, or moulder, who should make moulds of the various antiques, and then casts, which might be sold to the public for about a third less than is now usually charged for these articles; and many other useful alterations and improvements.

It was also proposed to open the Museum during the Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas weeks, and to build a distinct and detached room for *evening readers*;—one of the greatest accommodations that could be devised for a very large class of persons who are occupied during the day in trades or professions. A new Committee has just been appointed to continue the inquiry, and we sincerely trust that they will not lose sight of these important suggestions in their report to the House. As it is not, perhaps, known to many of your readers, it may be proper to state that the Evidence taken before the last Committee is now published, and may be purchased for a few shillings. It contains the examinations of many of the officers of the Museum, and abounds in curious and interesting details of a literary and scientific nature. The Appen-

dix furnishes the best account extant of foreign museums and libraries, obtained by our ambassadors and consuls abroad; and while it is well calculated to show the present inefficient state of our own National Establishment, at once points out the remedies for whatever defects may be found in it.

R. S.

* * Our Correspondent has called our attention to the following extraordinary passage, in Dr. Davy's *Life of Sir Humphry Davy*, (vol. ii. pp. 342-344, note,) showing the paramount necessity of an entire reform in everything relating to the British Museum:

A short period before the death of Sir Humphry Davy, "he expressed his views respecting the British Museum, pointing out some of its deficiencies and suggesting a plan for its improvement. He had thought much on the subject, having been well acquainted with the establishment in his capacity of trustee, as President of the Royal Society; on which account I think it right to give his sentiments, as they were written down from his dictation, with the hope that some of his hints may be followed, to the benefit of the Museum. The subject is introduced incidentally, in noticing the collections of the objects of natural history in America, in connexion with science in America and her men of science, in digression from the character of the late Dr. Woodhouse, who brought a letter of introduction to my brother, in 1804, from the venerable Priestley. 'I believe no country can be placed lower than our own in respect to collections in ancient art or modern science. A few liberal-minded, patriotic men have done much by their private collections; and some particular institutions or colleges, by their private means, have afforded resources to scientific men; but our national establishment, the British Museum, is unworthy of a great people, and is even inferior to many of those belonging to second-rate states on the Continent: yet there have been considerable sums of money devoted to the objects of this collection, and it contains some choice marbles, and some interesting specimens in natural history; and far more might have been done with the sums voted for this purpose by parliament, had they been judiciously applied. When the British Museum was first established, in consequence of the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, President of the Royal Society, of his splendid collections to the country, the trustees were either great officers of state, owing their situation to their office, or some persons of science, art, and letters, associated with them, elected by the principal trustees. At first, the leading trustees of the elected class were either distinguished members of the Royal Society, or highly accomplished noblemen and gentlemen, possessed of refined knowledge in art, or profound knowledge in science. The last

scientific trustee elected was Mr. Henry Cavendish. Lately the elections have been almost entirely made from branches of the aristocracy, or gentlemen of some parliamentary influence. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, are considered as the really active members of the trust; and overpowered, as those great officers must be, with the religious, legal, and legislative affairs of the country, it cannot be supposed that they can have much leisure or much opportunity to attend to the government or arrangement of the national collections. All the officers of the Museum, who ought to be either efficient librarians or curators of the house, used to be elected in turns by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the House of Commons; for the late chancellor, Lord Eldon, always refused to act as trustee, considering, probably, with great propriety, that he had other duties more essential to his office to perform. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that amongst the curators, assistant-librarians, and sub-librarians, there should be found many persons taken from the inferior departments of the church and of the public offices; places abounding with respectable, well-educated men, but not the natural seminaries of either naturalists, or of persons of profound and refined taste in antiquities, collections of the works of art, and monuments of the genius of the great people of antiquity. If men of the highest distinction as to scientific character had always occupied the most exalted offices in the Museum, either as curators of the collections, or as zoologists, ornithologists, entomologists, mineralogists, botanists, and superintendents of the ancient collections of sculpture and painting: and if the salaries of such officers had been made respectable, and their rank a gratifying or enviable one, there would have been always a sufficient number of aspirants after such situations, and we should not have required the assistance of foreigners in that establishment which ought to be the natural school of our academies in science and art. But, unfortunately, in England science is not the taste either of the court or of the government; and what might be the most magnificent collection of the beauties and wonders of nature and art, formed from every quarter of the globe, and containing the most splendid monuments of the glory of the most powerful of the ancient nations of the earth, does, in fact, represent little more than a series of quaint collections in verbi, where illustrations of the history of medals, and the most exquisite specimens of the bronzes of Magna Græcia, are found in the same room with the sledges and dresses of the Esquimaux, the canoes, arms, and dresses of the people of Australasia, and the

wildest ornaments invented either by the capricious or diseased fashions of folly in almost every climate and age. Even the first and most perfect part of the marbles brought from Athens to enrich the hotel of Montague House, are out of place. There must be a general system of change in every thing belonging to this institution, before there can be any system of radical improvement. Each department must be preserved separate and distinct from the other. The sculpture must be judged by men who have shown their knowledge of taste with regard to this branch of the fine arts. The collection and arrangement of paintings must be trusted either to artists themselves, or to refined judges of the art. The geologist should have his department entirely to himself; and the mineralogist would not find even the present treasures of the British Museum too extensive for much active labour, philosophical research, and even useful discovery in the variety of their arrangements and bearings; and a good geologist, by connecting the history of the specimens of inorganic nature with those of living animals, might open to the world a number of curious and very extraordinary truths. Then the libraries should be kept perfectly distinct from the other parts of the Museum; and there should be at least four enlightened and literary men of ability, to take charge of these treasures, now made so magnificent by the royal gift, and to lay them open to the public. It appears to me that the present is the best moment for attempting a radical and fundamental change in every thing belonging to this ancient, misapplied, and, I may almost say, useless institution. In every part of the metropolis, people are crying out for knowledge; they are searching for her even in corners and by-ways; and such is their desire for her, that they are disposed to seize her by illegitimate means, if they cannot obtain her by fair and just ones. This, then, is the moment to give energy to their efforts, and for the legislature to sanction what reason has so long required."

COWPER AT OLNEY.

THE generally received truth, that "mind is superior to matter," is, perhaps, never more strikingly felt, than when places altogether unfruitful of interest in themselves, become dignified and adorned with the abiding charm bestowed by genius over all which it adopts for a subject or a residence. The spots on this weary earth which have been graced by even the temporary sojourn of one of these master-minds, have become from that time as enchanted scenes: all that is common, ungraceful, or opposed to our preconceived ideas of such a scene, is softened down and lost in the fair illusions which imagination lends to the spots where her children have

been. How many a shrine is visited by the enthusiastic pilgrim, in itself divested of charm from art or nature, but sanctified by memories and associations of departed worth. It is the trail of light which such spirits leave on the still heaven of our remembrance when they have passed away. Their path through the howling wilderness is marked by the flowers which they have scattered along the way, gathered by sorrowing memory to be her treasured wreath. Darkness closes not on their footsteps; a radiance lingers there, as if some wandering rays from the world of mind, into which they have entered, were suffered still to gild the rugged path which led them to it.

Olney,—how is its native insignificance amongst the towns and villages of the land, lost, from its association with the name of Cowper, the classic, the eccentric, the sensitive, and moralizing Cowper! whose lucubrations in this quiet nook, were destined so long to inform and delight. How did his shrinking nature felicitate itself, that through "the loop-holes of retreat, he could hear the stir of the great Babel, and feel not the crowd." In the monotonous quiet of Olney, did this gifted mind for twenty years endure the contracted uniformity of a life of seclusion; being, by his own confession, without a neighbour with whom he could exchange an idea. The translator of Homer would, we may suppose, pass among the good people of Olney fifty years ago, for a most unsocial being, little liked, and less understood. His perfect incapability for bestowing interest on all subjects of a trite and unimportant character, is laughably set forth in his poem on "Conversation," where he depicts his mental tortures in listening to an inexorable proser—
 "I twirl my thumb, fall back into my chair,
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
 And when I think his blunders are all out,
 Reply discreetly, 'to be sure—no doubt.'"

His forbearance appears to have been tried to the utmost by some deceased lover of prolixity, who

"echoed conversations dull and dry,
 Embellished with—said he, and so said I."

—At such moments, he might well sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless continuity of shade! But, what must have been the beauty of that mind, which could gild the commonplaces of a life at Olney, with the enduring charm which all find in Cowper's letters; the small events of every day life, the petty occurrences in a scene unvisited by great events, have to the superficial eye nothing in them to engage the interest and sympathy of the future. But we take up Cowper's letters, and we think so no longer. How is the diminutive garden, with its Lilliputian conservatory, graced by his charming descriptions of the changing hues of nature in this his little kingdom; the

grass-pinks, the jessamines and myrtles, with which he adorned it, making it in summer a place of literary retreat, when he required to be alone even from his faithful friend, Mary Unwin, whose "shining store" of needles were at such times employed in his service. His musing rambles in the Throckmorton grounds at Weston, in the wilderness, under the elms, and in the poplar field, with the progress of his friendship with the agreeable family at the Hall,—how charmingly are they described! What a zest must have been given to his existence by this new connexion with persons of enlarged views and enlightened minds, every way disposed to appreciate the humble efforts of Cowper's muse, shy and retired though she was, and struggling through the disadvantages of narrow fortune and a contracted sphere. Thin partitions did indeed divide the fine rays of intelligence which illumined his mind, from the clouds of that saddest of all human maladies, which had already shaded the morning of his days, and, alas! was destined again to obscure the evening of life. Perhaps, no one better depicts the comfort of a winter's eve: the snug retirement, the quiet, the calm of this season, harmonized so perfectly with his reflective and literary habits—with his total disgust for the amusements of general society. Did ever language better convey the idea of the English word, comfort:—

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing uru
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in!"

From his close retreat at Olney, the follies and vices of the world without stood before his keenly observant mind in strong relief; and he attacked, with unsparing hand, the sins and levities of the age, from the vanities of the card-table and the ball-room, to the divine in the pulpit. Singularly favoured in his censorship, that however severe, and occasionally betraying much cynical asperity, he does not appear to have excited the hostility usually raised by this sort of general fault-finding. The public were content to bear the censure of one placed on an eminence of exemption from its usages, and who sang in the tones of one already weaned from earth, and waiting on the "solemn shore," his summons to enter upon an eternal state of happiness. How exquisitely are his views of futurity expressed:—

"Hope with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her celestial birth;
On steady wing, sails through the immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul while yet a mourner here
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear."

Peace to his pure and tranquil memory!
truly might he have said while dwelling

amongst uncongenial associates at Olney, I am "among them, but not of them." The place has, however, by association with the name of Cowper, acquired an abiding interest, which remains and will remain, while the bright spirit which pined so long in its dull precincts, has become a dweller in worlds where no bounds are placed to its immortal and unfading existence! ANNE R.

Kirton-Lindsey.

The Naturalist.

MIRAGE IN PERSIA.

THE wonderful effects of the mirage, and the phenomena it produces, have frequently been the theme of admiration with travellers; but it is almost impossible to conceive the extent to which these prevail upon the wide and level plains of these countries, when the air, in a state of rapid undulation, causes every object near the surface to tremble into forms as uncertain and evanescent as the eddies that produce them. A distant mountain, in the space of a minute, will assume, first, perhaps, the form of a lofty peak; this, after rising to what appears a prodigious elevation, will thicken at the top, and spread into that of a large mushroom, with a slender stalk; the top will then split into several spires, and then all will join into a solid table shape. This is extremely puzzling to a surveyor, who depends upon the peaks of mountains as objects from which to form his triangles; for he may be thrown many degrees out of the true line, by trusting to an observation under such circumstances. In other instances, a mud-bank, furrowed by the rain, will exhibit the appearance of a magnificent city, with columns, domes, minarets, and pyramids, all of which flit as you approach; till, to your utter confusion, they dwindle into a heap of earth, perhaps not ten feet high. Numberless have been the mistakes made of asses with boys on them, for elephants and giants, or well-mounted troops of cavalry; sheep and goats for camels and dromedaries; and the smallest bushes for fine forest trees. There is sometimes great beauty, and much that is amusing, in the variety of phenomena produced, but they not unfrequently involve the weary traveller in great disappointment.—*Fraser's Travels.*

INSECT UPHOLSTERY.

SOME loiterers in the farm-yard of W. were attracted, on a fine summer's afternoon, by seeing an insect of a brilliant scarlet, in turn with a dazzlingly white one, both being of unusual magnitude, flying repeatedly across a wall to the sloping thatch of a stable which faced the south. By the aid of a ladder, and with some little difficulty, a scarlet insect, which glanced vividly in the sun, was

knocked down and secured, and proved, on closer examination, to be neither more nor less than one of the ingenious Upholsterer Bees, bearing on its wings a section of a red geranium. The nest having been sought and pulled out, was found to consist of layers of red and white geranium leaves, neatly cut from the plants at a distance from the yard, and tastefully fitted into a funnel-shaped perforation in the thatch; each division being cautiously overlaid by the edge of its successor, so as to form a soft and very efficient lining to the nest.

J. B.

A LIVE TOAD IN STONE.

A TOAD, imbedded in an apparently solid mass of stone, was discovered last September, in a field at W., to the utter horror of the operator when the shivered block disclosed its unsightly inmate. The creature thus instantaneously restored to light and life, hopped vigorously away, before the momentary surprise had been surmounted; and being hotly pursued by a dog which was standing near, it escaped beyond recovery into the long grass and weeds of the neighbouring hedge. The colour of the toad was an ashy brown—pale and sickly. The interior of the stone was moist, and the upper portion had been hollow, but was too much broken to allow of a minute examination. The stone was such as is found among the common schist.*—J. B.

LARGE MOTH.

A MOTH has lately been caught at Arracan, which measures 10 inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, both being variegated with the brightest colours. It is supposed to be the largest moth upon record, exceeding in dimensions even the largest in the British Museum, which measures about 9 inches between the wing-tips.

BEES.

ABOUT three years since, a very curious circumstance respecting Bees came under my observation. Calling one morning on a friend at Hendon, she showed me, just within the sill of the window of an upper chamber, several cells formed by bees, of a kind of grey clay; they resembled those of their usual combs, excepting that they were somewhat larger. The window had been injured by the weather, so that although it seemed, within the chamber, to be quite closed, yet, on the outside, there was an aperture sufficient for these cells between the window-frame and the sill.

C. W.

* In June last, a live toad was found imbedded in a solid mass of new, red sandstone, at the Park Gardens, Coventry, on the line of the London and Birmingham Railway.

Contemporary Traveller.

THE UPPER SCHUYLKILL BRIDGE, AT PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA is situated on a narrow strip of land between the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill. The Delaware is particularly adapted for navigation; it is navigable about thirty miles above Philadelphia. The Schuylkill is chiefly used for the transport of large quantities of coal, forming one of the principal branches of commerce in the State. The city is least inhabited on the Schuylkill side; but, from the gradual increase of population, it may be inferred that this part also will be built upon in a few years.

The communication across these rivers is by wooden bridges, most of which are covered, and are, by no means, unpicturesque objects. The most extraordinary of these bridges is that shown in the Engraving, and is particularly light and graceful in its appearance. At a little distance, Mrs. Butler, (Fanny Kemble,) in one of her moonlight walks, thought it like a scarf, rounded by the wind, and flung over the river.

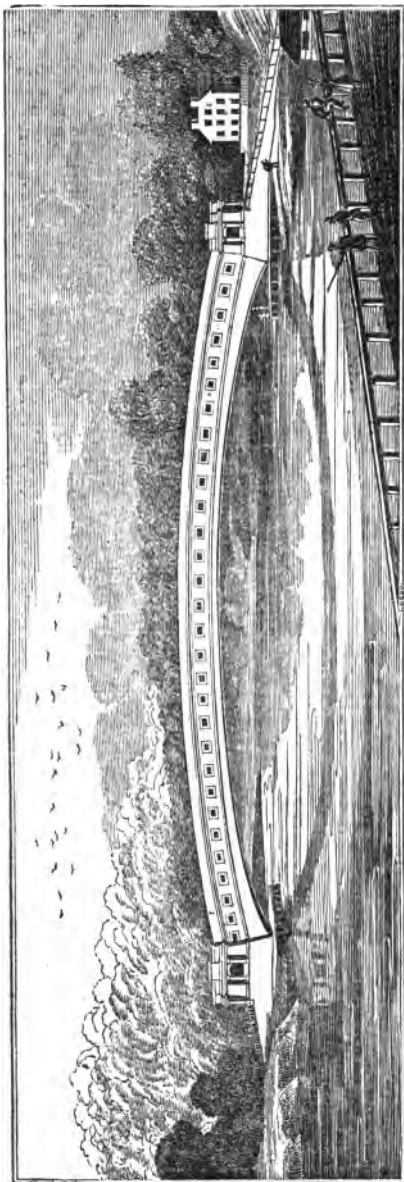
The Upper Schuylkill Bridge is a fine specimen of mechanical perfection; it being of the greatest known span by nearly 100 feet; the chord of the arch being 340 feet. The framing was designed by Lewis Wernioag: the joints of the ribs are in separate positions, and covered. The road line is lit by thirty windows on each side: it is divided into a carriage-way to, and a carriage-way from, Philadelphia, each of which is flanked by a footpath: at night it is lit with lamps.

In the right-hand foreground of the Engraving are seen the engine-house and reservoir of the works for supplying Philadelphia with water. The river in the neighbourhood is about 900 feet wide, and between twenty and thirty feet deep. It is contracted by a mound dam, the construction of which was a work of great difficulty, its length being upwards of seventy feet, backing the water up the river about six miles. Eight wheels are used to raise the water into the reservoir, into which forty gallons on the wheel raise one, and the quantity thus raised is about eleven millions of gallons per day. The whole expense of these works has been, according to Mr. Arfwedson, 1,783,000 dollars: the annual expense, which is proportionally trifling, is borne by every housekeeper in Philadelphia, who has, on the other hand, the great convenience of water in every part of the house, even in the garret.

The banks of the Schuylkill abound with romantic scenery, yet with so empoisoned an atmosphere as to render its beauties but of transient interest. The district, with its drawbacks, has been so well described by

* Mr. Stuart states the cost at about 600,000 dollars.

Mrs. Butler that we cannot refrain from quoting a page or two from her clever Journal.



(The Upper Schuylkill Bridge.)

"Here is the end of October, the very mourning time of the year with us, and my room is full of flowers, and the sun is so bright and powerful, that it is impossible to

go out with a shawl, or without a parasol. Went to rehearsal at twelve; at two, came in and habited; and at half-past two, rode out with my father. We took the road to the Schuylkill at once, through Arch-street, which is a fine, broad, long street, running parallel with Chestnut-street. We walked along the road under the intense sunlight that made all things look sleepy around. Turning between some rising banks, through a defile where the road wound up a hill, we caught a glimpse of a white house standing on the sunny slope of a green rise. The undulating grounds around were all bathed in warm light, relieved only by the massy shadows of the thick woods that sheltered them. It was a bit of England.

* * *

Some good farming and tidy out-houses and dependencies completed the resemblance, and made me think that this must be the dwelling of some of my own country people. How can they live here? Here, even in the midst of what is fair and peaceful in nature, I think my home would haunt me, and the far-off chiming of the waves against her white shores resound in my ears through the smooth flowing of the Schuylkill.

"The beautiful villas on the banks of the Schuylkill are all either utterly deserted and half ruinous, or let out by the proprietors to tavern-keepers. The reason assigned for this is, that during that season of the year when it would be most desirable to reside there, the fever and ague take possession of the place, and effectually banishes all other occupants. This very extraordinary and capricious malady is as uncertain in its residence, as unwelcome where it does fix its abode. The courses of some of the rivers, and even whole tracts of country away from the vicinity of the water, have been desolated by it: from these it has passed away entirely, and removed itself to other districts, before remarkably healthy. Sometimes it visits particular places at intervals of one or two seasons; sometimes it attaches itself to one side of a river, and leaves the inhabitants of the other in the enjoyment of perfect health; in short, it is quite as unaccountable in its proceedings as a fine lady. Many causes have been assigned as its origin, which, however, have varied in credibility at almost every new appearance of the malady. The enormous quantity of decaying vegetation, with which the autumn woods are strewn, year after year, till it absolutely forms a second soil; the dam lately erected by the water-works, and which, intercepting the tide, causes occasional stagnation; the unwholesome action of water lodging in hollows in the rocks; are all reasons which have been given to me when I have inquired about this terrible nuisance along the banks of the Schuylkill: but there is another, and one

which appeared so obvious to me that when first I saw it, I felt much inclined to attribute the fever and ague to that, and to that alone. I allude to a foul and stagnant ditch, lying between the tow-path and the grounds of these country-houses, of nearly a mile in length, and of considerable width. When I saw the sun pouring its intense light down into this muddy pool, covered with thick and unwholesome incrustations, I could not help remarking that this alone was quite sufficient to breed a malaria in the whole neighbourhood; and that if the gentlemen proprietors of the lands along this part of the river would drain this very poisonous-looking repository for bull-frogs, their dwellings would, in all probability, be free from fever and ague.

"After pursuing a level, uninteresting road for some time, we turned off to the right, and standing on the brow of a considerable declivity, had a most enchanting glimpse of the Schnylkill and its woody shores. The river makes a bend just above the water-works, and the curving banks scooping themselves, form a lovely, little, sunny bay. It was more like a lake, just here, than a flowing stream. The sky was so blessedly serene, and the air so still, that the pure, deep-looking water appeared to sleep, while the bright hues of the heavens, and the glowing tints of the woody shores, were mirrored with wondrous vividness on its bosom. I never saw such gorgeousness, and withal such perfect harmony of colouring. The golden sky, the mingled green, brown, yellow, crimson, and dark maroon, that clothed the thickets; the masses of grey granite, with the vivid, mossy green that clung round them; the sunny, purple waters; the warm, red colour of the road itself, as it wound down below, with a border of fresh-looking turf on either side of it; the radiant atmosphere of rosy light that hung over all; all combined to present a picture of perfect enchantment. The eye was drunk with beauty.* How I thought of Mr. —. Indeed a painter would have gone crazy over it; and I, who am not a painter, was half crazy that I was not. Though if I had been, what would it have availed? Such colours are from God's pallet, and mortal hand may no more copy, than it could mingle them. We rode on through scenery of the same description, passing in our way a farm and dairy, where the cattle were standing, not in open, pasture land, but in a corner of forest-ground, all bright with the golden shedding of the trees; it was very picturesque. A little runlet of water, too, that held the middle of a tangled ravine, ran glittering like a golden snake through the underwood, while the stems of the trees, and the light foliage on the edge

of the thick, woody screens were bathed in yellow sunshine. All around was beautiful, and rich, and harmonious to the eye, and should have been so to the spirit."

The Public Journals.

MEMORABILIA BACCHANALIA.*—BY NIMROD.

Results of Wine-bibbing.

FROM my own personal experience—that is to say, from the experience of the effects of wine on my own body, or "constitution," as it is called—I am at a loss to conjecture whether, had there been no such thing in the world as wine, or any other spirituous liquor, I should have been, physically speaking, better or worse in health than I now am; and for the following reasons.—first, I consider the good and the bad effects of wine to be so nearly equal, that it would be a difficult matter to strike the balance, taking occasional abuses of it into the account; secondly I have not drunk enough wine to feel any impression from that cause—with the exception of the fever I brought upon myself in Ireland, and to which I alluded in my last—beyond the temporary inconvenience arising from an overcharged system, and, consequently, overheated blood, the natural consequences of accidental excess. The tremulous hand or the blotched face was never mine. But perhaps few men, who have had wine to drink—although, perhaps, few may have swallowed more, now and then, at one sitting—have drunk less than I have drunk for the last thirty years of my life, seldom exceeding Sir William Temple's allowance, namely, a fourth glass of our strong wines, when alone by myself, or double that quantity of light Bourdeaux, and nothing else. At the period I am alluding to, finding I was getting fond of wine, I stopped short.

Nevertheless, I can speak from experience of its temporary effects, which I have often felt—and particularly in riding after hounds, have often been reminded of the after-night cup, when its stimulus was flown. Time has been when I could have said in the morning, as I threw my leg over my horse, "*What man dare, I dare;*" but with a two o'clock fox, after too jovial a night, there would arise a something—*circa præcordia*, as Paley has it—about that hour, which appeared to add a bar in height to every gate or stile that came in my way, and magnified ditches into brooks, and brooks into rivers. I believe this to be a very general case with sportsmen—indeed, I know but two exceptions—particularly after a certain age; and hence is one of the advantages of the noble pastime of fox-hunting. He who wishes to enjoy it to perfection, and which he cannot do unless he rides near to the hounds, must not

* Abridged from *Fraser's Magazine*.

* This beautiful, younger world appears to me to have received the portion of the beloved, younger son—the "coat of many colours."

drink much wine; and it is very well known that the most signal of our sportsmen have been, and now are, very temperate at the table. At the long-established Old Club at Melton Mowbray for example, coffee in the drawing-room is announced in two hours after dinner is concluded, and no man is asked to drink a glass more of wine than he likes to drink. All celebrated *practical* sportsmen, hunters, and shooters, are shy of wine. I never saw Mr. Osbaldiston drunk, nor Sir Bellingham Graham, nor Mr. Musters, in whose house I have sojourned for six successive weeks, in the hunting season, when full to an overflow; and it is well known that Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, during his nine years' residence at Quorndon Hall, Leicestershire, hunting his own hounds four or five days in the week, restricted himself generally, at his own table, to one pint of wine. So great, indeed is the value of abstinence considered by people who wish to enjoy hounds in the field, but who are deficient in self-command at other times, that I remember comparing the state of a party, of which I myself made one, in the house of a master of hounds, unfortunately too fond of his wine, and of inducing his friends to drink it also, to that of men in an ague. The intermitting fits were strictly periodical. On the morning the hounds hunted we awoke in perfect health—at all events, at a low bodily temperament: on the morning after, with a burning skin, a quickened pulse, a heated frame, and a parched mouth. But I have been now speaking of twenty years back, and a reform has taken place in my friend.

In the catalogue of personal endowments, perhaps the least enviable one is what is called a "strong head;" in other words, the being able to drink a great deal of wine over night, without suffering from it the next morning. So far, then, as the mere animal body is concerned, such has through life been my case: moreover, I am likewise naturally fond of wine—that is, of the flavour of it, when good. Then from what motive have I abstained from it to excess, even in society generally, since my twenty-third year; when by myself, always; and for nearly two years, totally? Why, from this motive: I looked into books. They told me what pleasure was—at least, they told me what pleasure was *not*, namely, *all the goods of this world, without health to enjoy them!* What says Epicurus? "Pleasure," he tells us, "is the gift of nature, which we cherish because it banishes pain. The one preserves us, the other destroys us." Pleasure, then, is the cause of all—the chief mover of all human actions; and Seneca's comment upon it just suited my book. "All pleasures," says he, "are to be guarded against that are to be followed by repentance at the heel." Now, had I indulged in wine, I should certainly

have been caught by the *toe*, for I should have had the gout, and long before this been on crutches. But I had other motives for a prudent use of wine,—the first, perhaps, an ignoble one. *It is the abstemious man alone who enjoys wine.* To the drunkard it is as pearls before swine. Now, then, for the nobler one. I thought upon what Gibbon says of wine. He calls it "a salutary, but *dangerous* liquor;" and I was afraid to trust it too far—

"Yes! in the flowers that wreath the circling bowl,
Fall adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll."

I should have hated myself had I become a drunkard.

But don't let it be supposed that I, who have so many thousand times enjoyed it, am an enemy to, or afraid of, what is called a "cheerful glass," or that I deny that both the body and mind of man may be more or less benefited by a daily moderate portion of good wine, at any period of life; or that even now and then—as the generality of physicians admit—by a little excess, in devotion to the jolly god, which they affirm gives a flip to the functions of life, and all the *energies* of our nature! That wine was intended for our use and enjoyment, and for our benefit as well, I have already satisfactorily shown; but circumstances must be consulted here, as on most other occasions,—for what cured Augustus killed Marcellus. Rigid abstinence, grand preservative as it is supposed to be, will not ensure a security from diseases chiefly attributed to wine. Epicurus lived on bread and water, and yet died of the stone. Two of my most intimate friends were water-drinkers, and yet one became paralytic, and the other dropped dead from apoplexy! A third, finding wine acted as a poison on him, abandoned its use altogether, and has already attained his full age, with entire freedom from disease.

I have now, however, been speaking of persons much my seniors in years; and, therefore, am unable to say how they lived in their youth, although, from their rank and situation in life, I may fairly conclude they never drank spirituous liquors, or "spirits," as they are called for short. But I lived in close intimacy with a celebrated sportsman, within a year of my own age, who, instead of his having dropped into his grave twelve years back, would, I think, have been now alive and well, had he taken daily rather a liberal portion of wine. Needlessly alarmed at its consequences, and partly with a view of keeping down his weight, he abstained from it almost entirely when alone, when he was never well; but when invited to it by society he was quite a new man, as, indeed, he himself admitted.

Some curious speculations have been indulged in as to the various effects of wine on the various constitutions of men. A cele-

brated Shropshire M.D., whose name it may be unnecessary to mention, it being one which has reflected an honour on Great Britain, as his own practice has reflected honour on himself, is so decided an enemy to wine, or, indeed, to any fermented liquors, that he himself never touches either. But it is his singular estimate of the *probable* effect of wine that chiefly attracts my attention. In his opinion, the issue of parents who *have not* drunk wine themselves would enjoy better health, and attain a greater age, if their beverage was like his own, nothing but simple water or tea; but he thinks that those of parents who *have* drunk wine might drink a small quantity daily with a good effect. With respect to himself, indeed, he admits that he should prefer taking his two or three glasses of good wine after his dinner to a total disuse of it, provided he could dine on vegetables and puddings; but he considers the excitement produced by wine and meat too great for health, and has, therefore, always abstained from the former. This eminent man, it should be observed, has already arrived at an advanced age, with the enjoyment of excellent health; and his argument is strengthened by the fact of his never having been able to take much exercise, from the great weight of his person, and an evident unwieldiness of it to boot. In fact, the doctor is a "bad goer on his pins," as we say in the stable; but he has always been a capital trencher-man: and I have heard it said that he considers excess in eating a trifle to excess in drinking wine.

No man drinks wine merely to allay his *thirst*,—it was designed for a loftier indulgence of nature; and such will it ever be considered, despite all the doctors of these days, and all the philosophers of old ones. As Pitt said of it, to justify the high tax he put upon it, "young men *will* have it, and old men *must* have it;" and so it will be till time shall be no more. Nevertheless, like all other good things, there is greater enjoyment of it when taken moderately; and I received an excellent lesson on this head when I was a young man, which I never afterwards lost sight of. I was for many years in the habit of spending several weeks of the hunting season at the house of a certain sporting baronet, who has not drunk wine for the last forty years of his life, and by such means got entirely rid of gout, which threatened to take very strong hold of his constitution. He would smile when he saw me on the evenings of hunting days, when thirst is more or less excited, quaffing large glasses of wine during dinner; and perhaps a large goblet of ale to top up with after my cheese; and then set to work again with the bottle, whilst he was sipping his coffee, which was brought to him immediately as dinner was ended. "You will know better than to do as you are doing

some time hence," he would say. "I scarcely ever know what thirst is; but if I do, it is by drinking a small quantity of liquid very slowly that I most effectually allay it." Don't let it be imagined that my friend said this to save his wine; no man is more liberal of it, or has better. It was said purely out of regard to my pursuits,—in short, it was the advice of an older sportsman to a younger one; and it was very shortly put into practice by the receiver of it.

I am not able to state the largest quantity of wine ever drunk by any one man; but I was informed by the before-mentioned extraordinary character, the Surrey Stag-Hunter, that there is, or was, at an inn in Bishopsgate-street, a portrait of a person who had been in the habit of frequenting the house daily, for a great many years, and was known by the name of the five-bottle man. It was computed that, during the last twenty years, he had drunk, in that house alone, 35,609 bottles, or about fifty-seven pipes of wine, and still lived to the age of ninety-two!!

One great inducement to a daily excess in wine is the late hour of dinner, now so generally adopted in the upper orders of British society, and *at all periods of the year*. In the months of autumn and winter, a late hour is indispensable in the present refined state of society; but during those of summer, *in the country*, it approaches to an act of ingratitude to the Giver of all good things to shut out the light of the sun, as well as the fragrance of the summer's evening air, and to breathe in its stead the impurities arising from lamp-oil or gas. The British aristocracy are, I believe, the only people upon earth that do this generally. At the various noblemen's houses which I visited when on my German tour, a very different system was pursued; and, certainly, a more rational one. There were in them, really, a morning and an evening to each day; and not, as with our fashionables, only a noon and night. In fact, each day appeared to be multiplied into two days. At all events, it was divided into two equal halves; and the evenings, when the weather was fine, were spent in the pleasing and health-giving amusement of riding or driving about the country till the sun had set, when a light supper concluded the scene. Then, please to observe, the wine-drinking was here also divided; thus rendering it less prejudicial, inasmuch as the effect of the first dose would be evaporated before the second, a still lighter one, was added to it.

New Books.

THE SEPARATION.

By Joanna Baillie.

[THE three volumes of tragic dramas, by Miss Baillie, have already excited consider-

able interest in the literary world, which will, doubtless, rise with time to appreciate their noble beauties. They are in the highest vein of poetry; and though works of inferior merit may get the start of them in the march of popularity, when such ephemera shall have had their flight, the dramas before us will be established in public favour. As the writings of a female, they are among the phenomena of literature; and they will add lustre even to the name of Joanna Baillie, "a name," says the *Quarterly Reviewer*, "which commands attention from all true lovers of dramatic poetry."

Much, however, as we are disposed to leave the dramas to their own sterling merits for popularity, we are prone to think that they will be not unaided by the recent representation of one of them—*The Separation*—upon one of our metropolitan stages. Its success there we are not so willing to estimate important in itself; but, it may be the means of *leading* a certain portion of the reading public to derive from the drama in the closet a satisfaction which they could not enjoy or look for in the theatre, the vast area of which is ill adapted for the perception and appreciation of the nicer beauties of poetry, the higher finished touches, and enchainng mastery of passion. Again, it must be owned that the stage of our time is but ill qualified for the embodiment of tragic poetry; her representatives having too little of the ethereal essence of genius to excite their audiences with the sentiments of the writer. The representation of *The Separation* was not an exception to this state of things; but, the audience, "crowded to the ceiling," to witness a five-act tragedy, was an encouraging tribute to the genius of our highly-gifted poetess which it were unjust to pass by.

The opening of *The Separation* is of thrilling interest. The wife of Count Garcio is residing in an ancient castle, which the Count himself has always avoided with mysterious aversion. The Countess has compulsorily taken up her abode there during the absence of her lord in the wars, in consequence of the destruction of their usual residence in an earthquake. The opening scene of the play shows the castle in confusion, on account of the dying state of Baldwin, the Count's favourite attendant. Every attempt is made to exclude the Countess from the chamber of Baldwin, though her charitable disposition had always led her to perform every kind office in person to the lowest menial. The castle echoes with the shrieks of the dying man, and one or two appalling lines, expressive of his agony are heard before the entrance of the Countess:

Blood will accuse :—am I not curs'd for this?
I did not murder him.

While she is on the stage, she hears the still more awful, more explicit, sentence:

Ulrico's blood was shed by Garcio's hand,
Yet I must share the curse!

Ulrico was the only, the beloved brother of the Countess!

Upon the return of Garcio, with a friend, he is surprised at his reception by the Countess, doubtful yet fearful as she is of the guilt of her husband, who becomes jealous of the arrival of a former admirer of the Countess in the neighbourhood. From this we may pass to a fine scene.]

The Bedchamber of the Countess, who is discovered sitting on a low seat by the side of the bed, with her head and arms thrown upon the bed. She raises her head, and, after a thoughtful pause, starts up eagerly.

Countess. It cannot be! The roused and angry deep

Lashes its foaming billows o'er the bark
That bears the accursed freight, till the scared crew
Into its yawning gulf cast forth the murderer.
On the embattl'd field, in armour cased,
His manly strength to blasted weakness turns.
Yes, in their peaceful homes, men, as by instinct,
From the dark rolling of his eye will turn.
They know not why, so legibly has Nature
Set on his brow the mark of bloody Cain.
And shall I think the prosperous Garcio,—he
Whose countenance allured all eyes, whose smile,
Whose voice was love, whose frame with strong
affection

I've seen so dearly moved; who in my arms,
Who in my heart hath lived—No! let dark priests,
From the wild fancies of a dying man,
Accuse him as they will, I'll not believe it.

(After another pause.) Would in this better faith
my mind had strength

To hold itself unshaken! Doubt is misery.
I'll go to him myself, and tell my wretchedness.
O! if his kindling eye with generous ire
Repel the charge,—if his blest voice deny it,
Though one raised from the dead swore to its truth,
I'll not believe it.

Enter Sophra.

What brings thee here again? Did I not charge
thee

To go to bed?

Sophra. And so I did intend.
But in my chamber, half prepared for rest,
Opening the drawer of an ancient cabinet
To lay some bangles by, I found within—

Countess. What hast thou found?

Sophra. Have I not heard you say, that shortly
after

Your marriage with the Count, from your apartment,
A picture of your brother, clad in mail,
A strong resemblance, over which your tears
Had oft been shed, was stolen away?

Countess. Thou hast.

How it was stolen, for value it had none
For any but myself, I often wonder'd.

Thou hast not found it?

Sophra. See! this I have found. (Giving her a picture, which she seizes eagerly.)

Countess. Indeed, indeed it is! (After gazing mournfully on it.)

Retire, I pray thee, nor, till morning break,
Return again, for I must be alone.

[Exit Sophra.]

(After gazing again on the picture)
Alas! that lip, that eye, that arching brow;
That thoughtful look which I have often mark'd,
So like my noble father! (Kissing it.)
This for his dear, dear sake, and this for thine:
Ye sleep! the dust together.—

* Some assistance in the following brief outline of the *Separation* has been derived from the *Quarterly Review*, last published.

Alas! how sweetly mantled thus thy cheek
At sight of those thou lovest!—What things have
been,

What hours, what years of trouble have gone by,
Since thus in happy careless youth thou wert
Dearest and nearest to my simple heart. (*Kisses it
again and presses it to her breast, while Garcia,
who has entered behind by a concealed door at
the bottom of the stage, comes silently upon her,
and she utters a scream of surprise*)

Garcia. This is thy rest, then, and the quiet sleep
That should restore thy health: thou givest those
hours

To the caressing of a minion's image
Which to a faithful husband are denied.
Oh, oh! they but on morning vapour tread,
Who ground their happiness on woman's faith.
Some reptile too! (*Stamping on the ground.*) A
paltry, worthless minion!

Countess. Ha! was it jealousy so much disturb'd
thee?

If this be so, we shall be happy still.
The love I bear the dead, dear though it be,
Surely does thee no wrong.

Garcia. No, artful woman! I give it to my hand.
(*Snatching at the picture.*)

That is the image of a living gallant.

Countess. O would it were! (*Gives it to him, and
he, starting as he looks upon it, staggers back
some paces, till he is arrested by the pillar of
the bed, against which he leans in a kind of
stupor, letting the picture fall from his hands.*)

Merciful God! he's guilty!—am I thus?
Heaven lend me strength! I'll be in doubt no
longer. (*Running up to him, and clasping her
hands together.*)

Garcia, a fearful thing is in my mind,
And curse me not that I have harbour'd it,
If that it be not so.—The wretched Baldwin,
Upon his deathbed in his frenzied ravings,
Accused thee as the murderer of my brother:
O pardon me that such a monstrous tale
Had any power to move me!—Look upon me!
Say that thou didst it not, and I'll believe thee.

(*A pause.*)

Thou dost not speak. What fearful look is that?
That blanching cheek! that quivering lip!—O hor-
rible! (*Catching hold of his clothes.*)

Open thy lips! relieve me from this misery!
Say that thou didst not do it. (*He remains silent,
making a rueful motion of the head.*)

O God! thou didst not, thou didst! (*Holds up her
hands to heaven in despair, and then, recoiling
from him to a distant part of the chamber,
stands gazing on him with horror. Garcia,
after great agitation, begins to approach her
irresolutely.*)

I've shared thy love, been in thy bosom cherish'd,
But come not near me! touch me not! the earth
Yawning beneath my feet will shelter me
From thine accursed hand.

[Garcia proceeds to describe the motive
and the execution of his crime:—]

Garcia. Thou know'st too well with what fierce
pride Ulrico

Refused, on thy behalf, my suit of love;
Deeming a soldier, though of noble birth,
Even his own blood, possessing but his arms
And some slight wreaths of fame, a match unmeet
For one whom lords of princely territory
Did strive to gain!—and here, indeed, I own
He rightly deem'd; my suit was most presumptuous.

Countess. Well, pass this o'er;—I know with too
much pride

He did oppose thy suit.

Garcia. That night! It was in dreary, dull
November,

When, at the close of day, with faithful Baldwin,
I reach'd this castle, with the vain intent
To make a last attempt to move his pity.
I made it, and I fail'd. With much contempt

And aggravating passion, he dismiss'd me
To the dark night.

Countess. You left him then? You left him?
Garcia. O yes! I left him. In my swelling breast
My proud blood boil'd. Through the wild wood I
took

My darkling way. A violent storm arose;
The black dense clouds pour'd down their torrents
on me;

The roaring winds aloft with the vex'd trees
Held strong contention, whilst my buffeted breast
The crashing tangled boughs and torn-up shrubs
Vainly opposed. Cross lay the wildering paths.
I mis'd the road; and after many turnings,
Seeing between the trees a steady light
As from a window gleam, I hasten'd to it.
It was a lower window, and within,
The lighted chamber show'd me but too well
We had unwittingly a circuit made
Back to the very walls from whence we came.

Countess. Ah, fated, fatal error! most perverse!

Garcia. But, oh! what feelings, think'st thou,
rose within me?

What thoughts, what urging thoughts, what keen
suggestions

Crowded upon me like a band of fiends,
When, on a nearer view, within the chamber,
Upon an open couch, alone, and sleeping,
I saw Ulrico?

Countess.— Didst thou slay him sleeping?
The horrible deed!—Thou couldst not! O thou
couldst not!

Garcia. Well mayst thou say it! I've become,
sweet Margaret,

Living, though most unworthy as I was,
Companion of thy virtues, one whose heart
Has been to good affections form'd and bent;
But then it was not so.—My hapless youth
In bloody, savage, predatory war
Was rear'd. It was no shock to my rude childhood,
To see whole bands of drunk or sleeping men
In cold blood butcher'd. Could I tell to thee
The things that I have seen: things, too, in which
My young hand took its part; thou wouldst not
wonder,

That, seeing thus my enemy in my power,
Love, fortune, honours, all within the purchase
Of one fell stroke, I raised my arm and gave it.

Countess. Fearful temptation!

[A touching scene follows, in which the
contending feelings of the Countess—her
deep attachment yet stern resolves—are
effectively worked up.]

Garcia is subdued by religion, and con-
sents to separation from the Countess, as a
penance for his crime: their parting will
affect the sternest reader:—]

Countess. Alas! thou'rt greatly alter'd: '
So pale thy cheek, thine eyes so quench'd and sunk!
Hath one short night so changed thee?

Garcia. A night spent in the tossings of despair,
When the fierce turmoil of contending passions
To deepest self-abasement and contrition
Subsided;—a night in which I have consented
To tear my bosom up—to read in twain
Its dearest, only ties;—ay, such a night
Works on the mortal frame the scathe of years.

Countess. Alas! thy frame will feel, I fear, too
soon

The scathe of years. Sorrow and sickness then
Will bow thee down, while cold unkindly strangers
Neglect thy couch, nor give thee useful succour.

Garcia. And wherefore grieve for this? So much
the better:

They least befriended the wretched who retard
The hour of his release. Why should I live
If Heaven accept my penitence? Hath earth
Aught still to raise a wish, or gleam the path
Of one so darken'd round with misery?

Countess. Nay, say not so: thy child, thy boy, to
see him

In strength and stature grown, — would not this tempt thee

To wish some years of life?

Garcio. Others shall rear him; others mark his change

From the sweet cherub to the playful boy;
Shall, with such pity as an orphan claims,
Share in his harmless sports and catch his love:
Whilst I, if that I live and am by Heaven
Permitted, coming as a way-worn stranger,
At distant intervals, to gaze upon him,
And strain him to my heart, shall from his eye
The cold and cheerless stare of wonderment
Instead of love receive.

Countess. O think not so! he shall be taught to love thee

He shall be taught to lisp thy name, and raise
His little hands to heaven for blessings on thee
As one most dear, though absent.

Garcio. I do believe that thou wilt teach him so.
I know that in my lonely state of penitence,
Sever'd from earthly bliss, I to thy mind
Shall be like one whom death hath purified.
O that, indeed, or death, or any sad'ning
By earthly frame, or frameless spirit endured,
Could give me such a nature as again
Might be with thine united!

Countess. And wilt thou then a houseless wand'rer be?

Shall I, in warm robe wrapp'd, by winter fire
List to the pelting blast, and think the while
Of thy unshelter'd head? —
Or eat my bread in peace, and think that *Garcio* —
Reduce me not to such keen misery!

(*Bursting into an agony of tears.*)

Garcio. And dost thou still feel so much pity for me?

Retain I yet some portion of thy love?

O, if I do—I am not yet abandoned

To utter reprobation. (*Falling at her feet, and embracing her knees.*)

Margaret! wife!

May I still call thee by that name so dear?

Countess (*disentangling herself from his hold, and removing to some distance.*)

O leave me, leave me! for Heaven's mercy leave me!

Garcio (*following her, and bending one knee to the ground.*)

Margaret, beloved wife! keenly beloved!

Countess. Oh, move me not! forbear, forbear in pity!

Fearful, and horrible, and dear thou art!

Both heaven and hell are in thee! Leave me then,—
Leave me to do that which is right and holy.

Garcio. Yes, what is right and holy thou shalt do;

Stain'd as I am with blood—with kindred blood—

How could I live with thee? O do not think

I basely seek to move thee from thy purpose,

O, no! Farewell, most dear and honour'd *Margaret*;

Yet, ere I go, couldst thou without abhorrence—

(*Pauses.*)

Countess. What wouldst thou, *Garcio*?

Garcio. If but that hand below'd were to my lips

Once more in parting press'd, methinks I'd go

With lighten'd misery. Alas! thou canst not!

Thou canst not to such guilt—

Countess. I can! I will!

And Heaven in mercy pardon me this sin,

If sin it be.

The *dénouement* is effective: the "former admirer" of the Countess, indignant at her rejection of him, invests the castle with troops. Among the objects of charity who crowd to the gate of the Countess, is a mysterious hermit, who conceals himself in the castle; and, when the breach is made, and the conquerors are pouring in, breaks forth, and slays their leader, and is himself mor-

tally wounded. He dies at the feet of his wife—*Garcio*, her husband, her deliverer.

These extracts show the dramatic force of the play; it has, too, some sweetly poetical gems, of which we may take cognizance anon.]

Notes of a Reader.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

(*From Colton's Travels in Great Britain; a recent American work.*)

At half-past one we entered the carriage, and drove to Hyde Park corner, where all who have the *entrée* are required to go on drawing-room days, in order to diminish the crowd of carriages in St. James's street, as well as to approach the palace by a more select route, passing under the magnificent arch of George the Fourth, and down what is called Constitution Hill, although it might be difficult to perceive that it is really a descent. A splendid carriage came out of Hyde Park, crossed Piccadilly, and passed under the arch immediately before us; and the Duchess of Kent, with two of the royal carriages, attended by an escort of Royal Horse Guards, was immediately behind us. Indeed, the road was lined with a procession of princely equipages. As we approached the palace, the passages were thronged by a dense crowd of spectators, but the ways were kept open by the attendance and activities of the police and the household troops. Even the corridors, after we had entered the palace, were studded all along by respectable persons, who deem it a great privilege to be favoured with a ticket, that shall admit them to these passages, to gaze at the members of the royal family, at the nobility, and others, after they have alighted from their carriages, and are passing up to the state apartments. When driving through the streets, their heads only are to be seen through the windows of their carriages; but when upon their feet, they make a different show, especially the females in the brilliancy of their court-dresses and adornments. Even a momentary aspect of that part of the fleeting pageant, which is to be seen between the outer door and the place where they all vanish from these beholders, is deemed covetable by persons in high condition of life, who, for want of rank can get no nearer. There is a great strife, therefore, even among those who think they are something in the world, to see a duchess, a marchioness, a countess, a viscountess, a lady, or a right honourable miss, get out of her carriage, and flit away from this brief vision into the region where she is to move and to be seen only among her equals, and a certain privileged few. The mass are contented with the external glimpses of a court, or are obliged to be so.

We left our names at the reporter's table in the Portrait Gallery, according to custom, and arrived in the middle state apartment, or George the Third's room, next to the throne-room, at a quarter before two o'clock. There were not many in by this time.

Soon after we entered the room, the centre folding doors at both ends flew open, and the Duchess of Kent was announced. As by magic a passage was opened through our apartment, and all turned to pay the Duchess respect. She entered, being ushered in by the men in waiting, followed by the ladies attending upon her, but without the princess Victoria. It would have been especially agreeable, if I had seen this young heiress presumptive to the British throne, under such circumstances. The duchess courtesied and bowed with great grace, both to the right and left, as she passed through the opened and smiling ranks. She is a woman of truly royal bearing; her looks are most interesting, even charming; her manners expressing every winning grace. No wonder that she is popular; and if her husband had lived, she would have been the idol-queen of the nation. She glided into the throne-room to join the royal party, to support the queen during the ceremonies, and the doors closed behind her.

The throng in our apartment continued to increase by new arrivals for nearly an hour; and such also I perceived was the fact in the east room, until the latter became absolutely crammed. I hardly need say, that every thing around had now become the most brilliant scene I had ever witnessed—as brilliant indeed, as the great wealth of the English nobility, lavished in the richest profusion on the persons of the fairest of their women, and of their high and honourable men, could make; and this in no wise diminished, but increased, by that borrowed splendour, which the presence of the representatives of the greatest and richest nations of Europe added to the general effect. It was a dazzling pageant. The east contributed its gems; Africa its snow-white, lofty, and nodding plumes; the shops of Europe furnished the wardrobe, and her arts mingled the colours, determined the forms, and fixed the relative position of all the parts of this moving diorama.

The door to the royal presence opened. An inactive movement seemed to bring all, whose duty it was first to offer their respects to the queen, into their proper places. I cannot speak positively as to the order in every particular; but the foreign ambassadors and ministers seemed to me to take the lead. A plural number of distinguished females, however, threw down their trains, and preceded us; among whom was the Duchess de Dino, niece of Prince Talleyrand, and Madame Tricoupi, the lady of the Grecian minister, who was now for the first time presented.

Trains are still in vogue at the English

court, much to the annoyance and vexation of the ladies; or to pass things off in good nature, which cannot be avoided—much to their sport. They have often petitioned her present Majesty to dispense with them; but she is too patriotic. It is a patronage of the manufactories and trades. The money which they cost comes out of the rich, and goes into the hands of those who need it more. The queen, therefore, still insists on the *train*. Not a lady can appear at court without it. For this reason, she ought to be popular among silk mercers and dress-makers.

The king stood where he did at the levee, supported by certain lords in waiting on his right, and his brother Cumberland, and cousin Gloucester on his left, with a nephew, Prince George of Cumberland. The queen stood immediately before the throne, a little to the right, supported by the Duchess of Kent and her attendants on the left, and by her own personal retinue on the right. The king's dress was a scarlet coat and a military uniform; the queen appeared in white satin, with a pearl head-dress.

We at last came in our turn to the queen. She received my name, looking alternately at Mr. Vail and myself, and very graciously asked, "How long I had been in England," expressing a wish "that my visit might be agreeable." She courtesied, and we passed along to give place to others. The queen is very thin in the face—more so than I had imagined. I had seen her twice before in public—once on the day of her coronation. She is not handsome, but her looks are agreeable and interesting.

Having been presented and seen in that apartment which was permitted to a stranger, I returned to the room whence I came, and loitered about till a large part of the course had begun to move off. In the mean time, I witnessed a routine not unlike the doings of the day previous, but as much more brilliant and lively as the presence and manners of ladies might be expected to make it. When all in the apartment to which I was admitted had passed the rounds, and paid their respects to the queen, being assembled again in the same room, the door of the east room was opened, as at the levee, and the ticket-people, or commoners, began to crowd forward in a dense column. Those who have the *entrée* are supposed to be known at court, and require no ticket of admission; whereas those who come the other way are obliged to leave their cards, and appear bearing them in their hand, itself a mark of their inferiority.

After being at the drawing-room nearly two hours, the scene began to be irksome, and I was glad to meet with Mr. Vail again, and to find him ready to retire. As we passed through the Portrait Gallery, and down the stairs, the passages were all

thronged, and well nigh choked, if such light things could make an obstacle, as the sylph-like forms and brilliant displays of the women, waiting for their carriages, smiling at the scene which themselves created, and making a vast deal of pleasantry and ridicule of the trains, which the queen obliged them to carry, and which so much accommodated their exit. We waited long and patiently in company with some of the most distinguished personages, male and female, not only of England, but of Europe, before the turn came for the carriage of "the American minister;" when, at last, we were whirled away, through a dense and gaping crowd, in the passage kept open by the troops and police, into St. James's street, itself full of equipages waiting to take up their burdens, or, like ourselves, returning to more quiet abodes.

The Gatherer.

Portrait of Napoleon.—(To the Editor.)—Your Correspondent, A. C. R., (at page 143,) is informed that there is such a relic in the British Museum. The late Hon. Mrs. Damer, in 1828, bequeathed to the Museum "a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and ornamented with a miniature portrait of the Emperor Napoleon;" and this is the most valuable as it was given to the lady by Napoleon himself. This bequest was made on condition that the miniature should never be copied; but nothing is said in the will prohibiting its exhibition. Why then should it be buried among the unexplored and almost inaccessible treasures of the coin and medal room?—See the *Evidence on B. M.*, 1835, p. 361, and the Will, of which I have an extract.) R. S.

I once heard Horne Tooke relate the following anecdote illustrative of the personal appearance of Dunning, Lord Ashburton, who was the most celebrated lawyer of his day. When it was the custom for barristers to leave chambers early, and to finish their evenings at the coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of the inns of court, Lord Thurlow on some occasion wanted to see Dunning privately. He went to the coffee-house frequented by him, and asked a waiter if Mr. Dunning was there. The waiter, who was new in his place, said he did not know him.—"Not know him!" exclaimed Thurlow with his usual oaths; "go into the room up stairs, and if you see any gentleman like the knave of clubs, tell him he is particularly wanted."—The waiter went up, and forthwith re-appeared followed by Dunning.—*The Original, by the late T. Walker, Esq.*

At Kensington, within the memory of man, on Sunday evenings, a bell used to be rung at intervals to muster the people returning to

town. As soon as a band was assembled sufficiently numerous to insure mutual protection, it set off; and so on till all had passed. George the Fourth, and the late Duke of York, when very young men, were stopped one night in a hackney coach, and robbed on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square. To cross Hounslow Heath or Finchley Common, now both inclosed, after sunset, was a service of great danger. Those who ventured were always well armed, and some few had even ball-proof carriages. There is a house still standing, I believe on Finchley, which in those days was the known place of rendezvous for highwaymen. Happily these things are now matters of history.—*Ibid.*

The Rhingau Song.

With vine-leaves crown the jovial cup,
For, search all Europe round,
You'll say, as pleas'd you drink it up,
Such wine was never found.

Such wine, &c.

Our Father-land this vine supplies,
What soil can e'er produce,
But this though warm'd with genial skies,
Such mild, such generous juice.

Such mild, &c.

Then shall the Rhine our smiles receive,
For on its banks alone,
Can e'er be found a wine to give
The soul its proper tone.

The soul, &c.

Come put the jovial cup around,
Our joys it will enhance,
If any one is mournful found,
One sip shall make him dance.

One sip, &c.

—Every child in the Rhingau knows this song by heart.

The Thames Tunnel.—The works have been again resumed, and the old shield replaced by a new one consisting of 5,000 pieces, and weighing 150 tons.—In 1834, there visited the Tunnel 21,000 persons; but last year, it was inspected by between 27,000 and 28,000 persons, the receipts for the same being 1,487l. 6s. 8d.

St. Thomas's Hospital.—Part of a new hospital, in the Grecian style of architecture, adjoining the present one, which is situated at the corner of Duke Street, Borough, and Wellington Street, London Bridge, is now being completed.—*Architectural Magazine.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

This day was published, with many Cuts, price 5s. *ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART; or an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries, and New Facts in Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, and Social Economy.*

Abridged from Scientific Journals, and Transactions of the past Year.

Printed for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 767.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]



HENRY KIRKE WHITE'S TREE.

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

How fondly do we cherish the slightest memorial of departed genius—how endearingly we prize the smallest 'record of lost worth! Thirty years have now passed away since HENRY KIRKE WHITE cut the initials of his name in the tree represented above; near its root he loved frequently to contemplate, during the short interval of repose he enjoyed from severe study, in the year 1805.

In describing this part of the county of Lincoln to his friend, Maddock, in a Latin letter, he writes:—"Round about are rural villages, where oftentimes we wander after dinner. There is a village named Whitton, where, from a high hill, you are enabled to view the contending beauties of nature. Here, at one time, you may see the sun riding in all his splendour, and, at the next moment, view him eclipsed in the heavy clouds of thunder and rain."—Little time, however, did the poet allow himself for in-

dulging here his flights of poesy: his mind, bent on the severer studies of philosophy, fatally soared above the capabilities of its nature, and, in the beautiful words of Byron, too soon he

"View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart!"

Towards the latter end of 1805, he left the dwelling of the Rev. Mr. Granger, of Winteringham, (a village one mile distant from the subject of this Engraving,) for the purpose of going to St. John's College, Cambridge.—The Life of White, by Southey, is too well known to the readers of the *Mirror*, to need quotation in this place: we shall, therefore, content ourselves with more minutely referring to the subject of the wood-cut.

The tree so favoured by the young poet, grows on a dark, shelving bank, a stone's throw from Whitton, a village near Winteringham, where White sojourned for some

time. It has a twisting root, on which he frequently used to rest himself: probably, from this point he pictured Gondoline, who

"Plung'd her in; the torrent moan'd,
With its accustom'd sound;
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round."

Some years ago, in the recollection of the villagers, were the following lines by White, placed upon the tree:—

"Don't you see the silvery wave;
—Don't you hear the voice of God?"

These have, however, long been defaced.

Like the tree of Pope, in Berkshire, numerous visitors have cut their names surrounding that of White's; and this probably, or the too frequent dashing of the briny sea upon its base, has withered its upper branches. As the surge ere long may totally unroot this tree, to preserve it as a memorial of the young and pious bard, I send the accompanying sketch, which may be interesting to the readers of the *Mirror*. W. ANDREW.

Winterton.

THE ANCIENT TRAVELLER'S TALE.

Come, mount upon my knee, fair boy,
The man with locks like snow,
With purple, shrivell'd flesh turn'd blue,
And dim, red eyes,—thou fairy toy,
Would tell a dreary tale and true,
Of what 'twas his to know.

Nay, darling child, my looks are naught,
Right gruesome* though they be;
Once was I lovelier than thou;
Once was I lov'd beyond all thought;
But climes and years have changed me now,
And woes by land and sea.

To travel east, north, south, and west,
Hath been my doom:—'tis past;
Some million, million miles and more
I've wander'd, lacking food and rest;
But, oh! my blessed, native shore,
A grave shall grant at last!

Which best lik'd I, the land or sea?
In sooth 'twere hard to tell;
A small and tender lad was I
When lawless rovers captur'd me,
And both brought him keen misery,
Who loved neither well.

Yet chiefly would I talk of land
To thee; because the main
Is blazoned by the tongues of those
Who scarcely deign to understand
That perils, mysteries, and woes,
Curse mountain, vale, and plain.

The furnaces they little heed,
About the Line which glow,
Scorching and stifling men to death
Nor dream they of the horrid need
Endur'd by famish'd ones, whose breath
Is stay'd by Polar snow!

No note they take of cruel beasts,
Of men who fiercer are;
Those seize, and rend, and gnaw, and grind;
—These, at their diabolic feasts,
Gorge slash'd and roasted human kind,—
Than brutes more savage far!

* Gruesome—an old term for rueful, ugly.

In burning climes, dear boy, I've dwelt,
Where vast sand-deserts lie;
Where seldom gushing springs are seen,
Where never fresh'ning gales are felt;
And nothing shadowy, cool, and green,
Lives 'neath the fiery sky.

I've visited, now mark, my child,
The hideous Southern Pole;
That drear land, undiscover'd by
All travellers but me—whose wild
And villager chaos, would that I
Could banish from my soul.

Words may not speak—thought fails to sear
The terrors of that shore;
There the dim, frozen sun crept round
A misty arc, a magic span,
But neither rise nor set, I found
For six long months or more.†

'Twas summer then, though keenly cold,
Though murky, in fullest light;
And hosts of nameless monsters came
To peer into my face—huge, old
Sea-demons, hideous but tame;—†
Oh! how I pray'd for night!

And six months' wintry night, at last,
Immur'd them in the deep;
But, oh! their large, dim, mournful eyes,
Seem'd still to glare on mine; their vast,
Grim forms from ice-cells seem'd to rise,
Until I fear'd to sleep.

Ah, wretched, haunted one! no more,
Home, pole-star of my soul,
I thought to see—'mid the hoarse crash
Of ice-rocks, the dull, ceaseless roar
Of waves, the lurid lightning's flash,
And thunder's deaf'ning roll.

Yet, from this dreadful land, did I,
In famine, numbness, drear,
And darkness—(nay, the cold, blue glare
Of wildfires blazing o'er the sky,
Lent fiendish light)—put up my prayers:—
"Good Lord! deliver me!"

And He, the secret call who hears,
The wrung soul's unbreath'd sigh,
Did deign to aid; His tempest rag'd—
Mine ice-bound bark releas'd—from fears
My heart unfetter'd, and assuaged
Its stormy misery.

Then the wan Polar Land I fled,
But sorrows press'd me sore;
Suffice, dear boy, 'midst heathen men,
I've labour'd, thirsted, burn'd, and bled;
The serpent's haunt, the fierce brute's den,
Been fated to explore.

Yet, praise to God! a heart to bear
These dreary things He gave,
With strength and deathless hope—for, oh!
All lands I've tried, and every where
Some anguish felt, some blighting woe,
Whilst others found a grave!

Yet, lo! kind Heav'n ordain'd that I
Beneath mine own roof tree,
Should tell a traveller's tale of woes,
Perils, and marvels ere I die,
Nay, e'en the sin from whence they rose,
My little lad to thee.

Then hearken, hearken, darling child!
An old man's warning heed:
My mother counsel'd—"Shun the sea;"
I little reck'd, till pirates wild
Their lawless booty making me,
Repentance brought indeed.

† Travellers to the North Pole are familiar with this astronomical phenomenon; it is here merely presumed to be the case at the unexplored South.

‡ For this idea, see Cowper's *Alexander Selkirk*.

That dearest mother, whilst her son
Was struggling far away
With dangers horrid, strange, and new,
Died of deep grief!—Hast thou still one?
Oh! learn what she would have thee do,
And dare not disobey.

For know, child! a mortal curse
Undutifulness wins;
It may not be far lands, or steel,
Fire, poison, famine, brutes, or worse;
But something dire all rebels feel,
For this most vile of sins!

M. L. B.

AUTOGRAPHS AND LOCALITIES.

COLLECTIONS of the autographs of celebrated personages of all countries having become so generally esteemed, the desires of collectors have by far outstepped the means of acquisition. Of many distinguished worthies, in numerous instances, there are but few specimens extant, and of these, no inconsiderable portion are secured in the public depositories, or in the *portfeuilles* of eminent, and wealthy individuals. Hence, yielding to necessity, in lieu of those of the rarest occurrence, the deficiency is generally supplied by well-engraved fac-similes, such as may be found in Mr. Charles John Smith's *Fac-similes of Autographical, Historical, and Literary Curiosities*, accompanied by etchings of *Interesting Localities*; the second part of which attractive work has lately been published. These productions, or rather reproductions, have already received the approval of autograph collectors for their closeness of imitation; and their selection is highly creditable to the Editor of the work, its contents being rarities of popular interest, connected with and illustrating important historical events, and singular traits of literary character; and the localities consisting mostly of natal houses or homes of genius, such as we are anxious to garner into our pages. A glance at the contents of Mr. Smith's *Curiosities* may, therefore, be gratifying to our readers.

Among the letters of persons of noble blood, are two farewell letters of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, executed early in 1572. The first addressed to William Dyx, his steward, implores his good offices in the care of the Duke's children after his death—"Forget me, and remember me in myne."—The second is a dying token of friendship, in the presentation of the duke's copy of Grafton's Chronicle—"I have no other tokens to send my fryndes but my bokes—Yours dying as he was lyvyng. T. NORFOLK."

The paper found in Felton's hat, after having assassinated the imperious George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, August 23, 1628, in the High-street, Portsmouth. The original, with the great mass of the Evelyn manuscripts, is in Mr. Upcott's possession.

Letters of authors constitute the main ob-

M 2

jects of illustration: and among them are full specimens of Bishop Atterbury, respecting the time of writing St. John's Gospel; Chatterton's proffer to Horace Walpole of the fictitious priest Rowley's Ryse of Peyncteynge yn Englande, a manuscript purporting to be of the year 1469; Myles Coverdale's letter to Lord Cromwell, 1538, sent with the Paris printed edition of the English New Testament of that date—a document of high curiosity.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin's Epitaph on himself, as an old book, stript of its lettering and gilding; and his Good Night bidding, after having regaled at life's feast fourscore years, written in 1784.—The celebrated John Locke's letter to Sir Hans Sloane, suggesting a remedy for correcting the calendar, 1699. Bishop Potter to Bishop Atterbury, concerning a passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians.—Smollett's letter to Richardson, the novelist, 1756, apologizing for some abusive notice of the latter in the Critical Review, with Richardson's letter in reply.

Dr. Robertson, the historian, 1757, intimating his being busied on his History of Scotland—"The History of a period, which, on account of the greatness of the events, and their close connexion with the transactions in England, deserves to be better known."—Sir Richard Steele, 1713, "talking in a strange dialect from a private man, to the first of a nation."—Laurence Sterne, to Garrick, soliciting a loan, to enable him to proceed on his Sentimental Journey.—Dean Swift's Journal to Mrs. Dingley, November 15, 1712, detailing particulars of the duel in Hyde Park, between Lord Mohun and Duke Hamilton, where both perished.—Horace Walpole, a long letter, 1777, confirmative of his scepticism on the authenticity of Chatterton's Rowleian verses:—"Change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday; but I have no objection to any body believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius!"

Of English poets, there are several interesting reliques, chiefly derived from the Upcott Collections.—The ballad of Richard and Kate, by Robert Bloomfield.—Queen Mary's Lament, by Robby Burns, the glory and pride of Scotland's bards: this poem occupies three pages.—John Gay, respecting the success of his Beggar's Opera.—A portion of the original manuscript versification by Pope, of Homer's parting of Hector and Andromache; showing the poet's alterations and amendments.—Matthew Prior, respecting the engraved portrait of him, by Vertue, after Richardson, at the expense of Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, whose Manuscript Collections are now in the British Museum. A page in Shenstone's autograph, from his unpublished poem of the Snuff-box, 1735;

successively possessed by Dodsley and Reed, and now in Mr. Upcott's library.

Garrick and the histrionic professors of both sexes, of his day, afford some rich specimens. — Mrs. Abingdon, Spranger Barry, Mrs. Cibber, Sam. Foote, Henderson, Hull, Gentleman Lewis, Macklin, Mrs. Oldfield, Parsons, Quin, of whom so many epicurean traits are recorded; the immortal Shakespeare, &c. from Mr. C. Britiffe Smith's Collection. — Verses, by Garrick, as an Epilogue to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*; and Pitt, Earl of Chatham's Verses inviting Garrick to ruralize; from Mr. Upcott's almost exhaustless source.

The localities of particular events, the birthplaces and residences of distinguished individuals, are engraved from original drawings, and indicate correctness of taste, with ability of execution. They comprise a View of the House in the High-street, Portsmouth, where Buckingham was stabbed by Felton; the house in which Locke was born, at Wrington, in Somersetshire; Sterne's parsonage house at Coxwold; Austin's Farm at Sapiston, Suffolk, the early residence of the poet Bloomfield; Sir Richard Steele's country house at Haverstock Hill; Jordaeus, in Buckinghamshire, the burial-place of William Penn, the Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania, accompanied by some autograph reflections, which occupy a whole page; the residence of Milton's friend, Elwood, the Quaker, at Chalfont, St. Giles's, Bucks; Smollett's residence, Monmouth House, Chelsea, in 1756; pulled down in 1833.

The Naturalist.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.*

9.—Swainson's *Discourse on Natural History*.

"Bid me discourse, and I'll enchant thine ear."
Shakspeare.

MR. SWAINSON should have called this book a *Discourse on Zoology*, as he has purposely excluded from his consideration that important branch of natural history — Geology, assigning as his reason for so doing, that "it more concerns the mineral than the animal kingdom" — (p. 429.) Though he defines natural history as embracing the consideration of "the different animals, plants, and minerals, existing on the earth," (p. 102,) yet it is clear that when he speaks of it, he usually means *only zoology*; for, at p. 108, he says that "natural history cannot contend with *botany*, in adding to the luxuries of the table, or the elegancies of taste." How, let us ask, can a whole contend with a part?

Notwithstanding this misnomer, these in-

consistencies respecting the comprehensiveness of natural history, and the other points on which, perhaps, we may be critical, Mr. Swainson's *Discourse* is a very useful and interesting volume; so interesting that we have read it through twice. It forms the first volume of the natural history portion of Dr. Lardner's excellent *Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

Night-jar. — We are much surprised to find Mr. Swainson calling this bird by the objectionable name of "*goat-sucker*," (p. 114,) and thus fostering the old and unfounded notion of its sucking the teats of goats. We hope he is not so incorrigible as Mr. Hugh E. Strickland, who says he shall persist in calling the night-jar, "the *goat-sucker*, and *Caprimulgus*," because such were its first names. — (Analyst, vol. ii. p. 318.) Alexander Wilson, in his *American Ornithology*, observes that it is "worse than absurd to continue to brand this bird with a knavish name, after it is universally known to be innocent of the charge. It is not only unjust, but tends to encourage the belief in an idle fable, which is totally destitute of all foundation." As the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, (except the *bill*,) is required in natural history, we cannot be too particular in the choice of words which convey no wrong ideas relating to the beings to which they are applied.

Peacock, (p. 246). — Mr. Swainson, when speaking of the characteristics of birds, says, "the peacock is known by its immense, fan-shaped tail." Again, "the glory of the peacock is its tail; it is, indeed, a splendid ornament, but it is an ornament alone." — (p. 256.) Suppose that the mane of a horse, instead of hanging over the sides of the neck, ran along the back, and then hung over the rump, would it be right to call it its tail? — Certainly not. A mane is an appendage that has its origin from one part; while a tail is an appendage that has its origin from another part. A mane has its use, and so has a tail; but the uses of both are different. Now that "splendid ornament" which is "the glory of the peacock" is not its tail, though Mr. Swainson regards it as such; for the feathers composing it, do not grow from the rump, but from the back. Gilbert White long ago said, that "a range of short, brown, stiff feathers, about six inches long, fixed in the rump, is the real tail, and props up the long feathers or train, which is top-heavy when set on end."

This is only one among many instances we have noticed of the fact, that when Mr. S. leaves for awhile his generals, his beloved theories, and descends to the consideration of particulars, he commonly falls into errors, greater or less.

Pachydermata, (p. 253). — Having spoken of the diagnostics of the order Ruminantia, Mr. Swainson then mentions "the Pachyder-

* Continued from vol. xxvi., p. 404.

males, or thick-skinned quadrupeds," as "belonging to the same order."

Now, this is all wrong;—the Ruminantia form one order, and the Pachydermata another.

Elephant, (p. 254).—"The tusks of the elephant are no more than teeth, performing the same office."

What does this mean? The elephant's tusks are not its teeth, they are not used in mastication.

Horse's tail, (p. 256).—"Our good author says that the horse's tail "may be looked on as more ornamental than essential."

Though we have never previously entered into the very important inquiry—"Is the tail of a horse more ornamental than essential?" yet we at once answer at a hazard that it actually is more essential than ornamental. So we think at any rate, and, may be, our readers think so too. The Rev. Mr. Crowe observes, that the horse's tail, "when of its natural length, and with thick, flowing hair, materially assists the animal in active motion, especially in quick and sharp turns, such as are constant in skirmishing. We may perceive this effect in young horses curvetting and gambolling together, or during any performance of the *manège*, when they are seen continually raising, spreading, and lashing their tails around, in some correspondence with their attitudes; appearing, by means of them, to act with no small power on the air."—(Zoophilos, 3rd edition, p. 59.) It is a fact, that in the war with Spain, in 1762, the horses of the British cavalry not having their long, switchy tails to protect themselves from the swarms of annoying insects, became so restive and untractable, that, on the cause being generally remarked, orders were issued for the abolition of the cruel practice of docking in future. The poet Bloomfield thus compassionately addresses himself to the poor, curtailed horse:

By th' unclouded sun are hourly bred
The bold assailants that surround thine head,
— and with insulting wing
Roar in thine ear, and dart the piercing sting.
In thy behalf the crest-wav'd boughs avail
More than thy short-clipp'd remnant of a tail,
A moving mockery, an useless name,
A living proof of cruelty and shame.
Shame to the man, whatever fame he bore,
Who took from thee what man can ne'er restore,—
Thy weapon of defence, thy chiefest good,
When swarming flies contending suck thy blood.
Farmer's Boy.

After all this, pray what becomes of our author's strange notion that the horse's tail is more ornamental than useful?

Insects, (p. 261—274).—Mr. Swainson calls "spiders, scorpions, crabs, and centipedes" insects.

This may be according to the system of classification at Tittenhanger Green, but it won't do elsewhere.

Progress of Zoology, (p. 345).—Mr. Swainson declares that at present the science of zoology is "more retrograde than otherwise," and says that those who are considered its teachers possess no taste for cultivating its higher investigations.

This remark, with some few exceptions, is true, the majority employing themselves more in making observations on the habits and economy of animals, than in investigating their structure and anatomy. But, as we think the time has been when the latter were studied to the neglect of the former, we do not much regret the change.

Knighthood for Men of Science, (p. 413).—Mr. Swainson complains bitterly that none of the five orders of knighthood are awarded to eminent men of science, whose attainments deserve especial acknowledgment; and he is very angry with an honourable member of the House of Commons, for observing that honours would not confer more dignity upon those who had already invested themselves with it by genius and talent. Now, we are quite of the same opinion with that honourable member. It is really laughable to hear Mr. Swainson speak of the humiliation which scientific men, without titles, suffer by being "jostled in the crowd, and ordered to make way for a city alderman, carrying up an address for which he is to be knighted," (p. 416,) and noticing it moreover, "as one of the inevitable consequences of withholding national honours from men of science." We hope we shall never see a system adopted of making eminent naturalists knights of the five orders, although there might be some propriety in calling a betanist Knight of the Thistle; but if Mr. S. wishes to be dubbed Knight of the Chimpanzee or of anything else, we shall of course not attempt to hinder his getting such a distinction, and he will have our best wishes that it may protect him from being jostled to make way for any alderman.

Zoological Society, (p. 444).—"It is upon this," says Mr. Swainson, "more than upon any other society, that the benevolent duty devolves of putting aside a small percentage from their funds for decayed naturalists and their families. Zoological collectors, exploring wild and often unhealthy regions, are exposed more than any other description of men to the chances of a premature death. It is fit, therefore, that an association like this, should be mindful of men so deserving; and should they have families, administer to their widows and their orphans some small support out of their abundant wealth. What 'golden opinions' might be gained from all men, if the Society, for instance, set apart the shillings paid by their visitors to their museum, for the purpose of forming a charitable fund of this description! How cheerfully, for such a purpose would visitors part with their

money; for how nobly would it be appreciated!"

Similar views we have long entertained, though we had never fixed upon the Zoological Society, (as our author so properly does,) for carrying them into effect. We have never looked on that neat and quiet asylum for decayed Turkey merchants, Morden College,* without a wish that there were some similar institution for decayed men of science, whose labours might entitle them to a residence in it. Besides a library, it might have attached to it, if practicable, a garden, a museum, a menagerie, a laboratory, and an observatory; so that each inmate might still be able to pursue his inquiries into his favourite science, free from those troubles and anxieties which wait on distress. J. H. F.

THE SUN PERCH.

THE sun perch, wherever found, (says Audubon, seems to give a decided preference to sandy gravelly, or rocky beds of streams, avoiding those the bottom of which is muddy. At the period of depositing their eggs, this preference is still more apparent. The little sunfish is then seen swimming rapidly over shallows, the bed of which is mostly formed of fine gravel; when, after awhile, it is observed, to poise itself, and gradually sink to the bottom; where, with its fin, it pushes aside the sand to the extent of eight or ten inches, thus forming a circular cavity. In a few days, a little ridge is thus raised around, and in the cleared area, the roe is deposited. By wading carefully over the extent of the place, a person may count forty, fifty, or more of these beds, some within a few feet of each other, and some several yards apart. Instead of abandoning its spawn, as others of the family are wont to do, this little fish keeps guard over it with all the care of a sitting bird. You observe it poised over the bed, watching the objects around. Should the rotten leaf of a tree, a piece of wood, or any other substance, happen to be rolled over the border of the bed, the sunfish carefully removes it, holding the obnoxious matter in its mouth, and dropping it over the margin. Having many times witnessed this act of prudence and cleanliness in the little sunfish, and observing that, at this period, it would not seize on any kind of bait, I made a few experiments one fine afternoon, for the purpose of judging how far its instinct or reason might induce it to act when disturbed or harassed. Provided with a fine fishing-line, and such insects as I knew were relished by this fish, I reached a sand-bar covered by about one foot of water, where I had previously seen many deposits. Approaching the nearest to the shore with great care, I baited my hook with a living ground-

worm, the greater part of which was left at liberty to writhe as it pleased; and throwing the line up the stream, managed it so, that at last it passed over the border of the nest, when I allowed it to remain on the bottom. The fish, I perceived, had marked me, and as the worm intruded on its premises, it swam to the farthest side, there poised itself for a few moments, then approached the worm, and carried it in its mouth over the side next to me, with a care and gentleness so very remarkable as to afford me much surprise. I repeated the experiment six or seven times, and always with the same result. Then changing the bait, I employed a grasshopper, which I floated into the egg-bed. The insect was removed in the same manner as the worm had been; and two attempts to hook the fish proved unsuccessful. I now threw my line with the hook bare, and managed as before. The sunfish appeared quite alarmed. It swam to one side, then to another, in rapid succession, and seemed to entertain a fear, that the removal of the suspicious object might prove extremely dangerous to it. Yet it gradually approached the hook, took it carefully up, and the next instant dropped it over the edge of the bed.

W. G. C.

The Nobelist.

THE MAGIC SPINNING-WHEEL.

By J. K. Paulding.

THERE is not in the whole universe, old or new, a more beautiful valley than that of Williamston, in the county of Berkshire; which, by the way, ought to have belonged to New York instead of Old Massachusetts; if every tub stood on its own bottom. But this is neither here nor there; certain it is that a more charming summer region nowhere lies basking in the beams of the glorious sun, than that which is watered by the Hoosac and its crystal tributaries. It is environed by high mountains and shady hills, from which a hundred clear streams plunge down into the depths of the valley, forming the little river Hoosac, which alternately rushes, and sleeps its winding way, in curves more graceful than the boasted lines of beauty, until it is lost in its wanderings between groups of lofty mountains, that seem to lock their fingers together to forbid its escape and keep it there for ever. In one place the traveller looks down from the summit of some towering hill, and sees it winding its way like a glittering serpent through the green luxury of the meadows; in another he descends to the very verge, and there, cooled by the shade of the lofty elms that shadow its waters, and soothed into a delicious reverie by their murmurs, he travels onward in the midst of the music and all the other harmonies of nature. In the distance he sees the

* Engraved in the Mirror, vol. xxv., p. 289.

fares of the church and colleges of Williamston, with the little town perched on an eminence overlooking the river, and exhibiting that appearance of neat comfort for which all the villages of New England are so remarkable. The whole forms a succession of scenery associating all that is enchanting in nature, with much that is agreeable in the labours of man.

Of all the tributaries of the Hoosac, the little stream, called Green River, is the most charming; and at the same time the most fortunate, since its beauties have been consecrated to posterity by the genius of Bryant. The little classic nymphs, who love to gambol in other streams, never seek the Green River, except in the obscurity of night, since such is its matchless transparency, that it would expose their graceful limbs and timid beauties to the prying eye of wanton fauns and satyrs, ever on the watch to practise mischief on these innocent maids. It is a favourite resort of the speckled trout, always delighting in the purest waters; but like many other famous streams, its renown in that respect is traditionary, inasmuch as very few are caught here at the present day, except by certain outlandish fellows, in old hats and rustic gear, who seem to be good for nothing else in this world.

In the little village of Ashford, which lies basking along the bank of this delightful stream, right opposite a high peaked mountain, there dwelt, and still dwells, a female, now a comely, middle aged matron, but once a rosy-cheeked damsel, with full, clear eyes the colour of the firmament; a profusion of curling hair, that she could hardly keep from hiding her blue eyes and rosy cheeks; a most touching little round figure, well worthy of being looked at of a Sunday in church, and the best turned arm, and prettiest foot that ever manœuvred a spinning-wheel, or trod the banks of Green River in search of blue violets. Her name was Ethelinde, and it was given to her by an aunt, who had been reading the *Recluse of the Lake*, at that time just written by Mrs. Charlotte Smith, who had her nose put out of joint by the great Unknown, that every body knows killed all his predecessors stone dead with a single flourish of his pen.

Ethelinde being thus gifted with a romantic name, blue eyes, curly hair, a beautiful arm, a little foot, and a godmother who had read through six circulating libraries, was, as might be expected, very much spoiled in the bringing up. She was the belle of the village, and as fond of admiring herself as a peacock. She could not be persuaded to spin or do any household work, lest it should spoil her white hands; nor drive the cows to the field, or milk them, for fear of soiling her fine calico frock, which she prized the more from its being the only one in the village. I know the good people of Ashford will deny

this, and perhaps the whole of my story, but it is true for all that; and those who doubt it, may inquire of old Squire Littleboy, who lies buried in the churchyard of Bennington, and who will convince any body but an unbelieving philosopher.

Nine tenths of the lads of the village were in love with Ethelinde. There was Orrin Neefus, the deponent, on whose veracity my story principally rests for the acceptance of posterity, and who was rarely expert in the art of teaching the young idea how to shoot; there was Timothy Bulwinkle, who made clocks that outdid time himself in running, being always beforehand with the old gentleman; there was Obadiah Hatwig, a most unaccountable hand at ram beavers, which he made to look just like anything, as every body said; there was young Doctor Gookins, who once cured a man of an obstinate circum-bendibus, as he called it, and which consisted in walking crooked, and frequently tumbling down. Some said it was a dizziness in the head, others a weakness of the legs, but the honest man himself always maintained it was the falling sickness. Be this as it may, Doctor Gookins cured him in a most miraculous manner, only by persuading the tavern-keeper not to give him credit any more.

I should never have done, were I to record the names and avocations of all the village lads who thought all day and dreamed all night of Ethelinde Pangburn, whose mischievous influence well accorded with her name, for she inflicted burning pangs on all the unfortunate rustic Corydons, whom she treated with unrelenting cruelty, inasmuch that Timothy Bulwinkle did incontinently leave the village of Ashford for some distant and unknown region, whence he never returned, so far as the deponent, Orrin Neefus, knoweth.

In the meantime, Ethelinde became every day more vain and idle. She thought herself too good to work, too good for the poor lads of the village, and too good for anything in this world but to read novels, and admire herself. Yet nature had made, or at least intended her, for an amiable, sensible, kind-hearted girl, as ever saw herself in the transparent mirror of Green River. There being at that time not a single looking-glass in the whole village of Ashford, she was accustomed to wander on the shady margin of the stream, admiring the figure of the graceful nymph reflected there, or seated under the spreading branches of some towering elm, gaze on her face in the waters, until, like Narcissus, she was almost ready to die of love. I dare say the good people of Ashford will deny this too, and try to persuade me that the deponent, Orrin Neefus, is mistaken in saying they had no looking-glasses at the time. But I have inquired into this matter, and now assert

without fear of contradiction, that the first looking-glass ever seen in that town, was a little oval one, worn at a spinning frolic, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and four, round the neck of a young damsel, as a locket, she not being acquainted with its proper uses. It was doubtless owing to this happy ignorance, that the females of Ashford were, and still are noted as the most industrious, unaffected, and clever in all New England, which is saying as much as can be truly said of any damsels in the world.

When Ethelinde was just going into her eighteenth year, there appeared, one Sabbath day, at the pretty little brick church that stands on the hill overlooking the village, a young stranger, who caused a great sensation among all the girls, and most especially in the bosom of our heroine. He was the only son of Deacon Allbeit, who for thirty years and more, had the entire management of the funds of the church, and was therefore, as might be expected, well to do in the world. Young Pliny, as he was called after the elder or younger of that name, I know not which, neither does the affidavit of Orrin Neefus explain the matter. Young Pliny had been sent to Boston to put the last finish to his manners and education, and after an absence of three or four years, returned with a new coat of the very first pretensions, which put all the honest swingtails of Ashford quite out of countenance. The next day, master Tryon, the village tailor, had divers orders for a similar garment, of which he constructed several base imitations, that were all turned upon his hands. Whereupon he shut up his shop in despair, and departed, no one knew whither, leaving the Boston coat master of the field. But I am getting before my story, as it were.

All eyes were fixed on Pliny instead of the minister, who became somewhat wroth, and turning aside from the subject matter of his discourse, did declaim vehemently against the fantastic fopperies of the age, looking at Pliny all the time, as did the damsels of Ashford, most especially Ethelinde Pangburn. If Pliny had not been bred up in Boston, he would doubtless have been out of countenance at the bright eyes directed towards him from so many quarters; but as it was, he only pulled up his cravat, smoothed down his hair, and looked as innocent as a dove.

That night there was a prodigious deal of dreaming in the village of Ashford, but nobody dreamed to such purpose as Ethelinde. She dreamed that Pliny Allbeit had come sparking with her, and staid till the cock crowed three times, saying each time as plainly as a cock could speak, "it will do, it will do." The next day, or perhaps it might have been the next day but one, Pliny established himself in a beautiful little temple, with a portico in front, all painted white,

which stood at the junction of three roads, and was reckoned a capital place for business. He put up his sign as attorney-at-law, and displayed such a library of law books, as might confound a whole village. Nor was he long without business. A comfortable gentleman, well to do in the world, who every body said wanted nothing but a wife, being afflicted with squinting, and accustomed to keep his eyes always fixed on the minister on Sabbath day, while he was preaching, unluckily seemed all the time gazing intently in the face of Miss Patience Peabody, who sat in the opposite direction. The young woman, and all her friends, naturally construed this into a promise of marriage, and accordingly, as is too much the custom in certain places, brought a suit against him for breaking it, and the heart of Miss Patience into the bargain. Pliny was retained as counsel for the disconsolate fair one, and having clearly demonstrated that looks were the proper language of love, and that eyes might convey promises as clearly as the tongue, the squinting gentleman was cast in swinging damages. This victory established his reputation for ever; in a short time so many actions for breach of promise were brought against recreant swains, that a vast many of them fled the country outright, and this, as Orrin Neefus affirms in his affidavit, is one of the principal causes of the scarcity of husbands in this part of New England.

During this time Ethelinde had become acquainted with Pliny, who seemed rather inclined to spark it a little with her, but was doubtless on his guard for fear of being caught in a breach of promise. He had also other strong reasons against committing himself by any overt act, such as casting sheep's eyes, sitting too close in a sleigh ride, and the like. He was in truth an honour to the deacon, his father, being a young man of great good sense, sterling integrity, excellent disposition, and extensive acquirements. He looked for something more than beauty and a romantic name in a wife, and often sighed to himself, for he did not dare to let her hear him, for fear of the catchpole Cupid, when he saw how vain and idle she was, and how she spent all her time in dressing and gadding about, while her mother was attending to household affairs. He could not deny in his heart that she was beautiful, nor that she seemed good tempered, at least she always appeared so when he saw her, which was not very often indeed, owing to the apprehensions to which I have alluded.

As to Ethelinde, she certainly, at first, admired Pliny's Boston coat, next his person, which was very handsome, and last of all, she fell in love with the beauties of his mind, the very best excuse with which a damsel can deceive herself. Whenever she walked out, if Pliny's office happened to be on the

side next her heart, she felt, as it were, forcibly pulled that way by some invisible influence, for which she could not account. But she always resisted the tempter, and prompted by that delicate apprehensive consciousness, always the inmate of a young female mind, made a point of never passing that way, unless certain that he was absent, when she consoled herself by reading his name on the sign. By degrees she left off walking about the village, to show herself, as she was wont to do, and remained all day in the house, every day except Sunday, when she went to church three times, and appeared as hand-some and as devout as a little angel. She sometimes stole a glance at Pliny, but that discreet youth kept his eyes fixed on the minister, remembering the awful judgment that had fallen on the squinting gentleman. This total neglect to bestow even one look, made Ethelinde so pale and melancholy, that every body said she was either in love, or going into a consumption.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Manners and Customs.

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE, USED IN THE PRISONS OF ST. MARK, AT VENICE.

In the armoury of the arsenal at Venice are preserved, among other curiosities, four instruments of torture, the gentle means employed by St. Mark for wresting confession from the unfortunate victims of the "Three" and the Inquisition.

The instrument marked A, is an iron helmet. The poor wretch destined for torture, was seated, bound, upon a chair, when the helmet was forced upon his head and

shoulders. His torturer stood behind him, and through the little holes, marked 2, thrust needles and other sharp instruments into the back of his head, behind his ear, and into the shoulders. By his side sat a secretary, who, leaning his arm upon a small shelf projecting from the helmet (4), listened at a door, (marked in the accompanying sketch by the figure 3,) ready to note down whatever the excruciating torments might wring from the sufferer.

B, represents an iron collar, which is bristled with spikes, which were poisoned.

C, a thumb-screw.

D, pincers, which when heated, were used by the torturer for tearing the flesh.

Such were the tender mercies of St. Mark!

E, is a key of a tyrant of Padua, also preserved in the armoury. It contains, (as is shown in the sketch,) a stiletto, which was poisoned.

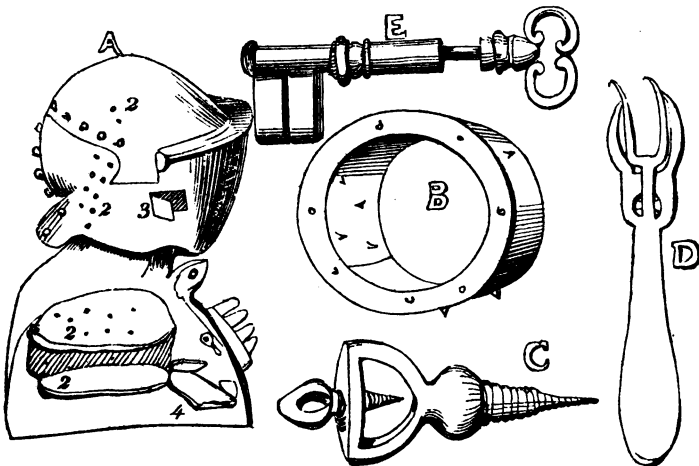
E. C.

Spirit of Discovery.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART FOR 1836.

[As in former years, we reprint the prefatory outline of the contents of this work. The present volume is rich in contributions to mechanical, chemical, zoological, geological, and meteorological science; with not a few aids to social economy.]

In the *Mechanical* department, we may point attention to a most ingenious account of the recent improvements in the manufacture of Carpets; the details of the machinery of the Greenwich Time-ball; papers on the application of the compressibility of Water to practical purposes, and of Electro-magnetic Power to Mechanics; the process of Zinc-



(Instruments of Torture.)

graphy; Mr. Field's evidence before Parliament on Marine Steam-engines; a description of a Wire Suspension Bridge, lately completed at Freyburg; an interesting abstract of experiments on the non-permeability of Glass by Water; notices of improved Steam-engines; and outlines of Manufactures of popular interest, as of Floorcloth, Pens, and Cotton. There are likewise some valuable contributions to the economy of Railways, as the details of the line from Manchester to Liverpool. This division also includes an enumerative report of the British Association; notices of its more important novelties being introduced through the subsequent pages.

In *Chemical Science* will be found an illustrated paper on the structure and origin of the Diamond, by Sir David Brewster; an inquiry into the phenomena of Spontaneous Combustion; the recent experiments in Kyan's process for preventing Dry Rot; the proposed manufacture of Paper from Bog Peat; a beautiful illustration of the evolution of Light during Crystallization; Melloni's experiments to elucidate the nature of Heat, and the same philosopher's observations on the immediate transmission of Calorific Rays through Diathermal Bodies; papers on the duration of Electric Light, and the velocity of Electricity; with notices of New Processes and New Chemical Facts, reported to the British Association.

In the *Natural-historical* departments are many important papers. In *Zoology* are some interesting investigations of the transformation of Crustacea, and the anatomy of the Sloth; a proposed New Classification of Animals, by Professor Agassiz; a specimen of the Asiatic Orang-Outang, received in this country during the past year; the singular economy of Pea Crabs; the natural history of the Wasp; the identity of the Parr, or Brandling, with a young Salmon; the ingenuity of the Italian Tailor-bird illustrated; with valuable contributions on Animal Heat and Respiration. Among the Zoological novelties are noticed several Birds and Fishes, a Cetaceous Animal, &c. The notes from the proceedings of the Zoological Society glance at the additions to the Menagerie and Museum during the year; and comprise the very entertaining economy of the Ornithorynchus, a sterling contribution to our knowledge of nature.

In *Botany* are several new facts in Vegetable Physiology; and a few useful aids to the study of the science.

In *Geology* are noticed the most striking contributions of the year: as the details of Mr. Griffith's Geological Map of Ireland, the result of many years' research and labour; a paper by Professor Agassiz on the Fossil Ichthyology of Great Britain; illustrations of Messrs. Sedgwick and Murchison's

Silurian and Cambrian Systems; and Dr. Buckland's notice of the Fossil Beaks of four extinct species of Fishes. Among the phenomena of the year are noticed a terrific Volcanic Eruption in central America; the great Earthquake in Chili; and a Live Toad found in Stones. The Fossil Organic Remains will be found as interesting as they are numerous.

Under *Meteorology* are noticed the Aurora Borealis of November last, in a paper obligingly contributed by Dr. Armstrong, of Vauxhall; who has again furnished the Meteorological Summary of the year. Added to which are notes of the recent appearance of Halley's Comet; and some treasurable Barometrical observations, by Sir John Herschel.

The departments of *Rural Economy* and *Gardening* contain a few introductions and germs of new principles.

The Obituary Notices include some highly respected names, with occasional glances at their principal scientific labours; though, it need scarcely be added, that such notices do not pretend to the minuteness of biographical detail.

New Books.

BEN BRACE, THE LAST OF NELSON'S
AGAMEMNONS.

By Captain Chamier, R. N.

[In this work, Captain Chamier has sketched and filled in, the whole-length of a thorough British seaman, in masterly style. Reader! in Benjamin Brace, you view "a seaman of worth and of reputation, the follower of Nelson, the mutilated of Trafalgar; you see him, one who fought side by side with the great hero of the ocean, and having served with that great man in every capacity in which a seaman could serve him, and having been wounded in the most glorious action on record, is now an inmate of that noble establishment—Greenwich. So far for his public character; his private life is equally deserving of your notice. In his early life he was distinguished by Nelson, and although frequently offered promotion as the reward of his services, he as frequently refused it, in order to be always about the man to whom he was so warmly attached, and with whom he entered the service. You see before you the rough and hardy son of the ocean, bold, daring, desperate; yet has his heart so much of that softness which has ever distinguished our seamen, that when the battle was won, he was ever foremost to assist his wounded adversary." The present work is, therefore, a life of Nelson, with episodes of Ben's affairs, and yarns of those of his shipmates and messmates. It need not be added that with such materials, Captain Chamier has produced a book worthy of his fame in nau-

tical literature. Scenes of pathos and broad humour, finely-drawn feeling, graphic power, and characteristic phraseology, invest the autobiography of Ben Brace with untiring interest; whilst they work out admirably that fine specimen of humanity—the British sailor. The book is rich in quotable passages; indeed, so rich that we are perplexed in our choice. However, for the sake of contrast, we take a scene from the gay and the grave: first, the marriage of one of Ben's shipmates.]

A Sailor's Wedding.

We mustered all hands of us by eight o'clock; and I'll tell you how we set about it: never was there such a lark at Portsmouth since the first day sailors were made. Bill and I, and some more, were all new-rigged from the mast-head downwards: and Betsy looked a regular sailor's wife, when she turned out, spick and span. It was not right for chaps such as we, belonging to the Sovereign, to be married like a parcel of soldiers, who march to church with their side-arms and stand all attention before the parson. It is all well enough for them to toddle on foot; but I was not a-going to smuggle tobacco after that fashion. So, first of all, I mustered my shipmates, and then set about the order of sailing. We were twelve belonging to the Sovereign, and Betsy had six belonging to her, to sail in her wake. They were all dressed alike, but Betsy was worth them all. We were to be spliced at ten, and we had only two hours to get the convoy together.

I felt my pockets—my money was safe; and I was up to the mark to do the thing like a good 'un. So I ordered all the coaches I could find. I got together six decent-looking articles, and we clapped our colours at the mast-head of the coachman. Someone said, they ought to be white; and I think it was old Drinkhard the landlord: but Bill, who had just taken a glass to the success of the day, shoved his fist in the old fellow's mouth; and says he, "White! why, you fool, do you think we are a-going to show a flag of trace to the parson? No, no; blue's our colour; and if we go all fair and above-board, that's only what we ought to do: so up with the blue at the main;"—and we shoved large cockades into the hats, and made the horse-whippers show another from the breastwork of their button-holes.

Of course, bringing all the vehicles together in this manner made a bit of a stir amongst the folks about the Point; and they had time enough to reconnoitre our force, for when we got the carriages in line, as we intended to start, we hove about for a good swing to the honour of the bride; and in order to keep up the hearts of the women, we made them hoist in enough to fill their spirit-rooms. Well, time went on, and a quarter to ten came. "Now," says Bill, "heave and a

weigh, my lads; and come, stick on the colours, and hurrah aloft!" So up I jumped, and handed Betsy into the cabin of the coach, with three more of her tribe, whilst I and Bill got on the quarter-deck.

"Heave and paul," said Watson. "I'm not going in this jolly-boat on wheels! I'll ride a horse, and keep a look-out ahead of the squadron; and what's more, I've one a-coming, and here it is, so avast heaving a minute. Let's hang the colours to the flag-staff forward;" and he claps a bunch of blue ribbons round the ears of the animal, jamming it into the ears, and saying, "There, my boys: there's no mistake here; for as I make sail, they'll see the colours even out of the hawse-holes! Jump up, youngster," said Watson, "behind me; and now I'm off!"—And off he was, sure enough; for he gave himself too much heel to starboard, and fell on the other side. We soon righted him, however, and he started ahead.

"You mustn't sit on the roof," said the coachman to me and Bill and Scrapehard, who had got on the quarter-deck of the coach, the old fiddler playing "Moll in the Wad," and slewing round on his stern like a fifer on the capstan when it's "up anchor!"

"Drive on," said Bill, "or I'm blessed if I don't sit on your shoulders! Why, here's a mutiny before we read our commissions! You are a pretty particular scoundrel to say that Tom and I, two fore topmen, are going to be smuggled into your stow-hole below. Start ahead and save the tide, or we shall have the parson a-lecturing us.—Make sail," said Bill, as he stood upright on the roof, "and follow the motions of the commodore;" and off we went.

"Oh! the Gibson ahoy!" said I.

"Hulloa!" said he.

"Keep close in the commodore's wake; and if your chap does not clap a little more canvass on his coach, do you supersede him,—do you hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Gibson.

Well, the chap that steered Joe would not crack on—not a bit: so Joe says, "By your leave, my man;" and he endeavoured to take hold of the tiller-ropes.

"No," said the coachman; "this is my place."

"Your place!" said Joe. "I'll let you know that I'll be captain of my own ship;" and he mimics an old skipper, who used always to begin with that when he intended to end with the cat. "So, out of the way, guardo, and make way for a stationer." The coachman still held on, and Joe still held on also. Joe got the whip, and began to bel-lows away at the nags, until the animals, not being accustomed to punishment, forged ahead in spite of the hawser which was fast to their bows, and they ran their bowsprit right smack through the after-panels of our

stern-frame, carried away the stern-lantern, and pooped the women.

"Up helm, you lubberly scoundrel!" said Joe: "I told you not to pass the commodore, but to back the mizen-top sail in time, and there you are right on board of him. Why, you lubber, you went end-on like a bull with his peak up;" and seizing hold of the tiller-ropes, he gave the larboard one a haul, the horses made a start, the larboard wheel got foul of a post, and over went Joe, coachman, and coach. Joe, who was like a cat, fell upon his legs without being hurt, and called out for the next ship in the line to take the place of the one capsized; but, as I was not going into action without all my line complete, I gave the signal to heave-to to repair damages.

The women in the cabin, finding themselves pooped, thought they were going down stern foremost, and roared out to open the cabin-doors; whilst Joe, and a landsman who was standing thereabout, lifted the coachman, who had been wounded in the leg, into a 'pothecary's, which was within hail. Leaving him there, we righted the craft, and Joe jumped upon deck, seized hold of the tiller-ropes, and made signal for ready for sea. We filled our maintop-sail and forged ahead; and Joe, who had got both lines, one in each hand, and who sprawled his legs out on the foot-rope to hinder his fetching way when she rolled,—for we were right before the wind,—looked as if he understood navigation. His eyes were wide open; but some of the ribbons got foul of his optics; his long curls—for, do you mind, in those days we wore our hair like cork-screws—got blowing athwart his face; his hat was cocked on one side, and his big chew was a little to leeward, although his tail stuck out behind like the staff of a rocket, to keep him head to wind. He got hauling at both ropes at once, so that his vessel was not under command; she had no steerage way, but just the reverse; for the animals made a stern-board before Joe could drop the steerage to get hold of the whip, and he backed aboard of the coach astern of him.

This threw the whole line in confusion; and when Joe started on end again, he kept yawing about like a pig in a high wind; it was hard a-starboard and hard a-port every moment. The squadron were all in disorder, and although Bill roared like a bull for the ship next in line to make sail and occupy Gibson's place, yet it was no use; there was not a master in the fleet who could take charge of a vessel in such rocky water; and the crews of half the squadron were in a state of mutiny. I think Gibson would have weathered the corner of the church after all, and come safe to anchor, if it had not been for about a thousand spalpeens of boys who kept shouting "A sailor adrift on a carriage!" and bobbing under the horses' noses until

they got discontented at being worked so hard, and began to mutiny outright. One fired away at Joe with his heels, who dropped the helm and touched him up over the stern. This made both worse; for Joe had got all hands to the whip, and was only determined to punish his crew for their bad behaviour.

We had not got far, when we found the look-out craft hove-to and trimming ship.

"Hulloa," said I, "what's the matter, Watson?"

"We have hove-to to repair damages," said he; "for as I was steering end-on for the church, the craft got into a head sea, and after bobbing about run aground upon her knees, and shook my timbers a bit, for I went over the bows; whilst the youngster, as the ship lifted forward with the sea, slipped over the stern; but we shall be ready in a moment. I've repaired damages forward, and I'm shifting my ballast aft, for she sails too much by the head. I can manage her well enough now; but I think you had better shift the boy on one of your nags. So away with you, little one," said he, giving him a slap on the back; "and mind, do you hear? 'Victualled on board the day discharged!'"

"Come on deck here," said Bill; "and do you hear, turn to and dance us a hornpipe as we go along. Strike up, old Scrapelard! and tip us your best hornpipe, and, squadron make sail!"

In a short time we had got off the harbour and were unlading the cargo, when Joe came along, going about fourteen knots, his tiller-ropes lost, and his ship running away with him.

"Shorten sail," said Bill, "or you'll be aboard the church."

"Luff, Joe, luff, and weather it," said I. "My eyes! there he goes, right end on!" and down came the horses, pitching Joe over the bows.

"Nothing ever hurt his health but going without his grog. He was up in a moment, and reported that his ship was wrecked, her stem-piece stove in, and that she was bilged and lying over on her starboard side. The crew were all safe, and we prepared to enter the harbour. I caught hold of Betsy by the flipper; and Bill was behind with Moll Davis. She was rather the worse for her allowance in the morning, and would sing, although a chap who said he was a clerk in the establishment tried to stop her.

"To the devil wid you!" said Moll Davis: "Do you think, you black-looking raven, that I won't sing a song on the day of Betsy's marriage?" And she set off at the top of her voice, which was rather thick and hoarse than otherwise, and she bellowed out something about a "sweet William." Now it so turned out that William was the name of the soldier (Betsy's first love); and Betsy thinking it was meant for a shot at her,

turned round and whipped off the ribbon from her bonnet in a trice. I caught hold of Betsy by the arm, and Bill held Moll Davis, or we should have had a fight before marriage, for all the other women rushed up to take Betsy's part, except one or two, who always liked a fight, and therefore took the weakest side in order to make sure of one. This brought us all to our reasons, and we walked into the church as quiet and as orderly as men at a funeral.

Well, we were all ranged one alongside of each other round some rail-work, inside of which stood the parson; and he soon began to read something, which none of us seemed to understand, until he looked me full in the face with one eye, and said he, "Will you have this woman to thy wedded wife?" Now the parson squinted a bit with the other, and I thought his eye, which was looking towards his starboard ear, was upon Moll Davis; and as I understood the words to mean, whether I would take Moll Davis to my wedded wife, and thought that this was a kind of making peace after the war, I answered, "Certainly not, sir; she's abused her shamefully, and when this is over she may box her trotters where she likes." Bill cut in, and said he, "I think Tom is right; for she had no business to sing what she did." And Betsy said, "No, your reverence; she shan't come to me."

The clerk began to say something; but Bill soon stopped him by saying, "Avaust beaving, young man! hadn't you better take a reef in your jawing-tacks, and double your distance?"

The clergyman explained what it meant, and he asked me again: "Certainly, sir," said I; "I come here for that same purpose."

"You must say," said the clerk, "*I will.*"

"*Certainly!*" said I.

"That won't do," continued the devil-dodger; "you must say only, *I will.*"

"*I will,*" says I; "and now I hope you are satisfied."

We got through the business in about a quarter of an hour; and we were then taken into a room to sign our names.

Well, I never could write, for I never had no education like; so I clapped a cross, such as we make to the paper about the prize-agents. Well, Betsy could not write, so she stuck another. Then they told Bill he must witness it, and he couldn't write either: and then Moll Davis made her mark, which was a large black blot on the book; for she was then all now, and dabbed down the pen, and then shoved it athwart the clerk's muzzle. But the best of all was Bill when he heard the little chap in black ask for a fee.

"What's that?" said Bill; "I never heard that liquor before."

"It's money I want," said the clerk: "any little gift—a crown or so."

"Take that upon your crown," said Bill, and he put the clerk's hat on, and giving it one rap, flattened in the jib-sheet, and only left the mouth and chin to be seen.

"Now then," said I, after all hands had kissed Betsy, "the devil take the hindmost, and let's have a ride round the town. And, perhaps," said I respectfully, — "perhaps your worship will come with us?—we won't stow you in the cabin; you shall be up aloft amongst the seamen on the quarter-deck, where you can see the ship is properly worked." And I am blessed if I don't think he thought we were going to press him; for he sheered off, leaving his clerk to see us off.

No sooner was he gone than the little black fellow followed us out, and began to say something quite disrespectful to Bill; who quietly turned round, took the little chap under his arm, and clapped him in amongst the women. They began to play "none of my child," and shoved him about from one to another, until, as we were sailing along at a good rate, the door flew open, and out went old straight-hair, with a shot in his stern which nearly sent him across the street.

All Portsmouth turned out to see us. There was Watson touching up his horse over the taffrail, and it kicked up behind high enough to have lifted the spanker-boom from the crutch; and went on worse than ever. I roared out for him to pass within hail, but the animal would not answer its helm at all; but slewing round like a boat in an eddy, it made a start on one side, and in went Dick Watson into a gentleman's breakfast parlour; whilst away went the horse, tossing up its head and tail, and kicking and flinging in all directions: this cleared the passage for the squadron, and on we went through the crowd.

Whenever the boys cheered, I stood up and returned the salute with an equal number of guns. Slap we went through one street, down another; round one corner, then another; Bill and I on the top of the coach, standing on the roof and cheering. Old Scrapard was fiddling like a good one; the youngster, with his hat held up over his head, was standing on one leg like a flamingo, and slewing about like a dog-vane in a calm; whilst the women had got their heads out of the windows and made more row than the devil in a gale of wind. At last the horses were near coming to an anchor without our ranging the cables; they were bitted already; so we drove down to the Point, took the bridles in, and got our crew and passengers all safe. Then it was that we got to work with the knives and forks; and we played a rare stick at eating. We stuck at it, dancung and smoking, until ten o'clock at night, when all hands were as drunk as owls; and I had given Betsy nearly all my money to take care

of, which she did right well, for I never could get a farthing back again.

So ended my marriage; and it was a real sailor's marriage, got up in a moment, and it lasted nearly as long. We got on well enough the next day: but on Sunday morning we all returned to our ships; and I told the first-lieutenant that I had got spliced, and asked to have Betsy aboard. The ship was going round to the River the next day, so I couldn't get leave either to go to her, or she to come to me. I thought, to be sure, she might as well have tried to have got alongside; but I never got a glance of her eye from the morning of our mustering on board until now. I got one of the purser's steward's lads, who could handle a pen without making a cross, and I wrote her this letter:—"Dearest Betsy,—Why don't you come alongside in the bum-boat? I have been standing in the starboard fore-chains from one till four bells, overhauling the craft which came within hail. Come, that's a good girl! up stick and make sail! If I can only get a word with you under the bows, I'm satisfied."

Well, what do you think she writes to me, or gets somebody else to write to me?—

"Old Tom,—I know you are ship-bound, church-bound, and poverty-struck; you belong to no parish but *Port Sea*, and you may whistle for good luck and for Betsy Matson."

It ran right into my heart, and gave me the hiccups for a fortnight; and I never was all right in the head until I heard she had married the soldier under another name, and that I had saved my allotment.

(*To be continued.*)

The Public Journals.

A WORD FOR WINTER.

If there is any being that ought to be more especially grateful than another to the maker of this beautiful world, it is the painter; by that organ, which others may think only given to mankind to see about their ways and businesses, does he extract from universal nature the most perfect delight—I say perfect, for it gives him a new sense, a perception of the infinite beauties of the only works that are perfect. There is not a spot nor an hour where and in which the sketcher may not find something to admire—he has ever something to collect, to treasure up, not like the common collectors of curiosities, for idle gaze, but for positive use, to stimulate his fancy into a faculty of combination, the poets' and painters' gift alone, a gift that confers, as far as we are capable of receiving it, a delight which resembles no other, not so much of imitating, but of creating. The artist will take storm and sunshine from the natural world, to enliven or display the wonders of his ideal; he lays every season under

contribution, and, by the intense occupation of his mind under its converting power, that scenery and those effects which fill others with melancholy gloom, but furnish him with pleasures; and they are the greater, perhaps, as they direct his genius to higher conceptions. He would be but a poor artist, who would limit his studies to one month, or to one season of the year. Let the sketcher see all—note all—for beauty is that gift to nature, when it was first pronounced good, that has never been, and never will be, entirely withdrawn. Materials are always before the painter; he may make a bad or a good use of them, according to the wholesome or evil education that he has given to his taste. I never recollect a winter season to have been more rich in exquisite effects than the present. The hoar frost about Christmas was most fascinating, it had nothing of the coldness of winter—it was joyous—the earth was garlanded with silver, and the sky, though not light, was luminous, so as at once to set it off by colour, and to make it sparkling and brilliant. Spring was never more gay. The local circumstances, perhaps, gave a peculiar charm to my mind, and they constituted the poetry of the scene, and, therefore, made the picture complete. It happened to be one of those days of annual parochial gifts, when the poor rejoice in comforts, the bequests of pious and benevolent persons. The smoke was curling from the poor man's cottage, and ascending, like thankfulness, heavenward; and, in return, the sky sent down a lustre over the earth. Winter came not on that day with a shrivelled and niggard aspect, frowning upon poverty, but with a sack of plenty on his shoulders, and a bidding of welcome—not busybodyism, but celestial charity may have been walking about all village ways, and in the fields; and after showing her cheerful, healthy face at the poor man's table, and blessing his fields, went forth into the fields to see that the cattle were fed, and as she touched with her fingers the new cut snow, it gleamed like gold—merry children followed her, and sunshine played about her footsteps, and the frosted hollows were like silver cups gilt within. How exquisitely beautiful were the hedges;—such tracery, and every thing in them so beat, and communicating with each other, as if conscious of, and pleased with, their festoonery of silver—and in the sheltered places, the little leaves, partly dotting the shade with white, and partly enlivening it with their evergreen tint, shining amidst red berries that were still uncovered; these small, bright leaves of green were tokens left, as the rainbow in the heavens, to give security of the entire recovery of refreshing green, when nature may choose to assume it. There never was poet or painter, who did not receive into his creed

a fellowship of life and sensation with every object of the vegetable world—nay, with all nature as a whole, and in all the detail: rocks and stones, leaf and blade, to their imaginations, are endowed with feeling; and there is not a desolate scene under a dreary sky, that does not, to their fancies, seem to feel its own misery—and thus they sympathize with universal nature. This is strictly true; and if there be any that read this, and have not felt it, they are no painters, and have no touch of poetry in them—they may laugh at the conceit, but the painter will acknowledge the truth.

On the day of my admiration of the hoar frost, the sympathy felt with all that was seen was a sympathy of lively joy, of health, of sportiveness, as if the landscape had put on a white dress to make holyday, and it was impossible to admit a thought that was not in its holyday trim.

Look at the trees, quoth Fancy; see how they meet together, how they stretch out their graced and graceful arms; and all, multitudinous as they are, seem conscious of each other's presence, and are glad—it is now their assembly season—their holyday of joy and pleasant idleness. In the spring they must work hard, and manufacture shade for us, and leaves for millions of creatures to furnish both shelter and food, and then they are shut up in their manufactory, and can see nothing of each other, for their leaves and industry; but now their work is over, pleasure begins, and see how they visit each other, and acknowledge the gratification. Come, Sketcher, with your pencil and palette, for here are form and colour—look at the greenish, brown stems, here slightly touched with silver, and here with amber, and why should you lament the loss of the rich, summer hues? And if you would learn drawing, you never can have so glorious an opportunity. They are all stripped bare before you, like Academy figures, and there is strength, beauty, and grace in every limb; and they will be pleased at your attention. Scoff not at Fancy's exhortation; fancy and truth are nearer akin than either judge or jury will allow; and her lectures are from a pure source.

Winter has its cheerful views: the blessed season I have been describing, that of the Nativity, brought to my mind Milton's Holy Hymn.—How did he keep his Christmas eve? noting such a 'beautiful, starry night as preceded our return of the blessed day—

"Now while the Heaven by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no point of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright."

He does, indeed, begin his hymn—

"It was the winter wild;"

but the wildness soon is dispersed, and Nature—

"Only with speeches fair,
She wooes the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow."

How soon is the scene changed, and the cheering idea embodied—

"But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land."

Here is no dreary winter scene: if it was a season of snow, the poet's genius animates it—it is the "innocent snow," conscious of the presence of divine innocence. The wise men, when they journeyed to make their offerings to the lowly babe, may have found all around garlanded with the hoar frost, and the lowly shed more richly ornamented than halls of silver palaces; and then glad was the aspect of heaven and earth, and frosted brightness, and starry splendour, at the contemplation of which, and the glory they announced, the poet's heart indeed rejoiced, and dwelt upon the vision.

"But see, the Virgin blest,
Hath put her babe to rest."

No more, then, of churlish winter, if it bring health, cheerfulness, and a season of holy joy, of human charity, and is withal thus lustrous with beauty.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

In 1603, the English army in Ireland, subscribed 1,800*l.* for purchasing a library for Trinity College, Dublin.—*George.*

The first time the character of a nabob was brought out on the English stage was by Rowe, in the comedy of *The Biter*, under the name of Sir Timothy Tallipoy.—*George.*

In the preface to the works of Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, in the time of Queen Mary, are displayed upon a shield surmounted by a mitre, *three combs*; the good bishop priding himself upon being lineally descended from the barber of William the Conqueror.—*George.*

Marylebone Almshouses.—Several plans, specifications, &c., with estimates, have been gratuitously offered by architects for the erection of almshouses, for the aged and the unfortunate, residing in the parish of Marylebone. A freehold piece of ground has been given by Colonel Eyre for the purpose, pleasantly situated on Primrose Hill.—*Architectural Magazine.*

Hatfield House.—Part of this venerable mansion, a generally acknowledged first-rate specimen of Elizabethan architecture, was destroyed by fire on the 27th of November last year; being, however, insured in the Sun

Fire Office, to a large amount, it will be restored without much difficulty: this is to be performed by Messrs. Webb, builders to the fire office, at the cost of 15,000*l.*—*Ibid.*

Courteous Forbearance.—A gentleman, making a morning call upon a late county member of great taste and scrupulous courtesy, was accompanied into the library by a beautiful kid, which he found standing at the street door. During the conversation, the animal proceeded round the room, examining the different objects of art with ludicrous curiosity, till, coming to a small, bronze statue, placed upon the floor, he made a butt at it, and knocked it over. The owner of the house taking no notice, his visitor observed: "That kid is a special favourite, I perceive: how long have you had it?"—"I had it!" exclaimed the virtuoso in an agony, "I thought it had been yours."—"Mine!" said the gentleman, with no less astonishment, "it is not mine, I assure you."—Whereupon they both rose, and by summary process ejected the intruder.—*The Original.*

True courage is that which is not afraid of being thought afraid; the rest is counterfeits. Such for the most part is duelling courage.—*Ibid.*

A distinguished ornament of London society, about half a century since being at Bath, was accustomed to converse familiarly with a sort of small gentleman, who frequented the same bookseller's shop. Some time after his return to town, he was accosted in St. James's street by his watering-place acquaintance.—"I beg your pardon, sir," he replied, "but really I do not recollect to have seen you before."—"Oh, yes, you saw me at Bath."—"I shall be most happy to see you at Bath again."—*Ibid.*

Mr. Pitt, once speaking in the House of Commons in the early part of his career, of the glorious war which preceded the disastrous one, in which we lost the colonies called it "the last war." Several members cried out, "the last war but one." He took no notice, and soon after repeating the mistake, he was interrupted by a general cry of "the last war but one, the last war but one."—"I mean, sir," said Mr. Pitt, turning to the speaker, and raising his sonorous voice, "I mean, sir, the last war that Britons would wish to remember;"—whereupon the cry was instantaneously changed into an universal cheering, long and loud.—*Ibid.*

At Helton, in the parish of Askham, Cumberland, at the end of the tith barn, was formerly a stone seat, where the inhabitants met for the purpose of transacting their parochial affairs. He who came first waited till he was joined by the rest; and it was considered a mark of great rudeness for any one to absent himself from the meeting.

After conferring on such matters as related to the parish, they separated, and each returned home. W. G. C.

Calamy, the celebrated presbyterian minister, on one occasion objected to Cromwell assuming the supreme power as Protector, as being, in his opinion, both unlawful and impracticable. Cromwell observed, he cared little about the lawfulness; "but why, may I ask you," he replied, "is it impracticable?"—"Oh!" observed the divine, "it is impracticable, inasmuch as it is against the voice of the people: you will have nine in ten against you."—"Very well, sir," replied Cromwell, "but what if I should disarm the nine, and put the sword into the tenth man's hand; would that not do the business, think you?" The events which succeeded, prove that Cromwell not only entertained the opinion he thus expressed, but that he also acted upon it. W. G. C.

Mr. Freeling, during his late visit to Paris, concerning a few important alterations to be made with regard to foreign letters, declared that the Post Office lost at least 25,000*l.* a year by the number of letters sent through the medium of the ambassador's bag. It was only last year that a pair of boots and a great coat were expedited from London to Paris through the accommodation of the bag.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Stock-jobbers—Bears and Bulls.—He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is said, proverbially, to sell the bear's skin while the bear runs in the woods: and it being common for stock-jobbers to make contracts for transferring stock at a future time, though not possessed of the stock to be transferred, were called sellers of bear-skins, or "bears."—*Ibid.*

Duration of Life in France.—The average length of human life in France is 33 years, 8 months, and 11 days.—*Ibid.*

Ancient Coins.—Some time since, in a garden at Valonge Manche, in France, an ancient sarcophagus was discovered, containing a skeleton, which, on being exposed to the air, crumbled into dust. It had in its mouth, a piece of silver about the size of a sou, with the inscription, *MES IMP.* on one side, and *VIC. GAL.* on the other; at the feet of the skeleton was a silver case, a foot long and eight inches deep, containing 150 coins or medals, in bronze, silver, and gold, and bearing the effigies of Cæsar, Pompey, Mithridates, Cleopatra, Philip of Macedon, Hannibal, Scipio, Sylla, Africanus, Crassus, &c. W. G. C.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 768.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE HOUSE OF FERRERS.



STAUNTON-HAROLD, LEICESTERSHIRE.

(The Old Gate : from a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

THIS seat of Earl Ferrers, of the ancient family of the Shirleys, is situated in the immediate vicinity of Ashby-de-la-Zouch on one side, and Melbourne on the other ; while the domain of Calke Abbey is only separated from the grounds by a little stream. It is an extensive lordship, measuring two miles and a half from east to west, and two miles from north to south, containing about 1,700 acres of land, chiefly high hills and deep brakes ; and is separated from the county of Derbyshire by a brook, which runs from a fine sheet of water in front of the house ; the brook being so narrow that, in stepping across it, the traveller has a foot in each county.

The name of the place is evidently derived

from the natural character of the spot—Stone-ton or town ; the lordship being chiefly sand-rock, limestone, or coal. It takes its additional name of Harold, from its ancient lord ; and which name serves to distinguish it from three other Stauntons in this county. After the Norman conquest, Staunton was given by the Conqueror to his follower, Henry de Ferraris,* who enfeoffed Harold,†

* Some say that the name of Ferrers was derived from the circumstance of the first who bore that name having been *farrier* to the Conqueror.

† Nothing is known of the ancestors of Harold ; the family are first mentioned in the reign of Rufus, and at that period were powerful, and possessors of many fair manors, ranking in the second class of nobility.

its ancient lord therein; his descendants holding it by the fourth part of a knight's fee; which service was, about the year 1140, given by his grandson, Robert de Ferraria, junior, Earl of Nottingham and Derby, (as part of four knights' fees,) to Bertram de Verdun, in frank-marriage with Maud his daughter.

The progeny of Harold of this place, were, after this grant, called Staunton; and the first so styled was Richard de Staunton, son of the above-mentioned Harold de Lecka.

In 1423, it was found that, after the death of John Staunton, his son and heir, Thomas, being then a minor, the estates of Staunton-Harold came into the hands of the King, and that they were held of Sir Ralph Rochford, Knight, as of his manor of Braundon, but by what service was unknown; that the son, Thomas de Staunton, died on St. Valentine's day, then last past, and that Margaret Staunton, aged seventeen on the feast of St. Stephen, was sister and next heir of the said Thomas; who, December 12, 1423, performing her relief, was admitted into possession of her lands; and by her marriage with Ralph Shirley, Esq., the manors of Staunton, East Lake, &c., were brought into the possession of the Shirley family.*

"This family of Shirley is of great antiquity, and is descended from an ancient Saxon line long before the Conquest; of which, if there was no other proof, the very Saxon names used therein, about the time of the Conquest, (as Fulcher, Sewall,† Eldred, and the like,) more fully testify the same. But, by the book of Domesday, it is evident that, in these times, they were men of great estate and livelihood. And as their quality appeareth to be great, so were their matches eminent, as with the heirs of Waldechiefe, Braose, Basset, Staunton, Lovet, Devereux, and Ferrers, all families of note. Their employment in martial affairs may appear by indentures of war remaining with the Clerk of the Pells; and of no less account have they been in times of peace, even to these our days, flourishing and enjoying much of their ancientest possessions."

So says Burton, in his account of the family, written about the year 1638. Nor was he the only patient chronicler of the

opulence and dignity of this noble family, as a copious account of them may be seen in three distinct Manuscript Histories preserved in the British Museum.

Some of the members of the family have played conspicuous parts in the annals of bravery and patriotism. Sir Hugh Shirley was slain while fighting in behalf of the Crown, at the memorable battle of Shrewsbury, and died on the eve of St. Mary Magdalen, 1403; which circumstance is mentioned by Shakspeare, in the first part of *King Henry IV.*, act 5, scene 4, where Douglas, fighting and nearly worsting the King, is thus accosted by Prince Henry:—

"Hold up thy head, vile Scot! or thou art like
Never to hold it up again. The spirits
Of Shirley, Stafford, Blount, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay."

In the reign of the succeeding monarch, Henry V., at the ever-memorable battle of Agincourt, Sir Ralph Shirley was present, as one of the chief commanders.

By the marriage of Sir Henry Shirley, Bart., with the lady Dorothy, youngest daughter and co-heir of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and Lord Ferrers of Chartley, (the favourite minister of Queen Elizabeth,) the present Earl Ferrers enjoys Chartley and twelve other manors in the county of Stafford. Sir Henry died February 8, 1633, seized of the manors of Rakedale, Willows, &c. At this time, Staunton was valued at 20*l.* a year.

Sir Robert Shirley, who founded the church here, was the youngest son by this marriage. He was a zealous Royalist, who, scorning to conceal his loyal sentiments, was persecuted by the opposite party with great virulence, and was condemned to close imprisonment in the Tower, under warrant dated 4th of May, 1650. Having remained there for some months, and nothing satisfactory being proved against him to warrant such detention, after several other petitions, he adopted this means of remonstrance for the last time, October 5, 1650; begging to be set at liberty, that he might be able to furnish the thirteen horses and arms, charged by the Parliament on his estate. This application had its due effect, and he was for a time discharged.

In 1653, Sir Robert Shirley founded the beautiful church at Staunton, which remains as a monument of his fine taste and princely liberality. But these qualities, when applied to the building of churches, in the fanatical times of Cromwell, were held worthier of censure or even punishment, than of praise. Accordingly, what would in less fanatical times have excited the admiration of people in general, was ingeniously construed into a fault by the hypocritical placemen of those unhappy days; for Peck says,

* The first who bore the name of Shirley was Sewallus the second, who translated his seat from Eatendon, his ancient habitation to Shirley, (signifying a *clear place*,) and from this circumstance styled himself "de Shirley."

† Sewall was living in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and was the chief and principal founder of the house which afterwards bore the name of Shirley. At that period, he possessed the manor of Eatendon, in Warwickshire, and many other lordships in that county, and in Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, and Nottinghamshire; and being dispossessed of some part at the Conquest, was, notwithstanding, permitted to enjoy his manor of Eatendon, and some others which he held under the Lord Henry de Ferraria.

"it being told the usurping powers then reigning, that Sir Robert Shirley had built a church, they directed an order of council to him to fit out a *ship*; saying, he that could afford to build a church, could, no doubt, afford to equip a man of war. And thus he and other good men were endeavoured to be frightened from doing any acts of piety."

For what pretended offence, after this, Sir Robert was again imprisoned, we do not learn; but, by his last will, dated November 29, 1654, he gave 1,000*l.* to be disposed of unto such distressed persons as had lost their estates in the service of the late King Charles; and in case the church, then building at Staunton-Harold, should not be finished before his death, he bequeathed so much to his executors as they should think sufficient to perfect the structure according to his original intention. And he also directed restitution to be made of whatever rents or profits he had received, of any impropriation, tithes, or lands, belonging to any churches, chapels, &c.; the same to be distributed among orthodox and distressed clergymen.

This patriotic man died the victim of injustice, oppression, and fanaticism, a prisoner in the Tower of London, on the 6th of November, 1656, in the very prime of his life, not having attained his twenty-eighth year; and not without a suspicion of having been poisoned by his enemies, as the only sure means of repressing that innate honour and bravery which their persecution failed in conquering. At his death, a funeral sermon was preached from Luke vii., verse 5.—"He loved our country much, and hath built us a synagogue." After lying for some days in state in the ancient priory church at Breedon, he was buried in the family vault at Staunton, on the 26th or 28th of November.

In a book at Staunton, wherein are kept a number of official letters, signed by Charles I., to one of his lordship's ancestors, is the following letter of condolence, written by Charles II. to Dame Catherine Shirley, after the death of her husband. This lady survived till October, 1672.

"Brusselles, 20 Oct. 1657.

"It hath been my particular care of you that I have this long deferred to lament with you the greater loss that you and I have sustained, least in steede of comfortinge, I might further expose you to the will of those, who will be glad of any occasion to do you further prejudice; but I am promised that this shall be put safely into your hands, though it may be not so soone as I wish; and I am very willing you should know, which I suppose you cannot doubt, that I beare a greater parte with you of your affliction; and when ever it shall be in my power to make it lighter, you shall see I retayne a very kinde memory of your frinde by the care I

N 2

shall have of you and all his relations; and of this you may depende upon the worde of

"Your very affectionate frinde,
"CHARLES R."

This letter is pasted within the cover of the book: underneath, apparently in the hand-writing of a female, is written:—

"A Letter writ from King Charles ye 2. to the Lady Shirley, upon the death of her husband, Sr Robert Shirley, who died in the Tower after seven times being imprisoned there, suspected to be poison'd by the Usurper, Oliver Cromwell.*"

In spite of these protestations, all that Charles did for the family on his restoration, to recompense their losses sustained in the cause of his father, was to create the next Master of the Horse and Steward of the Household to his Queen Katharine of Spain; and make him a present of his own portrait, (a small, full length, highly finished,) and five other pictures, commonly called King Charles's Beauties, being duplicates of the portraits of ladies of his court, by Sir Peter Lely.

The last-mentioned nobleman was sworn of the privy council to King William III., May 25, 1699, and again to Queen Anne, November 25, 1708. On the 3rd of September, 1711, he was advanced to the dignity of Viscount Tamworth and *Earl Ferrers*; being the first of the family bearing the title of earl.

Some years after this, the annals of the family were destined to be stained by the records of a foul and brutal murder, committed by Laurence, *Earl Ferrers*, on the body of his faithful steward, Mr. Johnson. This nobleman, who was a man of violent and ungovernable temper, and of whose brutality there are many instances on record, had behaved to his wife with such unwarrantable cruelty as to oblige her to apply to Parliament for redress; the consequence of which was the passing of an act for allowing her a separate maintenance, to be raised out of his estates; and Mr. Johnson was proposed as receiver of the rents for her use, an office he declined accepting till urged by the earl himself. Johnson at this time stood high in the opinion of his lordship; but the earl having conceived an opinion that he had combined with the trustees to disappoint him in a contract for coal-mines, from that time he spoke ill of him, using opprobrious terms, and stigmatizing him as a villain. With these sentiments, he gave him warning to quit an advantageous farm, which he held under his lordship; but finding that the trustees, under the act of separation had already granted him a lease of it, he was

* Nichols's History of Leicestershire; in which a fac-simile of the letter and a portrait of Sir Robert are engraved.

disappointed in this scheme, and from that time meditated a more cruel revenge.

However, the earl dissembled his malice so well that poor Johnson imagined he was never on better terms with his lordship, and having arranged with him to come to Staunton, on Friday, January 18th, 1760, he went there in the afternoon, and was admitted into the presence of the earl, who had contrived to send all the persons from the house, except three female servants. When the earl and Johnson were together, his lordship ordered him to settle an account, and soon after presented to him a paper, purporting to be a confession of his villany, which he required him to sign: this Johnson refused, and on expostulating with his lordship, the latter drew a pistol from his pocket, and bid him kneel down. He knelt on one knee, but Lord Ferrers cried out, so loud as to be heard by a servant at the kitchen-door, "Down on your other knee, declare what you have acted against Lord Ferrers; your time is come—you must die;" and immediately firing, the ball entered his body under the last rib: he did not drop, but rising and expressing both by looks and words the sensations of a dying man, the earl, though he had intended to have shot him again, felt an involuntary remorse, and ordered the servants to assist him into bed. A surgeon was sent for from Ashby, but not arriving till the evening, the earl himself applied a pledget dipped in Arquebusade-water; and on the surgeon's arrival, he told him, that Johnson was a villain who deserved to die; but, as he had spared his life, he desired him to do all he could for him. From this time, Lord Ferrers, who had been perfectly sober when he shot Johnson, continued to drink porter till he was drunk; and giving way to starts of rage and malice, he came into the room where the dying man lay, and pulled him by the wig, calling him villain, and again threatening to shoot him; while he was with difficulty prevented from tearing off the bed-clothes to strike him. Nor would he consent to let him be removed to his own house at Lount,* declaring that he would keep him there to plague him. In the night, however, Johnson was removed to his own home, where he died at nine next morning.

As soon as he was dead, the neighbours set about seizing the murderer, and on reaching Staunton, found him on his way to the stable, half-dressed. He, however, returned to the house, fastened the doors, and stood on his

* Lount—The name undoubtedly derived from its situation, a plain extended between two hills:—

"For through this laund anon the deer will come."
Third Part of Henry VI., Act 3, sc. 1.

And in the old play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:—

"And they that trace the shady lawnds."

This place consists of a few houses inhabited by colliers, and is facetiously termed by neighbouring country-people "the City of Lount."

defence; but the people still loitering about, he was seen by one Curtis, a collier, on the bowling-green, armed with a blunderbuss, two or three pistols, and a dagger; but Curtis, far from being intimidated, marched boldly up to him, and the earl was so struck with his determined resolution, that he suffered him to seize him without the least resistance.

He was ultimately brought to trial on the 16th of April, and received sentence to be hung on Monday the 21st; but he was, in consideration of his rank, respited till Monday, 5th of May; when he was escorted from the Tower to Tyburn under a strong guard, and executed there; telling the sheriff that he had written to the King to beg that he might suffer where his ancestor, the Earl of Essex, had suffered; and was in great hopes of obtaining that favour, as he had the honour of quartering part of the same arms, and of being allied to his Majesty; and that he thought it was hard that he must die at the place appointed for the execution of common felons.†

After execution, the body was conveyed to Surgeons' Hall, to undergo the remainder of the sentence. A large incision having been made from the neck to the bottom of the breast, and another across the throat; the lower part of the belly was laid open, and the bowels taken away. The body was afterwards publicly exposed to view in a room up one pair of stairs, at the Hall; and on the evening of Thursday, the 8th of May, it was delivered to the earl's friends for interment.‡

(To be concluded in our next.)

EGYPTIANA.

(From various Authorities.)

A MORE wonderful country than Egypt never courted the attention of the traveller. Every step taken among its pyramidal mounds, its elaborate, sculptured courts, its magnificent peristyles, and gigantic colonnades—every glimpse of the series of mighty ruins which bestride the valley of the Nile, from Meroe to the Delta, increases our admiration of the extraordinary people who raised them. It is as if we were looking on the deserted cities of primitive giants. On all sides we see the pictured memorials of extraordinary national vicissitudes, the history of which, if the hieroglyphical veil that covers them were lifted, would only be second in importance and interest to the Hebrew Scriptures. The eye, on all sides, falls on the evidences of inordinate wealth and prosperity, succeeded by poverty, degradation, and desolation. The iron arm of Pharaoh has been broken, and the hand of the Lord has been shaken over Egypt;

† The bill of expenses for Lord Ferrers's execution was found some years since at Staunton, and among the articles enumerated was the silk rope with which he was hung.

‡ For Horace Walpole's graphic narrative of the execution of Lord Ferrers, see *Mirror*, vol. xxii. p. 155.

Amenophis has been rent asunder; the heart of Egypt has failed in the midst of it; fire has been set in Tanis, the seat of the solar worship; the day has been eclipsed at Heliopolis, a cloud has covered it; and the yokes of Apis have been broken. The multitude has been cut off from Diospolis; the Thebaid has been made desolate; and Memphis has had distresses daily. Through the discoveries of the phonetic* system, we seem to connect the present day with the infancy of the world. We behold the sculptures superintended by the kings and heroes who immediately succeeded Mizraim, who was contemporary with Moses and the Patriarchs; and who preceded Homer and those whom the classics have accustomed us to regard as the most ancient historical personages. Those sculptures are, at this time, as fresh and angular as when the graving tool of the sculptor quitted his accomplished task, three thousand years ago. We survey portraits equally imperishable, of the same hero kings; we are familiarized with their names; we witness their exploits; we behold their crests, devices, and arms; we see the armorial bearings depicted on the shields, banners, and chariots of that audacious Thothmosis, who dared to set his decisions against those of the Almighty; we see the impress of that standard, whose pompous blazonry, invested with the fiery pillar's ominous radiance, shot terror from amidst the surges of the Red Sea, on the backward gaze of flying Israel, till they beheld the daring king, and the glittering pageant of his Memphian cavalry, swallowed up for ever.

There is little similarity, (says Michaud,) between the Turkish and Egyptian peasant. The Turk is naturally proud and haughty, always ready to resist oppression and injustice; the Fellah has the melancholy look of one accustomed to suffer—the timid and cowardly air of a man who is hopeless of remedy or aid; in vain does the Nile lavish its treasures on every hand—none of them are his. There are in Egypt myriads of labourers who gather abundant harvests, but whose food consists of herbs of the field, bread made of flax-seed, and boiled beans. The celebrated Amru once compared the people of Egypt to the beasts which labour incessantly for the benefit of others. The state of the poor cultivators of Egypt has undergone little alteration since the days of Amru. It is here we find how limited is our vocabulary for expressing misery; it is presented to us at every step, and under all its forms.

When the canal of Mahmoud was commenced, in 1819, Mohammed Ali immediately proceeded to Alexandria, to superintend

in person the execution of the design. Having appointed Ismel Pasha director of the works, with two Beys and four Kiasheffs under his orders, (says Mr. St. John,) the Viceroy returned to Cairo. The Sheikhs of the provinces of Gharbieh, Sharkieh, Mensourah, Kelyoubieh, Ghizeh, Menouf. and Bahyreh, were commanded to furnish each a given number of Fellahs, amounting in all to 313,000, including women and children. This promiscuous multitude, collected in haste, were marched towards the ground, where they encamped, under the command of the Sheikhs, along the intended line of canal. The Government, however, intent on carrying its designs into execution, but indifferent respecting the injury and misery inflicted thereby upon the people, had neglected to provide implements or a store of provisions for the workmen. Nevertheless, they were compelled to labour incessantly, from the break of day until night, soldiers being stationed along the line of works, which allowed of no pause or relaxation. The men, destitute of the necessary tools, scratched up with their hands the soft mud, which was removed by women and children, in baskets, and placed in heaps on the right and left. Having, in many places, to excavate considerably below the level of the sea, and no pumps being provided to keep the ground dry, they were compelled to work knee-deep in water; and thus, from the severity of the labour to which they were unaccustomed, united with ill treatment and want of food and pure water, 23,000 persons perished in ten months, and were buried in the embankments.

The water of Egypt, (says the Abbé Masezior,) is so delicious, that one would not wish the heat to be less, nor to be delivered from the sensation of thirst. The Turks find it so exquisitely charming, that they excite themselves to drink of it by eating salt. It is a common saying among them, that if Mahomet had drunk of it, he would have begged God not to have died, that he might always have drunk of it. When the Egyptians undertake the pilgrimage of Mecca, or go out of their country on any other account, they speak of nothing but the pleasure they shall find at their return, in drinking the Nile water. There is nothing to be compared to this satisfaction: it surpasses, in their esteem, that of seeing their families and relations again. All those who have tasted this water, allow that they never met with the like in any other place. When a person drinks of it for the first time, it seems difficult to believe that it is not a water prepared by art. It has something in it so inexpressibly agreeable and pleasing to the taste, that it deserves that rank among waters which champagne has among wines. But its most valuable quality is, that it is exceedingly salutary. It never incommodes let it

* The phonetic hieroglyphics are hieroglyphics which represent sounds, and were thus used to express proper names.

be drunk in what quantity it may; this is so true, that it is no uncommon thing to see some persons drink three buckets of it in a day. It is right to observe, that the water of the Nile is that which is alone intended in these high encomiums. Well-water, in Egypt, is detestable and unwholesome: fountains are so rare, that they are a kind of prodigy in that country; and rain-water it would be vain to attempt preserving, as scarcely any falls in Egypt.

Having passed through a portion of *Masr-el-Atikeh*, or old Cairo, (says Mr. St. John,) we arrived about sunrise at the ferry, and embarked upon the Nile. The prospect, as we moved across the river, was truly magnificent. The long lines of white buildings on the eastern bank; the tower of the Nilometer; the groves and gardens of the island of Rhondah; the village of Ghizeh, flanked by palm woods; glimpses of the Lybian desert between the trees; the lofty summits of the Pyramids; the broad bosom of the river, enlivened by numerous sails; the partially clouded sky, illumined by the first rays of the sun—all these elements harmonizing beautifully together, formed a panorama of incomparable interest. But the air was exceedingly keen and cold, so that our thoughts were often diverted from the landscape to the means of protecting ourselves from the cold wind. Arriving at Ghizeh, on the western bank, we remounted, and pushed on hastily towards *Sakkiet-Mekkah*; the plain which we now traversed being intersected in various directions by canals, and partly covered by broad sheets of water, the remains of the inundation, between which, in many places, lay our road, over slippery causeways, or banks of earth, barely wide enough to admit of one person riding along them at a time. Large flights of ibises, as white as snow, continually kept hovering about us, or alighted on the lakes, while several other kinds of water-fowl, of brilliant plumage, were scattered here and there in flocks. A great portion of the plain was covered with forests of date palms, of magnificent growth, planted in regular lines, and springing up from a level carpet of grass or young corn of the brightest green. Interspersed among these woods, and numerous smaller groves of tamarisks and acacias, were the villages, mosques, and sheikhs' tombs; not unpleasant objects, when beheld by a cheerful eye. Here and there were fields of the *dhourra sefi*, a species of Indian corn, of prodigious powers of increase, which grows to a great height, and forms a principal ingredient in the food of the Arabs.

When the sun's disk disappears behind the Lybian desert, the whole western sky, along the edge of the horizon, assumes a beautiful golden colour, with a mingling of orange, saffron, and straw colour, dashed

with red. A little higher, these bold tints melt into a singular kind of green, like that of a spring leaf prematurely faded; over this extends an arch of palish light, like that of an aurora borealis, conducting the eye to a flush of deep violet colour, which forms the ground work of the sky, on to the very skirts of darkness. Through all these semicircles of different hues, superimposed upon each other, there ascend, as from a furnace, vast pyramidal irradiations of crimson light, most distinctly divided from each other, and terminating in a point: and the contrast between these blood-red flashes and the various strata of colours which they traverse, produce a most wonderful and glorious effect.

W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

POPE LEO X.

THE manners of the court of Leo X. exhibited a singular combination—a struggle for the mastery between the spirit of antiquity and the barbaric Christianity of the middle ages. The splendid ceremonial went on in all its pomp; architecture and sculpture lavished their invention in building and decorating Christian churches. Yet the Vatican was visited less for the purpose of worshipping the footsteps of the apostles than to admire the great works of ancient art in the papal palace—the Belvedere Apollo and the Laocoon. The Pope was strongly urged to undertake a holy war against the infidels, but the scholars of his court thought little of the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre; their hope was that the Pope might recover some of the lost writings of the Greeks, or even of the Romans. The character of Leo himself is thus struck out in the Journal of a Venetian ambassador. "He is a learned man, and a lover of learned men, *very religious*, but he will *live*—(E docto e amador di docti, ben religioso, ma vol viver)." The acute Venetian calls him *buona persona*, which we may English, *a good fellow*.

And Leo X. knew how to *live*:—his summers were passed in the most beautiful parts of the Roman territory, in hunting, shooting, and fishing—men of agreeable talents, improvisators, enlivened the pleasant hours.

"In the winter he returned to the city; it was in the highest state of prosperity. The number of inhabitants increased a third in a few years. Manufactures found their profit—art, honour—every one security. Never was the court more lively, more agreeable, more intellectual; no expenditure was too great to be lavished on religious and secular festivals, on amusements and theatres, on presents and marks of favour. It was heard with pleasure that Giuliano Medici with his young wife, thought of making Rome his residence. 'Praised be God!' Cardinal

Bibiena writes to him; 'the only thing we want is a court with ladies.' "

Ariosto had been known to Leo in his youth. Tragedies, such as they were, and comedies, by no means wanting in talent, whatever might be said as to their decency, were written, and by the pens of cardinals. To Leo, Machiavelli had addressed his writings; for him Raffaele was peopling the Vatican with his more than human forms. Leo possessed an exquisite taste, and was passionately fond of music; and Leo, the most fortunate of the popes, was not least fortunate in his early death, before these splendid scenes were disturbed by the sad reverses which were in some respects their inevitable consequence.

Had Rome been merely the metropolis of the Christian world, from which emanated the laws and the decrees which were to regulate the religious concerns of mankind, this classical and Epicurean character of the court would have been of less importance; but it was likewise the centre of confluence to the whole Christian world. Ecclesiastics, or those destined for the ecclesiastical profession, and even religious men of all classes, undertook pilgrimages to Rome from all parts of Europe. To such persons, only accustomed to the rude and coarse habits which then generally prevailed in the northern nations—to men perhaps trained in the severest monastic rules, who had been taught to consider the austere asceticism as the essence, the perfection of Christianity—what must have been their impressions on entering this splendid and festive city, on beholding the Father of the Faithful in the midst of his sumptuous entertainments, amid all the luxuries of modern art, with heathen idols in his chambers, and heathen poets superseding the study of St. Augustine and St. Bernard? No doubt, much relaxation of morals prevailed in this gay and intellectual court-circle, though Leo, at least, respected outward decency: yet it must be remembered how thoroughly the whole city had been vitiated by Alexander VI.; and since the days of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, the atmosphere of Rome had not been too favourable to matronly virtue. No doubt much freedom of opinion was permitted among the scholars of the day. The philosophy as well as the art of Greece had revived in all its captivating influence; but its attempts to harmonize with Christianity did not meet with equal success. The priesthood itself had imbibed irreligious or sceptical opinions.

"How astonished was the youthful Luther when he visited Italy! At the moment, at the instant that the offering of the mass was finished, the priests uttered words of blasphemy, which denied its value. It was the tone of good society to question the evidences of Christianity. No one passed

(says P. Ant. Bandino) for an accomplished man, who did not entertain erroneous opinions about Christianity. At the court, the ordinances of the catholic church and passages of holy writ were spoken of only in a jesting manner—the mysteries of the faith were despised."

To the coarse and barbarous minds of the less civilized nations of Europe, the elegancies and refinements of the Roman court would be no less offensive and irreligious than their laxity of morals and belief. Luxury is the indefinite and comprehensive term of reproach with which the vulgar, in all ages and all classes, brand whatever is beyond their own tastes and habits. What is luxury to some is but refinement and civilization to others. In nothing are men more intolerant than as to the amusements and less serious pursuits of others. The higher orders mingle up with their disgust at the boorish and noisy pastimes of the lower, a kind of latent feeling of their immorality; the lower revenge themselves by considering as things absolutely sinful the more splendid entertainments and elegant festivities of their superiors in wealth and refinement. All think they have a right to demand from the clergy an exact conformity to their own prejudices with regard to their less severe and even their intellectual occupations; and the priesthood, which is, as a body, far in advance of the national standard in refinement and in elegance of manners and in taste, has already lost its hold on the general feeling. Hence Leo X. and his court, even if its morals had been less questionable—its philosophy more in unison with the doctrines of Christianity—and if sacred subjects had been constantly treated with the most reverential decency—would have stood in such direct opposition to the tastes, habits, and manners of the rest of Europe, as scarcely to have escaped the suspicion of an irreligious and anti-Christian tendency. As it was, the intelligence of the mode of life practised at Rome by the cardinals, and by the Pope himself, darkening of course as it spread, reached every part of the Christian world; and thus, even if the lavish expenditure of Leo, in his gorgeous court and in his splendid designs for the embellishment of Rome, had not increased the burthen of ecclesiastical taxation throughout Christendom beyond endurance, his pontificate must greatly have loosened the hold of popery on the general veneration.

The effects of all this on the Reformation are well known; but the strong reaction which, with the other circumstances of the period, it produced in Italy and Rome itself—and the permanent influence of that strong reaction on the Papacy, have been traced with much less attention.—*Quarterly Review*.

CLASSIFICATION OF SEATS.

(From the German of Lichtenberg.)

In the whole furniture kingdom,—which, as far as my knowledge goes, has not yet obtained its Linnæus, the Class of Seats, (*Classis Sellarum*,) is not only by far the most honourable, but also the most comprehensive,—one that not only thrives in every climate, but has made itself almost indispensable. In one word, it is among furniture what the Class Mammalia is among animals. There is full as wide a difference between one kind of seat and another, as there is between the various animals referred to the above-mentioned class in natural history, as, for example, between the whale, Leviathan of the deep, and the Siberian shrew-mouse that hardly weighs thirty grains. But as all the various species Mammalia resemble each other in suckling their young; so likewise, have all seats this character in common—that they are intended to afford support to a most respectable part of the human body. Besides the family of chairs and stools, that is, seats either with or without backs, and with or without arms, this class comprehends—nay, they stand at the very head of it—all thrones and *cathedræ*, pieces of furniture, by which, as every one knows, this globe and its mundane affairs are governed, and which, when cleverly joined together by certain *cabinet-makers*, form what is termed a Holy Seat. Further, it comprises not only tribunals and justice-seats, but stools of repentance, among which latter may be included not a few of the above-mentioned thrones,—also *bergères* and sofas, between which and many thrones and *cathedræ* there is a more intimate alliance than is usually suspected. Next comes the species *Benches*, which are neither more nor less than systems of stools. To this belong the benches of both the Upper and Lower House, together with those of lecture-rooms and academies; and perhaps we might add, butchers' benches also; not forgetting *forms*, whether short or long, which latter may be considered, for extent, the very whales of the whole genus. To this class, again, belong sedan-chairs, which are literally *movables*, and those stately *fiaturs* among *movables*, the ivory *sella curiles* of the ancients; besides a variety of *easy chairs* for those tortured by the gout or racked by other *diseases*. Inasmuch as they have all of them the same generic character, that of being seats, we can do no less than refer to this genus the cabriolet, the lofty English Phæton, as ambitious and as much given to neck-breaking as he after whom it is named; all calashes, coaches, travelling carriages, stages, and post-chaises, from the jolting German rib-breaker to the pliant English four-wheeled cradle, suspended upon springs, where you are rocked as gently as an infant. In addition to this diversity of vehicles, we

have the ponderous state-carriage, in building which it is necessary to take beforehand the dimensions of the gates it has to pass through, lest it should afterwards turn out to be too bulky to clear them. Nor have we, after all that have been enumerated, yet done with vehicles, for to the above must be added sledges of a hundred various forms, from the gay and magnificent sliding car, which, accompanied with the jingle of innumerable silver bells, outstrips the winter zephyr in its speed, down to the wretched hurdle-sledge, on which some culprit is dragged to the place of execution, attended only by the funeral ding-dong of a solitary passing-bell.

It would be hard, indeed, to exclude saddles from a place in our *Classis Sellarum*, therefore we must reckon them also as belonging to it, be they either masculine or feminine ones,—and even Pegasus himself is now-a-days well content to have a side-saddle clapped upon his back. Lastly, we may mention the torture-stools of the Inquisition, which are employed for the purpose of extracting confessions from the unfortunate bodies placed upon them.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

Antiquariana.

ANCIENT CHAPEL.

(To the Editor.)

I SEND you herewith a drawing of an ancient cell, or chapel, at Grassington, in Craven, in the west riding of Yorkshire. In Dr. Whitaker's *Craven* there is no notice whatever of the building, and I am not aware that attention has been directed to it by any topographical or antiquarian writer. I think it probable that the only portion of the original building is the part containing the horse-shoe doorway. The adjoining houses, from their style of architecture, appear to have been erected about the reign of Elizabeth: the two rudely-constructed pointed windows have, no doubt, belonged to some edifice pulled down to make way for the present dwellings. A croft immediately behind the chapel was the burial ground, and a great quantity of human bones and other sepulchral relics have, from time to time, been dug out of it.

Grassington is a wild, mountain village, well known for its lead mines, which have been worked from a very early period. The romantic dales in the neighbourhood are much frequented by tourists in the summer season, but not so much as they ought to be. A tourist, wishing to perambulate these dales, should commence his journey at Bolton Abbey, and end it at Richmond, in the North Riding; not forgetting, as he passes along, to explore the smaller dales, many of which contain more romantic scenery, than the continued line of large valleys in his route.



(Ancient Chapel, at Grassington, Yorkshire.)

The following places should by all means be visited : the Troller's Gill, near Appletreewick; Gordale, in Malhamdale; and the Grassington lead mines. The latter are the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and are under the management of Mr. John Taylor, the well known geologist and engineer.

Canonbury.

D.

DOCTOR LAMB,

On John Lamb, was a noted sorcerer, "quack, and reputed conjuror," in the time of Charles I. He was "a creature" of the Duke of Buckingham, and is suspected of having been the accomplice of the Duke in poisoning

King James I., as we noted in the *Mirror*, vol. xxv. p. 138; and, in the accompanying cut, Lamb is shown by the King's bedside. The original of the present Engraving is from that published by Mr. Thane, and referred to in the page above quoted. The print is a graphic and characteristic curiosity.

Mr. Godwin takes but slight notice of Lamb, in his *Lives of the Necromancers*; as in this passage :

"The famous Richard Baxter, in his *Certainty of the World of Spirits*, printed in 1691, has recorded an appropriate instance of the miraculous performances of this man. Meeting two of his acquaintance in the



(Doctor Lamb; from an old print.)

street, and they having hinted a desire to witness some example of his skill, he invited them home with him. He then conducted them into an inner room, when presently, to their no small surprise, they saw a tree spring up in the middle of the apartment. They had scarcely ceased wondering at this phenomenon, when in a moment there appeared three diminutive men, with little axes in their hands for the purpose of cutting down this tree. The tree was felled; and the doctor dismissed his guests, fully satisfied of the solidity of his pretensions. That very night, however, a tremendous hurricane arose, causing the house of one of the guests to rock from side to side, with every appearance that the building would come down, and bury him and his wife in the ruins. The wife in great terror asked, "Were you not at Dr. Lamb's to-day?" The husband confessed it was true. "And did you not bring away something from his house?" The husband owned that, when the little men felled the tree, he had been idle enough to pick up some of the chips, and put them in his pocket. Nothing now remained to be done, but to produce the chips, and get rid of them as fast as they could. This ceremony performed, the whirlwind immediately ceased, and the remainder of the night became perfectly calm and serene.

"Dr. Lamb at length became so odious by his reputation for these infernal practices, that the populace rose upon him in 1640, and tore him to pieces in the streets.—Nor did the effects of his ill fame terminate here. Thirteen years after, a woman, who had been his servant-maid, was apprehended on a charge of witchcraft, was tried, and in expiation of her crime was executed at Tyburn."

The Hobelist.

THE MAGIC SPINNING-WHEEL.

(Concluded from page 169.)

It was now about the beginning of the charming month of June, that richly deserves the crown which the poets have wrongfully placed on the brow of that changeable, capricious goddess called rosy May. A calm, quiet, delicious twilight had succeeded a genial day, and Ethelinde stole forth from the house of her parents, to ramble and dream, to hope and to sigh, a solitary hour on the banks of the crystal Green River. Every object of sight, and every sound breathed nothing but repose, for there is a happy harmony between the calm serenity of a rural evening, and the buzzing of the insects, the matin chirpings of the birds, the tinkling and the lowing of the herds, and their answering echoes in the solitudes of the hills, that altogether blend in one melodious concert, disposing the mind to luxurious repose and happy visions.

After rambling some distance, she seated herself on the projecting root of an old fantastic looking elm, half undermined by the never ceasing action of the waters, on whose bark of ages were carved the initials of many a rustic swain and rural beauty, that now could boast of no other memorials. They had passed away like the crystal waters, welling at her feet, never to return. Among them she observed her own initials, repeated over and over again, sometimes in the shape of a heart, at others bound in a true lover's knot.

"Alas!" said she, mournfully, and half unconscious that she spoke; "alas! to what purpose these empty memorials? He whom I most wish would carve my name on this old tree, thinks not of me!"

Then, bending over the transparent stream, she saw her face reflected in its crystal mirror, and it looked so beautiful that she could not help smiling, while, at the same instant, a tear from her eye dropped into the stream, which all at once ceased its quiet murmurs, and stopped its ever during current. Ethelinde sat gazing and wondering at this strange phenomenon, and was struck with terror at seeing a little figure of a woman, slowly rising from the bottom of the river, on the back of a beautiful speckled trout, that seemed delighted with his burthen, for his spots were brighter than burnished gold.

The little lady rose to the surface, and approaching the spot where Ethelinde sat in silent wonder mingled with fear, slid from the back of the beautiful fish, which, after waiting with quivering fin, as if to receive further orders, darted away and disappeared under the green shelter of the river's margin. The figure approached nigher and nigher, and Ethelinde, though quaking with fear, could not help admiring the splendour of her dress. Her head was covered with an azure bubble, whose lustre far outshone the Persian diadem; from her tiny ears hung drops of crystalline water, more bright and active in their sparklings than the purest diamonds; around her neck and wrists she wore a coral necklace and bracelets, brighter and more transparent than rubies; her garment seemed as if it was woven of the quivering waters of the glittering stream, and hung around her with a careless gracefulness that baffled all the skill of art to equal; her ankles were cased in buskins of azure pearl, and as she rose from the bosom of the waters, the murmurs of the river arranged themselves in a strain of serial harmony, more touchingly sweet, if possible, than the song of the sirens, or the chant of the seraphim.

"Maiden!" said she, in a sweet, low voice, "I have heard thee sigh, and seen thee weep. Whence came the tear that just now fell into the stream? Was its source in joy or in sorrow, in memory or anticipation, in hope or despair? If in joy, I would caution

thee against its excesses; if in sorrow, against its indulgence; if in memory, I would bid thee bound forward into the region of anticipation; if in hope, I would desire thee to hope humbly; and if in despair, I would chide thee for distrusting the goodness of Providence. Tell me, and thou wilt not repent thy confidence."

Ethelinde was silent, through wonder and dismay, and if it had not been so, she would have shrunk from confiding her secret to this mysterious being.

"What!" returned the little, tiny woman, in a tone of good-humoured banter, "Art thou ashamed to tell the source of thy grief? Well, no matter, I know thy secret. Thou art receiving one of the earliest lessons of youth; thou art fulfilling the destiny of woman, which is to love and to be disappointed, equally in the failure, as in the fruition of her wishes."

The maiden of Ashford started and blushed, and hid her face in her hands, at being thus touched in the tender point of consciousness. But she neither acquiesced nor denied.

"Listen to me," continued the mysterious visitor; "I am the Queen of the Fairies, that haunt this favourite region, and keep their revels along the banks of this beautiful stream. We are a tribe of Christian fairies, and though we sometimes tie up the grass across the path of some village swain, who has pryed into our nightly sports, and trip him on the nose, or indulge in little fits of wayward mischief, yet are we the friends of thy race, and most especially am I thine. In times long past, one day that I had indulged in the whim of changing myself into the form of the speckled monarch of the brook, thy father, then a lusty youth, happened to be strolling by with a fishing-rod in his hand. He saw me, and being an expert angler, cast his bait so dexterously, that, following the instinct of the trout, whose form I had assumed, I darted at it, and was caught. I could have easily escaped by changing my shape, but the thought struck me that I would try the feelings of thy father. As I lay on the grass, I shed a flood of tears, which he observing, said to himself, 'Poor fish! he seems to have feelings like myself, and to weep at the prospect of being for ever separated from his kind.' So saying, he took me in his hand gently and dropped me into the stream again. I remembered that kindness. It was I that inclined the heart of the woman of his choice to love him in turn; I attended invisible at thy christening, and promised to myself that I would become thy guardian and protector. I know the secret wishes of thy soul, and will administer to thy innocent desires. Thou shalt be happy so soon as thou deservest happiness."

The fairy then stamped her tiny, pearly-coated foot upon the ground, and straightway

arose from the spot a beautiful polished spinning wheel of beech wood, curiously turned and carved, accompanied by a distaff equally fair to behold.

"Take these," said the queen of the fairies, "and bid thee home without delay. Whenever thou feellest thyself oppressed by the real or imaginary sorrows of the heart, seat thyself at this spinning wheel, and spin away thy grief. It is gifted with a magic power, which I have conferred upon it for thy sake, and thou wilt find it far more efficacious in soothing thy sufferings, than either idleness or empty visions. When thou hast spun all the flax that shall grow in thy father's fields, in the harvest of the present year, come to this spot, and thou shalt find thy lost happiness. Adieu!"

Saying this, the little, tiny woman placed her foot upon a bubble that was floating by, and gliding down the stream, disappeared in the twilight, amid a new strain of enchanting harmonies. The maiden sat for awhile reflecting on the scene which had just passed, and doubting if all she had seen and heard was not a dream, until the sight of the wheel and the distaff admonished her of the reality. The sober twilight now gradually gave place to the melancholy evening; the stars began to twinkle, the dews to fall, and the thousand little minstrels of the night chirped and buzzed their joyous salutations. Ethelinde took up her wheel and her distaff, and slowly bent her footsteps towards home.

Great was the wonder of her parents, and many the questions of the villagers, concerning these mysterious presents; but Ethelinde only answered with a smile, as if in jest, that they were the gift of the fairies, and in a little while, the whole was forgotten in the occurrence of some new village wonder. In the meantime the little belle of Ashford continued to wax more melancholy every day, having nothing to do but think of herself and her sorrows. Sometimes she thought of trying the virtues of the Spinning Wheel, but her long habits of idleness had made every species of employment irksome, and she always put it off to some other day.

The time for pulling the flax now came round, and when it was prepared for the wheel, she resolutely determined to commence the task set her by the Queen of the Fairies. Accordingly she brought her wheel and distaff, and, seating herself beside her mother, attempted to practise that most delicate of all the domestic arts. But she made sad work of it at first, sometimes breaking her thread, and at others entangling it in inextricable confusion. These little perplexities, however, contributed to draw her thoughts from their melancholy contemplations; and she was so tired when night came, that she slept till the sun rose above the high eastern mountain, without any interruption, except dreaming

that the little fairy appeared, and smiled her approbation.

She resumed her occupation the next day, and continued it day after day, until by degrees it came to be a pleasure rather than a toil; and it was not long before she obtained the prize from the society for the encouragement of domestic industry, for spinning, I know not how many hanks of yarn, from sun to sun. The humming of her wheel was a thousand times more musical than that of all others, and the faster it turned the more delightful was its harmony. By the time the spring came on, and the little birds began to sing among the opening buds of the willows and elms of Green River, Ethelinde had regained her health and spirits, so that the rose again bloomed on her cheek, and gaiety often laughed in her eyes.

In the meantime, the reputation of Pliny was extending through all the country round, and such was the confidence of the people in his eloquence, that so they could get lawyer Allbeit on their side, they cared little whether they had justice or not. He was looked upon as a rising man, and as his father was now growing old, many talked of making him deacon in his place. He sometimes passed the home of Ethelinde, and when he saw her spinning, and heard her chanting some one of those old Doric ditties, which used to be sung by country maids and rural swains, when the heart was in the lay, he was sorely tempted to go in and have a little chat with her. But he said to himself, "It is one of her caprices. She makes a plaything of her fine new spinning wheel, and will soon be tired as the child of its rattle."

But when he saw her day after day turning her wheel, and singing so blithely and sweetly; and above all when he heard of her having won the prize of industry, he began to feel himself drawn by an impulse as gentle, yet irresistible, as that of the bee to the flower, towards the young and blooming girl. He would often go in and pass an hour in pleasant talk, or stand at the open window discussing village topics, while Ethelinde looked up at him from behind the shelter of her labyrinth of chestnut curls. But Pliny was withal a prudent youth. He had made up his mind to marry and spend his future days in his native village, and wished for a companion, one who had something to recommend her, besides that seductive yet evanescent beauty, which so soon fades away like the flowers of the spring, leaving only its tell tale ruins behind. He guarded his actions, and most especially his looks, remembering always the catastrophe of the squinting gentleman.

But the bud might as well be forbidden to expand to the luxurious temptings of the sunbeam, of a bright May morning, as for youth to strive against that mysterious sym-

pathy which opens the heart to cherish those delightful dreams which the season and all nature inspire. Pliny every day became more sensible that the icy bonds of prudence were fast melting away before the warmth of awakened love, and had once or twice detected himself in the fact of indulging those speaking looks, which, according to his own argument, amounted to a promise of marriage. Then he would take the alarm, not because Ethelinde was without fortune, and belonged to a family which had never produced a deacon, but that he was fearful she was not yet cured of her idleness and vanity.

Then would Ethelinde wonder, and regret, and sometimes resent these inconsistencies by cold indifference, or affected pertness. She was worried to the very soul, but the more she was worried, the faster she turned her wheel, and by the time that fickle May had surrendered her short-lived empire to the sunny June, the crop of flax was spun, and she might expect the fruition of the fairy's promise, for now the condition was fulfilled.

All nature was decked in its new attire of whispering leaves and coronets of flowers, when Ethelinde, at the close of the day in which she had spun her last distaff of flax, bent her steps towards the old elm on the banks of Green River, in the forlorn hope of meeting the Queen of the Fairies. She arrived on the spot at the same hour of the same day of the month, in which she had received the spinning wheel and the distaff, exactly a year before. The last ray of the setting sun still lingered alone on the high peak that saw the little Green River lavishing its foot, while all below lay sleeping in the repose of summer twilight. It was an hour in which nature appeals irresistibly to the feelings and sympathies of all innocent, unadulterated minds, and awakens in such, nothing but the pure visions of a warm, yet chastened fancy.

The rambling maiden seated herself trembling and thrilling with alternate hopes and fears, the former of which gradually withered away, as time passed, and no fairy appeared. The little river murmured at her feet, the leaves above her head answered in whispered sighs to the breathing of the evening zephyrs, the solitary thrush, perched on the topmost branch of his wonted tree, was pouring out a mingled, various harmony, that might aptly pass for his hymn to parting day, and all nature invited to blissful thoughts, and happy musings. But still the fairy came not, and poor Ethelinde sat looking at herself in the glassy mirror of the stream, unconscious that she was gazing on a little angel.

From this painful state she was roused by the sound of footsteps approaching, and looking up beheld Pliny approaching with a slow pace, that marked a modest hesitation. Whether it was a blush or a smile, or both, that

encouraged him, I cannot say, but certain it is, for it is so deposed in the affidavit of Orrin Neefus, that he did approach, and sit down beside Ethelinde on the same spot, though there was so little room, that Pliny could feel the warm, balmy breath of the young maiden, playing against his cheek, as she sometimes turned her face towards him, and such was its delicious fragrance, that the youth was at one time doubtful whether it was not the perfume of the flowers and odorous vines that luxuriate on the banks of Green River.

They began at first to talk as if the very deuce was in them, about matters and things in which they felt not the least concern; but soon this vivacity subsided into a dead and irksome silence. They looked at each other, I suppose, to see what was the matter; their eyes met, and their hearts communed together in blushes and smiles. Pliny—the wretch! I can hardly forgive him the atrocity—Pliny took her hand, and Ethelinde was so frightened she forgot to snatch it away. He began to talk on the most critical subjects, such as love in a cottage, domestic quiet, and domestic joys; and though my pen blushes while I write it, if I am not mistaken, he ventured to insinuate something about teaching the young idea how to shoot. The last that Orrin Neefus saw of them, he is pretty certain that Pliny was stealing a kiss from Ethelinde, and receiving proof positive that the balmy perfume which greeted his senses erewhile, exhaled not from the flowers and vines that grew on the banks of Green River.

At this moment the fairy appeared, decked and accompanied by the same delicious music as before, and addressed her god-daughter as follows, in her tiny, sweet voice.

“I have kept my promise, and the Spinning Wheel has fulfilled the oracle. Thou hast learned that there is no remedy for misery like industry, which is twice blessed, once in providing the means of happiness, and next in mitigating the sorrows of mankind. Now fare thee well; thou wilt never see me more, but thou wilt enjoy as much of happiness in this world, as is compatible with thy imperfect nature, so long, and no longer, than thou shalt resist the allurements of vanity and the seductions of idleness. Preserve thy spinning wheel, for it is a talisman, which, so long as thou keepest it bright by use, shall protect thee from the besetting sins of womankind. Remember the past, and be wiser in the future. Farewell, once more, and for the last time. Yonder massy buildings, I foresee by my art, are intended for the accommodation of Science and Philosophy, and we must seek some new refuge from their persecutions, in the hidden recesses of the Monadnock, where we shall remain until another irruption of these Goths and Vandals

drives us, I know not whither. Adieu! remember the Spinning Wheel!”

The voice of the Fairy gradually became more and more plaintive as she concluded her last farewell, and a tear fell from her eye into the crystal river, which, if any mortal ever finds, will prove a treasure more priceless than the signet ring of king Solomon. Soft, plaintive, dying music, melting, as if gradually receding to a distance, mingled with the murmurs of the little river, which seemed to mourn the departure of the spritful band that had so long danced on its borders, and laved in its crystal waters by the light of the stars. And further the deponent, Orrin Neefus, saith not.

“And how the dickens,” exclaims some curious impertinent, “How the dickens did this deponent happen to know all about these matters, since it does not appear he had any agency in them?” Well, my good woman, if you must know, Master Neefus was told the whole story by Mrs. Ethelinde Allbeit, a staid, sober, industrious, ay, and handsome matron as any in all New England, with some little feminine reservations, especially connected with the interview under the old elm on Green River. Master Neefus, though bound to secrecy, could not keep such a remarkable story to himself; and, finding its authenticity not a little doubted, in the spirit of knight errantry went and swore to it, like a true man, to show his faith in the veracity of his old sweetheart.

New Books.

OUTRE-MER: OR A PILGRIMAGE TO THE OLD WORLD.

[This work is of American origin, and has been reprinted in this country. It is clever, lively, and sketchy, and will entertain thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. The *New-York Mirror* speaks of the author in no measured terms: “of the character of the work there is but one opinion, and the new champion in the list of American literature may exult in his laurels.” Here is a leaf or two of them.]

A Tailor's Drawer.

I.

A TAILOR'S drawer, quotha?

Yes; a tailor's drawer. Sooth to say, it is rather a quaint rubric for a chapter in a pilgrim's breviary; albeit it well befits the motley character of the following pages. It is a title which the Spaniards give to a desultory discourse, wherein various and discordant themes are touched upon, and which is crammed full of little shreds and patches of erudition; and certainly it is not inappropriate to a chapter whose contents are of every shape and hue, and “do no more adhere and

keep pace together than the hundredth psalm to the tune of Green Sleeves."

II.

It is recorded in the Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillana, that when this renowned personage first visited the city of Madrid, he took lodgings at the house of Mateo Melandes, in the Puerta del Sol. In choosing a place of abode in the Spanish court, I followed, as far as practicable, this illustrious example; but, as the kind-hearted Mateo had been long gathered to his fathers, I was content to take up my residence in the hired house of Valentin Gonzalez, at the foot of the Galle de la Montera. My apartments were in the third story, above the dust, though not beyond the rattle, of the street; and my balconies looked down into the Puerta del Sol, the heart of Madrid, through which circulates the living current of its population at least once every twenty hours.

The Puerta del Sol is a public square, from which diverge the five principal streets of the metropolis. It is the great rendezvous of grave and gay—of priest and layman—of gentle and simple—the mart of business and gossip—the place where the creditor seeks his debtor, where the lawyer seeks his client, where the stranger seeks amusement, where the friend seeks his friend, and the foe his foe; where the idler seeks the sun in winter, and the shade in summer, and the busybody seeks the latest news, and picks up the crumbs of gossip to fly away with them in his beak to the *terbilía* of Dona Paquita!

Tell me, ye who have sojourned in foreign lands, and know in what bubbles a traveller's happiness consists—is it not a blessing to have your window overlook a scene like this?

III.

There—take that chair upon the balcony, and let us look down upon the busy scene beneath us. What a continued roar the crowded thoroughfare sends up! Though three stories high, we can hardly hear the sound of our own voices! The London cries are whispers when compared with the cries of Madrid.

See—younder stalks a gigantic peasant of New Castile, with a *montera* cap, brown jacket and breeches, and coarse blue stockings, forcing his way through the crowd, and leading a donkey laden with charcoal, whose sonorous bray is in unison with the harsh voice of his master. Close at his elbow goes a rosy-cheeked damsel, selling calico. She is an Asturian, from the mountains of Santander. How do you know? By her short, yellow petticoats—her blue boddice—her coral necklace and earrings. Through the middle of the square struts a peasant of Old Castile, with his yellow leather jerkin strapped round his waist—his brown leggings and his blue garters—driving before him a flock of

gabbling turkeys, and crying at the top of his voice. "Pao, pao, pavitos, pao!" Next comes a Valencian, with his loose linen trousers and sandal shoon, holding a huge sack of watermelons upon his shoulder with his left hand, and with his right balancing high in air a specimen of his luscious fruit, upon which is perched a little pyramid of the crimson pulp, while he tempts the passer-by with "A cala, y calando; una sandía vendo-o-o. Si esto es sangre!"—(By the slice—come and try it—water melon for sale. This is the real blood!) His companion near him has a pair of scales thrown over his shoulder, and holds both arms full of musk-melons. He chimes into the harmonious ditty with "Melo—melo-o-o—meloncitos; aquí está el azucar!"—(Melons, melons; here is the real sugar!) Behind them creeps a slow-moving Asturian, in heavy, wooden shoes, crying water cresses, and a peasant woman from the Guadarama mountains, with a *montera* cocked up in front, and a blue kerchief tied under her chin, swings in each hand a bunch of live chickens—that hang by the claws head downward, fluttering, scratching, crowing with all their might, while the good woman tries to drown their voices in the discordant cry of "Quien me compra un gallo—un par de gallinas?"—(Who buys a fowl—a brace of hens—who buys?) That tall fellow in blue, with a pot of flowers upon his shoulder, is a wag beyond all dispute. See how cunningly he cocks his eye up at us, and cries, "Si yo tuviera balcon!"—(If I only had a balcony!)

What next? A Manchego with a sack of oil under his arm; a Gallego with a huge water-jar upon his shoulders; an Italian pedlar with images of saints and madonnas; a razor-grinder with his wheel; a mender of pots and kettles, making music, as he goes, with a shovel and a frying-pan; and, in fine, a noisy, patch-work, ever-changing crowd, whose discordant cries mingle with the rumbling of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, and the clang of church-bells; and make the Puerta del Sol, at certain hours of the day, like a street in Babylon the great.

IV.

Chiton! A beautiful girl, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and the form of a fairy in a midsummer night's dream, has just stepped out on the balcony beneath us! See how coquettishly she crosses her arms upon the balcony—thrusts her dainty little foot through the bars, and plays with her slipper. She is an Andalusian, from Malaga. Her brother is a bold dragoon, and wears a long sword; so beware! and "let not the creaking of shoes and the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman." Her mother is a dowdy lady, "fat and forty," eats garlic in her salad, and smokes cigars. But mind! that is a secret: I tell it to you in confidence.

V.

The following little love-ditty I translate from the Spanish. It is as delicate as a dew-drop.

She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
Whose shining arms I see,
If steed, or sword, or battle-field
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock,
Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge
Be half so fair as she!

VI.

A miller has just passed by, covered with flour from head to foot, and perched upon the tip end of a little donkey, crying "*Arre borrico*;" and at every cry swinging a cudgel in his hand, and giving the ribs of the poor beast what in the vulgar dialect is called a *cachi-porrazo*. I could not help laughing, though I felt provoked with the fellow for his cruelty. The truth is, I have great esteem for a jackass. His meekness, and patience, and long-suffering, are very amiable qualities, and, considering his situation, worthy of all praise. In Spain, a donkey plays as conspicuous a part as a priest or a village alcalde. There would be no getting along without him. And yet, who so beaten and abused as he?

VII.

Here comes a gay gallant, with white kid gloves, a quizzing-glass, a black cane, with a white ivory apple, and a little hat, cocked pertly on one side of his head. He is an exquisite fop, and a great lady's man. You will always find him on the Prado at sunset, when the crowd and dust are thickest, ogling through his glass, flourishing his cane, and humming between his teeth some favourite air of the Semiramis, or the Barber of Seville. He is a great amateur, and patron of the Italian opera—beats time with his cane—nods his head, and cries *bravo!* and fancies himself in love with the prima donna. The height of his ambition is to be thought the gay Lothario, the gallant Don Cortejo of his little sphere. He is a poet vithal, and daily besieges the heart of the cruel Dona Inez with sonnets and madrigals. She turns a deaf ear to his song, and is inexorable.

VIII.

What a contrast between this personage and the sallow, emaciated being who is now crossing the street! It is a barefooted carmelite—a monk of an austere order—wasted by midnight vigils and long penance. Abstinence is written in that pale cheek, and the bowed head and downcast eye are in

accordance with the meek profession of a mendicant brotherhood.

What is this world to thee, thou man of penitence and prayer? What hast thou to do with all this busy, turbulent scene about thee—with all the noise, and gaiety, and splendour of this thronged city? Nothing. The wide world gives thee nothing save thy daily crust—thy crucifix—thy convent-cell—thy pallet of straw! Pilgrim of heaven! thou hast no home on earth. Thou art journeying onward to "a house not made with hands;" and, like the first apostles of thy faith, thou takest neither gold, nor silver, nor brass, nor scrip, for thy journey. Thou hast shut thy heart to the endearments of earthly love—thy shoulder beareth not the burden with thy fellow man—in all this vast crowd thou hast no friends, no hopes, no sympathies. Thou standest aloof from man—and art thou nearer God? I know not. Thy motives—thy intentions—thy desires are registered in heaven. I am thy fellow man—and not thy judge.

IX.

Sultry grows the day and breathless! The lately crowded street is silent and deserted—hardly a footfall—hardly here and there a solitary figure, stealing along in the narrow strip of shade beneath the eaves! Silent, too, and deserted is the Puerta del Sol; so silent, that even at this distance the splashing of its fountain is distinctly audible—so deserted that not a living thing is visible there save the outstretched and athletic form of a Gallician water-carrier, who lies asleep upon the pavement in the cool shadow of the fountain! There is not air enough to stir the leaves of the jasmine upon the balcony, or break the thin column of smoke that issues from the cigar of Don Diego, master of the noble Spanish tongue, *y hombre de muchos dingo-londangos*. He sits bolt upright between the window and the door, with the collar of his snuff-coloured frock thrown back upon his shoulders, and his toes turned out like a dancing-master, poring over the *Diario de Madrid*, to learn how high the thermometer rose yesterday—what patron saint has a festival to-day—and at what hour to-morrow the "king of Spain, Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands" will take his departure for the gardens of Aranjuez.

X.

It is evening, the day is gone; fast gather and deepen the shades of twilight! In the words of a German allegory, "The babbling day has touched the hem of night's garment, and, weary and still, drops asleep in her bosom."

The city awakens from its slumber. The convent-bells ring solemnly and slow. The streets are thronged again. Once more I hear the shrill cry—the rattling wheel—the

murmur of the crowd. The blast of a trumpet sounds from the Puerta del Sol; then the tap of a drum—a mounted guard opens the way—the crowd doff their hats, and the king sweeps by in a gilded coach, drawn by six horses, and, followed by a long train of uncouth antiquated vehicles drawn by mules.

The living tide now sets towards the Prado, and the beautiful gardens of the Reteiro. Beautiful are they at this magic hour. Beautiful—with the almond-tree in blossom—with the broad green leaves of the sycamore and the chestnut—with the fragrance of the orange and the lemon—with the beauty of a thousand flowers—with the soothing calm and the dewy freshness of evening.

XL

I love to linger on the Prado till the crowd is gone and the night far advanced. There, musing and alone I sit, and listen to the lulling fall of waters in their marble fountains, and watch the moon as it rises over the gardens of the Reteiro, brighter than a northern sun. The beautiful scene lies half in shadow, half in light—almost a fairy land. Occasionally the sound of a guitar, or a distant voice breaks in upon my reverie. Then the form of a monk, from the neighbouring convent, sweeps by me like a shadow, and disappears in the gloom of the leafy avenues; and far away from the streets of the city comes the voice of the watchman telling the midnight hour.

Lovely art thou, O Night, beneath the skies of Spain. Day, panting with heat, and laden with a thousand cares, toils onward like a beast of burden; but Night, calm, silent, holy Night, is a ministering angel, that cools with its dewy breath the toil-heated brow; and, like the Roman sisterhood, stoops down to bathe the pilgrim's feet. How grateful is the starry twilight! How grateful the gentle radiance of the moon! How grateful the delicious coolness of "the omnipresent and deep-breathing air!" Lovely art thou, O Night, beneath the skies of Spain!

The Gatherer.

Signs of the Times.—In a newspaper of the 11th instant, is an advertisement of a boarding-house or hotel "after the English style," at Alexandria, in Egypt. The same paper advertises for the purchase of "Preliminary Allotments of Land in South Australia."

New Churches.—Within the last twenty years, additional church-room has been secured for, at least, 600,000 persons.

A Promise.—The prospectus of a new periodical states that its projectors "know of the existence of a host of Tales and Essays, some, instinct with the frank plain-dealing

and *vraisemblance* of De Foe—many that breathe the quiet and natural humour of Goldsmith—and not a few abounding in an ease, a grace, and a vivacity equal to Addison and Steele."

Oriental Pastime.—The principal curiosity at Benares is a large well, built by some Rajah in former times, in order to enjoy the singular pleasure of looking at six or seven hundred of his women drawing water at the same time. It is about 100 feet square at the top, and contracts gradually to the bottom; its sides are built of stone, and are covered with stairs which cross each other at right angles. Every woman had to descend, to fill her water jar, by one stair, and to ascend to empty it at another. The whole is so curiously contrived, that six or seven hundred were ascending and descending, so that there was a woman on every step at the same moment, and no one interrupted the other. On one side is a small platform, on which the Rajah sat to behold the spectacle. A Bramin attendant one day remarked, "by such things as these Hindostan is ruined; our kings and great men destroy the country by their extravagance."—*Missionary Chronicle.*

Dorking Church.—The foundation-stone of a new church, erecting by subscription, was laid, in the first week of November last year, by the Bishop of Winchester. The tower of the old church has not been removed, but is to have the necessary alterations made to accord with the new nave, which is to cost 4,000*l.*, using the old material.

The distillation of palatable and fresh water at sea has been effected by P. Nicole, of Dieppe, by simply causing the steam arising from boiling sea-water in a still, to pass through a stratum of coarsely powdered charcoal, in its way to the condenser or worm-tub.

Earl Spencer bestows annually at Althorp, a prize of 10*l.* to the hedge-cutter who shall cut, lay, and ditch in the most workmanlike manner, eleven yards of hedge-row.

W. G. C.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Just published, with many Cuts, price 5*s.*

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART: or an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements for the present Year.

"In mechanics, chemistry, natural history, and social economy, this work presents such a variety of new facts as must recommend it to a wide circle of readers, either as a source of much instruction, or much amusement. It deserves credit for its condensation, and consequent cheapness."—*Morning Herald*, March 15.

Printed for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

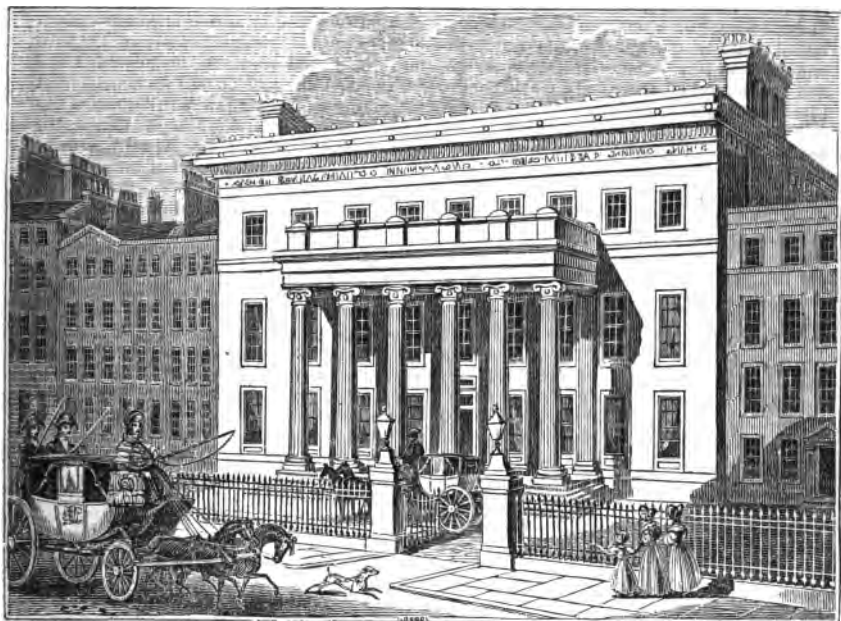
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 769.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.



THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS,

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

THE surgeons were incorporated as one of the companies of the City of London by Henry VIII. in conjunction with the *barbers*, whence they were called *barber-chirurgeons*, or *barber-surgeons*. The surgeons were, however, separated from the barbers in the year 1745; but it was not until 1800 that they became a separate college, and had their own hall, a spacious building on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, with a back-front in Portugal-street. It was erected by Mr. Dance, and had a handsome portico, on the summit of which were placed the arms of the college, supported by two sons of Esculapius. But the building was found inconvenient, and too small for the purposes of the institution; and, in 1835, the council purchased the premises next to the college, on the east side, for the purpose of extending it, and obtaining space for the desired improvements. The alteration was intrusted to Mr. Charles Barry, (the artist of the first design for the New Houses of Parliament,)

and, as regards the exterior, it is now completed.

The external changes have been very considerable: "its character is rendered altogether so different from what it formerly was, that its situation only indicates it to be the same building; for, from one of the most disharmonious structures in the metropolis, it has now become one of the most impressive and original designs."—Such is the language of the architectural critic in the *Companion to the Almanac*, though we suspect few persons will agree to the extent of this commendation.—"Originally, nothing more than a mere row of columns and their entablature placed against a building with which—putting style altogether out of the question—they did not combine either in regard to the arrangement of the windows or stories; so that, instead of adorning, they seemed merely to encumber, a front, that not only had no pretensions, and was in no respect adapted for such an addition, but

was altogether in very poor taste. Neither was there any thing particularly to admire in the order itself: on the contrary, it had an offensive coldness and blankness that were all the more offensive, because the whole was a mere piece of decoration, or what ought to have been so. The columns are now fluted, and some of the cornice-mouldings and the echini of the architrave have been carved; in consequence of which, the whole has obtained more of the spirit of its professed original than it had at first, when the capital and proportions of the columns alone indicated the Ilyssus Ionic."

"The greater extent of front now given to the building has allowed an additional window to be made on each floor on either side of the portico; the ugly, round-headed windows level with the cornice of the portico have disappeared; and the cornice-mouldings are continued along the front, which is, in every respect, a material improvement, as the colonnade is thereby architecturally connected with the building behind it. * * * But that alteration which has produced a complete metamorphosis of the whole structure, and rendered it as remarkable for its dignity as it was previously for its meanness, is the addition of a noble, Ionic entablature, proportioned to the whole mass. Along the frieze of this entablature runs an inscription cut in sunk letters, which produces no little richness of appearance; and the cornice, which is denticled, is ornamented with a series of lions' heads, ten in number, to correspond with that of the piers below. Along this entablature is a low podium, finishing the elevation, and, by the small ornaments introduced upon it, producing a pleasing outline against the sky.* The chimney-stack at each end is chastely finished with antæ and crownings, which harmonize with the ornamental outline of the podium.

It must be added that the colonnade now appears somewhat too small for the building, though not in disparity proportioned to its comparative vastness before the alteration. The additional size of the entablature, and width of the front have certainly rendered the front liable to this objection, which is increased by a blankness in the front, in part caused by the extreme plainness and small size of the window-cases. Still, the general effect of the whole front is so materially improved as to entitle the architect to high praise.

The interior consists of a museum, theatre, library, and other apartments. By its new arrangement, the site of the late theatre has been added to the museum, a new theatre has been obtained on the other side, a new council-room added, &c.

Among the curiosities of the museum is the collection of the celebrated John Hunter,

purchased by order of Government; in which collection, says Sir Everard Home, "we find an attempt to expose to view the gradations of nature, from the most simple state in which life is found to exist, up to the most perfect and most complex of the animal creation—Man himself." In the museum also, is a rare and extensive collection of objects of natural history, which, through the medium of comparative anatomy, greatly contribute to physiological illustration; likewise many fossil and vegetable productions: the whole amounting to 20,000 specimens and preparations. Among the contributors to the museum have been Sir Joseph Banks, Sir William Blizard, and Sir Everard Home. A *recherché* object or subject of interest preserved here is the wife of the celebrated Van Butchell: she is laid out in a mahogany case; the space around her is filled up with some preservative composition, and over the face is a square of glass, which may be removed at pleasure. Permission to view the museum may be obtained by an order from a member of the college. The library is only accessible to members.

Since the incorporation of the surgeons, various legislative and other important regulations have been adopted to promote their utility and respectability; and no person is legally entitled to practise as a surgeon in the cities of London and Westminster, or within seven miles of the former, who has not been examined at this college.

There are at least twenty-four lectures delivered annually here, called the "Museum Lectures," the subjects of which are illustrated by the preparations, according to an agreement made with Government, when the Hunterian collection was presented to it. There are also anatomical lectures, called "Arris's and Gale's Lectures," according to the intention of alderman Arris and Mr. Gale, the donors of funds for that purpose. Besides these, an annual oration has been instituted, called the "Hunterian Oration," delivered every 14th of February.

DEATH OF MR. DAVID DOUGLAS, THE TRAVELLER AND BOTANIST.

AT page 248 of our last volume is registered the death of this enterprising labourer in the fields of science. We are now enabled to subjoin the particulars of this terrific occurrence, from *Ke Kumū Hawaii*, a Mission newspaper, published at Honolulu, Oahu;* thus proving Mr. Douglas's death to have taken place before the day assigned by Mr. Loudon, (in his *Magazine of Natural His-*

* From the Mission Press, Oahu. It is printed in the native language of the Sandwich Islands, except the paper relating to Mr. Douglas, which is in English. For the loan of this interesting Journal, we thank M. S. a six years' Subscriber to our Miscellany.

* Companion to the Almanac for 1836.

tery,) which is Christmas-day, or upwards of six months later. The document whence these particulars have been extracted, is dated Hilo, Hawaii, (the principal of the Sandwich Islands,) July 15, 1834, and is addressed to Richard Charlton, Esq., his Britannic Majesty's Consul there.

Intelligence of this distressing event reached Hilo on the morning of the 14th of July, when a native came up, and with an expression of countenance which indicated but too faithfully that he was the bearer of sad tidings, inquired for a Mr. Goodrich: on seeing him, he stated that the body of Mr. Douglas had been found on the mountains in a pit excavated for the purpose of taking wild cattle; and that he was supposed to have been killed by the bullock which was in the pit when Mr. Douglas fell in. Never were the feelings of the writers of this letter so shocked; nor could they credit the report till it was painfully confirmed as they proceeded to the beach, whither the body of Mr. Douglas had been conveyed in a canoe by the native who brought the news of his death. Upon further inquiry, this person related, in substance, as follows:—

That on the evening of the 13th instant, the natives who brought the body down from the mountain, came to his house at Laupahoehoi, about 25 or 30 miles distant from Hilo, and employed him to bring it to this place in his canoe. The particulars which he learned from them were as follow:

Mr. Douglas left Kohala Point during the previous week, in company with an Englishman as a guide, and proceeded to cross Mouna Kea on the north side. On the 12th instant, Mr. Douglas dismissed his guide, who cautioned him, on parting, to be very careful lest he should fall into some of the pits for taking wild cattle; describing them as being near the places to which the animals resorted to drink. Soon after Mr. Douglas had dismissed his guide, he went back a short distance to get a bundle, which he had forgotten; and, as he was retracing his steps, in some fatal moment, he fell into one of the pits, into which a bullock had previously fallen. He was found dead in the pit by these same natives, who, ignorant at the time, of his passing, were in pursuit of bullocks, and, on coming up to the pit, found a small hole in one end of the covering of it. At first, they conjectured that a calf had fallen in, but on further examination, discovered traces of a man's steps, and soon afterwards saw his feet in the pit, his body being covered with dirt and rubbish. They went immediately in pursuit of the guide, who returned, shot the bullock in the pit, took out the body, and hired the natives, at the price of four bullocks, (which were killed immediately,) to convey the body to the sea-shore. He himself accompanied them, and procured

the native to convey the body to Hilo, promising to follow immediately, and bring with him the compass, the watch, (which was somewhat broken but still going,) some money found in Mr. Douglas's pockets, and a little dog, a faithful companion of the departed traveller. Thus far the report of the native who brought the body in his canoe, and who professed to relate the facts as he learned them from the natives who came down from the mountain.

What an affecting spectacle was presented, on removing the bullock's hide in which the body had been conveyed! It appeared to be in the same state as when taken from the pit. The face was covered with dirt, the hair filled with blood and dirt, and the coat, pantaloons, and shirt, were considerably torn: the hat was missing. On washing the body, it was found to be in a shocking state: there were ten or twelve gashes on the head, a long one over the left eye, another rather deep just above the left temple, a deep one behind the right ear, the left cheek-bone appeared to be broken, and also the ribs on the left side; the abdomen was much bruised, as were also the lower parts of the legs.

After laying out the body, the first thought was to bury it within Mr. Goodrich's premises; but, when a spot had been selected and cleared, doubts were suggested by a person who had assisted, and who had been much engaged in taking wild cattle, whether the wounds on the head could have been inflicted by a bullock. The matter did not seem clear: many parts of the story were dark and confused; and the following questions arose among the persons present: How was it that Mr. Douglas was alone, without any guide, whether foreigner or native? Where was John, Mr. Diell's coloured man, who left Honolulu with Mr. Diell, and who, on missing a passage with him from Lahaina, embarked with Mr. Douglas, as had been ascertained from the captain of the vessel in which Mr. Douglas sailed from Lahaina to Kohala Point, and there left the vessel with Mr. Douglas, on the morning of the 19th instant, in order to accompany him across the mountain to Hilo? How was it that Mr. Douglas should fall into a pit when retracing his steps, after he had once passed it in safety? And, if a bullock had already fallen into the pit, how was it that he did not see the hole necessarily made in the covering? It was, therefore, thought due to the friends of Mr. Douglas, and to the public whom he had so zealously and usefully served, that an examination should be made of his body by medical men. The only way to have this effected was by preserving the body, and either sending it to Oahu, or keeping it until it could be examined at Hilo. The former plan seemed most desirable. Accordingly, the contents of the abdomen were removed, the body was filled with salt,

and placed in a coffin which was filled up with salt, and the whole was inclosed in a box filled with brine. After the body was laid in the coffin, the members of the mission family and several foreigners assembled to pay their tribute of respect to the mortal remains of the deceased; prayers were offered up, and a brief address was made. These services being concluded, the body was removed to a cool native house, where it was inclosed in the box.

As neither the guides, nor any natives had arrived by the 16th inst., two foreigners were despatched to the place where the body was received on the sea-shore, with directions to search out the natives who discovered the body, to go with them to the pit, and after making as full inquiries as possible, to report to Hilo immediately. So far as could be ascertained, the guide was an Englishman, a convict from Botany Bay, who left a vessel at the Sandwich Islands some years previously: he had a wife and one child with him, to which circumstance was attributed his delay. In the meantime, it was feared that the captain could not convey the remains of Mr. Douglas to Honolulu, as his vessel was filled with wood, canoes, food, &c.

In the afternoon, however, Edward Gurney, the English guide, arrived. He stated that on the 12th instant, about ten minutes before six o'clock in the morning, Mr. Douglas arrived at his house on the mountain, and wished him to point out the road to Hilo, and to accompany him a short distance. Mr. Douglas was then alone, but said that his man had given out the day before; referring, probably, to John, Mr. Diell's coloured man. Having taken breakfast, Edward accompanied Mr. Douglas about three-quarters of a mile, and, after directing him in the path, and warning him of the traps, proceeded about half a mile further with him. Mr. Douglas then dismissed the guide, after expressing his anxiety to reach Hilo by evening, thinking that he could find out the way himself. Just before Edward left him, he warned him particularly of three bullock-traps, about two miles and a half ahead; two of them directly on the road, the other on one side.

Edward now returned home to skin some bullocks which he had previously killed. About eleven o'clock, two natives came in pursuit of him, saying that the European was dead, and that they had found him in the pit in which the bullock was. They stated that as they were coming up to this pit, one of them observing some of the clothing on the side, exclaimed *lole*; and, in a moment afterwards discovered Mr. Douglas within the pit trampled under the feet of the bullock. Edward accordingly, ran to the house for a musket and ball. On reaching the pit, he found Mr. Douglas lying upon his

right side, and the bullock standing upon his body. He shot the animal, descended into the pit, drew the carcass to the other end of it, and got out the body of the poor traveller. His cane was with him, but the bundle and dog were missing. Edward, knowing that he had a bundle, asked for it. After a few moments' search, a loud barking was heard at a short distance ahead, on the road leading to Hilo; and on reaching the spot, the dog was found with the bundle. On further examination, it appeared that Mr. Douglas had stopped for a moment and looked into an empty pit, and also into that wherein the bullock was taken; that after passing on up the hill some fifteen fathoms, he laid down his bundle and returned to the fatal pit; and that whilst looking in, by making a mis-step, or by some other means, he fell into the power of the infuriated animal, who speedily executed the work of death.

The body was covered in part with stones, which circumstance is thought to have prevented its being entirely crushed. After removing it, Edward took charge of the dog and bundle, and of Mr. Douglas's chronometer, his pocket compass, keys, and money, found upon him; and, having hired the natives to carry the body to the shore, (a distance of about twenty-seven miles,) accompanied them, and came thence to Hilo.

The letter adds: "this narrative clears up many of the difficulties which rested upon the whole matter, and, perhaps, it will afford a pretty satisfactory account of the manner in which Mr. Douglas met his awful death." The writers then propose to the Consul to send the body to Hilo, should the captain consent to convey it; if he should not, the corpse was to be interred. We are not aware which course was adopted.

The letter concludes: "we have thus endeavoured to furnish all the particulars which we have been able to gather concerning this distressing event. It is no common death which has thus called forth our tears and sympathies, and it is one which presents an affecting comment on the truth, that in the midst of life we are in death; and how forcible the admonition, to all of us whose privilege it was to be acquainted with him who has thus been snatched from us, to prepare to meet our God, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour we know not of."

"Note. The black man mentioned in the letter, probably, lost his way and perished in the mountains, as he has not since been heard of."

* * * To these details it may be interesting to add the following information respecting the deeply lamented botanist, quoted in the *Gardener's Magazine* of May last. It is from the *West Briton and Cornwall Advertiser* newspaper, and evidently from the pen of Mr. William Beattie Booth, A. L. S., now

residing in that part of the country, and Mr. Douglas's townsman and intimate friend.

The intelligence of the death of this enterprising traveller and botanist will be read with feelings of the deepest regret, by every one acquainted with the eminent services he has rendered to botany, and other branches of natural history, in the course of the last twelve years. His name, in fact, is associated with all the rare and beautiful plants lately introduced from North-west America, which, by means of the Horticultural Society of London, have been extensively distributed not only in Britain, but over Europe. To him we are indebted for the elegant clarkia, the different species of penstemons, lupines, crotcheras, ribeses, and a host of other ornamental plants which now adorn our gardens, and which have formed the great attraction of the several botanical publications wherein they have been figured and described.

Mr. Douglas was born at Scone, near Perth, and served his apprenticeship as a gardener in the gardens of the Earl of Mansfield. About the year 1817, he removed to Valleyfield, the seat of Sir Robert Preston, Bart., then celebrated for a choice collection of exotics, and shortly afterwards went to the Botanic Garden of Glasgow. Here his fondness for plants attracted the notice of Dr. Hooker, the professor of botany, whom he accompanied in his excursions through the Western Highlands, and assisted in collecting materials for the *Flora Scotica*, with which Dr. Hooker was then engaged. This gentleman recommended him to the late secretary of the Horticultural Society, Joseph Sabine, Esq., as a botanical collector; and in 1823, he was despatched to the United States, where he procured many fine plants, and greatly increased the Society's collection of fruit-trees. He returned in the autumn of the same year; and in 1824 an opportunity having offered, through the Hudson's Bay Company, of sending him to explore the botanical riches of the country adjoining the Columbia River, and southwards towards California, he sailed in July for the purpose of prosecuting this mission. In one of his letters, now before us, he thus speaks on leaving England:—"I had a fine passage down the channel, and cleared the Land's End on the 1st of August. The day was warm, with a clear sky; the evening cool and pleasant. I stood on deck looking on the rocky shores of Cornwall, burnished with the splendour of a setting sun—a noble scene. By degrees the goddess of night threw her veil over it, and my delightful view of happy England closed—probably closed for ever!"

While the vessel touched at Rio de Janeiro, he collected many rare orchideous plants and bulbs. Among the latter was a new species of *Gesneria*, which Mr. Sabine named, in honour of its discoverer, *G. Douglasii*. He

was enraptured with the rich vegetation of a tropical country. He stopped at Rio longer than he anticipated, and left it with regret. In the course of his voyage round Cape Horn he shot many curious birds peculiar to the southern hemisphere, and prepared them for sending home. On Christmas-day he reached the celebrated island of Juan Fernandez, which he describes as "an enchanting spot, very fertile, and delightfully wooded. I sowed a large collection of garden seeds, and expressed a wish they might prosper, and add to the comfort of a second edition of Robinson Crusoe, should one appear." He arrived at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, on the 7th of April, 1825. Here an extensive field presented itself to him; and the excellent manner in which he performed his duty to the Horticultural Society cannot be better exemplified than by referring to the vast collections of seeds which from time to time he transmitted home, along with dried specimens, beautifully preserved, and now forming part of the herbarium in the garden of the Society at Chiswick. Of the genus *Pinus* he discovered several species, some of which attain to an enormous size. The *Pinus Lambertiana*, which he named in compliment to Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq., Vice-President of the Linnæan Society, is, perhaps, the largest of the whole. One of these, which had been blown down, measured 215 ft. in length, and 57 ft. 9 in. in circumference, at 3 ft. from the ground. The cones of it, which Mr. Douglas sent home, and which we have seen, were 16 in. long, and 11 in. in circumference. The kernel of the seed is sweet and pleasant to the taste, and is eaten by the Indians, either roasted or pounded into coarse cakes for winter store. The resin which exudes from the trees when they are partly burned, loses its usual flavour, and acquires a sweet taste; in which state it is used by the natives as sugar. Another species, named by Mr. Sabine, *Pinus Douglasii*, attains nearly the size of the above.

In the spring of 1827, Mr. Douglas traversed the country from Fort Vancouver, across the Rocky Mountains to Hudson's Bay, where he met Captain (now Sir) John Franklin, Dr. Richardson, and Captain Back, returning from their second overland arctic expedition. With these gentlemen he came to England in the autumn, bringing with him a variety of seeds, as well as specimens of plants and other objects of natural history. Through the kindness of his friend and patron Mr. Sabine, he was introduced to the notice of many of the leading literary and scientific characters in London; and shortly afterwards he was honoured by being elected, free of expense, a Fellow of the Linnæan, Geological, and Zoological Societies; to each of which he contributed several papers, since published in their Transactions, evincing much research and acuteness as a

naturalist. A handsome offer was made to him by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, for an account of his travels, which he commenced preparing for the press, but which, we grieve to say, he never completed. Some entertaining extracts from his letters to Dr. Hooker were published in Brewster's Edinburgh Journal for January, 1827; and a genus of plants belonging to the natural order Primulaceæ was dedicated to him by Professor Lindley, and defined in Brande's Journal for January, 1828; but it will scarcely be credited in this enlightened age, when there are so many channels open for communicating information, that the interesting journal of his travels, which we have seen and read, has been allowed to slumber unregarded in the archives of the Horticultural Society in Regent Street.

After being in London for two years, Mr. Douglas again sailed for Columbia in the autumn of 1829; where he has since been enjoying his favourite pursuit, and adding largely to his former discoveries. We were in expectation of his return by the very ship which has brought us the tidings of his horrible death.

Such, we understand, has been the unfortunate destiny of our intrepid friend and countryman, at the early age of thirty-six. Having known him intimately from a boy, we feel a mournful pleasure in looking back to the many agreeable hours we have spent in his society, and deeply deplore his untimely fate.

THE HOUSE OF FERRERS.

(Concluded from page 180.)

Of the females of the Ferrers family, mention should be made of Frances, (daughter of the first earl,) who was celebrated in the popular ballad of "Fanny, blooming fair," written by Mr. Thomas Philips, for whose benefit, as the author of that particular ballad, a play was acted at the Haymarket, May 26, 1736. To this lady, Pope addressed a beautiful, little poem on receiving from her a "standish and two pens;" and Dr. Warton mentions her as a lady whose great merit Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating.

From another branch of the family, the Shirleys of Westerton, or Wistoneston, in Suffolk, sprung the celebrated general in Persia, Sir Robert Shirley. He was born in the year 1564, and was, by his brother Anthony,* entered in the Persian army. Here he performed great service against the Turks, and displayed so much courage and mercy to the conquered, that he was envied by the nobility of Persia in general, and by the Persian lord, Nogr-Ali-Bey in particular. The latter, however, being unable to injure him, he poisoned himself for vexation, by eating nothing but

opium for four days. But if he was unable to establish himself in the good graces of the gentlemen, he was, in that point, successful with the ladies; and was, after some opposition, married to one of them, the lady Teresa, daughter of Ismy Hawn, Prince of Hircassia Major, whose sister was one of the Queens of Persia. She was delivered of a son while he was on an embassy to England, to James I., in 1611; the Queen was god-mother and Prince Henry godfather, to the infant, who, on his father's return to India, in 1612, was left in England. Arrived at the court of Shah Abbas, he was made General of Artillery; but as he grew old, he was slighted for inability, and his pension cashiered. His complaints being unheeded, and himself treated carelessly, both circumstances completely unnerved him; and his spirit weakening with age, he died July 13, 1627, at Casbyn, and was buried under the threshold of his own door in that city, without much ceremony—another melancholy instance of the ingratitude of nations and princes.†

Having said thus much of this once powerful family, it remains for me to describe their mansion and church, represented in the annexed Engravings at pages 177 and 200.

The present mansion stands on the site of the ancient edifice, pulled down in the reign of George III., about 1772. Of the old building, very little mention is made by topographers. Mackay, in his *Tour through England*, in the reign of George I., calls Staunton "a noble seat, as big as a little town, and the gardens plentifully adorned with statues," &c. A view of the ancient seat, as it was in the time of Charles II., may be found in *Les Delices de Grande Bretagne*, a series of perspective "prospects" of the houses of the nobility and gentry. The building itself was plain, and the north and west sides flanked by towers, presenting nothing of a picturesque appearance. But if the house was plain, the gardens, (in accordance with the taste of the age,) were beautiful. A series of terraces, laid out in parterres, led by slight descents from the house to the water before it. In addition to the ornamental shape of the flower-beds, the gardens were further enriched by several fountains and very many statues, presenting altogether a picture of formal and expensive taste, only to be found around the mansions of the rich of those days, all vestiges of which have now nearly passed away.

When the house was pulled down for the erection of the present building, the Gate of the Old Hall was left standing. Its beauty and elaborate workmanship acted as a charmed safeguard from the hands of the destroyer, and it was preserved as an orna-

* He was a great traveller, having been over most parts of Asia; he died in Spain, 1636.

† His wife after his death left Persia and resided at Rome. The period of her death is not known.

ment to the grounds. As a specimen of the taste displayed by our ancestors in this peculiar walk of design at the time of its erection, it is, perhaps, the most beautiful in England; at least, I have never seen its parallel. The gates are formed of light, ornamental iron-work, and the supporting pillars, animals, &c. of stone. The workmanship is most elaborately finished, yet solidity and grandeur are not lost sight of; while the wreathed pillars, (which bring to mind Raphael's cartoon, and the beautiful gate of the Jewish temple,) give a lightness and grace to the whole, at once strikingly picturesque. The stag and talbot, each bearing a shield of the family arms, complete the design, and mark its identity. Standing as it does, a monument of by-gone grandeur in the grounds of the now deserted mansion, its light and elegant form "coming out" in bold relief from the dark trees behind it, it can never fail in delighting the spectator, viewed only as a work of art; while on the antiquary it will have a double claim, in the pleasure he would feel at its being thus preserved from destruction. (See page 177.)

The present mansion was built by Washington, fifth Earl Ferrers, the plan being entirely his own: he died in 1778, when it was nearly completed.* It is a large, substantial building of brick, finished with stone. Its south-eastern or principal front is ornamented with stone pilasters and Doric columns, in the centre surmounted by a pediment. The side facing the south-west is embellished with statues, representing Strength and Beauty; and, in the centre, placed on the parapet of the house, is an immense lion of stone. The library front, at the north-east, was originally designed by Inigo Jones, and is mainly preserved in the present structure. There are nearly sixty rooms in the house, all of which are now stripped of their furniture. Some part of the old hall is said to be yet standing, and incorporated with the more modern structure. One of the rooms has certainly a very antique appearance: it is wainscoted, and ornamented with carved paneling, above which, and reaching to the ceiling, a series of arches rise, inclosing half-length paintings, in oil, of saints, which are continued round the apartment. This room is reported to have been used as an oratory. The room is also shown as being that in which the murder was committed; but doubts are reasonably entertained of its identity, as it seems improbable that when the old house was removed, that portion of it which would natu-

rally be the most unpleasant to its inhabitants, should be respected so much as to be saved from destruction.

Of the many valuable pictures once kept here, not one is now remaining. Among them were the pictures previously mentioned as presented by Charles II.; a Portrait of Sir Robert Shirley, by Vandyck; his Lady, by Lely; Dead Game, by Weenix; a Landscape, by Wynants, in his best manner; a large painting of the Crucifixion, by Caracci; the Last Judgment, by Rubens, a valuable picture; and others, by Berghem, Wouvermans, Poussin, &c.

Among the works of literature contained in the library is a singularly curious Chinese edition of the works of their celebrated philosopher, Confucius, in sixteen quarto volumes. Here too is preserved a splendid and copious pedigree of the Shirley family, which, when unrolled, reaches half-way down the room, measuring seventy-two feet by eighteen. The letter from Charles II., previously recorded, was taken from the book, and hung up here in a frame, but has now disappeared, together with other curiosities once to be found here. Among them was a very curious, old bugle-horn, or elephant's tusk formed like one; on which were some beautiful figures of dogs pursuing stags, and every species of game usually hunted, all equally well executed, and supposed to be by Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated sculptor. It bore a great resemblance to Ulphus's horn, preserved and shown at the Cathedral, York; but though the subjects were the same, the latter is neither so richly carved, nor so well executed, as the one at Staunton.

In one of the lower rooms, the antique, carved, oak table, already engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. xxvi., is preserved; though its destruction for firewood has been more than once contemplated.

The house, twelve miles from the town of Derby, stands in a fine park of 150 acres, which is enlivened by a large lake that covers about thirty acres, and is adorned by a handsome stone bridge, immediately in front of the mansion. Both lake and bridge were made by the earl who built the present seat.

Adjoining the house is the family Church, or, as Nichols terms it, "the Chapel," built by the persecuted Sir Robert Shirley: the erection of which embroiled him in disputes with the usurper Cromwell, and, probably, hastened his premature death. It consists of a beautiful, embattled tower, (in which are six good bells, inscribed "Sir Robert Shirley, Founder, 1653,") a nave, and two aisles, separated by three arches, over which are clerestory windows; there is also a very handsome chancel, parted from the nave by elegantly wrought iron gates, on which are the Ferrers' arms, supporters, and coronet. The chancel is paved with marble, and the

* He was of a maritime disposition, having served on shipboard in all offices from midshipman to the rank of vice-admiral; and distinguished himself under Hawke. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1761, in compliment to his observations on the transit of Venus, and other useful discoveries in mathematical and nautical knowledge.



(The Chapel at Staunton-Harold: from a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

ascent to the altar is by three steps of bluish marble. The communion-table and chairs are curious specimens of early carving; the gilt communion-plate is remarkably fine, ancient, and costly, and was given to the chapel by its founder. The font is plain. The organ, which is the production of the celebrated Father Schmidt, is fine-toned and melodious. The funeral trophies of knights are hung up in different parts of the church, consisting of the helmet, tunic, sword, shield, and spurs, in the same style as those over the knights' stalls in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. The whole interior of this beautiful church, (dedicated to the Holy Trinity,) is richly ornamented with carved paneling, raised lozenge work, and bands of flowers; it has but one blemish, and that is the ceiling, which is bedaubed with representations of clouds and beams of glory, all mixed together in black and white patches, in chaotic confusion.

The exterior of the building is very chaste and beautiful; and the thick mantling of ivy adds to its general effect. The windows of the tower, and the lower range of windows in the body of the church are in the pointed style, with mullions and rich tracery. The upper windows are square-headed; above them are a richly carved band, and ornamental battlements. Round the chancel battlements, and immediately under them, is the inscription in raised letters, cut from the stone: "Sir Robert Shirley, Baronet, Founder of this Church. Anno Domini M.DC.LIII., on whose Soul God hath Mercy."

On the south side of the chancel, is a stone entrance, flanked by supporting pillars, over

which is inscribed, "*Mors mihi Lucrum*;" this leads to the vault where several members of the Shirley family lie buried. Nichols says, "in it is a child, (the daughter of Laurence, son of Robert, the first earl,) preserved by embalming for seventy-five years past." The last of the family buried here was the late Lady Ferrers, concerning whose death a remarkable story was going the round of the newspapers about a twelvemonth ago. The period of her dissolution was supposed to have been foretold by the birth of a black calf among the white, wild cattle of Chartley, a breed of which but few remain in England; it having been noticed, as at least a remarkable coincidence, that the death of any principal member of the family for a long time previous had been preceded by one of these dark visitors.*

Over the church-door is the following inscription in white marble:—

In the year 1653,
When all things sacred were throughout ye nation
Either demolisht or profaned,
Sr Robert Shirley, Baronet,
Founded this Church;
Whose singular praise it is
To have done the best things in ye worst times,
And
hoped them in the most callanitous.

The Righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

Above this inscription are the arms of Shirley impaling Okeover, the crests of each supported by angels.

The gardens and grounds are very extensive, and beside the church are two remarkably fine weeping ash-trees, with seats round the stem, rendered shady and cool in the

* See Mirror, vol. xxvi., p. 55.

hottest weather by their thick, long branches, which hang down and spread on the ground, rendering the interior impervious to the sun. The rest of the garden, (owing to the house being uninhabited by the family,) is running waste: flowers of the most beautiful hue, roses and mignonette, mingle with cowslips and wild flowers, and spread over the gravel-walks which are partly usurped by weeds, with the most enchanting neglect.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

The Public Journals.

THE COUNT OF GREIERS.

(From the German of Ludwig Uhland.)

THE gallant Count of Greiers—he looked at break of day,
From the doorway of his castle to where the mountains lay;
He saw their peaks all kindled in the morning's ruddy sheen,
And in a doubtful twilight lay the Alpine vales between.

"O Alps! eternal mountains! how long I to be there;

O happy are your children, the herd and cottage fair!
Oft have I looked upon you with bosom all at rest,
But now a longing like a love is kindling in my breast."

And near and nearer opens sweet music on his ear,
The shepherd and the shepherdess, they come the castle near,

And on the lofty terraces they form a circling ring,
And there white arms are glaucing, and garlands fluttering.

The youngest village-maidens—so fair and young were they!—

They took the noble by the hand, he must with them away;

And round him wound the circle, till in the midst was he:

"Ha! gallant Count of Greiers, our prisoner must thou be!"

They bore him from the castle with dance, and laugh, and song,

They danced throughout the villages, and through the village throng,

They danced across the meadows, they danced through wood and spray,

Until far up within the Alps, the music died away.

Dawned hath the second morning, the third is coming on—

Why stays the Count of Greiers, where hath the gallant gone?

Lo! downwards unto evening the sultry sun has past,

It thunders in the mountains, the lightning flashes fast.

The vaults of heaven are opened, the stream is raging white,

And as the jagged lightning lays bare the breast of night,

A man is in the whirlpool seen, who strives with might and main,

Until a branch he seizes, and reaches shore again.

"Here am I, from the bosom of the mountains swept along!

The deadly storm descended 'midst mirth, and dance, and song;

Ye all are hid, my comrades, in hut and rocky cave,"

I—only I—was borne away by yon devouring wave.

"Farewell, ye verdant mountains, with all your happy crew!

Farewell, ye three most blessed days, when a shepherd's life I knew!

O never, never was I born to dwell in such a heaven,
As that from which with lightning wrath and anger I am driven.

"Rest thou, O fairest Alpine rose, unsullied by my hand!

I feel—the chilling torrent, it quenches not this brand!

No more amid that witching band, no more with thee I roam,

Take me into thy loneliness, thou old and empty home!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

New Books.

BRITTON'S DICTIONARY OF THE ARCHITECTURE AND ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE MIDDLE AGES. PART III.

[WITH pleasure we learn from Mr. Britton's address that his laborious work will shortly be completed, notwithstanding a considerable time has elapsed since the publication of the second part. The circumstances of this delay are candidly and apologetically stated; and they are such as must concern every lover of architecture and archaeological lore, the taste for which intellectual studies have been pre-eminently fostered by the author's untiring zeal and judgment. But, "continued literary exertions for nearly forty years, with very poor remuneration for the necessary labour, repeated attacks of illness, with failure of eyes, and, perhaps, more serious failures—the mental energies and powers; an increasing desire to be more and more critically correct and discriminating, have conspired to render the author slow in operation, and perpetually doubtful of consigning to the press any matter which he fancied might be essentially improved." Indeed he would rather still further delay the work, to ensure its accuracy; but repeated appeals have induced him to publish the present part, with thirteen engravings, to show that the work is not relinquished nor intended to be. The plates include some attractive subjects, as Crypts, Columns, Crockets, Ceilings, Crosses, sections of Cathedrals, and Finials. Among the letterpress is the completion of Castle, Cathedral, full of detail; Chantry, Chapel, and Chapter House. We extract a few details from]

Cathedrals.

There are twenty-one old cathedrals, and one of modern erection, in England, and four in Wales; there were thirteen in Scotland, and twenty-two in Ireland; but some of those of the two latter divisions of the kingdom are much reduced in size, some in ruins, and others extinct. The cathedrals vary from each other in extent, arrangement, and parts; and also in their architectural styles and features. It is evident that some of them are of Saxon foundation; and it is contended by a few antiquaries that parts of those of Ely, Oxford, Canterbury, and Winchester, exhibit specimens of genuine Anglo-

Saxon architecture. Every other variety of date and style, from the Norman conquest to the revival and establishment of the Italian architecture, is to be seen in these cathedrals; and it may be said, that these varieties are not only numerous, but exhibit almost a countless succession of inventions, improvements in form, arrangement, combination, and decoration. Intended by their religious and superstitious architects to surprise, delight, and awe the spectator, they were raised on a large scale; adorned internally and externally with a profusion of architectural members and sculptural enrichments; provided with grand western façades, with inclosed porticoes, towers, spires, and pinnacles, and also with cloisters, chapter-rooms, chapels, chantries, and altars.

Cathedrals are to be seen in all parts of the world where the Christian religion has prevailed to any extent and for any length of time; but they abound more particularly in Italy, France, Germany, and Great Britain. Those of Italy are mostly on a large scale, are profusely adorned with sculpture and paintings; and most of them are built of white marble, interspersed and inlaid with others of varied colours. Unlike those of England, they are exempt from pews and galleries, whence the general architecture of the whole, the enrichments of the parts, and the effects of the original design, are fully and finely unfolded to the critical spectator. Plans, sections, and accounts of the cathedrals of Placentia, Modena, Parma, and others, are given in the *Archæologia*, vol. xvi., by the Rev. T. Kerrich. The cathedral of Milan may be referred to as one of the most splendid and spacious of those buildings. Its architecture and history are judiciously described in Woods' *Letters of an Architect*; whilst its plans, sections, and details are fully delineated in *La Metropolitana de Milano e dettagli Rimarcabili de questo edificio, pubblicata ed illustrata per cura del Mse. Cavaliere Giachimo d'Adda*. Milano, 1824, fol. That work contains thirty-four engravings, with short descriptive notices.—In the former work will be found interesting accounts of several other Italian and French cathedrals. Those of France and Germany vary considerably from each other, as they do from others of England and Italy. In the first kingdom, the cathedrals of Paris, Amiens, Coutance, Bayeux, Rheims, Beauvais, and Rouen, are noted for their architectural beauties; whilst some of them exhibit very splendid western façades. [See Whittington's "Treatise on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of France," and Coney's Etchings of some of them;] but the reader is cautioned against the theories and dates of the former work, and the very defective and erroneous accounts in the latter. Some of the cathedrals of Germany and Holland

are remarkable for their elaborate architectural minutiae of detail; for lofty, light, and elaborate towers; for splendidly painted glass windows and altar-pieces by artists of the highest talents. The towers of Antwerp, Strasburgh, Mechlin, Ulm, Cologne, and Friburgh, are among the pre-eminent specimens of these buildings. Dr. Mollor, of Darmstadt, has published a folio work, with numerous plans, elevations, sections, and views of some of the most distinguished of the German edifices. The reader is also referred to a very interesting small volume on German Churches, by the learned Professor Whewell, of Cambridge. Spain and Portugal contain also some very curious and highly enriched Catholic cathedrals; but they are different in their architectural details to any that have been heretofore noticed. With arches of the horse-shoe shape, walls covered with sculptured work, and with columns, windows, door-ways, and other members, unlike any others in Europe, the buildings alluded to are calculated to excite the curiosity, if not the admiration, of the architectural antiquary. This architecture is well represented in a large and expensive folio volume, by J. Murphy, illustrative of "The Alhambra."

Of Modern Cathedrals, those of St. Peter, at Rome, and St. Paul, in London, are the most famed of Europe. The former is the see of the sovereign pontiff of the whole Catholic world; and, being designed for the most powerful and most ostentatious of religious sovereigns, by artists of acknowledged genius and science, it was intended to surpass all preceding ecclesiastical edifices. Nicolas V. projected that great work; Julius III. laid the first stone in 1506; and the building was in progress for more than a century. Bramante designed it; but the vast cupola, and some other parts are by Michael Angelo. (Woods, in his "Letters of an architect," has given a critical and interesting account of the church; and instituted a comparison between that and St. Paul's, of London.) The latter cathedral was commenced from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, in 1675, and was completed in 1710; and it is remarkable that the whole of this immense edifice should have been executed in the short space of thirty-five years, by one architect, one principal mason, Mr. Strong, and one bishop, Dr. H. Compton. (A historical and critical account and description of the church, by Jos. Gwilt, Esq., with plans and sections, are contained in "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London," vol. i., 1825.)

The following are the dimensions of these churches:

	E. to W.	West	Ditto	Tran.	Height
	within.	end in.	out.	sept.	to top.
St. Paul's	500	100	180	223	330 En. ft.
St. Peter's	669	226	395	442	432

St. Peter's occupies an area of 227,069 superficial feet.
 St. Paul's " " " " " 84,025 ditto.
 St. Mary's, at Florence 84,802 ditto.

[From a table we select the following column of the]

Heights of English Cathedrals.

Canterbury	- - - -	230 feet.
York	- - - -	200
Bristol	- - - -	133
Chichester	- - - -	300
Durham	- - - -	210
Ely	- - - -	170
Exeter	- - - -	153
Gloucester	- - - -	223
Hereford	- - - -	160
Lichfield	- - - -	252
Lincoln	- - - -	264
Norwich	- - - -	309
Oxford	- - - -	145
Peterborough	- - - -	150
Rochester	- - - -	156
Salisbury	- - - -	404
Wells	- - - -	165
Winchester	- - - -	148
Worcester	- - - -	193
St. Paul's	- - - -	360
Westr. Abbey Church	- - - -	225

LAYS OF A WILD HARP.

[THIS is an unpretending little volume of poems—the first fruits of a ladye-pen: they are full of kindly feelings, and merit notice as germs of promise: we quote two specimens.]

THE SONG OF MARION.

"She sat down again to look, but her eyes were blinded with tears; and, in a voice interrupted by sighs, she exclaimed—'Not yet, not yet. Oh, my Wallace, what evil hath betided thee?'"—*Scottish Chiefs.*

Not yet, not yet. I thought I saw
 The foldings of his plaid.
 Alas! 'twas but the mountain pine,
 That cast a graceful shade.
 The moon is o'er the highest crag,
 It gilds each tower and tree,
 But Wallace comes not back to bless
 The hearts in Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. Is that his plume
 I see beneath the hill?
 Ah, no! 'tis but the waving fern:
 The heath is lonely still.
 Dear Wallace, day-star of my soul,
 Thy Marion weeps for thee;
 She fears lest evil should betide
 The guard of Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. I hear a sound,
 A distant crashing din;
 'Tis but the night-breeze bearing on
 The roar of Corie Lin.
 The grey-hair'd harper cannot rest,
 He keeps his watch with me;
 He kneels—he prays that God may shield
 The laird of Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. My heart will break:
 Where can the brave one stay?
 I know 'tis not his own free will
 That keeps him thus away.

The lion may forsake his lair,
 The dove its nest may flee,
 But Wallace loves too well to leave
 His bride and Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. The moon goes down,
 And Wallace is not here;
 And still his sleuth-hound howls, and still
 I shed the burning tear.
 Oh, come my Wallace, quickly come,
 As ever safe and free:
 Come, or thy Marion soon will find
 A grave in Ellerslie!

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

He stood upon the sandy beach,
 And watch'd the dancing foam:
 He gaz'd upon the leaping waves,
 Which soon would be his home.
 And then he ey'd his sailor's garb,
 With look of proud delight:
 The flowing 'kerchief round his neck,
 The trousers, wide and white.
 The rose of health was on his cheek,
 His forehead fair as day:
 Hope play'd within his hazel eye,
 And told his heart was gay.
 And many a time the sturdy boy
 Long'd for the hour to come,
 Which gave the hammock for his couch,
 The ocean for his home.
 And now the gallant ship rides high,
 The wind is fair and free,
 The busy hands have trimm'd her sails:
 She stems the open sea.

The boy again is on the beach,
 A mother's arms have prest him;
 A sister's hand is link'd in his;
 A father's lip hath blest him.

The eyes, that lately sparkled bright,
 Are swell'd with many a tear:
 His young heart feels a choking pang
 To part from all so dear.

Another kiss—another sob,
 And now the struggle's o'er:
 He springs into the tiny boat,
 And pushes from the shore.

The last sad drop upon his cheek
 Falls mingling with the foam:
 The sea-bird, screaming, welcomes him:
 The ocean is his home!

BEN BRACE.

(Concluded from page 174.)

[NEXT is a glorious scene, the details of which come home to every British bosom.]

The Death of Nelson.

As yet, all prospered; everything was going on well and leading to a certain victory. Nelson was walking the deck; and in spite of the quick eyes of the Frenchmen aloft who had shot Adair, they had not distinguished him. He wore that day his every-day dress. Some people have since said that he desired his stars to be placed on his coat; but they are wrong: on all his coats he had four orders *embroidered*, and Nelson was not a likely man to order them to be *picked out*, because he was going into action. The Redoubtable having ceased firing her great guns, was considered to have struck: she had no flag up, nor had she ever hoisted one. I wish I had been alongside of the signal-man—I think

he would have shown it for a moment. Nelson desired that the firing should be directed upon the Bucentaure, and from that moment the firing from the tops of the Redoutable increased. I thought I had got into a parcel of birds' nests, the balls came whistling about me so fast; and then I thought the Frenchmen had mistaken me for Lord Nelson.

I was standing on the starboard side of the poop, close to the ladder, watching the admiral, for I could not keep my eyes off him, when I saw him fall. I never felt the splinter which a moment afterwards grazed my leg; I never touched one of the steps of the ladder; for I made but one leap, and I was the first man alongside of him; Hardy was the next.

"I hope it is not mortal," he said.

Nelson had fallen on his face, and I knelt down to lift him up; when he said, "They have done for me at last, Hardy."

"I hope not, my lord," he replied; and his heart was too full to say more.

"Yes," replied Nelson; "they have shot my back-bone through."

Mr. Burke, the purser, and myself, carried him below; and I saw the admiral cover his face with his handkerchief, in order that the crew might not know him. That was of no use; it was along the decks in a minute; who could keep that a secret what every one desired should not happen? But the sight which followed was one that few have ever seen! We took him below; and here were the wounded and the dying,—one groaning in agony, the next showing a silent disdain of all pain. Here was one who, feeling the torment of the tourniquet, had loosened it, and was gradually sinking. There was the hasty of temper cursing his fate, and wishing to be revenged. The roar of the guns thundered over our heads; the ship trembled with the continual firing; whilst the loud cheers of the crew, as the enemy showed an ensign only to strike it immediately, lighted up the countenance of the admiral, who would brighten with hope, although nearly crushed by pain.

We carried Nelson over heaps of the wounded: a dead silence took place when we got to the cockpit, and every eye was turned towards us to see whom we were bringing. We placed him on a purser's mattress which was spread on the deck; he was immediately stripped, and looked like a skeleton with the skin over it. I always wondered how so weak a frame could inclose so great a heart.—By the side of Nelson was placed young Westphall: he was wounded on the head. I rolled up Nelson's coat and placed it under the youngster: the blood flowed freely, and becoming coagulated, the bullion of the epaulette adhered to the mass. When Westphall was removed, after Nelson's death, we were

obliged to cut the bullion off; and this, as every relic of Nelson, was deservedly prized. It was claimed by Pascoe, who had it set as a brooch, encircled by the words, "England expects every man will do his duty."—Long may Pascoe live to wear it! He was wounded, but he never complained—he bore his pain without a groan; but when he heard Nelson was killed, he burst into tears, and cried like a child.*

Beattie came.—"It is useless," said Nelson, in a faint tone of voice,—"*It is useless, Beattie; you can do nothing for me: I feel it in my back; I feel a gush of blood every moment in my breast. Go, Beattie, go to those to whom you may be useful!*"

The doctor stood watching his countenance; and when the chaplain touched Beattie's arm, and looked at him in the face, as much as to say, "Doctor, what is your opinion?" I overheard the answer, which was only meant for the ears of the captain and the chaplain, "No hope whatever!"

I ran upon deck. I was burning for some revenge; and if I could have boarded the top of that cursed ship, d—n me if I would not have eaten the Frenchman! I was on the poop in an instant; I seized a musket, and I watched the mizen-top of the Redoutable, from which the fatal shot had been fired. There were still two Frenchmen left aloft—the rest had been killed—and one of those had killed the admiral. Mr. Pollard and Mr. Collingwood, two gallant, young midshipmen, were the only two left alive on the poop of the Victory: now I again joined them. I supplied them with cartridges, and loaded my own gun. I saw the man; for we knew him by his glazed hat, and white frock jacket.—"Be ready," said Pollard: "he will come within sight directly; he has loaded his musket."—"That's he! that's he!" we all said at the same moment, and we fired instantly. His gun was discharged at the same time,—he fell dead, and I lost my arm! I was desired to go below; and I did not stand two calls,—my worst enemy was dead, my best friend was dying. Smarting from the wound, I was going down the poop-ladder, when a small splinter struck my eye, and caused the most insufferable pain for a short time. Bleeding and almost fainting, I came below. A tourniquet was instantly applied, and some water given me. I was in the act of drinking it, when one of the men said, "Brace, the admiral is near his end."—I soon staggered to the midshipmen's berth.

Although the space was kept as clear as possible, in order to give Nelson all the air

* The eye-witness of the scene would do an injustice if he failed to mention this; and the work of the historian is ennobled by the record of this officer's name.

which could reach him, room was made for me. Every one knew that I had stood by him from the first hour he became a sailor until this last, sad moment; besides which, he had inquired for me.

"Who is that?" said the admiral, as he heard the noise in making room for me.

"Brace, my lord," I replied.

"Not wounded, I hope?"

"I have lost an eye and an arm, my lord," said I, "and shall better resemble for the future my glorious commander!"

"Brace, come nearer," (his voice was getting very weak and indistinct;) "place your ear close to my mouth; listen."—He then whispered, "She is provided for; she can never know what it is to want; and so far I have done my duty to one whose services to me I can hardly ever requite.—Hardy," (the captain inclined his head,) "this is my oldest follower, wounded—unfit any longer to serve his Majesty; to you I leave it to place him in Greenwich."—Whilst he was saying this, I had taken his hand; and as I kissed it, he felt the tears which dropped upon it.

"Listen to me," he said.—"When you get to England and are discharged, go to Merton; tell her of my last moments—tell her I have left a memorial in her behalf—tell her that even now, when all is shortly to pass away, I thought of her; that my last prayer was for her; tell her —" At this moment, a loud cheer from the crew of the *Victory* startled him.

"What is that, Hardy?" he said; but hardly was on deck: he returned about a minute afterwards, when Nelson repeated the question.

"It was the men cheering for the tenth ship of the enemy's line which has struck."

"None of ours have struck, I hope, Hardy?"

"There's no fear of that, my lord," replied the captain.

"Then I am more easy," the admiral continued.—"Hardy, I am a dead man: I am going fast—it will be all over with me soon."

In the mean time, whilst this overwhelming event was taking place, the battle had been nobly fought along the whole line. After Collingwood had raked the *Santa Anna* and ranged up alongside of her, he was nobly seconded by the *Mars*, commanded by Worthy Duff, as he was called—and he merited the name. He, poor fellow! after fighting like a good officer, was nearly cut in half by a round shot, and England lost another hero. The Sovereign, after her first flourish with the *Santa Anna*, fell foul of every ship, Spanish or French, within reach of her guns; whilst the *Bellerophon*, after breaking the line, got aboard of the *Aigle*, an eighty-gun ship. The fore-yard of the *Bellerophon* caught the main-yard of the Frenchman, and a heavy fire was immediately directed upon her from the starboard bow; the larboard

bow guns were blazing away into the *Monarca*: at the same time she was receiving and returning, without much time being lost, the fire of the *Bahama*, a Spanish eighty-gun ship, which had drifted on the *Bellerophon's* larboard quarter; whilst a ship, as large as her name was long, the *St. Juan Nepomuceno*, got athwart her stern; and a French eighty-gun ship, the *Swiftsure*, touched her up on the starboard quarter.

The *Bellerophon's* men never thought of the odds against them; they fought like English tars—the more they have upon them, the stronger they rise.

Several hand-grenades were thrown into the lower-deck ports of the *Bellerophon*, and caused great havoc amongst the men; and had there been a breeze, they must have mustered the sails to see which were missing. The main and mizen topmast fell over the starboard side; whilst the sails, the main-topsail, and top-gallant sails caught fire. But still they gallantly blazed away; still they were able to show that Collingwood's line could fight under their admiral as well as the *Victory's* could fight under Nelson. Cheer after cheer followed, as the men saw the results of their bravery, and were convinced that the signal which had been hailed with such pride, "England expects that every man will do his duty," had been most gloriously answered by every man and boy in the fleet:—and if I was to give an account of what Moorsom did, and every other captain throughout the British fleet, why, I should never come to an end. But I mention the *Bellerophon*, because the Frenchmen became better acquainted with her afterwards.

The action had now been maintained with bravery by the French and the Spaniards for three hours. The victory was won; ten ships had struck; but the last sad result was yet to take place. It is of no use drawing a picture of what occurred in the midshipmen's berth of the *Victory*; the greatest admiral England ever produced was now stretched out breathing his last. From time to time, as the service would permit, Hardy came below and reported to the admiral how the day went; and it was when Hardy returned and reported that ten had struck, that Nelson said, "I am growing weaker and weaker; it is impossible I can live: my back-bone is shot through; I have no feeling below my breast, it is all gone;—you know it," he said, as he looked at Beattie. "I know it; I feel something rising in my breast." It was when a partial lull had occurred that the *Victory* fired her whole larboard broadside at once; it shook the ship from stem to stern; then came a silence again. Nelson said, in a firm tone of voice, "Oh! victory, victory!" and then added, "How dear is life to all men!—Hardy," he continued, "send my carcass to England."—Carcass was the

word: it was an odd word to use at such a moment, but I'll swear to it, for it struck me as a cool disdain of death, although he had, not a minute before, declared how sweet was life.

In a few minutes, Hardy, who had been on deck, returned again.

"Fourteen, my lord," he said—"fourteen have struck!" A gleam of animation lighted up Lord Nelson's countenance before he died.

"I bargained for twenty!" he said. "What have you done, Hardy?"

The captain answered, "I have sent Lieutenant Hill to Lord Collingwood, to mention you are wounded, my lord, and to beg of him to make the requisite signals."

"Not whilst I live!" he said with some energy,—"not whilst I am alive, Hardy! Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" And had that order been obeyed, in spite of all that has been said, Portsmouth harbour would have had more prizes in Rotten Row.

"God bless you, Hardy!" he murmured. "Kiss me."

It was now fast growing towards the last moment of his life; and although there were many present, yet not a word was spoken.

The eye began to warn us that the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar was fast sinking; it no longer sparkled up as the cheers were heard below; whilst he breathed with great difficulty, and when he spoke, it was in a low and indistinct voice. Once or twice he made an attempt; but the restlessness of his spirit was fast subsiding. The chaplain stood by, and watched the last breathings of this great man. It was then that he spoke again,—ay, and about sins and errors, which even the best of us may commit; for he was too much of a Christian to die without acknowledging them. This done, he again thought of his king, his country,—of *her*. "Remember," he said, "I leave her and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country. I have done my duty to my king; but who shall say I have done my duty to my God!" The last words which he uttered were, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" and shortly afterwards the under jaw fell, and Nelson of the Nile was no more! I watched his countenance: I saw the last motion of his lip; I saw the glassy stillness of his eye—the dead cold paleness of his forehead—the fluttering tremor which shook his whole frame; and when Beattie said, and loud enough for all to hear, "He is gone!" I fainted on the table, and was carried away to the cockpit.

[From these snatches, the reader must not suppose Ben Brace to be one of mere biography, or sketches of character; for it has a plot which is full of the simplicity of nature and the sublimity of truth.]

Notes of a Reader.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

THE *Hobart Town Courier*, just received, after alluding to the pastoral expedition of Mr. Batman and others to Port Philip, adds: The tall and stately gait of the natives of that region had already struck Mr. Batman as being peculiar, as indeed it had done some years before Messrs. Howell and Hume, who made the coast in that direction across the country from Sydney. On a close investigation, a few very handsome individuals were found to be of a lighter colour, and some with countenances approaching nearer the contour of European faces than the generality. Indications, too, of a higher state of civilization, or rather of a less savage state than prevailed amongst most of the other tribes of New Holland were here and there conspicuous. Rude embankments, with tolerable stone facings, were found in parts constructed across creeks and inlets, with convenient sluices for the purpose of catching fish at the fall of the tide. Several of the bark shelters, or wigwams, were formed in a superior and comfortable manner, tolerably well thatched, with a narrow opening for the doorway, and fireplace in front. Pieces of wood were hollowed or scooped out to serve as calabashes or buckets to carry water, and the dresses of kangaroo skins were neatly joined together with regular stitches, and cut away so as to form a convenient vesture. The settlers however had not domiciled themselves in their new position many days, when these and various other indications of ingenuity were satisfactorily explained by the appearance of a white man, clothed in a kangaroo-skin cloak. He was at first rather timid in his approaches, but when spoken to kindly, and offered a piece of bread, he threw off his reserve, and after eating the bread with apparent relish, and looking at it as if endeavouring to bring something to his recollection, he exclaimed with symptoms of delight glowing in his face, "bread!" Other English words soon returned to his memory, and he was at last enabled to communicate that his name was William Buckley—that he had been one of those who escaped from the encampment of the prisoners by the ship *Ocean*, formed by the late Colonel Collins, in attempting, agreeably to the instructions of the British Government, to form a settlement at Port Philip, in 1803,—that he had lived ever since with the tribe of the Aborigines, whom he then met with in the bush, and over whom he had long exercised the rule of a chief. He is a very tall man, having served as a grenadier in Holland under the late Duke of York, and according to the measure which has been sent over to procure garments for him, he is six feet five inches high, and so stout

and portly as to measure three feet nine round the chest. The long period of unsophisticated, out-of-door, wandering life which he has led, seems to have agreed remarkably with his health, of which though from fifty-eight to sixty years of age, he stands a perfect picture, and would certainly eclipse in the effect of his physical, if not in his rhetorical, appearance, the celebrated Mr. Cobbett in the House of Commons. Through the assistance of the new settlers, he has forwarded a petition to the Lieutenant Governor, praying for a pardon, mainly with a view, we presume to enable him to remain where he is, and to communicate the result of his intimacy with that interesting country, and the many valuable discoveries which he has made in it, which we are glad to learn his Excellency has been kindly pleased to grant, impressing at the same time upon him the expectation that he will continue to do all in his power to maintain an amicable intercourse between the Aborigines and the Whites. For he had already been the means of preventing a sanguinary attack of his tribe, through misapprehension, on the little party already settled there. In a philosophical point of view, this discovery is truly interesting, and a narrative of his various vicissitudes, during his long sojourn, well told, would rival the *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*; and as the means of promoting further discovery, and preserving an amicable intercourse with the Whites, the circumstance is both memorable and, if well directed, invaluable. Two other prisoners from the Ocean absconded with him; but he had never seen or heard of them since the end of the first twelvemonths, when he joined the Blacks.

SILVER THREEPENCES AND FOURPENCES.

By the late Thomas Walker, Esq.

I HAVE often thought it would be very advantageous in our daily money transactions to have some silver coins of smaller value than sixpence. In pursuing the subject I have come to the conclusion, that it would be beneficial in three ways, and to a more considerable extent than I at first supposed. First, it would greatly increase small traffic, to the convenience of buyers, and the profit of sellers. Copper money is both disagreeable and cumbersome, and, to avoid carrying it, we continually abstain from laying out trifling sums, to the privation of many little enjoyments and comforts. It is hardly necessary to mention instances. They occur constantly, in passing along the streets, in travelling, and, in short, in much of our every-day intercourse—so that at the end of the year both we, and those with whom we should deal, are considerable losers. How often would a biscuit or an orange be grateful and wholesome! but the nuisance of five-pence is a general

bar to the purchase, and the same with a multitude of twopenny and threepenny matters. How often, to avoid the weight and jingle of copper, do we avoid, or stop short of a turnpike!

The second advantage would be the more accurate regulation of prices and payments, which is of no small consequence in our daily dealings. How many articles are charged sixpence, or a shilling, when they could be well afforded much cheaper, merely for the convenience of payment! Consequently, the traffic is very much diminished by a natural repugnance to give more than the value; or if the purchase is made, it is accompanied by a certain degree of dissatisfaction, which takes off from the enjoyment. Not only is cheapness an inducement to buy, but all prudent people like to have value received. On the other hand, for the same convenience of payment, the price is necessarily sometimes fixed too low, to the loss of the seller. At the great clubs, where no article is served for less than sixpence, double the quantity wanted is often given, or nothing at all is charged. The consequence is, a restraint on the consumption of many extras, or a loss to the general account. The want of smaller coins is a great drawback to the frequent use of cabs, and the same may be said perhaps of boats on the Thames. People do not like to be constantly paying an over-price, or to be encumbered with pence, to the great detriment of the callings; for though sometimes too much is paid, far more frequently employment is altogether lost.

The third advantage would be in the regulation of gratuities for small services, such as to waiters, or porters at inns, on occasions where sixpence is beyond reason too much, or to horse-holders in the streets; and here those employed are either paid extravagantly, or not at all, or their services are refused. Every one must have experienced again and again the annoyance of applications for gratuities, which it is difficult equitably to make payment of, and the consequent dissatisfaction of one party or the other, or perhaps of both. The instances I have given of the inconvenience of the want of small coins, are only by way of specimens, but others will easily suggest themselves. In conclusion, I am of opinion that an abundant supply of silver threepences or fourpences would materially increase the profits of many small branches of trade, and of various humble callings—that it would contribute much to the convenience and contentment of those who have purchases to make, or services to require, and that any expense of coinage would be far more than counterbalanced by an increase of revenue, from an increase of traffic. I say nothing of the effect it would have upon casual charity, because I am decidedly opposed to the practice; but its great-

est merit in my eyes is, that it would improve the market for honest industry.

The following table will show, that by means of a supply of threepenny and fourpenny-pieces any sum not involving the fraction of a penny, might be paid without the intervention of copper. For the information of those unacquainted with algebraical signs, the sign + signifies, with the addition of; — signifies less by; and =, equal to. Thus, $8+2-3=7$ signifies 8, with the addition of 2, and less by 3, is equal to 7.

d. d. d.	d. d. d. d.
4—3=1	6+4+4=14
6—4=2	12+3=15
12—4—3=5	12+4=16
4+3=7	12+4+—3=17
4+4=8	12+4+3=19
6+3=9	12+4+4=20
6+4=10	12+6+3=21
4+4+3=11	12+6+4=22
6+4+3=13	12+12+3—4=23

From the Original

The Gatherer.

If I am asked, (says Sir W. Jones,) who is the greatest man? I answer, the best; and if I am required to say who is the best, I reply, he that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures. Whether we deserve better of mankind by the cultivation of letters, by obscure and inglorious attainments, by intellectual pursuits calculated rather to amuse than inform, than by strenuous exertions in speaking and acting, let those consider who bury themselves in studies unproductive of any benefit to their country or fellow-citizens.

Oliver Cromwell, the Sunday after his arrival in Glasgow, went to the Inner Church, St. Mungo's, and placed himself with his attendants in the King's seat, which was always unoccupied, except by strangers. The minister of the church was Mr. Durham, the author of some religious books, which are still very popular. He was a great Presbyterian, and as great an enemy to Cromwell; because he thought, and early said, that Cromwell and his friends would be forced by the convulsion of the parties to erect an absolute government, the very evil they meant to remedy. The text was taken from Jeremiah: and the commentary upon it by the preacher was an invective against Cromwell and his friends, under scriptural language and history. During this satire, a young man, one of Cromwell's attendants, stepped to the back of his chair, and, with an angry face, whispered something to him, which, after some words, was answered by a frown; when the young man retired behind the chair, seemingly much disconcerted. The cause of this was unknown to the congregation. It was supposed to be owing to some intelligence of importance which had just been received;

but it was afterwards generally known that the following words had passed between them:—"Shall I shoot the fellow?"—"What fellow?"—"The parson?"—"What parson?"—"That parson?"—"Begone, sir! he is one fool, and you are another." Cromwell sent the next morning for Mr. Durham, and asked him why he was such an enemy to him and his friends, declared that they were not enemies to Mr. Durham, drank his health in a glass of wine, and afterwards, it is said, prayed with him for the guidance of the Lord in all their doings.

W. G. C.

Moorish Dances.—The following account of some Moorish dances, which were performed in the presence of the Duke of Orleans, at Algiers, appeared a short time since in the *Eclaircissement* of Toulon:—The entertainment commenced with several quadrilles, according to the fashion of the country. Then followed the national dance of the Moors, and afterwards that of the Negroes, subsequently the sword-dance, and finally the Misonard, which is very picturesque. It was executed by a young Moorish girl, richly attired, and holding a brilliant scarf with both her hands. She represented, by pantomimic actions and gestures, all the various passions, displaying the most graceful, and at times, the most expressive attitudes. The Moors, who were present, loaded her forehead and arms with pieces of money; this rendered her efforts the more animated, and they redoubled their gifts, as proofs of their admiration of her talent and beauty.

W. G. C.

Marylebone Almshouses.—(See the paragraph, at page 175, from the *Architectural Magazine*.) The ground has not been given, but let, to the Committee, for the term of 99 years, at a peppercorn rent, by Colonel Eyre, with the privilege of placing two individuals on the Charity; and the situation is not Primrose Hill, but the end of Circus Road, to the south-west of the Avenue Road, Regent's Park. — A SUBSCRIBER TO THE ALMSHOUSES.

Neighbours.—Dr. Cyril Jackson, dean of Christchurch, thought but little of Hayley, either as a poet or scholar. He considered him merely as a literary gossip, and was, therefore, by no means desirous of cultivating any intimacy with him, when they became neighbours. Hayley, however, called upon the Dean, and was received with ordinary courtesy. When he rose to take his leave, the dean shook him by the hand, and said: "Mr. Hayley, I trust that you and I may always be very good friends and neighbours; that is, I trust that we may see very little of one another."

W. G. C.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francofort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

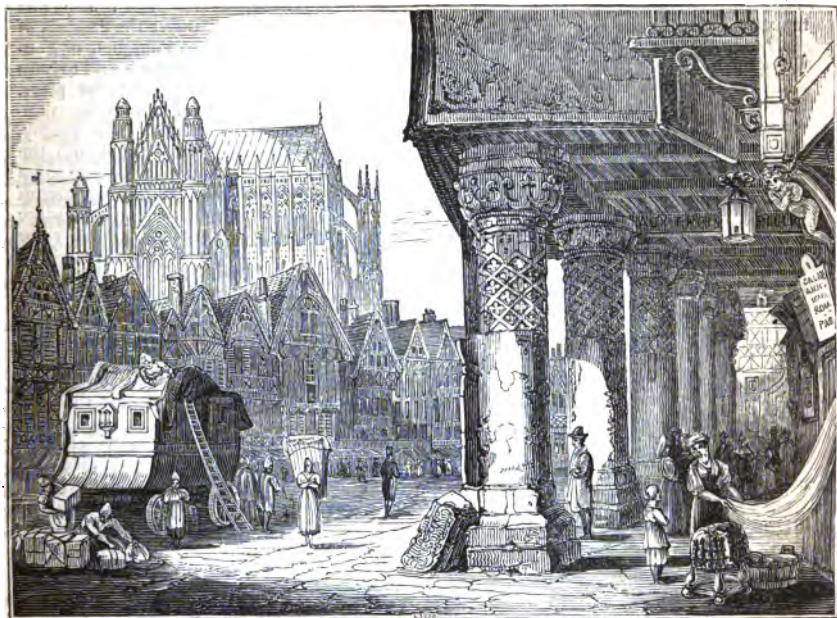
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 770.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]

Cities of Europe.



BEAUVAIS, IN FRANCE.

BEAUVAIS presents a fine specimen of an ancient French city. It is the capital of the department of the Oise, and stands upon the river Thérain or Terrain, 41 miles N. by W. of Paris, on the road from thence to Calais.

Beauvais is of considerable antiquity. It was known to the Romans by the name of *Cæsaromagus*, which was afterwards changed for that of *Bellovaci*, the name of the Gallic tribe whose chief town it was. The *Bellovaci* were distinguished among the Belgic Gauls for number, valour, and influence; and took an active part in the resistance to Julius Cæsar, when he first carried his arms into that part of the country. They agreed to contribute 60,000 men to the confederate army of the natives, but the skill and perseverance of the Romans triumphed over all opposition; and the *Bellovaci*, with their neighbours, submitted to a foreign yoke. Several writers of great learning, Sanson, Scaliger, and Valois, have considered that *Bratuspantium*, the town into which the *Bellovaci* retreated with their effects on Cæsar's approach, was identical with *Cæsar-*

omagus or Beauvais; and D'Anville himself was at first of the same opinion, though he afterwards considered the site of *Bratuspantium* to be in the neighbourhood of Breteuil, in Picardie.*

Beauvais is an extensive city: the streets are wide; the houses are built of wood, and presenting their gables to the street, give to the place a picturesque irregularity rather than architectural beauty. Like other large towns in France, it has a *Grande Place*, or square, which is spacious, and has, at one end, the town-hall, the front of which is embellished with Ionic pilasters. The finest public building is the cathedral, of enriched Gothic architecture. This edifice is, however, imperfect, having neither nave nor steeple. The latter was erected in the year 1564, but within ten years from this date, it was destroyed by lightning; and this accident prevented the completion of the church. But the choir, from its boldness and fine propor-

* D'Anville, Notice de l'Ancienne Gaule; Expilly, Dictionnaire des Gaules et de la France.—Quoted in the Penny Cyclopædia: Art. Beauvais.

tions, is superb : it even appears more lofty than that of Amiens, though not actually so. It is adorned with richly-painted windows, of the age of Louis IX., (or St. Louis,) of France, A.D. 1226-1270. Among the curiosities of the interior is the tomb of Cardinal Janson, by the celebrated sculptor Coston; and three admirable pieces of tapestry; one representing Christ healing the paralytic is a masterpiece.

Prior to the Revolution, Beauvais had, besides its cathedral, six collegiate churches, and thirteen parish churches. There were three abbeys for men : one of the Benedictines of the Congregation of St. Maur, one of the order of St. Augustin, and a third occupied first by the Benedictines, and afterwards by the Lazarists; a seminary for priests, directed by the Lazarists; seven convents for religious of both sexes, viz. four for men and three for women; a commandery of the order of Malta; two hospitals, the Hôtel Dieu, and the Hôpital General. The church of St. Etienne is more ancient than the cathedral: it has some painted windows in good preservation, especially those of the chapels surrounding the choir, which are of great beauty: they are of the date of the sixteenth century. The ancient episcopal palace, a Gothic edifice, has been made the seat of the prefect. There are, besides these buildings, a handsome theatre, a *collège*, or high school, a seminary for priests, and a public library. A spacious hospital has also been lately erected. In or near the town are some fine mineral springs.

Beauvais is of some consideration among the manufacturing towns of France. It has a royal manufactory of carpets, established by Colbert in 1664, and still in the hands of Government. A certain quantity is made every year for furnishing the royal palaces and the public establishments, and the surplus is sold to the public. These carpets are nearly equal in quality to those of the Gobelins, and fetch a high price. Woollen cloths, shawls, flannels, and coarse woollen fabrics of various kinds are also made here; and the washing and spinning of wool are carried on to a great extent; as is the manufacture of linens, especially the kind called *demi-Hollande*, (half-Holland,) from being half the length of the Dutch linens. To the foregoing manufactures may be added braid, and felt for paper-makers; and the spinning of cotton yarn. The fuel consumed in these manufactories is partly peat, which is procured abundantly in the department. Within a few years, courses of instruction in geometry and mechanics applied to the arts have been established with success. There is a *Tribunal de Commerce* for deciding disputes in commercial affairs. About four years since, the population of Beauvais, was stated at 12,867.

Beauvais would appear to have been, in

warlike ages, impregnable: for, it boasts of never having been taken, though often besieged, whence it has been denominated *la pucelle*. It was unsuccessfully besieged by the English in 1443, who were repulsed by the heroic Jean Ligniere. In 1472, Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgundy, again attacked it with an army of 80,000 men; but the valour of the inhabitants defeated also this attempt. The women, under the conduct of Jeanne Lainé, (called also Fourquet, or Fouquet, or Jeanne la Hachette,) are said to have exceeded the men in defending the place. Jeanne is related to have flown to the rampart, snatched the standard of the enemy, and thrown the soldier who held it into the ditch. This exploit forms the subject of a picture in the town-hall; and, in memory of the event, a solemn procession takes place annually, on July 10, in which ceremony the women take precedence of the men. The site of the old walls of the town has been converted into a public walk; a change common to almost every fortified town in France, and reminding the people of the happy transition from war to peace. At Beauvais, a few round towers, and some relics of the wall are standing near the river Thérain.

There is no town in France, which, considering its population, has produced so many illustrious men as Beauvais. Among the celebrated persons born here are Loyseau, the famous lawyer; the Abbé Dubos, writer upon civil law, history, and politics; Restaut, the grammarian; Vaillant, the traveller and antiquary; the two Villiers de l'île Adam, one Marshal of France under Charles VII. in the fifteenth century, and the other Grand Master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem or Malta, distinguished by his gallant but unsuccessful defence of Rhodes against Soliman I., Emperor of the Turks, in the year 1522. Here likewise was born the learned Dominican, Vincent de Beauvais, preceptor to the children of St. Louis.

The bishopric of Beauvais was founded about the middle of the third century. The bishops were also temporal peers, with the title of Counts of Beauvais. Several councils have been held at Beauvais, at one of which, in 1114, the Emperor of Germany, Henry V., was excommunicated.

The original of the annexed Cut is one of the charming illustrations of Mr. Brockedon's *Road-book from London to Naples*, the pictorial beauty of which we have already commended. In the view are seen, part of the *Grande Place*, with some richly decorated columns in the foreground; and the Cathedral in the distance. The accessories are in Mr. Brockedon's best manner, and are very characteristic; as the ponderous *diligence*, the unglazed shop-front, the street-lantern, &c.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

EXCLUSION ON HOLIDAYS.

ONE of the imputed abuses in the management of the British Museum is the exclusion of the public on holidays, as Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun weeks. The questionable expedience of this rule has not been overlooked in the Evidence before the Parliamentary Committee, (just published,) from which it may be interesting to quote all that relates to this important point.—First,

Sir Henry Ellis, (Principal Librarian,) examined.

What objection is there to opening the Museum during the Easter holidays?—It gives us an opportunity of cleansing the place, and making a variety of arrangements, for which we want the aid of the attendants. I will mention, in particular, Easter week: the Stamp Office at that time always gives us a year's town and country newspapers; we are obliged to send a certain number of our servants there, and they not only bring away the newspapers, but, during that week, collate and arrange them for the bookbinder; so that, by this collective exertion, a year or two years' newspapers, as the case may be, are assembled, bound, and brought into immediate use, an effort which could not be accomplished in so short a time without such holidays.

Do you think that is a sufficient reason for excluding the public at a time when so large a portion of the people is at leisure?—I think the most mischievous portion of the population is abroad and about at such a time.

Do you think that any mischief would arise to the Museum, provided sufficient attendants were present?—Yes, I think the more vulgar class would crowd into the Museum.

Do you not think that one object of the Museum is to improve the vulgar class?—I think the mere gazing at our curiosities is not one of the greatest objects of the Museum.

Do you think that pictures or statues are made for any other purpose than being gazed at, speaking always of the great mass of the people?—I think those weeks are weeks of judicious exclusion.

Do you think there would be any difficulty, supposing the Committee thought that the Museum should be open during the Easter and Whitsun weeks, in accomplishing such a wish?—I think the exclusion of the public is very material, inasmuch as the place otherwise would really be unwholesome. The great extent of cleansing which they enable us to undertake, renders those weeks very necessary to us.

Then you think the ventilation of the Museum is imperfect?—I can only say, that

after the Easter week, I said to several of my brother officers, "Only observe how wholesome the Museum smells to what it did before the holidays."

That has occurred on the ordinary days of cleansing?—No; the cleansing in the Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas weeks is a very thorough and extensive one.

Would it not be desirable with reference to the great mass of the people, that that cleansing should take place at some other part of the year, and that the Museum should be open during the great public holidays?—I think the inconvenience, generally speaking, is less on those great public holidays than it would be at any other time.

Are there not more people about, whom you should be anxious to amuse and instruct, during those holidays, than at any other portion of the year?—I think the more important class of the population, so far as we are concerned, would be discontented at such a change as the former question contemplates.

Will you describe what you mean by the more important part of the population?—People of a higher grade would hardly wish to come to the Museum at the same time with sailors from the dockyards and girls whom they might bring with them. I do not think such people would gain any improvement from the sight of our collections.

Did you ever know an instance of a sailor bringing a girl from the dockyards?—I never traced them to the dockyards, but the class of people who would come at such times would be of a very low description.

You have been at the Louvre in Paris?—Yes.

I believe that is open every day to the public?—No, it is open to the public only on Sundays.

Sunday is a great festival in Paris?—Yes.

Do you know of any evil arising from the collections in the Louvre being exhibited to the mass of the people on public holidays?—The collections are open to the public, as I have mentioned, on Sundays only, and the police are very strict, and always on the watch, and they order the people about, and handle them in a way which our attendants would not dare to do.

Then do you mean to say, that if you had a more strict police, your objection to opening the Museum on great public holidays would be at an end?—I have never considered the opening of the Museum to the public at any time in that point of view.

You know of no inconvenience arising from the collections at Paris being open on the Sundays?—M. Van Praet told me, in 1828, that the secret police sat in the rooms of the Royal Library, at Paris; but I apprehend our readers would be very averse, or might even refuse to sit in the Museum

reading-room, if they knew that a Bow-street officer was officially planted there.

Mr. George Samouelle, (Extra-Assistant in the Natural History Department,) examined.

Have you anything which you wish to add to the evidence which you gave on a former day?—There is one important feature, with respect to the British Museum, in the mind of the public that I am much pleased with, the general good feeling exhibited by them on all occasions. During the time that I have been in the Museum there have been only two panes of glass broken by the visitors; both were purely accidental; one was by a lady being pushed, and putting her elbow through a pane of glass; the other, by a lady, who was stooping to tie her shoe at a staircase, and fell, and broke a pane. There is, also, I may observe, no scribbling about the Museum; and the only instance in which I have found any remark made, was by some ignorant man, who wrote with a piece of red chalk on the banisters leading to the King's Library, "Museum."

You mean to say, that the behaviour of the public generally is such as it ought to be, in viewing the Museum?—Yes. The ignorant are brought into awe by what they see about them, and the better informed know how to conduct themselves. We have common policemen, soldiers, sailors, artillerymen, livery servants, and of course, occasionally, mechanics; but their good conduct I am very much pleased to see, and I think the exhibition at the Museum will have a vast influence on the national character of Englishmen in general.

Then, supposing the Museum were opened on any of the great holidays, from your experience of the behaviour of the public, you would be under no apprehension of injury being done to any part of the collection?—I think there is an objection to that, on this principle. We will take Easter-Monday, Whit-Monday, or the day after Christmas-day, termed "Boxing-day;" we find that the lowest of the low on those days are set at liberty, and get intoxicated, and I would not answer for their conduct; and it is only on one day that they could have access, which would be the Monday; and I think it will generally be found with the lower class of people, that their attention is directed more to an excursion in the country, to Greenwich fair or some other place of amusement.

Are you prepared to give the Committee any information as to the comparative behaviour of the public at the present day, and the behaviour some years back?—The British Museum has only become very popular within the last few years; time was when we had not more than 200 visitors a day, we

have now 2,000, 3,000, 4,000, £,000, and nearly 6,000 visitors a day.

Do you think that free opportunity of visiting the collection of the British Museum would be one of the many means of improving the condition and the behaviour of the public?—Greatly so; I have no doubt of it.

If, however, the Museum were opened on those holidays, about which you at present feel some objection, and supposing proper superintendents to be distributed throughout the Museum, do you think that then any injury would be likely to be done to the collection, or any part of the Museum?—I should think it would be advisable under those circumstances to have a good watch at the door, that no one in a state of the slightest inebriation, or not decently attired should be admitted; for it is under those circumstances that we might expect mischief.

But drunken persons would be excluded under any circumstances?—Yes: I have never seen a person intoxicated in the Museum yet.

Supposing then that all persons in any degree inebriated were excluded, do you then think any mischief would be likely to be done to the collection, even on Easter-Monday or Whit-Monday?—No; for I think that those only to whom it was a holiday, and who could obtain no other day, might then take an opportunity of seeing it, and that others would not come.

Then drunken persons being excluded, and some additional strictness being observed in watching the collections, the opening of the Museum on those holidays would be perfectly safe?—Yes: there are a number of persons in situations in the city of London, who have, from the regulations of the establishments, no other holiday than the Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas vacations, and Good Friday, when the London bankers and other large companies do no business, and where numerous, respectable persons are employed, and many, from that circumstance have not been able to see the British Museum.

Are you at all acquainted with the collections in Paris?—No, I have never been to Paris.

You cannot state to the Committee how far on fêtes in Paris the public are admitted indiscriminately to the collections?—No; I understand that there is free admission to every one.

Antiquariana.

REMAINS OF ROMAN LONDON.

ON March 17, was read before the Society of Antiquaries an interesting letter from Mr. C. R. Smith, of Lothbury, addressed to A. J. Kempe, Esq., F.A.S. The communication

gave a detailed statement of the discoveries of Roman remains, in 1834 and 1835, in various excavations carried on within the metropolis, by which many facts corroborating the historical proofs of the habits and customs of the Roman colonists, have been obtained. The observations made by the author would alone, (were historical evidence wanting,) have confirmed the extent and affluence of the ancient capital of Britain. It seems to have been thickly populated, and the inhabitants well supplied with the conveniences and luxuries of life. The Society's table was covered with a variety of specimens of vases, pateras, urns, fibulas, knives, rings, &c. The writer stated that the soil known among antiquarians as Roman, descended to depths varying from twenty to fifty feet or more from the present level. In King William Street, near St. Clement's Church, a tessellated pavement was observed, traces of which were discernible at Eastcheap; and both, probably, formed the flooring of courts of some public building, or private dwelling of the better class. Similar pavements crossed Lothbury, which, with like reason, may be assigned to a connexion with the building that stood on the site of the Bank, by some considered the Prætorium of the Roman station. In King William Street were also found a variety of urns, broken amphoras, some small earthen lamps, with coins of Vespasian, Domitian, and base denarii of Severus, Caracalla, &c.

The specimens of the Samian pottery discovered are of a very beautiful and diversified description; and were, Mr. Smith observed, alike interesting to the antiquary and to the classical scholar, not only from their rich colour, compact texture, and numerous forms, but from the variety of mythological and historical representations embodied thereon. Deities and their emblems, priests, and sacrificial processions are favourite subjects on the Samian vases. Gladiatorial combats also, are of common occurrence; and the weapons, attitudes, and dresses of the combatants, closely accord with the description of various historians. To the naturalist also, a field for investigation is open, in the representation of animals, leaves, plants, flowers, &c., executed with great apparent attention to fidelity and character. The dogs, so often occurring on this species of ancient pottery, in the act of coursing or hunting, it is remarked, bear a striking resemblance to the hounds and greyhounds employed at the present day throughout England, and especially to the cross occasionally met with between the greyhound and the sheep-dog. The Romans were accustomed to import dogs for hunting from Gaul and Britain, which still retain a pre-eminence for the breed of certain species.

The remainder of the paper was an-

nounced for continuation at the next meeting.—FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Anecdote Gallery.

ASTROLOGY.

TIBERIUS, when he was at Rhodes, wished to satisfy his curiosity with respect to judicial astrology. He sent for, in succession, all those who pretended to foretell future events, and received them upon a terrace of his house, which was built upon the rocks close to the sea. One of his enfranchised slaves, of muscular height and extraordinary strength, conducted them to him through the intricacies of the precipices. If Tiberius discovered that the astrologer was a cheat, the slave alluded to, immediately, upon a given signal, cast him into the sea.—At that time, there was at Rhodes a certain man, named Trasullus, who was deeply skilled in astrology, and of a cunning disposition. He was taken, in the same manner as the others, to this retired spot, assured Tiberius that he should be emperor, and revealed to him many other events that should take place. Tiberius asked him if he knew his own destiny, and if he had consulted his own horoscope. Trasullus, who had had some suspicions when he did not see any of his companions return, and who felt his fears increase on viewing the countenance of Tiberius, the man who had been his conductor, (who did not quit him for a moment), the elevated place where he stood, and the precipice which lay beneath him,—turned his eyes up to Heaven, as if he intended to consult the stars: he immediately appeared fear-stricken, turned pale, and exclaimed, in an apparent agony of terror, that he was menaced with death. Tiberius was full of joy and admiration on hearing this reply, ascribing to astrology what was only presence of mind and cunning, cheered the spirits of Trasullus, embraced him, and from that time regarded him as an oracle.—A blind man, by throwing a multitude of arrows at random, may hit the mark once in a thousand times:—in like manner, when there were in Europe thousands of astrologers, who daily uttered fresh predictions, some were found which chance justified; and these, although of very rare occurrence, kept alive the credulity which millions of falsehoods ought to have destroyed.

Boulainvilliers and Calonne, who both enjoyed a high reputation at Paris for their skill in astrology, had predicted to Voltaire that he should die at the age of thirty-two. "I have been mischievous enough," he wrote, in 1757, "to deceive them already, by about thirty years, for which I humbly beg their pardon." He deceived them still further, by more than twenty years.

Fulgosus, who had great faith in astrology,

relates, as a proof of the truth of this science, that the Emperor Adrian, who was a very skilful astrologer, wrote every year, on the first of January, what was to happen during the year; and in the year of his death, he only wrote the events that were to occur up to the month when he died, giving it to be understood, by his silence, that he foresaw his fate. But others observe, that the book in which the Emperor Adrian penned his predictions was not shown till after his death, so that it might easily have been written subsequently to that event:—as some wise-*acres* *predict* the temperature of the day, when the evening has arrived.

Strange it is that astrology should, in the face of its innumerable falsehoods, have ever gained such influence as it did amongst the Eastern nations. Zica, king of the Arabs, to whom the most celebrated astrologers of his age had predicted a long life, died the very year of the prediction.

An astrologer, fixing his eyes upon the countenance of the Duke of Milan, said to him, "My lord, arrange your affairs, for you have not long to live."—"How dost thou know this?" asked the Duke.—"By my acquaintance with the stars," answered the astrologer.—"And pray how long art thou to live?"—"My planet promises me a long life."—"Well, thou shalt shortly discover that we ought not to trust to the stars." And he ordered him to be hanged instantly.

Heggiages, an Arab general, under the Caliph Valid, consulted, in his last illness, an astrologer, who predicted to him his approaching death. "I rely so completely on your knowledge," replied Heggiages to him, "that I wish to have you with me in the other world; and I shall therefore send you thither before me, in order that I may be able to employ your services from the time of my arrival." And he ordered the head of the soothsayer to be struck off, although the time fixed by the planets had not yet arrived.

Henry VII., king of England, asked an astrologer if he knew where he should pass the festivities of Christmas. The astrologer answered, that he knew nothing on the subject. "I then am cleverer than *thou* art," replied the king, "for I know that thou wilt pass them in the Tower of London." The individual was immediately conducted thither.

Pope John XXI., having studied astrology for a long time, imagined, by the knowledge which he had acquired of the influence of the planets, that his life would be long; and he mentioned it to all who approached him. He was one day boasting of it in the presence of some individuals, when an arch, which was being constructed by his orders at the palace of Viterba, fell, and hurt him so severely, that he died at the end of a week.

Darah, one of the four sons of the great Mogul, relied much on the predictions of astrologers. One of these impostors, at the peril of his life, had predicted to him that he should wear the crown; and Darah securely calculated upon it. Some of his acquaintance observed to the astrologer, that they were much astonished he should have the hardihood to foretell, at the risk of his existence, an event so uncertain. "One thing of two must happen," he replied; "either Darah will succeed to the throne, and my fortune is made; or he will be vanquished, and in that case his death is certain, and I shall not dread his vengeance."

An astrologer foretold the death of a lady whom Louis XI. passionately loved: she did, in fact, die; and the king imagined that the prediction of the astrologer was the cause of it. He sent for the man, intending to have him thrown through the window as a punishment: "Tell me, thou who pretendest to be so clever and learned a man, what thy fate will be?" The soothsayer, who suspected the intentions of the prince, and who knew his foible, replied, "Sire, I foresee that I shall die three days before your majesty." The king believed him, and was careful of the astrologer's life.*

The Emperor Frederick being on the point of quitting Vicenza, which he had just taken by assault, defied one of the most famous of his astrologers to divine by what gate he would go out the following day. The impostor replied to the challenge by one of the tricks of his profession; he gave Frederick a sealed note, advising him not to open it, by any means whatever, until he had departed. The emperor during the night had several yards of the wall pulled down, and went out through the breach. He afterwards opened the note, and was not a little surprised to read these words: "The emperor will go out by the new gate." This was sufficient to convince him that the astrologer and astrology were entitled to infinite respect.—*Literary Gazette*, 1826.

STRATEGY.

AFTER the capture of Calais by the French, they took Sark, a little island in the Channel; but it was ingeniously retaken by a Fleming, who pretended that he desired to bury a friend of his, that had died on board his ship, in that island. The French were very careful to search the men that came on shore, that they should have no arms about them; but did not think of looking into the coffin, which was full of arms: and when they thought the seamen were burying their friend, they armed themselves, and took all the French that were in the castle.—W.G.C.

* This is an historical fact, which Sir Walter Scott has made some use of in his "Quentin Durward."

The Naturalist.

THE GIANT'S CAVE, CLIFTON, NEAR BRISTOL.

AMONG the fissures and cavities occurring in the carboniferous limestone of the West of England and Wales, are a considerable number, to which, from their inaccessibility, or from the circumstance of their being supposed to contain no bones, but little attention has been paid, or indeed supposed to be due.

Independently, however, of the interest which attaches itself to bone caves, or to fissures remarkable for their magnitude, or the splendour of their stalactitical or stalagmical incrustations, the consideration of rock cavities and clefts seems to promise some valuable points of inference, and may not unreasonably be expected to throw a certain portion of light upon some of the obscure parts of theoretical geology.

Our readers are probably well aware, that concerning the age and manner of formation of those clefts and cavities, geologists are by no means agreed, and are probably more ignorant upon this than upon any other branch of their science.

The only method by which the elucidation of these subjects can reasonably be expected, must be by a careful examination of a vast number of instances, remarking the figure, dimension, and direction of each, the kind of surface presented by its interior, the nature of its communication with other cavities, its contents, and the condition of the rock in which each may occur. Attention to these circumstances, even if it give rise to no positive results, may yet be expected to disprove several hypotheses upon these subjects; and thus by this negative kind of proof, reduce the real question within narrower limits.

The cave, with a description of which it is our intention to occupy the present paper, is one well known to all the inhabitants of Bristol and its vicinity, although from the difficulty and danger—almost amounting to impracticability—of the access to it, it has hitherto, as far as we are aware, remained undescribed by either geologist or antiquary.

The Giant's Cave, so called from some fabulous tradition, is contained within the upper beds of the carboniferous limestone, these dipping south-east at 23° , and forming St. Vincent's Rock. The cavern opens upon the precipitous escarpment of the rock, at a height of about 250 feet above the river, and 50 or 60 below and to the west of the Observatory. A rude and broken ledge extends from the north-eastern summit of the rock, downwards, to within about twenty feet of the opening, across which space none but an expert craigsmen would venture to pass.

The entrance to the cave is abrupt; it is in the form of a rudely-arched portal, ten feet high by thirteen broad, and perfectly level at

the bottom. Upon entering, the breadth remains nearly the same for some distance; but after advancing for nine feet, the roof rises suddenly, and losing its semicircular form, resembles the commencement of a fissure, but stops at a height of eighteen feet. At twenty feet from the entrance, the cave suddenly becomes narrower, and divides into *three* cavities; of these the *longest* and the *lowest*, is the continuation of the line of the great cave; it retains nearly the same width, but the floor descends about four feet, and the roof, gradually curving downwards, terminates the cavity somewhat abruptly, at a distance of 49 feet south-east from the great entrance. The *two* other cavities are smaller than the last; they lie, one above the other, on the western side; the *lower* one, about six feet from the ground, and about six feet high, being separated from the *upper* one, which closely resembles it, by a roof of rock. These two cavities opening, the one a little above the floor, and the other almost on a level with the roof, after passing on a few feet backwards, unite to form a passage, which being three feet wide by three high, ascends gently in a straight line 28 feet. This passage is very dark, and its floor, like that of the rest of the cave, is covered with soil, through which the rock now and then appears. Upon its western side, a foot before its sudden termination in a cul-de-sac, is a small orifice a foot and a half wide by two and a half high, which opens immediately into a small and nearly circular chamber, about three feet high by five feet diameter, and much resembling, both in size, shape, and temperature, an oven. In the north-western side of this chamber, which cannot be above a yard from the exterior of the western face of the rock, are two fissures, one of which is occupied by the root and part of the stem of a large ivy tree; and the other was too small to be entered, but showed a glimpse of the day-light.

The floor of the cave is strewn with earth and decomposed animal and vegetable matter, in some places to a depth of three feet. Below this, the rock is covered with a layer of stalagmite, masses of which were removed with a pickaxe, but were not found to contain any bones. The walls and roofs are incrustated with a similar deposit, not descending in regular stalactites, but forming, as is frequently the case, an incrustation of about an inch thick.

Upon some parts of the cave, and more especially upon the western wall, is a dark-looking substance, resembling a bituminous exudation. It appears, upon a closer inspection, to be a species of lichen.

The exterior forty feet of the rock in which the cave is wrought, betrays at that particular point no very obvious traces of stratification, but towards the interior the dip begins to be apparent. The cave passes across



(The Giant's Cave, Clifton, near Bristol.)

a large spar vein, which lies nearly parallel to similar veins, and to a large dyke of magnesian conglomerate in another part of the rock.

The different faces of this rock, especially near the entrance and southern chamber of the cave, are full of small, irregular holes; but the cave itself does not appear directly to communicate with any further range of cavities, although there are many reasons for supposing that such exist at no great distance.

These caverns are usually, throughout the carboniferous limestone, composed of a series of chambers connected by smaller passages. They are sometimes traversed by water, at others dry, or nearly so. The strata in which they occur are sometimes broken, at others not, but are usually so incrustured with stalagmite, as to be invisible or obscure; every now and then a section is afforded by the face of a cliff.*

Besides the ivy and the lichen above mentioned, a considerable number of other plants grow in the interior of the cave. The print of these are:—

Scolopendrium Ceterach	Cryptogamia Filices.
Sedum Acre	} Decandria Pentagynia.
Rupestre	
Fragaria sterilis, strawberry	Icosandria Polygynia
	growing near the cave.

* Conybeare and Buckland.

Draba Hirta
Muralis?

Scilla Verna

} Tetradymania Siliculosa.

Hexandria Monogynia.

The interior of the cave is marked by names, &c. upon its walls, scrawled there probably before the path was rendered, as was supposed, impracticable, in consequence of a boy having met with an accident.—*The West of England Journal*, No. 3.

The Public Journals.

HAILING A PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.*

A SAIL!—heave to, small commodore,
And put thy helm a-lee
That nearer, from our deck, we may
Thy fairy frigate see.
Ay, thou hast shortened sail—we trace
Thy crimson hull's bright glow,
And lifted sail upon the wave,
Reflected fair below.

From whence? how bound? at what port touched?
And how long out at sea?
A far-famed man-of-war—we know
No freight is borne by thee.
A tiny shout comes o'er the waves—
A small voice answers—hark!
'Tis from the Portuguese, who keeps
Still in our lee his bark.

“ I'm seen when, to the golden day,
The breaking billows shine;
And lift and scatter far away
The light winds, in their mirth, the spray:
From what port wouldst thou know, or bay?
Throw o'er the deep-sea line.

* The insect so called.

"Ay, heave the lead; but that deep shore
Hath plummet never found,
Or reached the ocean's garnished floor,
With pearl-shells strewn and lost gems o'er,
From whence my pinnacle upward bore,
For no fair haven bound.

"I bear away for no green isle,
With beach of sparkling sand;
Nor anchor cast nor moor awhile
My good sea-boat where far shores smile;
Nor veer ship, where stern cliffs up-pile
The tempest-beaten strand.

"But, where the blue seas widest sweep,
And silvery waves dance by,
That, to their viewless cymbals keep
Wild jubilee along the deep,
Where bright unshaded sunbeams sleep—
There I my light oars ply.

"The watchful stars speak not to me
Of error in my way,
That whisper, from their waveless sea,
Of true course lost, or wreck to be,
And counsel proffer, kind and free,
To pilot far astray.

"Perchance, as unseaworthy by,
When her long cruise is o'er,
Idly thy gallant ship may lie;
Yet, o'er the surf, my small sail fly,
Still viewed by that all-glorious Eye,
Surveying sea and shore.

"A bauble ship—yet skill divine
Fair-fashioned it for me;
As air-bell light, along the brine,
It leaves no track afar, like thine;
And would thy noble bark, like mine,
Could never fail at sea!"

New England Magazine.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

It is in possessing and maintaining their ethic purpose, not less than in their dramatic form, that Hogarth's principal series or *suites* of subjects form a department in painting distinct from every other. Scenes of domestic and every-day life have been painted by hundreds of other artists, both before and since his time; but his productions are not like theirs—mere "conversation-pieces," or *tableaux de genre*. His originality is twofold; for not only is he to be regarded as the first inventor of a particular class of subjects, but, unlike all other successful inventors, he has had no followers, no imitators; nor have the public been surfeited with pictures *à la Hogarth*, as they have with historical romances *à la Scott*. Many years ago, a painter, of the name of Collins, and another named Penny, produced one or two sets of very namby-pamby subjects, which they fancied the world would accept as Hogarthian, because, like his, continued through several scenes or acts. Since then, no one has made a similar attempt, unless one so utterly abortive as to have left no trace of itself. Perhaps, Gilray will be thought to have approached him, to be *proximus tamen longo intervallo*; yet, without disputing his extraordinary cleverness, his talent, and his humour, we cannot consent to class him with Hogarth, from whom he differed not only

in degree but in kind. They seem to have been men of very differently constituted minds. There is without doubt great fun, and jesting, and whimsicality, in Gilray's productions; but we should no more think of seriously comparing him with Hogarth than we should think of comparing one of our modern pun-makers with a Swift or a Lichtenberg. Still less can we allow that either Bunbury or Rowlandson is entitled to take a place beside Hogarth, be it at ever so respectful a distance. Drollery, their distinguishing feature, we might say their quality, is certainly not the predominating characteristic of the author of *Marriage à la Mode* and the *Rake's Progress*. There is in those works such a seriousness of aim, such an intensity of purpose, as altogether to exclude all idea of drollery. Many exceedingly pleasant and even droll traits occur in both these productions; and so also there is drollery in the scene of the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*; yet what man in his senses ever thought of calling that fine philosophic drama a laughable farce? No; if man ever was in earnest, Hogarth was in earnest there. They are works of the mind quite as much, if not far more, than of the hand; and to produce such works an artist must give all his faculties—nor must those be of an ordinary kind—to his subject. He must be more intent upon his matter and meaning than upon his manner; which is one tolerably sufficient if not perfectly satisfactory reason, why a man may be a very dexterous painter of subjects of the same general cast, without being able to produce anything at all resembling Hogarth. Although a man of limited education, he possessed a strong mind and persevering energy. For what he was he was indebted to himself—herein partly lay the secret of his strength; and of that of every one who has achieved a perdurable name in art.

He who would aim at rivalling Hogarth must do more than imitate his manner; and, above all else, it is requisite that he should possess the same peculiar bent of mind, together with a fearlessness that will not be diverted from its purpose. It is his mental power and his praiseworthy application that constitute his pre-eminent superiority; for, in technical merits and those of execution he has been surpassed by many so decidedly inferior to him in dramatic genius, that no parallel can be drawn between him and them. At the same time he has been somewhat undervalued as a painter; although the series of pictures of *Marriage à la Mode*, in the National Gallery, and the two others in Sir John Soane's collection, namely the *Rake's Progress*, and the *Election Scenes*, show him to have possessed no ordinary degree of ability with his pencil,—both a hand and eye for the management of colours. Although in some respects rather sketchily

handled, they are not painted feebly; and if they cannot be called highly finished, those productions are worthy to rank as cabinet-pictures. It is, however, no reflection upon the artist, nor matter for particular regret, that his subjects lose hardly anything by being represented in engraving: because they address themselves to the mind even more than they do to the eye; and, to be fairly understood, they must, to use Charles Lamb's happy expression, be *read* as well as looked at. They must be examined both thoroughly and repeatedly; and so far, perhaps, showy and specious nothings may be thought to have the advantage over them; inasmuch as the latter do not tax our time—we can hardly add our patience—by the attentive investigation they require.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

New Books.

A COMPANION TO THE MEDICINE CHEST.

[THIS is decidedly the completest work of its kind that has fallen under our notice. It has too, the sanction of an accredited author, Mr. John Savory, Member of the Society of Apothecaries, and the celebrated chemist in New Bond-street. The information it contains is well arranged; as an explanation of weights and measures used in medicine, and the doses, drugs, chemicals, &c. generally employed in domestic medicine, their properties and doses; means for counteracting poisons; restoratives from drowning, infection, &c.; mineral waters and bathing; symptoms and treatment of diseases; preparations and prescriptions; apparatus; remedies classified; and a glossary of terms in the work. We need scarcely urge its utility to clergymen, master-mariners, and passengers; and for families residing at a distance from professional assistance: though it should be remarked that the unpretending character of this little work is well marked by the caution with which it recommends the reader to halt in certain cases, and rather seek the advice of an experienced physician or surgeon.

As a specimen of the popular manner in which the treatment of diseases is illustrated, we quote that of]

Dyspepsia, or Indigestion.

The dyspeptic symptoms, (before enumerated,) being indicative of a debilitated state of the stomach, induced by intemperance, the means most likely to relieve, and finally to remove them, will be the avoidance of all stimulants, (that may act directly or indirectly on the stomach,) and the use of appropriate medicine.

The remote cause of dyspepsia is intemperance; it matters not whether it be intem-

perate exercise of the mind or body, indulgence in late hours, exposure to the impure air of heated or crowded apartments, or excess in what we eat or drink. Either of these excitements, if long continued, will weaken the digestive organs, and induce dyspepsia; therefore they must be strictly avoided before the patient can hope for the relief or cure of his ailments.

Temperance in all things must be rigidly enforced, particularly in the exercise of the body or mind, and in the quantity and quality of the aliment. Whenever it is practicable, all former habits, especially those of an injurious tendency, should be abandoned.

This being observed, the following brief outline of a dietetic plan may serve as a guide:—

For breakfast: tea, coffee, or cocoa, with a large proportion of milk, (together not exceeding two-thirds of a pint,) with toasted or stale bread, and cold beef or mutton, in small quantity. New bread and hot rolls should be prohibited.

For dinner: the quantity of animal food should greatly exceed the vegetable, being more easily digested, affording a much greater proportion of nutriment, and not being so liable to run into those acetous fermentations, which occasion flatulency and pain in the stomach and bowels.

The quality and quantity of animal food must, in some measure, depend on the habits and palate of the patient.

Salted meats should be used sparingly; beef and mutton, game and poultry, (roasted or boiled,) are articles that will agree with the majority of dyspeptic stomachs better than veal, lamb, or any other animal diet in the extensive catalogue of the larder.

Meat rather under-done, with the gravy in it, is not only more nutritious, and more easily digested, but a smaller quantity will be sufficient to allay the cravings of hunger; the stomach will not suffer from being overloaded, and the unpleasant feelings consequent on a full meal will be avoided. Rich made dishes and sauces are injurious.

To white fish there can be no objection; but salmon, and other rich and oily fish, should be rejected.

Due attention being paid to the quantity and quality of the food, four or five hours should pass between each meal, that the process of digestion may not be disturbed. Thus, breakfast may be taken at eight or nine o'clock; luncheon at one, and dinner at five or six. The luncheon should consist of one plain biscuit, and a small glass of toast-water.

As a beverage, one table-spoonful of brandy, in half-a-pint of cold water, may be taken with the dinner, unless the patient should complain of acidity or heartburn: in that case, as soda-water would be a correc-

tive, it should be preferred with or without the same quantity of brandy. If dinner be at six, supper is unnecessary, especially if tea be taken. However, the lighter the supper, the more pleasant will be the repose of the succeeding night.

Regular exercise in the open air must not be omitted.

The patient will require at least seven or eight hours rest in bed; nothing contributes to renovate the mind or body after fatigue more than repose; sleep, if not natural, should be induced by some gentle opiate.

It has been observed, that a total abandonment of former habits would be necessary: to this general rule there may be some exceptions. One individual abstaining from wine finds his spirits exhilarated, and perceives a daily improvement in his health; another becomes depressed and desponding, with loss of appetite, &c. In this case, the quantity of wine should be gradually diminished; but, at an advanced period of life, it would be imprudent to withdraw the stimulus, which long-continued habits have, in some degree, rendered necessary, without substituting brandy and water.

Agreeably to the plan laid down, each meal may be regulated; nevertheless, it is not presumed that this brief outline will suit every stomach; the human constitution is too variable to admit the indulgence of such a presumption.

Above all general rules, the patient's own experience will be, in point of regimen, his best physician: a careful attention to his feelings, after the use of different aliments, will teach him which to select, or to avoid.

When the bowels are brought into regular and daily action, the patient may return to the very moderate use of generous wine, and no longer confine himself to the strict regimen herein prescribed.

This outline is submitted not only to those who are suffering from dyspepsia, but likewise to those who, from present indulgence, may suffer hereafter. The latter have only to adopt a moderate regimen, and keep the bowels in moderate action, to avoid all dyspeptic ills; the former, who are suffering from dyspepsia, require not only a temperate and strict regimen, but likewise the aid of such remedies as are known to strengthen the stomach and bowels.

Costiveness, the constant concomitant of dyspepsia, must be obviated; hence, every medicine prescribed to renovate the energies of the stomach, should, at the same time, act as a gentle aperient; for, although much must depend on attention to regimen, yet without the assistance of medicine, the recovery will be protracted and doubtful. For the purpose of regulating the bowels, the anti-dyspeptic pill may be taken as the most effective in gradually restoring the energies

of the stomach, and exciting a regular peristaltic motion of the bowels.

If the stomach has suffered from continued bad digestion, or over-stimulation, the following draught should be taken two or three times a day:—

Take of Compound Infusion of Gentian,
ten drachms;

Subcarbonate of Soda, eight grains;

Spirit of Pimento, one drachm;

Tincture of Calumba, one drachm.

The late Mr. George Bell, surgeon, considered sponging the body with Dr. Scott's nitro-muriatic acid of great use in the general debility of dyspeptics.

[From another section—Remedies—is the following:]

Directions for the Use of the Chloride of Lime.

To a pound of the chloride of lime add four gallons of water; stir the mixture well, and, after allowing it to settle for a short time, pour off the clear solution, and keep it in well-corked bottles.

Fumigations with the Chlorides.—The chlorides of lime and soda are the most powerful disinfecting agents hitherto discovered, almost instantaneously destroying every bad smell, and all effluvia arising from animal and vegetable decomposition, and effectually preventing their deleterious influence.

In large towns and cities suffering from infectious or contagious disorders, it is strongly recommended to sprinkle the rooms, morning and evening, with the mixture, and to place some of it in shallow dishes or basins, in the different rooms, particularly the bed-rooms.

In typhus or putrid fevers, infectious complaints, &c., the mixture should be sprinkled about the room and bed-linen occasionally, the usual precaution for renewing the air of the room being equally attended to; a wine-glassful added to the water of a night-chair or bed-pan will prevent any smell.

The bed and other linen should be immersed, about five or six minutes, in the diluted liquid, before being sent to be washed, as mere washing in the common way will not always remove the infection from the linen. When used in this manner, the linen should be immediately afterwards rinsed in fresh water, as it might be injured if allowed to dry after immersion in the mixture.

The effluvia from drains, sewers, cess-pools, &c., will be destroyed, by pouring into them a quart of the mixture, added to a pailful of water, and repeating the operation until the smell ceases.

Meat sprinkled with, or immersed in, the mixture for an instant, and then suspended in the air, will keep for some time without the slightest taint, and no flies will attack it.

Tainted meat, fish, game, &c., may be

rendered sweet by sprinkling them with the mixture.

Water in cisterns may be purified, and all the animalculæ destroyed, by putting into it a small quantity of the pure liquid,—say about one pint to one hundred gallons of water.

Bugs may be destroyed by well washing the joints of bedsteads, and all crevices, with the pure liquid.

It destroys the noxious effluvia of paints so effectually, that a room painted in the day may be slept in at night, if sprinkled some hours before with the mixture, and if some be allowed to remain in shallow vessels.

Stables and slaughter-houses may be purified by the same process.

[The work is neatly printed, and we feel confident that its intrinsic utility and economical price will insure it an extensive circulation.]

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PART OF DEVONSHIRE BORDERING ON THE TAMAR AND THE TAVY.

[THIS work is from the accomplished historical novelist, Mrs. Bray, wife of the reverend vicar of Tavistock; and it is written in a series of Letters to the poet Southey, whose opinions the authoress holds in that respect to which they are entitled. Of miscellaneous reading, it presents a somewhat ample store, extending to three volumes, or upwards of eleven hundred well-filled pages. It is written upon a plan suggested by Mr. Southey, with a view to originality; viz. "to make a local work possess, what it had hitherto been deemed little capable of possessing—a general interest:" but, we are not aware of any success of this kind in the present volumes, beyond such as has been accomplished in many diligently written and observant guide-books or topographies. However, we are readier to admit the entertaining character of almost every page of Mrs. Bray's work: she has laboured industriously for the historian and the antiquary. "For the tourist, she has given descriptive sketches from observations made on the spot. For those who are fond of biography," she has made selections; "whilst the sketches of living characters are drawn from her own acquaintance with them. For the lovers of poetry and romance, she has given abundance of tales, stories, superstitions, old customs, and traditions, peculiar to this delightful county." Something, too, is given of its natural history, mostly furnished to Mrs. Bray by her observant neighbours, one of whom she styles the *White* of the place. From so rich a mine we purpose to detach a few gems: *e. g.*]

Scenery of Dartmoor.

This vast tract of land, which has been

computed to contain 100,000 acres,* is distinguished by heights so lofty and rugged, that they may in some parts be termed mountainous; and though a large portion of the high road, over which the traveller passes in crossing it, presents an unvaried scene of solitariness and desolation, yet to those who pursue their investigation of the moor beyond the ordinary and beaten track, much will be found to delight the artist, the poet, and the antiquary.

The feelings inspired by visiting Dartmoor are of a very different order from those experienced on viewing our beautiful and cultivated scenery. The rich pastures, the green hills, the woodland declivities of Devon; its valleys, alive with sparkling streams, and skirted by banks whose verdure never fails, studded as they are with cottages and farms, convey to the mind that sense of pleasure which renders the spirits cheerful and buoyant. There is nothing in such scenes to raise a thought allied to wonder or to fear; we know that we could dwell among them in security and peace; they delight and soften the mind, but they seldom raise in it those deep and impressive reflections, which scenes such as Dartmoor affords seldom fail to create.

The peculiar character of the moor is derived from its granite tors; these are mostly found on the summits of its numerous heights, and lie piled, mass on mass, in horizontal strata. Some portion of dark iron-stone is found amongst them. There are, also, rocks of secondary formation, and several that are considered by geologists to be of volcanic fusion.

No one who would wish to view the moor in all its grandeur should go there on a very fine or rather sunny day: for it then possesses none of those effects produced by that strong opposition of light and shadow, which mountain-scenery and rugged rocks absolutely require to display the bold character of their outline, and the picturesque combinations of their craggy tops. Indeed, most scenery derives its pictorial effect principally from the clouds, and even the most beautiful loses half its beauty when viewed in unbroken light. I have seen Dartmoor under most of the changes produced by sunshine, cloud, or storm. The first shows it to disadvantage; for the monotony of its barren heights then becomes predominant. A gathering storm gives it a character of sublimity; but a day such as artists call a "painter's day," is that which gives most interest to moorland scenery.

The pencil is more adapted than the pen to delineate such scenes as will then be found on the moor. I have often seen it when, as the clouds passed slowly on, their shadowy

* There are said to be 20,000 acres in addition to this, distinguished by the name of the Commons.

forms would fall upon the mountain's breast, and leave the summit glittering in the sun with a brilliancy that might bear comparison with the transparent hues of the richest stained glass. The purple tints of evening here convey to the mind visions of more than natural beauty; so etherially do the distant heights mingle themselves with the clouds, and reflect all those delicate and subdued tints of sunset, that render the dying day like the departure of some beneficent prince, who leaves the world over which his course has cast the lustre of his own "long and lingering" glory.

The rivers, those veins of the earth that, in their circulation, give life, health, and vigour to its whole frame, here flow in their greatest purity. So constant is the humidity produced by the mists and vapours which gather on these lofty regions, that they are never dry. Sometimes they are found rising, like the Dart, in solitude and silence, or springing from so small a source that we can scarcely fancy such a little rill to be the fountain that sustains the expansive waters of the Tavy and the Teign. But all these rivers, as they pass on, receive the contributions of a thousand springs, till, gathering as they flow, they become strong, rapid, and powerful in their course. Sometimes, bounding over vast masses of rock, they exhibit sheets of foam of a dazzling whiteness: and frequently form numberless little cascades as they fall over the picturesque combinations of those broken slabs of granite which present, growing on their surface, the greatest variety of mosses and lichens to be found throughout the whole county of Devon.

Often do the waters play upon rocks literally covered with moss, that has in it the blackness and richness of the finest velvet. In others, the lichen is white as the purest marble, or varied with the gradations of greys, browns, and ochres of the deepest or the palest tints. There is also to be found, on the moor, a small and beautiful moss of the brightest scarlet; and nothing can be more delicate than the fibrous and filagree formation of various other species, that can alone be compared to the most minute works in chased silver, which they so much resemble in colour and in form.

Though Dartmoor is now desolate, and where the oak once grew there is seen but the lonely thistle, and the "feebly-whistling grass," and its hills are the hills of storms, as the torrents rush down their sides, yet that it was once, in part at least, richly clothed with wood cannot be doubted. The very name, so ancient, which it still bears, speaks its original claim to a sylvan character—the *Forest of Dartmoor*; and though of this antique forest nothing now remains but the wasting remnant of its days, in the "lonely wood of Wistman," (as Carrington has designated

it,) to show where the groves of the wise men, or Druids, once stood, yet evidence is not wanting to prove what it has been: since in bogs and marshes on the moor, near the banks of rivers and streams, sometimes imbedded twenty feet below the surface of the earth, are found immense trunks of the oak and other trees.

A Fairy Tale.

Near a pixy field in this neighbourhood, there lived on a time an old woman who possessed a cottage and a very pretty garden, wherein she cultivated a most beautiful bed of tulips. The pixies, it is traditionally averred, so delighted in this spot, that they would carry their elfin babies thither, and sing them to rest. Often, at the dead hour of the night, a sweet lullaby was heard, and strains of the most melodious music would float in the air, that seemed to owe their origin to no other musicians than the beautiful tulips themselves; and whilst these delicate flowers waved their heads to the evening breeze, it sometimes seemed as if they were marking time to their own singing. As soon as the elfin babies were lulled asleep by such melodies, the pixies would return to the neighbouring field, and there commence dancing, making those rings on the green, which showed, even to mortal eyes, what sort of gambols had occupied them during the night season.

At the first dawn of light, the watchful pixies once more sought the tulips, and, though still invisible, they could be heard kissing and caressing their babies. The tulips, thus favoured by a race of genii, retained their beauty much longer than any other flowers in the garden; whilst, though contrary to their nature, as the pixies breathed over them, they became as fragrant as roses; and so delighted at all this was the old woman who possessed the garden, that she never suffered a single tulip to be plucked from its stem.

At length, however, she died; and the heir who succeeded her destroyed the enchanted flowers, and converted the spot into a parsley bed, a circumstance which so disappointed and offended the pixies, that they caused it to wither away; and, indeed, for many years, nothing would grow in the beds of the whole garden. But these sprites, though eager in resenting an injury, were, like most warm spirits, equally capable of returning a benefit; and if they destroyed the product of the good old woman's garden, when it had fallen into unworthy hands, they tended the bed that wrapped her clay with affectionate solicitude. For they were heard lamenting and singing sweet dirges around her grave; nor did they neglect to pay this mournful tribute to her memory every night before the moon was at the full; for then

their high solemnity of dancing, singing, and rejoicing took place, to hail the queen of the night on completing her silver circle in the skies. No human hand ever tended the grave of the poor old woman, who had nurtured the tulip bed for the delight of these elfin creatures; but no rank weed was ever seen to grow upon it; the sod was ever green, and the prettiest flowers would spring up without sowing or planting, and so they continued to do till it was supposed the mortal body was reduced to its original dust.

Watching for the Dead.

The singular custom existed at Tavistock, till lately, of the sexton's carrying his spade, not shouldered, but, to use the military phrase, reversed, before the clergyman at every funeral. But this ceremony of the church militant here on earth is now dispensed with.

About forty years ago, a melancholy instance of the effects of superstitious credulity happened here. Two brothers of the name of Luggar sat up one Midsummer-even, in the church porch, from an idea (founded on ancient custom) that if at twelve o'clock at night they looked through the key-hole of the door, they would see all those who were to die that year walk into the church from the opposite door-way. Their imagination was so worked up that they fancied they saw *themselves* in this funeral procession. Certain it is that they both died within a very short space of time afterwards; were both buried in the same grave; and the inhabitants, by having the bells muffled at their funeral, testified a more than ordinary commiseration of their awful fate.

Devonshire Cottages.

I know not any county in England where this taste for a garden with the peasantry is more universal than in the west. A Devonshire cottage, if not too modern, is the sweetest object that the poet, the artist, or the lover of the romantic could desire to see. The walls, generally of stone, are grey, and if not whitewashed, (which they too often are,) abound with lichen, stone-crop, or moss. Many of these dwellings are ancient, principally of the Tudor age, with the square-headed mullioned and labelled windows. The roof is always of thatch, and no cottage but has its ivy, its jessamine, or its rose, mantling its sides and creeping on its top. A bird-cage at the door is often the delight of the children; and the little garden, besides its complement or hollyhocks, &c., has a bed or two of flowers before the house of the most brilliant colours. A bee-hive, and the elder, that most useful of all domestic trees, are seen near the entrance; and more than once have I stopped to observe the eagerness and the delight with which the children amuse themselves in chasing a butterfly from flower to flower. A butterfly is the favourite of infancy,

and affords a subject for reflection even to age. The change it undergoes would puzzle a philosopher did he attempt to explain the laws of its ephemeral being; and wherefore a supine and ugly grub, that lies in darkness, should change into a creature with vibrating wings, ever restless, ever sporting in light and sun, and whose brief existence seems to realize the notions of Epicurus, in being devoted to pleasure. Who has ever described a butterfly like our Spenser in those lines of matchless beauty?

The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colours and his glistering eies.

Ancient Customs and Superstitions.

I now come to the vestiges of our ancient customs; these having been gleaned by Mary Colling and myself, but principally by her, amongst the good old folks of the town and neighbourhood. They are for the greater part fast wearing out, and two or three generations hence it is probable few traces may be left of their existence.

Brand quotes a passage from Moresin, that tends to show that in ancient times, at the festival of St. Valentine, men made presents to the women, as the women did to the men at other seasons. We have a vestige of this custom not altogether extinct; for on St. Valentine's day a young woman sometimes thus addresses the first young man she meets:—

" Good morrow, Valentine, I go to-day,
To wear for you what you must pay,
A pair of gloves next Easter day."

And new gloves are generally sent on Easter eve by the young man whom any fair damsel may have selected to make her such a present by thus inviting him to do it. It is not, however, I am told, very common to send the gloves, unless there is a little sweet-heating in the case.

Washing clothes on a Good Friday is with us considered a great sin; and productive of the worst luck. Whoever does so is sure to wash away one of their family, who will die before the year is out. To wear children on this day is deemed very lucky. Many people then begin to till their gardens, as they believe, to use their own words, that all things put in the earth on a good Friday will grow *goody*, and return to them with great increase.

Shrove Tuesday is a noted day in our town, though not so much kept as it used to be many years ago. The farmers considered it a great holiday, and every person who was in their employ feasted on pancakes. The great sport of the day was to assemble round the fire and each person to toss a cake before he had it for his supper. The awkwardness of the tossers, who were compelled to eat their share, even if it fell into the fire itself, afforded great diversion. Lent-crooking is a similar sport, and is still here and there prac-

tised in some of the old houses in the country. Parties of young persons would, during Lent, go to the most noted farm-houses, and sing, in order to obtain a crock (cake), an old song beginning

" I see by the latch
There is something to catch;
I see by the string
The good dame's within;
Give a cake, for I've none;
At the door goes a stone,
Come give, and I'm gone."

If invited in, a cake, a cup of cider, and a health followed. If not invited in, the sport consisted in battering the house door with stones, because not open to hospitality. Then the assailant would run away, be followed and caught, and brought back again as prisoner, and had to undergo the punishment of roasting the shoe. This consisted in an old shoe being hung up before the fire, which the culprit was obliged to keep in a constant whirl, roasting himself as well as the shoe, till some damsel took compassion on him and let him go; in this case he was to treat her with a little present at the next fair.

It is here said, that if a young woman, on Midsummer-day, plucks a full-blown rose, blindfolded, while the chimes are playing twelve, and folds it up in a sheet of white paper, and does not open it till Christmas day, it will then be found as fresh as when gathered; and if she places it in her bosom, the young man to whom she is to be married will come and snatch it away.

The poor people here have many superstitious ideas about the days of the week. To begin to do anything on a Friday, or to make a journey, or a bargain on that day, is held such bad luck, that I have known persons, even of the better order, put off an affair because they would not enter on it with an ill omen.

The fortunes of children are likewise considered to be very much regulated by the day on which they were born. Here is a poetical adage on the subject common in our town:—

" Monday's child is fair in face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for his living;
And a child that's born on a Christmas day,
Is fair and wise, good and gay."

*Hymn for Good Friday.—By the Rev.
Mr. Bray.*

See! for sinful man's transgression
Hell's dread triumph, Heaven's depression,
Jesus, his great work now ended,
(Oh, what love! that our Creator
Should assume our wretched nature!)
Jesus on the Cross extended.

Those hands, that Heaven's bright sceptre wielded,
To weakest rebels calmly yielded:
Those brows, but late with glory beaming,
Crown'd with sharp thorns now droop and languish;
And, sorrow'd by his dying anguish,
Adown his cheeks the blood is streaming.

See! thro' those feet the nails are driven
That trod the starry floor of Heaven:
And, hark! how peals the rolling thunder!
Earth trembles, whilst the skies o'erclouded,
The sun's in pitchy darkness shrouded;
All nature shrinks with fear and wonder.
The sea lays bare her deepest fountains,
The valleys swell, the sinking mountains
E'en to their very base are shaken;
Whilst, at Heaven's call, by holy sages,
Who in the tomb have slept for ages,
Is many a hallow'd grave forsaken.
And, is it man's last hopeless ruin?
Oh, no—it is his blest renewing:
For death 'tis Victory's now to swallow.
Christ dies, but then is most victorious:
His course to Heaven is then more glorious,
And we our Saviour's steps shall follow.

The Gatherer.

In the reign of Charles I., the following bills were intended to be offered in Strafford's first parliament: namely—for restraining the barbarous custom of ploughing by the tail; of pulling the wool off living sheep; burning corn in the straw; barking standing trees; forcing cows to give milk; and building houses without chimneys. W. G. C.

Surnames.—(From an ancient MS. in the British Museum.)—In the authentic record of the Exchequer, called Domesday Book, surnames are first found, brought in then by the Normans, who not long before had taken them. Most of these have but one Christian name; but, shortly after, as the Romans of the better sort had three names, according to that *tria nomina nobiliturum*, so it seemed a disgrace for a gentleman to have but one single name, as the meaner sort and bastards had; for the daughter and heir of Fitz-Hamon, when King Henry I. would have married her to his base son Robert, she refusing answered—

" It were to me a great shame
To have a lord without his two name."

Among the Christians, it was usual in the primitive church to change at baptism the names of those which were in years, as that renegade, who was before called Lucius, was in his baptism named Lucianus: so the Popes used to change their names when they entered the papacy, which, as Platina saith, was begun by Pope Sergius II in 844, who first changed his name, for that his former name was Hogs-mouth. W. G. C.

Legal Bathos.—An eminent lawyer, in the state of Ohio, North America, closed a pathetic harangue to a jury in the following strain:—" And now the shade of night had shrouded the earth in darkness, all nature lay wrapt in solemn thought, when these defiant ruffians came rushing, like a mighty torrent from the hills, down to the abode of peace and happiness, broke open the plaintiff's door, separated the weeping mother

from her screeching infant, and took away my client's rifle, gentlemen of the jury, for which we charge only 15 dollars."

"*A Scratch*."—In Cadell's *Campaigns in Egypt*, it is related:—"An Irishman, Dan Fitzgibbon, of the grenadiers, like most of his countrymen, possessed both courage and humour. He was placed at a bank, which he was to fire over; but on no account to show himself. Poor Dan not taking this advice, jumped upon the bank every round he fired, to see if he had hit any one. At last a Frenchman shot him through the back of the left hand. It was seen that something had happened, and he was asked what was the matter? Dan, very quietly looking at his bleeding fist, and scratching his head with the other, said, 'I wish I knew who did this.'"

Presentiment.—The following singular instance of presentiment is related in Cadell's *Campaigns in Egypt*.—"When the inlying picquets turned out in the morning, a soldier of my company, the grenadiers, named M'Kinlay, came up to me handing a paper, and said, 'Captain, here is my will; I am to be killed to-day, and I will all my arrears and everything I have to my comrade, Hugh Swift.'—'What nonsense, M'Kinlay,' I replied to him, 'go into action, and do what you have always done, behave like a brave soldier.' He answered, 'I will do that, sir; but I am certain I am to be killed to-day, and I request you to take my will.' To satisfy him I took it, and the man fought with the picquets during the whole day with great coolness and gallantry. In the afternoon, a little before the action was over, we rejoined the regiment,—we had suffered much, but M'Kinlay was standing unhurt close to me; upon which I observed to him, 'So, M'Kinlay, I suspect you are wrong this time.' The right of the regiment being posted on the round of a hill cut into steps for the vines, a body of the enemy's sharpshooters came close under us, and opened a fire to cover their retiring columns. M'Kinlay seeing one of them taking aim over the arm of a fig tree in our direction, exclaimed, 'Look at that rascal going to shoot our captain!' And advancing one step down the hill, he presented at the Frenchman, who, however, was unfortunately too quick for him, for in an instant afterwards poor M'Kinlay was shot through the neck, and killed on the spot. The same ball gave me a severe contusion on the breast, and I fell with the unfortunate man, and was actually covered with his blood. He was one of the best soldiers in the grenadier company, and was much regretted;—indeed but for him it is probable I should not have lived to tell this tale. The will was duly forwarded to the War-office, whence an order was issued for

his comrade Swift to receive all that was due to him.

The Sancy Diamond.—This celebrated diamond has been purchased by the Emperor of Russia's grand-falconer for the sum of 500,000 roubles. The diamond was originally brought from India, and has remained in Europe for the last four centuries. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was its first owner, and he wore it on his helmet at the battle of Nancy, in which he lost his life. In 1489, it came into the possession of the King of Portugal, who, wanting money, sold it to a French gentleman for a million of francs. Nicholas Harley Sancy, who gave it his name, had it afterwards by succession. At the time of his embassy at Soleure, Henry III. enjoined him to send the diamond in order to pledge it; the servant entrusted with it being attacked by robbers, swallowed it, and was murdered. Sancy ordered the corpse to be opened, and the diamond was found in the stomach. James II. possessed it in 1688, when he escaped to France. It belonged to Louis XIV., and Louis XV. wore it in his hat at his coronation. The Sancy diamond has the shape of a pear; it is of the very first water, and weighs $53\frac{1}{2}$ carats.

Gas v. Tallow.—According to experimental calculation, the difference in the expense of gas and candles is about two-thirds in favour of the former.

Patents.—During three months of last year, 145 patents were granted by the French government, principally for inventions relative to printing, to the manufactory of native sugar, and of stuffs by locomotive machinery; to machinery of several kinds; to dyeing, perfumery, clothing, the art of curing, and music; one in particular, to a musical instrument maker at Lyons, for a three-keyed bugle.

The vines of France are said to occupy 4,265,000 English acres; the value of the produce of which is reckoned at 22,516,220*l.* per annum.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Just published, with many Cuts, price 5*s.*

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART: or an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements for the present Year.

"In mechanics, chemistry, natural history, and social economy, this work presents such a variety of new facts as must recommend it to a wide circle of readers, either as a source of much instruction, or much amusement. It deserves credit for its condensation, and consequent cheapness."—*Morning Herald*, March 15.

Printed for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and News-men.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

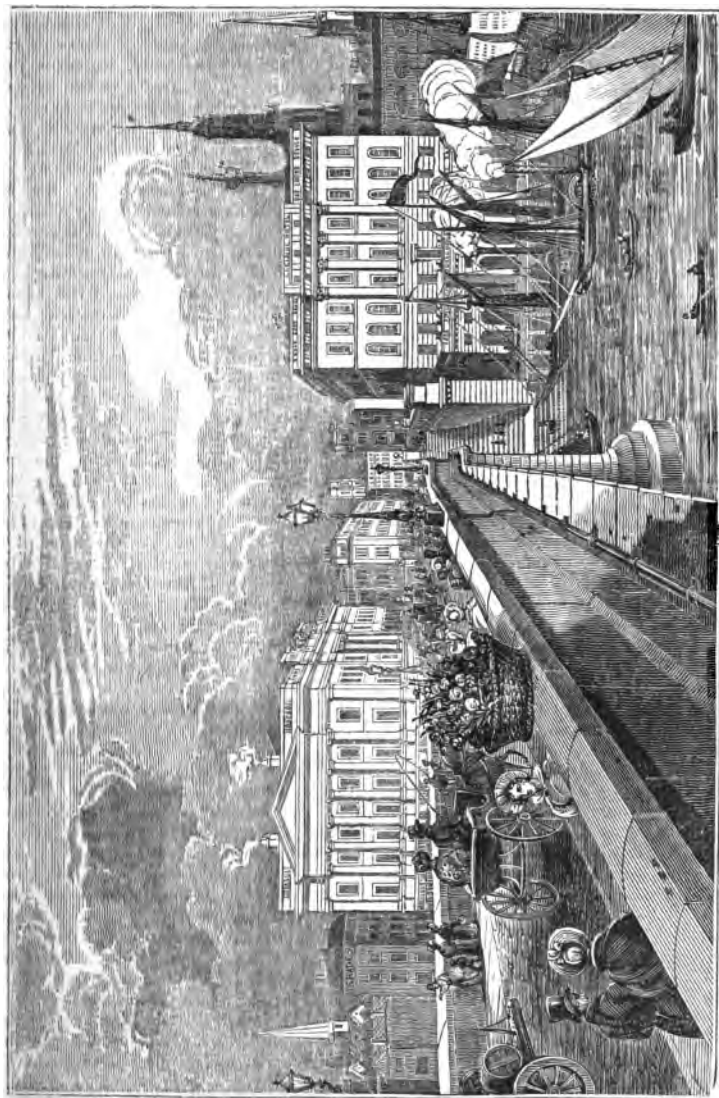
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 771.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]



LONDON BRIDGE. 1836.

LONDON BRIDGE, FROM SOUTHWARK.

THE rebuilding of London Bridge, and the formation of the approaches thereto, must rank as the most magnificent metropolitan improvement of our times; living fast, as we are, to see London changed from brick to stone. With all anxiety to honour the genius of Mr. Nash, in the superb embellishment of Regent-street, and alive as we are to the merits of Waterloo Bridge, it must be conceded, that for direct utility and improved public convenience, the change about to be noticed is of prior importance. Well do we remember the old Bridge, and its scooping line of road—the insecurity of Fish-street Hill as a thoroughfare—the imperfect roadway of the Bridge itself, shelving into the murky picturesqueness of the Borough High-street, (the narrowest leading street in the metropolis,) with its gables and plaster fronts, a specimen of which is engraved in vol. xxvii. of our Miscellany. Then too, the effect of these ill-constructed highways—the frequent stoppage of lines of carriages of every description for upwards of twenty minutes or half an hour, and these two at the very hour when coach loads of tired citizens were panting for the green lawns and greener palings and doors of their suburban villas. Such mortifying embargoes upon public enjoyment have been removed with old London Bridge, a portion of which has actually been employed to build a rural retreat for an alderman at Greenhithe, and to construct piers for public health from the banks of old Father Thames. Meanwhile, the Monument is “left alone in its glory” upon Fish-street Hill, though its crown has been regilt, by way of compensation, or consolation in its solitude.

The view upon the annexed page presents, of necessity, but a portion of the London Bridge Improvements. The Bridge itself, unrivalled in the world, in the “perfection of proportion and the true greatness of simplicity,” has, at each approach, structures of suitable architectural character. On the south side, after passing through an improved, though not unique line of street, (about 70 feet in width, or nearly double the width of the old street,) you reach two noble monuments of the piety and philanthropy of our ancestors: these are the venerable church of St. Saviour and Chapel of Our Lady, restored to their pristine beauty; and St. Thomas's Hospital, (founded by the Corporation of London, in 1699,) the north wing of which has been rebuilt in massive style. At the back of this structure will be the buildings of the head of the Greenwich Railway. At no great distance too, is the new School of St. Olave, as engraved at p. 65 of the present volume. But the main buildings, in height, if not in beauty, are a vast pile of

warehouses upon the eastern side of the street; and an hotel opposite.

The buildings at the north approach are of much greater architectural importance, and have the advantage of immediately fronting the Thames, as shown in our Engraving. The south-west angle is occupied by Fishmongers' Hall, which, besides a handsome river front, presents towards the roadway an elevation upwards of 160 feet in length. Owing to the great height of the roadway above Thames-street, a substructure of more than 30 feet was necessary, which is cased with granite, whilst, under it are fire-proof warehouses. On this granite platform is raised the Hall, an edifice of the Grecian Ionic order. The south front of the platform, towards the river, has an arcade, which supports a spacious terrace, above which the Hall front presents an attached hexastyle supporting a pediment. The east front, towards the Bridge road, is enriched with pilasters and columns in the centre, having an attic above, in the front of which are placed the arms of the Company, and an emblematical basso-relievo of a sea-horse on each side. In this front is the principal entrance from Adelaide-place. The north front has simply a continuation of the entablature which is carried round the other fronts of the building supported by pilasters. The interior arrangement of the edifice would occupy too much space for detail. Among the striking beauties is a screen of columns of polished Aberdeen granite, which separate the Great Staircase from a corridor. At the head of the former is a finely-executed statue of a celebrated member of the Company, William Watworth, represented in the act of striking with his dagger the rebel Wat Tyler. The apartments are of noble proportions. The Court Dining-room, which faces the river, is 45 feet long, 30 feet broad, and 20 feet high; and has a splendid silver chandelier. The Court Drawing-room adjoining has an enriched ceiling, with a Corinthian entablature and scagliola pilasters. The Banqueting Hall is 73 feet in length, 38 feet in width, and 33 feet in height; and is richly decorated. The architect is Mr. Henry Roberts.

The opposite angle of the roadway is occupied by a showy building, enriched with fluted pilasters. Like its opposite neighbour, it is fronted by a terrace, and stands upon a platform, which is occupied as a steam-boat wharf, the superstructure being “the Adelaide Hotel.” Before the wharf is a commodious quay, at which steam-boats ply.

Having passed the two buildings just described, the roadway crosses Thames-street by a dry arch, and passing through lines of handsome houses, branches off to the left by a still more embellished street to the Mansion House, and thus reaches the heart of the City.

EGYPTIANA.

THE PYRAMIDS.

THE period at which the Great Pyramids were erected, (says Mr. J. Conder,) is a point which has occupied much learned discussion. By Perizonius and others, the workmen are supposed to have been Israelites; and Dr. Clarke has contended for the strange notion, that the pyramid of Cheops was built to receive the body of the patriarch Joseph. Diodorus and Pliny confess, that every thing relating to their origin is uncertain; and the Arabian writers solve the mystery by informing us, that they were built before the Deluge. Others, on the contrary, are for assigning them a date, which, in speaking of Egypt, might almost be termed modern. Homer mentions Thebes and its hundred gates, but has not noticed the pyramids. Is it probable, (it has been asked,) that he would have omitted to speak of them, if they had been erected in his time? In confirmation of this view, it may be remarked, that Herodotus believed them to have been built only twelve generations before the time of Cambyzes. Cheops, the builder of the largest pyramid, is stated to have flourished nearly a hundred years before Homer; but Asychis, the successor of Mycerinus, is said to have reigned about 815 years before Christ, which date, if correct, would require the reign of Cheops to be brought down much later. Upon the whole, the most probable opinion is that which assigns them to a period between 1000 and 800 years B.C.

The absence of hieroglyphical inscriptions in these stupendous structures, has been accounted for on the supposition, that the founders were of a foreign and obtrusive dynasty, hostile to the religion of their subjects, and that the priests refused to record their names in the sacred character. In that case, however, it might have been expected, that there would be found, if not hieroglyphic inscriptions, some records in a different character. It cannot be supposed that a dynasty of sovereigns who could command such architects, were at any loss for secretaries. Herodotus, in fact, refers to an inscription engraved on the pyramid of Cheops, which, he says, was in Egyptian characters; but it has been doubted whether he means hieroglyphics. Dr. Hales supposes them to have been alphabetic characters; if so, they would not be the less curious. Ibn Haukal speaks of Syrian and Greek inscriptions, which covered some part of the pyramids: the latter were probably of a late date, and might have been written by Greeks who visited these monuments. On the other hand, Abdallatif states, that he saw a prodigious number of hieroglyphical inscriptions on the two great pyramids; as many as, if copied, would fill, perhaps, ten thousand volumes. Other Ara-

bic writers, prior to Abdallatif, have also mentioned the hieroglyphics on the pyramids. Dr. Richardson thinks, that Abdallatif may be understood as referring to the inscriptions in the chambers, cut out of the rocks on which the pyramids are built, which are exceedingly numerous. There is now no appearance whatever that the pyramid of Cheops was ever coated; and the fact has been doubted. Yet Herodotus states that it was coated and finished in the highest style, and describes the process by which it was accomplished, from the summit downwards. This statement is corroborated by Pliny, Abdallatif, and others; and Dr. Richardson suggests that the removal of the coating by the Saracens may account for the great damage sustained by the steps all round: while the rolling down of the immense stones from the top, may have occasioned the middle of the steps to be more injured than the angles.

The removal of the coating would account for the absence of the hieroglyphics. Yet, among the pyramids of Sakhara and Dahshour, there is one on which the covering is pretty entire, but no inscription has been found upon it. In one of these pyramids, however, which was opened at the expense of Baron Von Minutoli, in 1821, the door of one chamber is stated to be bordered with hieroglyphics in relief, and over another are hieroglyphics traced in black. The walls are covered with a kind of mosaic, consisting of convex pieces of green porcelain ingeniously fixed in stucco. An immense quantity of fragments of marble and alabaster vases lay scattered in the passages and chambers, proving that the pyramid had been previously opened by violence, and by a different entrance. The richly gilded skull, hands, and feet of a mummy, supposed to be those of the monarch, were obtained from this pyramid; also the well-preserved head of a sacred vulture; but, unfortunately, many valuable articles were stolen by the workmen on the first opening of the pyramid. The largest of the chambers, the walls of which were blackened by the smoke of torches, contained, (says Baron Von Minutoli,) instead of a sarcophagus, a small sanctuary, formed of several blocks of stone placed one upon another; into this a man could easily enter, and from which the voice of the oracle was, probably, made to issue. This idea, if well founded, would certainly tend to throw a new light upon the design of these mysterious labyrinths; as it would indicate that, like the cave of Trophonius, the pyramidal sepulchre at Telmessus, and the *Kassr-el-Keroun* near Lake Mœris, they had been made subservient to the purposes of oracular jugglery. It deserves in this point of view to be investigated, whether the peculiar construction of the chambers and passages be connected with any acoustic phenomena. The custom

of combining the temple and the tomb, is known to have prevailed very extensively among the ancients. By this means, a greater degree of respect was secured towards the places where the dead were deposited. In general, the temple or fane was erected on the summit of the tumulus, or over the sepulchre. This is the case with the Mexican *teocallies*, which exhibit so striking an affinity to the pyramids of the Old Continent. But sometimes, the *taphos* itself was the temple. With a view either to enhance the sacredness of the sepulchre, or to turn to account the superstitious reverence for the depositories of the dead, the pyramids then, like the cave, the catacomb, and the tumulus, may have been applied to various, secondary objects. The tomb has been alternately applied, by the wily tyrant or more crafty priest, to the widely different purposes of the fortress, the prison, the sanctuary, the treasury, the observatory, and the oracular shrine. Still, under every modification, its ostensible object has been the same—to provide a habitation for the immortal dead.

In the pyramids of Djizeh, there is one circumstance by which, as works of art, they are peculiarly distinguished, but which makes, perhaps, somewhat against their remote antiquity; and that is, the very superior style in which the materials are put together. The joinings and polish of the granite casings in the interior, (says Dr. Richardson,) equally manifest the eminent skill of the artist, and the great perfection that his art had attained. Many a structure must have been erected, before an architect could have been capable of constructing these. The manner in which the materials are put together, is as different from the construction of the temples or any other building in Egypt, as a Roman wall is from a Grecian one. The sarcophagi are also different in size, form, cutting, and workmanship. The body of the pyramid throughout is of the most substantial description. Not a stone has slipped from its place; it stands, with the security of a mountain, the most indestructible pile that human ingenuity ever reared. After visiting the pyramids, I was determined, (says Hasselquist,) to know whether stones alone must satisfy my curiosity, and if a burning sand had excluded every thing that had life from this place. If I had not searched attentively, I should certainly have been of this opinion, and have confirmed what I was told in Cairo,—that no living creature, much less a plant, was to be found near the pyramids. The earth is of such a nature here that, to many persons, it would appear a miracle, if any animal or plant could find nourishment or sustenance. I found, however, both:—one single plant, the gum succory, (*Chondrilla juncea*;) of animals, the little lizard, running in numbers on the sand.

But what most pleased me was the lion-ant, (*hemerobius formica leo*;) which insects have a republic of their own. They run by hundreds in the sand, each holding stone, sand, or bits of rotten wood, between their curious jaws or *maxillæ*, and hastening with them to the dwellings they had made in the sand. I saw numbers of this insect's nests. They were thrown up in tufts in the sand, about the bigness of the two fists, and somewhat depressed at the top. In the middle of this depression, was a little hole, about the bigness of a small pipe-stem, through which the ants went in and out. I attacked them within their intrenchments, in the hope of seeing the internal construction of their nests; but I was deceived, and only demolished their outworks, from which went a private passage so artfully conducted, that it was in vain to endeavour to come at their innermost dwelling. All the architecture, magnificence, and expense, that shine in the Pyramids, cannot give a contemplator of Nature such ideas as are excited by the art of these little creatures. W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

ZOOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

Few birds are more attached to mankind, more docile in a domesticated state, more sensible to attractions and the want of them, or more intellectual, than the agami, or trumpeter-bird of Guiana. It is among birds, in some measure, the counterpart of the dog among quadrupeds. Like the latter, it is obedient to the voice of its master, follows or precedes him on a journey, quits him with regret, and hails his return with gladness. In several districts, it is intrusted with the charge of the poultry, and even of the sheep, which it conducts home every evening.

One day, an eagle was observed frequently to dart towards the Missouri; and then to rise again. His evolutions attracting attention, it was observed that he was endeavouring to take a wild goose, which had alighted in the river, and which dived to avoid him; but, on rising to get breath, was again attacked, and had again to dive, in order to save himself. The chase had continued in this way some time, the goose apparently yielding, when it suddenly turned and made to the shore of Colonel Pot's farm, where two men were at work. It there landed, and walking leisurely up to the men, permitted itself to be taken by them without an effort to escape. It appeared extremely exhausted.

A short time since, Mr. Staveley, of Clifton, Yorkshire, was almost invariably accompanied by a gander belonging to Mr. Cass, a farmer residing in that township. The bird, every morning about five o'clock, came from its own domicile to Mr. Staveley's residence,

and, by its cackling noise, called the old gentleman up. It then accompanied him in his rambles during the day, and was frequently to be seen in the busy streets, close at his heels, utterly heedless of the throng around, and the crowds of children by which the pair were often accompanied. When Mr. Staveley sat down to rest himself, which he was frequently obliged to do, from his age and infirmities, the gander immediately sat down at his feet. There were several places at which the old gentleman had been in the habit of resting; and just before he arrived at them, his feathered companion starting off, arrived at the spot a little before him. If any one molested the old gentleman, the gander chattered, and tried to bite the intruder. If Mr. S. went into a public-house, it entered also, if permitted; and stood behind him while he drank his glass of ale, sometimes partaking of the refreshing beverage: if not permitted to enter the house, it remained at the door till Mr. Staveley came out.

In the vicinity of Canton, but more especially about Whampos, may be seen numbers of the duck-boats, used by the owners and their families as well as for their numerous feathered charge. The birds inhabit the hold of the boat, and the keeper, the upper accommodations of the vessel. These boats are most abundant about the rice-fields, near the river, soon after the harvest has been gathered in. The owner of the boat moves it about from place to place, according to the opportunities that may be offered to him of feeding his flock. On the arrival of the boat at the appointed spot, by a signal of a whistle, the flock cross a board placed for their accommodation, and then ramble about for food, till their keeper considers they have had enough, when a signal is made for the return of the birds; immediately upon hearing which, they congregate and re-enter the boat. The first duck that enters is rewarded with some paddy, and the last is whipped for being dilatory; so that it is curious to see the late birds, as if aware of the fate that awaits them, making efforts to fly over the backs of others, to prevent being the last of the flock.

A short time since, a singular combat took place between a crow and a duck, in a mill-dam belonging to Mr. Lane, at Hingham, Norfolk. On a small island situated in the mill-dam, a duck deposited her eggs, which a crow from a neighbouring tree regularly robbed her of. At length, the duck, after keeping watch some time, caught the crow in the act of stealing one, when she seized the thief with her broad bill, and after a long and violent struggle in the water, succeeded in drowning it.

A jackdaw was one day observed at the

top of a tree in a plantation belonging to Mr. T. Walker, Park-gate Pilkington, Lancashire. Knowing that it was near a thrush nest, which contained several, half-fledged, young ones, some workmen began to watch its movements, which were speedily directed towards that object. When the daw arrived at the nest, it seized one of the young ones, which it carried to the top of a tree, and then to its nest, which was in one of the chimneys of a house, situated at a short distance. Upon inspection, the thrush-nest was found empty.

Some years since, a gentleman at St. Albans, observed a number of martens darting with great violence and noise at a nest under some eaves, which attack they maintained for a considerable time; at length it subsided, and the birds forsook the building. Two or three days elapsed, when, reflecting on the singularity of the circumstance, his curiosity prompted him to examine the nest, which had been so violently besieged a few days previously; and, much to his astonishment, he discovered that it was entirely blocked up, and a male and female sparrow, with several young ones, dead within it. The sparrows, it appears, had taken possession of the nest, and the martens had avenged the usurpation by destroying them.

A bird was lately caught in a singular manner, upon a beech-tree, at Wester-Plean. It was found suspended by the foot, from the under side of a leaf: how long it had remained in this position was not known; but, judging from its exhausted appearance, it was supposed to have been there a considerable time. On bending the branch, to ascertain the cause of this novel trap, it was found that the foot had got entangled in the cocoon of a moth. There was likewise on the same leaf, a glutinous matter, to which several aphides adhered. This was probably the bait that allured the bird into the snare.

Besides a singular elegance of form and beauty of plumage, (says Mr. Fothergill,) the eye of the common lapwing is peculiarly soft and expressive; it is large, black, and full of lustre, rolling, as it seems to do, in liquid gems of dew. Having shot a bird of this beautiful species, I found, on taking it up, that it was not dead, but had a wound in its breast, from which some big drops of blood stained the whiteness of its feathers. As I held up the hapless bird in my hand, hundreds of its companions hovered round my head, uttering continued shrieks of distress, and, by their plaintive cries, appeared to bemoan its fate; whilst the wounded bird continually moaned, with a kind of inward, wailing note, expressive of the keenest anguish, and raising its drooping head, turned towards the wound on its breast, which it touched with its bill, and then looked up in

my face, with an expression I shall never forget.

The hearing of birds, so necessary for escape from danger, as well as indicating the neighbourhood of their prey, (says a recent writer,) is scarcely less perfect in many species than their sight; yet the external ear, which is essential for producing distinctness of sound, (as the organ is formed in quadrupeds and man,) would obstruct their rapid progress through the air, and be inconvenient in other respects. This appendage is, therefore, withheld; but it is amply compensated by a peculiarity in the external structure: a circumstance which indicates the never-failing resources of the Creator. This may be considered as a slight, and, perhaps, a trifling change; but it acquires importance as being one of an infinite variety of beneficent contrivances for the comfort and happiness of the different tribes of animals wisely adapted to the peculiarities of their condition.

W. G. C.

FISH AND SNIPES.

It is a curious fact, (says a recent writer,) that the small fish, gudgeons, roach, dace, and perch, of the rivers tributary to the Yare, disappear altogether about the month of October; and are seldom seen or caught, till the May following: they are even then few in number, and small in size; about June, they increase, and by August the rivers are crowded with full and frequent shoals. Where do these tribes hide themselves during the winter? If it be said in deep holes, this does not appear to be the case, except perhaps with the largest fish. The smallest disappear nearly altogether from the sight and search of man. A second problem is: where do these vast beds or tribes of eels inhabit, which, from some unexplained cause, descend with the floods from July to November? As many as one hundred stone weight have been often caught in nets in one night at a single mill, and half the quantity for one or two succeeding nights, in number, probably, from three to four thousand on the first, and half as many on the subsequent nights. They not only migrate in immense shoals, but at a very swift rate. It was ascertained some years ago by the capture of an eel at one mill, which, after it was marked, was released, and recaptured at the next, that it traversed about three miles in fifteen minutes; yet fishermen never either observe or catch any number indicating the presence of such vast abundance.*

The appearance and departure of the snipe form another object of inquiry to sportsman and naturalist. In 1802, a gentleman, living in the neighbourhood of Norwich made the

following observations upon this subject:—that they first appeared in considerable numbers early in September, and again took their departure in a day or two. They were then in flocks; and, in the language of snipe-shooters, lay very light. In October, their presence and dispersion were more general; for a frost sent them away, and they were seen no more till February or March. A few remained in the spring ditches. Their return is retarded, or accelerated, by a backward, or a forward spring. Sometimes, they come in small numbers from the 10th to the 17th of February, but those on the coast are the first that disappear. In March, they are abundant; but the most curious fact is the coincidence of their appearance with certain marsh flowers: the *viola odorata*, or March violet, will be found in flower very soon after the period of their first arrival; and when the *ranunculus ficaria*, or pilewort, expands its leaves, (though there be the difference in some seasons, of fifteen days in this phenomenon,) the snipes will then be found in the greatest numbers. They, therefore, migrate by the calendar of nature; and temperature has clearly something to do with their travels, either in the production of their food, or through some other instinct. Since these observations were noted, a great alteration has been made in the state of the marsh country, by drainage. Bogs, which would then scarcely carry a snipe, are now trodden by oxen of fifty stone, and their bellowing is heard where only the boom of the bittern used to shake the echoing marsh. But the snipes still appear and disappear, though, perhaps, with a difference as to time, stay, and numbers. A few years since, the quantity was unusually great. In August, they were in some places abundant, and from the 1st to the 10th of December, superabundant everywhere: during those ten days from one to 2,000 couple were killed in Norfolk, and this, of course, bore a very small proportion to their entire numbers. All the marshes in the neighbourhood of the coast, from Happisburgh to Yarmouth, and along the course of the north river, and all the marshes on the borders of the Yare and Waveney, swarmed. On the eleventh, they literally disappeared. On the twelfth, where two days previous they were found by hundreds, not ten couple could be seen. The birds were unusually large and fine in condition. From whence do these birds come? and whither do they go so suddenly? The domestic breed in the adjoining marshes will, perhaps, account for their appearance in August, while those in October and December seem to be supplied from abroad. But, again, where were they on the 12th of December? and what is the natural cause that instigates these rapid changes of their habitations? They cannot easily remove to any great distance previous to their

* See Mirror, vol. xxvi., p. 150 and 170.

final departure. They most certainly remain in our marshes till a later period of the year, than they did thirty years ago. At that time no quantity could ever be found in December, or after the slightest frost, about Surlingham, Brundall, and that whole country; now they come there at intervals till January, if an east wind blows. Snipes are almost equally common inhabitants of all countries. They are as abundant in the rice-grounds of the East, as in the morasses of the North. Should they be found to travel periodically from some of the countries of Europe, the desirable point is to ascertain the date and direction of their migrations. W. G. C.

The Cosmopolite.

NAPLES.

THE Greeks ever colonized the best regions. In Italy, Magna Græcia was peopled by this singular race, whose perceptions of beauty were so wonderful, and who carried to their colonies all the arts and refinements of the parent state. Their ruins line the shores of Sicily, and the most imposing edifices that antiquity has left, are the Greek temples of Paestum. Greeks, Romans, Normans, Spaniards, and French, have had possession of Naples. The kingdom has been the spoil of a Lazaroni Jack Cade—the demented Fisherman of Naples—it has been tost, as a bridal gift, into the lap of the theatrical King Murat—who was sometimes called King Francini. It is now under the rule of Ferdinand—a youth of twenty-three—of questionable wisdom, and of Lazaroni manners. In appearance, he is, as Master Slender says, “a great, lubberly boy,” as fat as a capuchin, and having features that express nothing but heaviness.

He is, however, addicted to practical jests, some of which smack of the guard-room—for the army is his passion, and to conquer his ambition. But he will never experience one of the regrets of Alexander. His consort—or, as republicans say, his wife—is a princess of the house of Sardinia—and it is currently said at Naples, that the first meeting of the royal pair who preside over the destinies of Naples, was signalized by a jest, which it is believed few corporals in the kingdom would have executed. The royal lover, who is a gentleman by instinct, became boisterously gay, and when his princess was about to sit down, drew from under her the chair. This may not be true—but to those who know the monarch, it seems not improbable.

He has the most delightful region in Europe, and the most villainous subjects—“like master, like man.” His capital is that Parthenope which allured Virgil, and which he designates as *dulcis*. It has always been the abode of pleasure—it has always subverted

the different sexes, courage, and modesty. All the shores in sight of its promontory, were studded with villas, that looked like one long range of colonnades. At present, there are few villas—but there is an immense city—with many adjacent towns.

When an Englishman arrives at Naples, and walks forth in a sunny morning, breathing an air like an exhilarating gas, and remarking the cheerful and not laborious populace, that throng the streets and squares—his impression is, that he has found a city in which he would willingly pass his days.

Care seems to be banished by a royal edict, or some other process—labour seems to be enjoying a long noontide rest—every street has a pageant, and every day is a festa. But if the traveller should employ a fortnight in exploring the city and its vicinity, in the third week he will begin to tire—for he will have become familiar with Pompeii and Baia, and have acquired a passing familiarity with the Bourbon museum—a collection illustrious in all things but its name. All his first impressions of Naples will have deceived him, except his admiration for its natural features. He will hunger and thirst for a community of honest men—or even of tolerable hypocrites, who make some show of virtue if they have not the substance. A Neapolitan has all the vices but hypocrisy. He is a rogue, and cares not who knows it—he cares not even to deceive himself.

There is no winter at Naples—there is no frost, no snow—no severity of climate, that would force men to provide for to-morrow—or at most, for the day after. There is here but one division of time—the present. The past has gone without leaving instruction or regret—and the future is a contingency, that engages no one's reflection. Let no man boast of the good habits of his countrymen—not even though like me he belong to a land where the habits are famed as being *steady*. They are the effect of climate and soil—they are industrious, because labour only will support life; and domestic, only because the climate is too severe to live under, in the open squares and streets, as men do at Naples.

Labour seems to be the greatest of evils to a Neapolitan—“his only labour is, to kill time.” If he must work, he likes not the confinement of a shop—the cobbler brings his stall into the street, and works in the crowd—carrying a vigilant eye to a rip in any passing boot. The cook fries his fish and his pancakes, or boils his macaroni in the streets and squares, and the man-milliner, six feet high, may be seen in front of a shop, sewing a cap or a bonnet, with as little shame as though it were a mainsail.

A Neapolitan crowd requires “wary walking.” If every man is not a pickpocket, it is because the opportunity of practice does not occur—he is, at least, an accessory—he will

see the thief purloin and connive at his escape. Three things are in especial peril of changing masters: watches—purses—and pocket-handkerchiefs. I have known a new-comer lose three handkerchiefs in a day.

The city is splendid in appearance, generally—and many individual edifices are grand. The western part is the most modern and fashionable: in the eastern, the streets are narrow and the houses high. This part is called *Napoli senza sole*—without sun. But it is not dark—particles of the brilliant sunshine of Naples seem to float in the depth of shade. It is not dark even by night, if the "moon of Naples" shine upon it.

All classes ride—none love the labour of walking, and few there are who cannot command the means of riding. There is a multitude of caleches, or one-horse chairs—in which an outside seat may be had to Portici, four miles, for two or three cents. These vehicles are drawn by one small, spirited horse, which is always driven at speed. The seat will hold two persons, and the driver stands on a board behind, holding the reins over their heads. On the same board sit two other passengers, with their feet dangling backwards; and in the bottom of the caleche sit two more, with their feet hanging sideways. Under the axle-tree is suspended a box, in which several children may be safely stowed. These caleches are continually glancing about the streets of Naples, and raising a dust in all the roads that lead to it. At a small village beyond Portici, I saw No. 81, on the panel of one of its caleches.

The amusements of Naples are those of children. Puppets are frequent—at which you will see soldiers, monks, sailors, and all the elements of a Neapolitan crowd. By the post-office, sit scribes, to read and answer the letters of those who cannot read—and they have many customers. On the mole you will find a ragged group listening to a shoeless reader of Tasso—or *Rinaldo*, as he is called. The hearers may often be seen to be worked up to a great pitch of interest in the fortunes of the crusaders, and at the most critical time the hat is carried round for contributions. It reminded me of the incident related by Sir William Herschell, at a secluded English village—where the blacksmith's wife read Pamela to the inhabitants, who were so well pleased with the catastrophe, that they rang the bells.

Eating and drinking, which are the means of life elsewhere, are the ends of it at Naples: no word so often falls upon the ear as some tense of the verb *mangiare*. The markets are scattered in every part of the city—all kinds of eatables are cried in public, and groups of diners-out may be seen swallowing their long macaroni in the streets. No shop is so common as a cook-shop, and a wine-vault. Bacchus himself had not a better

cellar than the long excavations in the mountain, that are here used for housing wine. Bread, at Naples, loses its dignity—it is not the staff of life: but macaroni, which is the chief necessary, is also the greatest luxury. It is a palatable invention: with butter, it is very proper food to set before a famishing man.

Naples is called a picturesque city, and so it is, in its environs and prospects. It has a grand pharos, ever smoking or flaming, in Vesuvius. The whole country is supported on a crust of earth over raging flames—and I have stood in places where the heat at the surface has crisped my boot. Some currents of water are at boiling heat, and some mephitic vapours, creeping up from Acheron, are fatal to animal life. At the Grotta del Cane, or Dog-hole, a poor cur is commonly kept, that the curious and humane may be gratified by an experiment, which few inquirers like to try upon themselves. The poor dog is ever the martyr of fidelity, or the victim of experimental philosophy.

Vesuvius is an imposing object from Naples; and from the mountain, the city makes a splendid show. The distance between them is about five miles. The ascent is easy, and may be made on a donkey to the foot of the crater. Near this is a hermitage, in a spot where heaven and earth seem to meet. The pious monastic, however, does not devote himself exclusively to contemplation, but is ever ready to broil a steak, or draw a flagon of Lagrima wine, for travellers. Lachryma Christi is the name by which these pagan fire-worshippers denote Vesuvian wine.

The monk has a magnificent prospect, and not a bad trade. He may read history in the country visible from his hive, unless he prefer poetry. There is Portici below him, a city built on lava, some eighty feet above Herculaneum, which is buried below. Farther south, but not in sight of the hermitage, is Pompeii, that was buried in ashes and cinders, as a Vermont log-house is sometimes covered with snow. It was discovered but late in the last century, and is not yet half dug out. That purple island with peaks, that seems to float in the air, so completely do the waters reflect the violet sky, is Capri, the den of Tiberius. He systematized suspicion and dissimulation, to a degree never known before. He was a philosophical tyrant—a sportsman, that delighted in the chase, as well as the death of his victim. Simple death was a boon he seldom granted. Few of those who had offended him by being virtuous, escaped so easily as to be permitted to die.

Over that high hill, back of Naples, and which is crowned by the convent of the Camaldoli, is Baia. Here Nero, a hero of the same kind and lineage with Tiberius,

murdered the mother that had stained her soul to lift him to empire. "He will reign and slay his mother," said the Chaldeans.—"Let him reign," replied Agrippina. No ingratitude is so stinging as that of one, whom another has served at the expense of innocence. When the parricide sent the assassin to slay his mother, she replied—*feri ventrem*, "strike in the womb"—a retributive infliction for having produced a monster. These are some of the historic recollections that may be revived in the hermit of Vesuvius, by casting around his eyes. As to poetry, it is the land of it—the centre. It is but an hour's ride to Avernus, and the Elysian Fields. That pyramidal island beyond Miseno (which was named from the trumpeter of Æneas) is Ischia, and under it lies buried one of the Titans, who made feeble war upon Jupiter, and who was hurled down upon these Phlegrean Fields. Farther still, mingling with the horizon, is the promontory of Circe.—*New England Magazine*.

Antiquariana.

SHRINES AND PILGRIMAGES.

(Continued from page 88.)

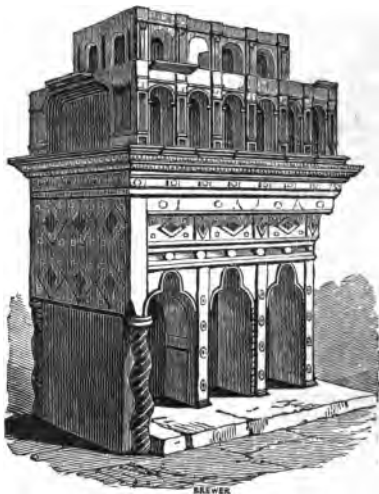
In our notices of shrines celebrated for their sanctity and splendour, we have passed over one of peculiar interest—the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor; an omission which we shall now proceed to supply.

In the chapel of the Confessor, which originally formed the eastern termination of the Abbey Church at Westminster, lie inhumed the remains of the royal founder himself, encircled by the ashes of kindred sovereigns, some of whom were the noblest that ever swayed the British sceptre. King Edward's shrine stands nearly in the middle of the chapel floor; and had formerly an altar attached to it, at which multitudes of every degree made their oblations, and besought the intercessional agency of the sainted monarch, either for the cure of diseases, or for the remission of retributive punishments for acknowledged sins.

Edward died January 5, 1065–66, and was interred before the high altar, within the church which he had erected upon the spot, in place of that which most authorities have attributed to King Sebert. His peculiar sanctity had obtained for his memory such repute, that William the Norman performed his devotions, and made rich offerings, at his tomb, which he rebuilt in a more costly style. The miracles attributed to King Edward likewise so enhanced his reputation, that he was regarded as a saint long previously to his canonization in 1161. The remains of the sainted monarch were afterwards solemnly translated by Archbishop Becket, in a new and "precious feretry," or

shrine, prepared by Henry II. at the archbishop's suggestion. This removal took place in 1163, nearly ninety-nine years after Edward's interment; yet his body, according to the monkish historians, was still entire and uncorrupted, and his garments undecayed. When the choir and eastern division of the Abbey Church had been sufficiently completed by Henry III. for divine service, that monarch gave orders for the re-translation of the body of St. Edward into the new shrine, which he had prepared for it in this chapel; the anniversary of which ceremony, (October 13, 1269,) was duly celebrated for nearly three centuries afterwards.

"This shrine is, evidently, the work of two distinct periods; the styles of composition, as well as materials of its upper and lower divisions, being essentially different. All the ancient part is of stone, curiously inlaid with mosaic; its general form is a parallelogram, surmounted by an entablature, and standing on a basement step. Its height, including the cornice, is nine feet; its width, at the west end, five feet four inches and a half, and its length, nine feet



(Shrine of St. Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey Church.)

five inches. On each side are three recessed arches, or niches, trefoil-headed, and separated by pilasters, above which is a range of seven compartments, once paneled with lozenges of porphyry,* (placed alternately upright and lengthwise,) within involved guilloche borderings. The entablature was

* At the west end of this shrine, two lozenges of porphyry, each about nine inches in width, still remain: in 1821 there was also a third lozenge, but that was stolen by some workman on refitting the Church after the coronation of George IV.

originally supported at the east end by two spiral or twisted pillars, only the capital of one of which now remains; and at the west end by a mosaic facing, resting on similar pillars, but the latter have no capitals, and their plinths, if such there be, are imbedded in the pavement. The sides, back, and soffite of every arch have been enriched with mosaic panelings of various patterns, not any two arches exhibiting a corresponding design; yet the tesserae, though fixed in a very strong cement, have been mostly picked out, not so much, perhaps, from mere wantonness, or purposed mischief, as from the superstitious veneration of devotees.* On the lower fascia of the architrave, was the following jingling inscription, in Roman characters. The letters inserted in italics, as here printed, may yet be traced by the indents visible in the cement.

ANNO MILLENO—DOMINI, CVM SEPTVAGENO
ET SIS CENTENO—CVM COMPLETO QVASI DENO,
HOC OPVS EST FACTVM—QVOD PETRVS DEDIT IN
actum

Romanus civis: homo causam noscere si vis
REX FVIT HENRICVS—SANCTI PRESENTIS AMICVS.

"In place of the above verses, which, it is probable, were effaced at the Reformation, the following inscription is partly visible, in gilt capitals on a dark ground, which Widmore, in his "History of Westminster Abbey," attributes to Abbot Feckenham. The words in italics are supplied from that writer.

On the south side—OMNIBVS INSIGNIS: VIRTVTVM:
LAVDIBVS: HEROS: SANCTVS: EDWARDVS.

On the east end—*Confessor, rex venerandus: quinto*
DIE.

On the north side—*Jani MORIENS 1065. SVPER:*
ÆTHERA; SCANDIT. SVBVM CORDA. I. F.

"The upper division of the shrine, which is comparatively modern, and of wainscot, consists of two stories of unequal dimensions. On each side of the lower story, are six semi-circular arches, paneled and separated from each other by pilasters of the Ionic order, and at each end is a broad, flat arch, flanked by similar pilasters. The other story has four arches on each side, and two at the ends, separated by coupled pilasters of the Corinthian order. Each story had its proper entablature, but these have been nearly demolished, and the whole was surmounted by a gable roof, which has been entirely destroyed. All this woodwork, (which was probably erected by Abbot Feckenham, in

* Such great sanctity is still attached to this shrine, that a part of the stone basement seat, on the east side of the south transept, has been worn into a deep hollow by the feet of devout Catholics, who occasionally attend here early of a morning, and who, from that point, can just obtain a view of the upper division of the shrine. It is still, also, within the recollection of some aged members of this Church, that previously to the French revolution, the very dust and sweepings of the Shrine and Chapel of St. Edward were also preserved, and exported to Spain and Portugal in barrels! But, even in that trade, adulterations were practised, and much unholy dust, swept from other chapels, was mingled with the rubbish of this shrine.

Queen Mary's reign,) was inlaid to correspond in some measure with the mosaic enrichments of the ancient shrine. The present coffin of the pious Edward, which may be seen from the parapet of Henry the Fifth's Chapel, is deposited within the ancient stonework, about the height of the architrave. It was made by order of James II., (who commanded the old coffin to be inclosed within it,) of strong planks, two inches thick, cramped or banded with iron. The entire height, from the pavement to the top of the shrine, is fourteen feet nine inches. Originally the upper part of the shrine was plated with gold, and adorned with precious stones; and the whole is recorded to have been so admirably wrought that the workmanship exceeded the materials.†

This shrine has been erroneously ascribed to Cavalini, a pupil of Giotto; but it is believed that the words, *Petrus dedit in actum, Romanus Civis*, &c., in the ancient inscription, given before, refer to some other artist. Weever states, that Archbishop Ware, who was at Rome in 1267, on a mission from the king, brought with him, on returning to England, "certain workmen and rich porphyry stones, whereof he made that singular, curious, and rare pavement before the high altar; and with those stones and workmen, he did also frame the Shrine of Edward the Confessor." It is probable, therefore, that the artist called Petrus in the inscription, was one of those persons whom Abbot Ware brought from Rome.

The very high degree of veneration in which the Confessor's memory was held, may be partly appreciated from the ceremonies at his shrine. On St. Edward's day, viz. that of the anniversary of his translation, the principal citizens of London, in their corporate capacity, were accustomed to visit the shrine; and, at the same time, grand processions, with wax tapers, were made to it by all the religious communities of the metropolis. The splendour of the festival was frequently heightened by the presence of the sovereign and his court; and, in the year 1390, Richard II., (who had selected the Confessor as his patron saint,) and his queen, sat crowned in the Abbey Church, with their sceptres in their hands, during the celebration of mass on this anniversary. But it was not only on this day that Edward's memory was thus honoured: on all extraordinary occasions, and at the three great feasts of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, his shrine was the principal resort of the people. Here vows were made, thanks returned, prayers offered up, and benefits solicited. Superstition and real piety were equally zealous in their devotions; and every rank in society, from the prince to the vagrant, flocked hither to make their obla-

† From Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. ii. p. 93—96.

tions. At this shrine, Henry IV., on March 20, 1413, who had been some time afflicted with an apoplectic disease, was seized with his mortal fit, whilst performing his devotions to St. Edward, when on the eve of his departure for the Holy Land.*

In the year 1415, on the morrow after the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, when the news of the battle of Agincourt had arrived in London, the queen, Henry the Fourth's widow, and her attendants, made their offerings at St. Edward's shrine, to return thanks for the victory; and, on the same day, the mayor, aldermen, and livery of London, with all the religious men of the different orders, came hither in solemn procession, to offer up thanksgiving for the same memorable triumph. Here also, Edward IV., on March 3, 1460, made his offerings; after hearing the singing of *Te Deum*, on the people assenting to his being king, when the question was asked them in Westminster Hall, where he had previously sat to hear their determination, with St. Edward's sceptre in his hand. At this shrine, likewise, Richard III. and his queen made their oblations, before their coronation, in the choir, on the 6th of July, 1483, after having walked in procession, barefooted, from the King's seat, or *bench*, in Westminster Hall. Many other instances of the distinguished reverence paid to St. Edward's remains, are incidentally related by different historians.

Among the shrines of the metropolis, those of the ancient cathedral of St. Paul, merit special mention. Of these funereal memorials, the first in point of time, sanctity, and magnificence, was the shrine of St. Erkenwald, fourth bishop of the see of St. Paul's, and its liberal benefactor; to whom Venerable Bede and the annals of the church attribute many miracles. This shrine stood behind the high altar, and consisted of a beautiful, gothic tabernacle, set on the plain altar-tomb of the saint, enriched with gold, silver, and precious stones, at the expense of the dean and chapter, who, in 1339, employed three goldsmiths to work on it a whole year: "the wages of the most expert was only eight shillings a week, the other two five shillings." This shrine was the resort of numerous devotees, and, in consequence, received many gifts. Thus, Richard de Preston, of London, grocer, gave his best sapphire stones, there to remain for curing infirmities of the eyes; and directed that proclamation should be made of their virtues. Walter de Thorpe, a canon here, gave likewise to it all his gold rings and jewels. King John, of France, while a prisoner in England, made his offerings to it, and gave besides to the high altar, two basins of gold. And in 1400,

Thomas Samkyn, esquire to the Abbess of Berking, bestowed on it a silver girdle.

The iron railing that inclosed this shrine was five feet ten inches in height, "having locks, keys, closures, and openings, and tinned all over, in imitation of silver;" its weight, Dugdale informs us, from a model in his possession, made for the guidance of the smith who wrought it, was 3,438 pounds, and cost, at 4d. per pound, 64l. 2s.

The shrine of Roger Niger, Bishop of London in the thirteenth century, was nearly in as much repute as that of St. Erkenwald, and, perhaps, as deservedly; for, though no saint himself, the bishop was a good man, and a most determined opposer of the Pope's extortions. His piety occasioned his tomb to be resorted to by numerous devotees; and to be reported, like the former, as endowed with miraculous powers. Indeed, such was the opinion of its sanctity, that a visit to it is frequently enjoined to the indulgences given for rebuilding the church.

Among the other famed shrines of St. Paul's Cathedral, were those of Miletus, first bishop of this see; and of Egwolph, or Egtulph, Bishop of London about A.D. 747, then called Bishop of the East Angles, whose shrine "was all beset with precious stones." Richard Fitz-Neile, who governed the church in 1189, had a shrine, with a portable coffin in a chantry, on the south side of the choir.

But the high altar with its shrine was the most glorious, and excelled all others in its costly vessels and furniture. It was splendidly decorated in 1309, by the liberal Bishop Baldocke, with a beautiful tablet adorned with precious stones and enamelled work, "as also with divers images of metal; which tablet stood betwixt two columns, within a frame of wood to cover it, richly set out with curious pictures." And in 22nd Richard II., the same altar was further beautified with a picture of St. Paul, "richly painted," which was placed on the right hand, in an elegant frame, or tabernacle of wood, as it is called, and cost 12l. 16s.*

(To be continued.)

* It may here be noted that the English artist of this period, (by whom shrines were constructed or embellished,) was at once "architect, sculptor, carpenter, goldsmith, armourer, jeweller, saddler, tailor, and painter." The wealth lavished upon these shrines was boundless. "This was the true age of barbaric splendour; mankind wanted the taste to use their wealth wisely, and knew no way to estimate excellence, save by price. The quantities of silver and gold, precious stones, and expensive colours, employed in works of art, were immense." All the charms of art lay in abundance of costly things. "We had gilded kings with golden crowns; gilded angels with golden halos; and gilded virgins sitting nursing golden children on golden clouds: the heaven above was gold, and so was the earth beneath." (Cunningham's Lives of British Painters, vol. i., p. 11.) A few notices of early British paintings, such as shrines were adorned with, will be found in our description of St. Stephen's Chapel, at Westminster, Mirror, vol. xxiv., p. 322—323—340—369.

* Thence Henry was removed into the Jerusalem Chamber, where he died.—See Mirror, vol. xxvi., p. 345.

New Books.

MRS. BRAY'S "DEVONSHIRE."

(Continued from page 223.)

[We resume our miscellany of extracts from this very various work, presenting, as it does, a fund of homely entertainment welcome to every fireside.]

Restoration Day.

The 29th of May is still a holiday much observed in our town, though, I am told, far less so than it used to be some years back. A notion prevailed that, on that day, any person might cut oak boughs wherever he pleased, provided it was done before six o'clock, and the youths and maidens would rise with the light to prepare for the sports. These oak boughs were hung around the doors and windows; and chaplets, &c.; duly placed in bonnets and hats. In the afternoon, a mock battle followed, (originally intended, as far as I can collect, to represent the republican and monarchical parties,) the combatants of which, on the royal side were armed with kettles and buckets of water. The republicans proceeded to tear down the oak boughs from the doors and windows: and these assailants were well drenched, whilst a scuffle ensued—all carried on with the utmost good humour—and if the young men succeeded in getting the boughs, they used to tie them together and drag them through the town in token of victory; but were generally waylaid and dispossessed of their trophies by the opposite party. The inhabitants would give them pence to make merry with after their frolic.

However, during one of these frolics, about thirty years ago, rather an unpleasant affair took place from the following circumstance. This vicinity was a great depot for French prisoners; and some of the officers lodged in the town. Opposite a house where one of them resided, was erected a grand display of oak boughs and May bushes on the top of a long pole. Some mischievous individual persuaded the foreigner that it was a part of the sports for some person, as a good joke, to remove it, and persuaded Monsieur to perform the feat. He, thinking no harm, did so, when a stout old fellow, a true John Bull, who lived near, seeing this act committed by the Frenchman, considered it a premeditated insult to the royal family of England, as the oak boughs were suspended in honour of the restoration to the crown. Fired with rage, he sallied forth armed with a poker, and commenced so vigorous an assault on the poor foreigner, that had not the more peaceably disposed interfered and made up matters, he would very likely have left the luckless offender scarcely a whole bone in his skin. Amongst the little boys, this day goes by the name of

garland day.* Before it arrives, the children go about in parties, six or seven together, *halving*, as they call it. This custom is nothing more than to collect as many birds' eggs as they can against garland day; and all the neighbours, high or low, who happen to be possessed of a garden, are duly teased and laid under contribution to give away their flowers to make trophies. The garlands are carried about thus formed—two crossed hoops are entwined with flowers, and strung with birds' eggs in the middle; every egg being held allowable, save that of the redbreast; if such is discovered in a garland it is quickly assailed with stones and destroyed.

The little boys are fantastically dressed early in the morning with ribands tied round their arms and waists, and a smart garland cap on their heads, made of pasteboard, decorated with gold paper, and little prints with a gilt border, finished with oak leaves intermixed. Thus equipped, they parade about the town, each little party by itself; the leader, who is generally the eldest boy, carries the garland. Others have little drums, and whistles, and swords of lath; a triangle is their music; they collect the donations of the public; and in the afternoon it is equally divided among them. The garland eggs are placed on some block or post; and their great amusement is to throw stones, and try who can break the most. This is our Tavistock way of celebrating King Charles's Restoration amongst the younger tribe. The elders go to church, and Mr. Bray annually gives them an appropriate sermon.

Cures for Fits and Tooth-ache.

We have here many vestiges of ancient superstitions. That respecting Midsummer eve I have before noticed. And the very old custom of going into the church at night whilst the chimes are playing twelve o'clock, in order to creep three times under the communion table to be cured of fits, is still held in repute. The present sexton, Mr. James Cole, has been applied to in such cases to unlock the church door. Mr. Bray considers this custom a vestige of the very ancient one of creeping under the Tolmen to be cured of various disorders† We have another practice, which I am assured is frequently ob-

* I have now and then heard garlands called by the old name *Coronels*, in Devonshire. We have here still in common use many obsolete words; such as *barm* for yeast; *Clome*, earthenware; *Hellier*, slater; *Helling*, roof; *Slock*, to entice; *Dietraught*, and *waxed*, mad; *Worsen*, to render worse, &c., and indeed sufficient to supply a long list of old words.

† Since writing the above, Mr. Bray received, as clergyman of the place, the following letter: I omit only the name of the writer—"Rev. Sir, I should take it as a great favour if your Honour would be good enough to let me have the key of the church-yard to-night, to go in at twelve o'clock, to cut off three bits of lead about the size of a half farthing: each from three different shuts (meaning apouts), for the cure of fits. Sir, I remain your humble, obedient servant, (Signed) J. M."

"Tavistock, February 2nd, 1835."

served as a cure for the tooth-ache: a very general complaint in this neighbourhood, where it is common to see *young* women with not a sound front tooth in their heads; and many a handsome face is thus spoiled and looks old before its time. I attribute this to the use of a very acid cider as a daily beverage; nor do I think I am mistaken; as the decay of the teeth, so early in life, is most common with the servant girls and lower orders, who never drink anything else with their meals; whilst some of the very poor cottagers in the surrounding country, who seldom taste anything stronger than water, or milk and water, often have teeth white and sound as pearls. Here is the cure for the tooth-ache: if the sufferer have a tooth left sufficiently whole to enable him to use it. "Take an old skull found in the churchyard, bite a tooth out of it, and keep it in your pocket all the year round, and never more will you have pain in your teeth or gums."

I have copied this delectable receipt as given to me; and only this very day, had I not been too lazy to stir from my room, I might have had the gratification of seeing a scramble after old teeth in a skull. For Miss Elizabeth Greco had a new piece of music which she thought I should like, and very kindly came to play and sing it to me; she asked me if I knew what was going on in the churchyard, so many persons, old and young, were thronging to it. Scarcely had she spoken, when Mary Colling came running in, and said if I wanted to see an old custom she had told me of, I had only to go to the churchyard, for several skulls having, in making a grave, been dug up near the remains of Orgar's tomb, there was going on such a scene as she had never before witnessed: men and women tugging with their mouths at every tooth they could find left to cure them. I felt quite satisfied, however, with her report, and Miss Elizabeth and the piano being a much greater attraction, did not stir from the fire-side.

Magpie and Thistle Superstitions.

Our terror of meeting a single magpie crossing our path is very great. Sad must be the fortune of any person who has this mishap—sad I am sure then must be mine; for the last I called magpie year; never once did we ride, walk, or drive along the Plymouth road, a favourite ride of ours, without meeting a solitary magpie strutting or flying most ominously across the road. Now and then we saw a couple, which is *good* luck; once three, a sign of a wedding; and once four, a sign of death.

We have a thistle that is considered holy. I do not know its particular species; but the plant itself is noble and beautiful. One of them, above five feet in height, sprang up wildly in our garden in the midst of a straw-

berry bed. It had a large purple flower, and the stems and leaves spread to a very great extent. So much did Mr. Bray admire it, that he would not suffer it to be disturbed. This plant is valuable in a medicinal view: the old women here say it is a cure for all disorders; and when I was so ill last summer, more than one wanted to persuade me to make a decoction and try it. On the leaves of this thistle there are white specks, which I learn from the venerable authority just quoted, is occasioned by the Virgin Mary having sprinkled her milk on this very plant during her flight into Egypt. This conferred a blessing on the thistle and made it salutary for ever.

Charms and Omens.

I here say nothing about the "thousand and one" charms we have in this county for curing the king's evil; some of them being as delicately pleasing as the cure for the tooth-ache; let them go; the least offensive, however, is that of Queen Anne's farthing, a stale and common charm in many counties.

Reading the eighth psalm over the heads of infants three times three days in the week, for three following weeks, will, they say, prevent babes having the thrush. Another very old custom prevails amongst the poor, that of unlocking their boxes in the house where a friend is dying: they consider it makes the sick person die easy.

As we have unlucky omens, so have we likewise lucky ones. The sun shining on the bride going to church is particularly fortunate. It is fortunate, also, to see the new moon on the right hand; and when you do so, it is a prudent thing to shake your pockets: for what purpose I cannot tell; but as it is likewise deemed wisdom to pull out your money and let the new moon shine upon it, I suppose it is connected with good fortune in a pecuniary point of view.

Another of our customs is not, I believe, confined to this place: it is that of the *Bible and the key*. Many old people when they have lost anything, and suspect it to be stolen, take the fore-door key of their dwelling, and, in order to find out the thief, tie this key to the Bible, placing it very carefully on the eighteenth verse of the fiftieth psalm. Two persons must then hold up the book by the bow of the key, and first repeat the name of the suspected thief, and then the verse from the psalm. If the Bible moves, the suspected person is considered guilty; if it does not move, innocent. Mary Colling tells me she has very gravely seen this done, as an infallible test of finding out the truth.

When the poor get a loaf from the flour of new corn, the first who gets it gives a mouthful, as they say, to his or her neighbour, and they fill their mouths as full as they can in order not to want bread before the harvest comes round again.

ENGLAND IN 1835.

By Frederick Von Raumer.

[THIS is, undoubtedly, the most striking work of the season. It merits the attention and respect of every reader in the kingdom, from the *litterati* of the Athenæum club to those who slake their thirst at the lending library. Indeed, much direct good would result from the cheap circulation of *England in 1835* through every reading circle: its advantages would be the diffusion of new and original views of the affairs of our country, and just estimates of her vast resources; which information is of such sterling value that every man in office might profit by it—from the prime minister to the president of the last formed penny club. The principles of the author are liberality in the best sense of the word; in which he never loses sight of the grand object of civilized communities—to live and improve—to strengthen and preserve.

From these few observations on the main character of the work, our readers may, however, form an erroneous idea of its details. They are not merely politico-economical views, or the dry bones of figures and statistics; for every page has in it the pith and marrow of entertainment. The author is Professor of History at Berlin, and has published some important historical works. In his labours are combined the untiring industry of the German with the sound views of the social philosopher; and what more especially fits him to write a work on England and English society is, that a great portion of his life has been spent in studying the history of our country. To increase his store he visited London during last year, to explore the archives of the British Museum and the State Paper Office, amongst which he usually passed three or four hours of each day. He filled up the rest of his time pleasantly enough, now reading at the Athenæum, next enjoying the air of our Parks, (the picturesque beauty of which, by the way, he highly estimates,) then inspecting the rational curiosities of our metropolis, and finishing the day at a fashionable route, or at the plebeian theatre. From London, Von Raumer made excursions into the provinces, Scotland and Ireland, the social condition of which he briefly but forcibly describes. The result of his sojourn and excursions among us, he has embodied in a series of letters to his friends in Germany: these have been translated and fill the three volumes of *England in 1835*. As the excursive character of the work is favourable to quotation, our extracts may be somewhat copious; though, to exclude the chance of our pages giving rise to discussion on the politics of the day, we must eschew Von Raumer's enlightened views of the policy, prospects, and resources of this country.]

Devonshire House.

London, Wednesday, March 25, 1835.

Mrs. A—— had the goodness to invite me to come to her at eleven o'clock in the evening, that she might take me to the Duke of D——'s. This, therefore, was my first English "roué." For any one who knows the persons present, it must, of course, have a very different degree of interest from that which a stranger can feel. On the other hand, novelty has an interest of its own; and from this superficial, but natural, point of view, I shall tell you what struck me, though it is indeed but a repetition of what I have often heard. The rooms and decorations vast and magnificent; but such as are suitable for a man of vast fortune to possess for his whole life, without regard to little variations of fashion, changes of taste, and such like French prettinesses. The space sufficient for the guests; but here, as elsewhere, excessive heat and crowding in the neighbourhood of the ball-room. Almost all the men were dressed in black coats and pantaloons, black or grey stockings, black or coloured waistcoats, black or white cravats. Nothing remarkable, or different from our usages.

The women in general very simply and tastefully dressed; ornaments rich, but not overloaded, neck and shoulders bare. Some with long, pendant locks, none *à la Chinoise*, or with forehead entirely bare; most of them with curls on both sides, as we see in their engravings. Hardly any thing was danced but waltzes, for which the crowd of spectators left very little room. And now, how stands it with the main point—Beauty? The task of Paris, who, with his three goddesses, won his fame at so easy a rate, was a light one compared with that before me. Although very few men in London wear spectacles in company, I took heart, put on mine, and began my investigation like an experienced and severe connoisseur and amateur as I am. But when I thought *this* was the most beautiful, came a second, then a third, and put my judgment to shame. In my whole life, I never saw so many beautiful women and girls, assembled in one place; and I now understand Tieck's preference of Englishwomen, better than I did when I had seen only travellers. Yet, even in this moment of observation, of admiration, of enthusiasm, I do not give up the Roman women. A certain resemblance runs through the two nations, though there are marked differences both of form and of expression. The Romans, as it seems to me, neglect the *tournure* of the body, and the appearance of the feet; the English, on the other hand, the finished, statuesque form and carriage of the neck and shoulders.

The men had unquestionably far less of the beauty appropriate to their sex than the

women: this I observed to be the case in the canton of Berne, while, on the contrary, in Naples, the men are much handsomer than the women. The company consisted of persons most eminent for wealth and rank; dukes, ambassadors, &c. Among us, uniforms, crosses, stars, orders, &c., would have swarmed in such a company; here nothing of the sort was to be seen: every man decorated or encumbered with such things was a foreigner. Our taste for seeking or conferring distinction by trumpery of this sort always reminds me of the instructive fable of the turning-lathe of Uckermark.

Vastness of London.

This town is really immeasurable; and though, perhaps, there is no one point so beautiful and so rich as the Pont des Arts, in Paris, or the exit from the Linden, in Berlin; yet, on the other hand, fresh masses and rows of houses, palaces, shops, &c., continually arise before you. The number of coaches and equipages far exceeds all that can be seen in other cities; and you are led to think something extraordinary is going on in this or that street, whereas it is only the daily, customary routine. That so many human beings can live together in such a space, carry on their occupations, and procure food, seems, in spite of all explanations, a miracle, and indicates a pitch of civilization, compared to which the *latifundia* are at best but grazing-grounds and sheep-walks. All the continental capitals are capitals of one country only; London is the capital of Great Britain, and of so many other countries beside; and it is, at the same time, the greatest commercial city in the world. In this union of metropolitan and commercial city, lies its peculiar character—its exhaustless principle of life and increase. Madrid, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, &c., are capitals, and act only as such; they are not, from their very position, power, and industry, also essentially commercial cities. Petersburg has some resemblance with London, but is far from being equally favoured by climate and situation.

A great and peculiar beauty of London is the number of the squares. They are not, as in Berlin, given up to hucksters and soldiers, or to horsebreakers and grooms; but, leaving the broad streets for such uses, they are inclosed with elegant iron railings, and the fine green turf in the inside, (already beautiful,) is intersected with gravel walks, and adorned with trees, flowers, and shrubs.

These squares, however, are far surpassed by the parks. Regent's Park, with its surrounding terraces and mansions, is alone of great extent and magnificence, and none but a frozen stockfish could really put in practice the *nil admirari* while looking at it.

English Manners.

S——'s caution, "that one must go every where in a carriage, or one passes for nobody," is either an old fable, or an antiquated truth. Judging by the descriptions and the warnings that one often hears in Germany, or receives on the road, one must needs believe that most Englishmen are fools themselves, or take foreigners to be so. This is mere absurd talk. They are, in all respects, as reasonable as other reasonable men in Europe; and whatever their peculiarities or their prejudices on this point may be, they do not manifest them. So, too, in their dress; there is nothing at all remarkable; and even the great talk about their extravagant supply of clean linen is groundless. I see what I have seen every where else, all possible gradations of fine and coarse linen; and, indeed, the frequent use of cotton would greatly shock our female critics. The French and Germans are not a whit worse provided with clean linen; the only difference is, that in London clean linen is soon dirty, and therefore must be very frequently changed. For the same reason hands and face must be oftener washed than elsewhere. If I go out clean, and return in an hour, I am certain to see a dozen black spots on my face.

Just as absurd are the cautions one receives, as if one were in danger of being, if not maltreated, at least insulted and laughed at, in the streets. I have purposely asked information of all kinds of people of every class, from the most elegant-looking down to coal-heavers and errand-boys; and, in every instance, it was given with a readiness, fulness, and accuracy, such as it is difficult for a foreigner to find in any other country. Some even accompanied me, without asking for, or thinking of, any pecuniary reward; and, on one occasion, a man who had told me left, by mistake, instead of right, ran after me to correct his error.

The grand question of using or not using a carriage thus falls entirely to the ground. In the first place, the incessant noise of carriages of all sorts renders it impossible that the people you go to see should know how their visitors came. And am I to imagine that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Holland, are persons likely to take me for a rich man, because I am jolted to their doors in a hackney-coach, or to think me worse company because I come on foot? And so I do here as I do elsewhere: if the distance is not too great, and the weather is good, I walk; if I lose too much time in walking, or the weather is bad, I ride.

An Eating-house.

The hour drew near when I was to go to Drury Lane to hear "a sacred oratorio;" in other words, a miscellaneous concert. The

house where I was accustomed to dine lay in a totally different direction; I accordingly took the way towards Drury Lane, in the hope of finding eating-houses in abundance in the course of my long walk. But this Parisian hope was delusive; far and near no eating-house appeared; till, at length, for my consolation, I saw the word "soup" at a window. Where soup is to be found in England, thought I, other eatables certainly exist—another delusion. The moment I entered, it was evident that I had fallen upon a company of a rather different quality from that which attracts the stranger to the elegant Traveller's club. But my hunger was great, time short, and curiosity excited. I wished to see how the lowest class of London artisans dine. Many things in the external appearance reminded me of the Roman Osterie, and yet they were different. No table-cloth; yet not, as in Rome, the bare wood, but an oil-cloth; pewter spoons, and two-pronged forks; tin salt-cellar and pepper-box. The tables not placed along the wall, as if for a social meal, but separated in the farther corners, to prevent strife, whether by words or blows. I asked for several kinds of English dishes; but I was told that there was nothing to be had but the fore-mentioned soup. As I had said A, I must needs say B, and content myself with the humblest possible dinner. I received a large portion of black, Laconian broth, in which pepper played a conspicuous part; and in this broth a number of pieces of something like meat, which transported me from foggy London to Sorrento, with its *frutti di mare*. With this was a large piece of wheaten bread, and two gigantic potatoes, the cubic contents of which were about equal to those of eight or ten Berlin ones. Having eaten these, I was perfectly satisfied, and paid three pence, twelve of which are equal to ten silver groschen.

London Climate.

I have often, and with reason, described and boasted how much I see and learn here; but that you may not fall into the foul sin of envy, and undervalue the comforts of your country and your home, I must send you a few hints of the shady side of the picture.

The root of most of the miseries is the London climate,—such, at least, as it has exhibited itself to me from my arrival up to the present day. It is true I see the sun, but not in his golden radiance! for, though here is wealth enough to gild every thing else, he alone appears red as a copper kreuzer, or pale as a silver groschen. The atmosphere of Italy is so transparent, that it heightens all colour; but this bounds the view, or quite conceals the distance. The thick fog which generally prevails is thoroughly impregnated with water, and this, blended with the air, is

chilling and penetrating to a degree of which we, in Berlin, have no idea. I must now admit that clear, dry frost is, without comparison, less injurious than this damp, wetting, ice-house air. The doors and windows are not quite so bad as in Rome, but much less carefully constructed, and less close than ours. We do not want them, say the English; and when I try to contradict them, my voice trembles with cold. Although the grates consume a monstrous quantity of coals, the temperature of the rooms is never equal. If, by dint of a great deal of heaping on, stirring, raking out ashes, &c., I have at length succeeded in making a good fire, I am scorched on one side, while, if I turn my head on the other, I see my own breath. If I let the fire go out, the room is cold instantly, from the constant draught through the enormous chimney.

When I go to the Museum, there is an end to all these sufferings—for there is no fire at all; or, if there is one, I have never been able to find it. In spite of woollen stockings, my feet are ice-cold, and I am obliged from time to time to warm my hands in my pockets. The consequence is tooth-ache, with all its agreeable caprices and varieties. To-day the tooth is quiet; and now the climate has seized upon one leg, so that I can hardly walk.

The Gatherer.

Est-il possible.—A few days after the landing of William of Nassau at Torbay, the officers, nobility, and courtiers, of James II. began to fall off from their falling master, as usual in such cases. Amongst the most faithful, however, apparently, was Prince George of Denmark, consort of the Princess Anne, James's daughter. At every fresh account of a defection of a Lord A, Lord B, or Lord C, the indignant Prince George exclaimed, "*Est-il possible!*" This continued for three or four days; till at length, one morning, the unfortunate monarch inquired why Prince George was missing at his thinned levee. The answer was on account of his desertion to William. "What!" said James, "*is Est-il possible* gone also?"

At the time of Napoleon's coronation, some of the sticklers for etiquette among the ancient regime, would not at first allow their ladies to hold up the train of the Empress; but Napoleon met this promptly by an order, issued in his own hand-writing, "that he would allow no one to be sick on the day of his coronation."—*Morning Herald.*

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

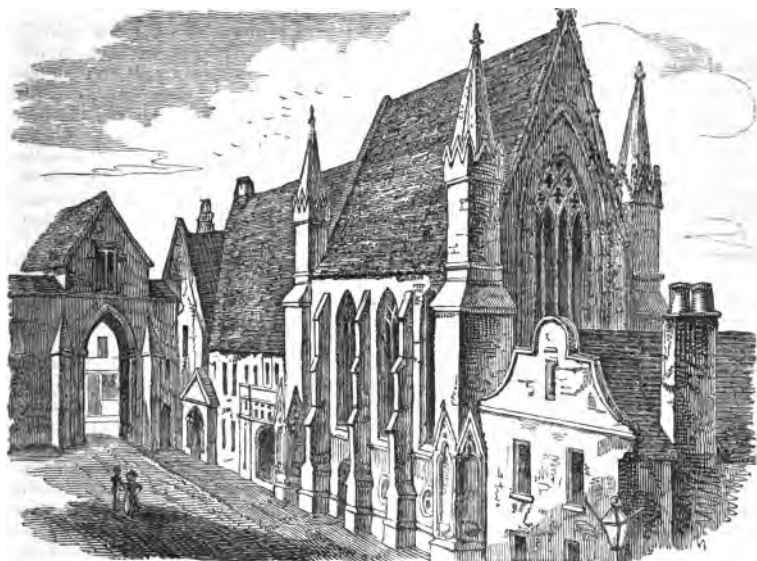
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 772.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]

NORWICH.



VIEW FROM THE WEST WINDOW OF THE CATHEDRAL.

THE print shows a vignette of a few of the antiquities of the city of Norwich, distinguished at an early period for its numerous monastic structures. These interesting specimens of ancient architecture occupy a portion of the precinct, and have been sketched from the great western window of the Cathedral,* in itself a noble monument of the piety and skill of past ages.

Foremost in the view is St. John's Chapel, now appropriated as the Free School. It was erected by Bishop Salmon, who died in 1325; the doorway and porch having been added by Bishop Lyhart, about 1540.

But the object in the view is the Cut best entitled to admiration is the Erpingham Gate-house; though here we necessarily see but the inner or least embellished side. The outer or western front presents, indeed, an original and unique specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of England: and Mr. Britton observes, "considering the state of society when it was raised, and the situation chosen, we are doubly surprised; firstly, at the richness and decoration of the exterior face, and

secondly, in beholding it so perfect and un-mutilated after a lapse of four centuries. The archivolt mouldings, spandrels, and two demi-octangular buttresses, are covered with a profusion of ornamental sculpture; among which are thirty-eight small statues of men and women, various shields of arms, trees, birds, pedestals, and canopies: most of these are very perfect, and some of the figures are rather elegant. The shields are charged with the arms of Erpingham, Walton, and Clopton; the two latter being the names of two wives of Sir Thomas Erpingham. In the spandrels are shields containing emblems of the crucifixion, the trinity, the passion, &c., whilst each other buttress is crowned with a sitting statue; one said to represent a secular and the other a regular priest. In a canopied niche in the pediment, which is plain, and composed of flint, is a kneeling statue, supposed to represent Sir Thomas.†

† The name of this distinguished knight does not appear in the popular histories of England. To his prowess and fame, the French chroniclers have done ample justice. The brilliancy, and almost the fate, of the battle of Agincourt, is ascribed by Monstrelet, and Froissart to the ability of Sir Thomas Erpingham, in his admirable disposition of the archers, supported by the men at arms.

* Engraved and described in the Mirror, vol. xliii., p. 289.

About halfway up the gable on the parapet, are two pedestals, with parts of figures emblematic of two of the evangelists, and two others were formerly higher up.

"The origin and decoration of this curious Gate-house, serve to exemplify the history of the age when it was raised. The reforming principles of Wiclif had made a strong impression on the mind of Sir Thomas Erpingham, and he appears to have exerted himself in disseminating them in Norfolk. This conduct naturally excited the opposition and enmity of the bishop and the monks; who, being more powerful than the knight, had him arrested and committed to prison, and afterwards enjoined him to build the present Gate-house, both as an atonement for his heresy, and as a public memorial of contrition in the reformer, and power and dominion of the priesthood. Sir Thomas was subsequently reconciled to the bishop by the commands of the king, (Henry IV.,) who, in a parliament held February 9, 1400, declared that the proceedings of the knight against the bishop were good, and originated in great zeal; and, as the latter was of royal lineage, the king directed them to 'shake hands and kiss each other in token of friendship, which they did; and it afterwards proved real, Sir Thomas becoming a great benefactor to the cathedral, and a firm friend to the bishop as long as he lived.'"⁷⁷⁸

* Blomefield's Hist. of Norwich, l. 54, from Pryme's Abridgment of Records, fol. 405; quoted in Britton's valuable History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Norwich, whence the substance of the above details is extracted.

Manners and Customs.

GOOD FRIDAY.

It was formerly the custom in London, on Good Friday, to erect a building to represent the Holy Sepulchre, in which was placed the Host; and persons were stationed to watch it, on that and the following night.

In the province of Connaught, in Ireland, it is a common practice, on Good Friday, for the Catholic inhabitants to prevent their children from having any sustenance, from twelve the previous night; and the parents will only take a small piece of dry bread and a draught of water during the day. It is common to see along the roads between the different market towns, a number of women with their hair dishevelled, barefooted, and in their worst garments.

The following description of the religious ceremonies at Rome, on Good Friday, is given by John Evelyn, in his *Diary*:—"At St. Peter's, the handkerchief, lance, and cross, were all exposed and worshipped together. All the seats of confession were filled with people; and at night was a pro-

cession of several who had whipped themselves till the blood stained their clothes; at every three or four steps, they dashed the knotted whip-cord over their shoulders with all their force, whilst some sang in a dismal tone, thus making a heathenish and ungodly pomp."

W. G. C.

EASTER.

EXACTLY at noon, (says a recent writer,) all the bells in the city of Corfu, burst out in one peal; at the same moment, the bishop said, "Our Lord is risen;" and crash went the broken pots and pans out of all the windows in the narrow, dirty streets, while the old women exclaimed, "Avaunt fleas, bugs, and all vermin. Make way for the Lord of all to enter." The people eat nothing but vegetables for forty days. At the door of every house was to be seen the master with his white apron, and a knife in his hand, with which he cut the throat of a lamb, and, before its life was quite extinct, he dipped a lock of wool in the blood, and marked a cross on the lintel of the doorway.

At Whitchurch, near Cardiff, Glamorgan-shire, about forty years ago, and for time immemorial previous to that period, (says a late writer,) it was usual that every married woman, who had never been blessed with issue, should repair to the churchyard on Easter-Monday, being first provided with two dozen tennis-balls, one dozen of which were covered with white, and the other dozen with black, leather; these were cast by the fair votaress over the church, from the back-ground, and scrambled for by the populace, who assembled for that purpose in front of the edifice. So imperative was this custom, that neither rank nor age were excused, until they were relieved by the birth of a child, from its annual performance.—W.G.C.

ANCIENT SEPTENNIAL CEREMONY.

IN 1834, a large assembly congregated for the purpose of witnessing the renewing of the Horse Shoe, at the Horse Shoe Corner, Lancaster; when the old shoe was taken up, and a new one put down, with "1834" engraved on it. Those who assembled to witness the ceremony were entertained with some nut-brown ale, &c. Afterwards, they had a merry charring, and then retired. In the evening, they were again entertained with a good, substantial supper. This custom is supposed to have originated at the time John O'Gaunt came into the town upon a noble charger, which lost its shoe at this place. The shoe was taken up and fixed in the middle of the street, and has ever since been replaced with a new one every seventh year, at the expense of the townsmen, who reside near the place.—*Preston Pilot*.

PASSION-WEEK IN BOGOTÁ.

AN entertaining and observant writer upon Spanish America, describes, in a recent work, various processions which perambulate Bogotá during Passion-week, chiefly consisting of representations by living masquers, and images as large as life, carried about the streets on platforms, of our Blessed Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, &c.

Amidst these devices and pageants, "the scene of the Last Supper, one of the largest and most splendid, is the property of the Franciscans. There is a long table on the platform, covered with silver plates and other vessels of the same metal, and spread with a profusion of the finest real fruits that can be procured. The table is surrounded by images of our Saviour and the twelve apostles, seated in different attitudes, and in the costume in which they are generally painted. The weight of this *Anda* obliges the bearers to make frequent halts; and it is customary on these occasions, for females, who really have, or pretend, a longing for some of the fruit at the tables, to apply for it, with a certainty of not being refused.

"The angels, personated in some of the groups, are generally young children, whose mothers make great interest to have them elevated to this distinction, which is often an honour to boast of during the remainder of their lives. The torch-bearers, called *los Judéos*, who are regarded with superstitious dread by all the children and by many of the full-grown mob, are all young men of family, who disguise themselves for the amusement of masquerading. They wear long, black *sayas*, and hideous masks, with high, pointed caps, or *corrozos*, resembling those worn by the victims of the Inquisition, at an *auto da Fé*. Their torches not only serve to illuminate the street, but are also used to make room for the procession."

CHILIAN SWORD-DANCERS.

At the festival of Corpus Christi, (says the same writer,) there is a procession in every town throughout Chili, apparently of very remote origin. It is formed by a set of men called Catimbados, who dress in a very fantastic kind of masquerade. Some of them represent Indians in the ancient costume; others are attired in imitation of the Catalans, in tight, white breeches, and silk stockings; fine, white shirts, with very wide sleeves, which are covered with bunches of ribbons, and lofty, pasteboard caps, which are adorned with a profusion of ribbons, necklaces, and pieces of looking-glass. These men go from house to house, and to all the public places, attended by music, to which they perform a graceful, complicated dance, with bright swords in their hands.

R 2

They are headed by one who represents their alcalde, and bears a gold-headed staff as one of the insignia of his office. A kind of buffoon also accompanies them, dressed in the guise of a fiend, with horns and tail. He is called *El Matagallinas*, and carries a long whip to clear the way for the dancers, of which he is by no means sparing on the mob, who are obliged, nevertheless, to take his blows in good part. The Catimbados are all handsome-looking, young Creoles, having their faces rouged, and each carrying in his hand a perfumed, white handkerchief.

POLISH TURNSPITS.

BEARS are very common in Poland; the peasants catch them when quite young, and teach them to perform all sorts of domestic labours. These animals, possessing great intelligence, and dexterity, particularly with their fore-paws, many innkeepers have bears, who adroitly turn the spits for roasting meat. It is an extraordinary sight to a stranger, who enters one of the Polish kitchens, to see a bear seated gravely on his hind-legs, and turning with his fore, an immense spit, by means of a handle artistically constructed. —*Le Caméléon*.

MAKING TEA IN CASHMERE.

TEA comes to Cashmere by caravans across Chinese Tartary and Tibet; but it is absolutely destitute of fragrance, and is prepared for drinking, with milk, butter, salt, and an alkaline salt of a bitter taste. All this produces a turbid, reddish liquid of extraordinary flavour, execrable according to some, and decidedly agreeable according to others. In Kanawer, it is made in another way: after the tea has been boiled for an hour or two, the water is thrown away, and the leaves are dressed with rancid butter, flour, and minced goat's flesh. This makes a detestable ragout; they call it tea.—*Jacquemont's Journey in India*.

COACHMAN.

THIS term, so reputable in England, is an affronting title in America, where "driver" is considered by far the "genteeler" expression.

The Naturalist.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.*

10.—*Swainson's Geography and Classification of Animals*.

To those who study zoology as a science this will be found a very useful book of re-

* Continued from page 166.

ference for information on the geographic distribution of animals, their generic and specific distinctions, and the various systems which have been proposed for their classification; while to the mere lover or amateur of zoology, the perusal of it may afford, though it has many dry pages, both amusement and instruction. We are sorry to perceive that the author has here repeated some of the errors which we exposed in his former volume. Thus he calls scorpions *insects*, and the night-jar by that objectionable and misleading name *goatsucker*, (pp. 38, 97, 98.) Here he again tells us, that in the peacock the tail is most conspicuous, for its size, singularity, and beautiful colours, (p. 258.) This is the third time of Mr. Swainson's calling the train the tail.—(Vide *Mirror*, present volume, p. 164.)

An Admirer of the Works of Nature.—Reader, there is one conclusion at which we have arrived, after some years of close study of natural history, in which we think you will agree with us:—there is no single standard of beauty for all the works of nature. Man may be the "noblest work of God," but he certainly is not a more beautiful, or a more elegant, work than any other; then how unphilosophical, how absurd, it is to regulate the degrees of our admiration of the works of nature according to a comparison of these with him. Every thing is beautiful in its kind, and elegant accordingly as its several parts are adapted for the performances of those duties originally assigned to them. Mr. Swainson has a very different opinion; for, thrice he calls apes and baboons "disgusting" creatures, (pp. 48, 77, 79;) and the Sicilian scorpion is "disgusting," while the Surinam toad is both "disgusting and hideous," (pp. 38, 83.) We can imagine what those among his readers as may not, even, be more fastidious than himself, will think of him, when they read his admission that he ate a dish of "large lizards," and which he extols as "delicious" food! We, however, see nothing disgusting in either a baboon, a toad, a scorpion, a lizard, or any animal whatever.

Systems, (p. 133).—Mr. Swainson observes that every year increases the number of systems; and in ornithology alone he could enumerate nearly twenty-eight. We may say with Prior:—

"These different systems, old and new,
A man with half an eye may see,
Were only formed to disagree."—*Alma*, canto i.

Butterflies, (p. 218).—Many species of moths are nocturnal fliers, but we never heard of any species of butterfly, in any part of the world, being so. But Mr. Swainson speaks of "diurnal butterflies," and so does Sir William Jardine, in the advertisement of a volume of his *Naturalist's Library*, and may be he does also in the volume, which we have not read. To speak of "diurnal butterflies,"

of course, implies that some species are nocturnal; but will they inform us which be they?

Insects, (p. 246).—Mr. Swainson asserts that "among insects, no other power is possessed but that of causing annoyance or temporary pain."

We could mention several insects which are exceptions to this remark; but one is particularly worthy of mention, and that is the little beetle called the lady-bird, from which we receive not the least annoyance or pain, as it feeds, both in the larva and imago state, entirely on the aphides or plant-lice.

Whale.—Mr. Swainson says of the whale, that "although a *quadruped*, it is apodal, or without feet."

This is too good to be omitted in the next edition of Miss Edgeworth's *Irish Bulls*. For the whale to be called a quadruped is strange; but to be called a quadruped without feet, is passing strange!

Asiatic Lion, (p. 284).—Some time since, the Surrey Zoological Gardens received a lion from Asia, which being a new species must, of course, have a new name, whether it wished it or not. A day was accordingly fixed for the christening, which, instead of taking place at *Leo-minster*, the fittest place, was performed in the feline apartment, said to be built by *Cub-itt*. The proprietor, who was now by no means *cross*, first projected having the christening performed by the *Praying Mant-is*, (the Bishop of Down;) but the Bishop of *Lyons* was sent for, and he came and christened the animal *Leo Asiaticus*, a name suggested by Mr. Swainson, who ought to be knighted, for selecting one so very appropriate; for none but a naturalist of the greatest acuteness would ever have thought of calling a lion brought from Asia, *Leo Asiaticus*. We would mention how the lion roared when the water was sprinkled in his face, &c.; but we must pass over all that to notice something of greater consequence. It appears that the description and scientific name of this lion were communicated from the Gardens to Sir William Jardine, with whom Mr. Swainson shows he is rather angry for having, in his work on the *Felineæ*, made "no allusion to the previous examination and name" he (Mr. S.) had given it.

J. H. F.

Retrospective Gleanings.

INJURY.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—Injury is properly the willing doing of injustice to him that is unwilling to receive it; and it is attained as well by charging falsely, as detracting unduly. He that accuses me of the ill I did not, and he that allows me not the good I have done; he who puts stolen goods upon

me, and steals away what is truly mine, hath very little heraldry to distinguish the wrong he does. Certainly, all the mischief in the world proceeds either in the actions, or the apprehending of wrong, from men originally unjust, or ignorantly suspicious. Were right and justice preserved in exactness, earth would be a heaven to live in, and the life of man would be joy and happiness: felicity would dwell with men, which now, like *Astræa*, is fled from the region of earth. How many attendances, how many journeys, how much treasure might be saved! No crowded throngs need fill our law tribunals, nor armed troops ungaze our fruitful fields. Every injury is a petty war, and a breach, at least, of two of the commandments, killing and stealing. And though, perhaps, it may seem to prosper a little while, till the wheel of Providence has gone its round; yet, doubtless, it is short-lived, and drags with it an infection that taints the spirits, and confounds the senses. It is one of the peculiar attributes of God, that he is an avenger of wrong. There are but two parts of a Christian's life: to abstain from doing wrong, and to endeavour to do good. And though the first, in a bad world, be a good progress in a Christian's voyage to heaven; yet it is, in truth, but a dead and torpid virtue—a negative piety that, indeed, reaches not to the civility of neighbourhood. Though we are commanded to be inoffensive; yet that is not all we are commanded unto. Things senseless and inanimate forbear the doing injury; but the activeness in good is that which promotes to felicity. Eschew evil and do good, is but one conjunctive precept. He is but the lesser part of his way, that forbears the doing injury; yet, even this is a mystery, that but very few attain unto: either we must misapprehend it, or blinded with the belief of our own perfections, we slide over this, and yet pretend to be pious. But I can never think him good, that is but temporally good to himself. How can he have a good conscience, either towards God, or towards man, that either fraudulently or violently takes away what is the just property of another, I am yet to understand. Man, by all the laws of creation, policy, and religion, is tied up, with his own fair industry, to live on what is justly his; and then he hath a promise of a blessing with it. Cn. Domitius, the tribune, summoned Prince Scaurus before the tribunal of the people. Scaurus' servant, hearing of it, repaired to Domitius, and informed him that, if he wanted matter, he could furnish him sufficient for the condemnation of his lord: for which the noble tribune well rewarded him; but it was by cropping off his ears, sealing up his lips, and sending him to his lord. Religion from above is pure and peaceable: but wrong is the fuel of war; and, by doing

which, we help our adversary, and fight against ourselves: nor may we do it, that good may come of it; justice needs not injury to help it to a victory: though, in the way of hostility, the practice is far more common than commendable; yet, by just and gallant persons, it hath ever been disdained and abhorred. Themistocles advised to fire the Spartan navy privately, as it lay in the harbour: Aristides did confess it profitable; but, because he could not be satisfied that it was just or honourable, the project was decried, and Themistocles enjoined to desist. And when Alphonsus was offered by some, that they would entrap and cut off his enemy, the Duke of Anjou, he declared to all, that the war he undertook, consisted not of fraud and treachery, but of virtue, of valour, and of noble fortitude. He that can allow himself to do injury, makes his favours to be suspected as snares. He is much distanced from doing good, that is not principled to forbear a wrong. He is next to charity, that abstains from injury; but he is at the threshold of oppression, that can dispense with it. Let no man think he can purchase favour with either God or man, by the formality or exteriors of religion, if he lets himself loose unto injury. One unjust and unworthy action hurts not alone the man that does it; but it transfers the scandal to the religion he professes, which, for his sake, groans and grows suspected, if not condemned. Of the two, my opinion is with Socrates, that it is better to suffer wrong, than do it. W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

(*Abridged from Blackwood's Magazine.*)

NICHOLAS KLAUER was a rich burgher of Ingolstadt, fond of good eating and drinking, and with but one drawback on his felicity, namely, a lean, scolding wife, who was, no doubt, consigned to him by Providence, to teach him that unalloyed happiness is not the lot of mortality. Like the Lord Hamlet, Nicholas was "somewhat fat and pursy," with a round, rosy, good-humoured expression of countenance, and a bald, polished skull, which, in the summer season, afforded a halting place to many a vagrant, uncere-monious blue-bottle.

Of course, being rich, our worthy burgher had a high opinion of his own importance, and equally, as a matter of course, possessed, in the estimation of his friends, the beat of hearts.

It was one of those foggy evenings towards the close of autumn, when horses are apt to poke their noses into shop windows, and pedestrians pressed for time to find that they have gone just half a town's length out of

their road; in a word, it was an orthodox November evening when Nicholas Klauer sat in his leather-bottomed arm-chair, by a cozy fire-side, with a black cat purring and washing her ears at his feet, and a spacious glass, with nothing in it but a spoon, on the table beside him. His wife—considerate creature!—having quitted him to visit a gossip in the neighbourhood, he had been indemnifying himself for his solitude by a hearty supper, which despatched, he was now, in the true spirit of luxurious *idleness*, indulging in a variety of vague, listless ruminations; at one moment shaping figures out of the glowing embers on the hearth, and at another speculating on the probability of his escaping the effects of the last mouthful of a delicious *paté*, which, like many another epicure, he had prevailed on himself to swallow, merely because it was the last.

While thus occupied, a sudden knock at the door roused him from his reveries, and, gently raising himself, he began to consider who the varlet could be that thus dared to disturb an Ingoldstadt burgher in the very midst of his nocturnal devotions. Some people speculate on visitors by their knock, and Nicholas was one of these. His first impression was, that the intruder was no other than his wife, returned unexpectedly to moderate any exuberant felicity he might be indulging in; but the *sang froid* of his cat, who well knew the dreaded rap, convinced him that this could not be the case, and he was in the act of puzzling himself with a variety of conjectures, when, bang! bang! again went the knocker, the bell at the same time ringing, as if it were ringing for a wager.

"Who's there?" cried Nicholas, shuffling and grumbling along the passage, in the not disagreeable consciousness of a good grievance; "Who's there, I say?"

"No matter, let me in."

"No matter! But I tell you it is great matter that I should know who demands admittance into my house at this hour. For aught I know, you may be a thief. There was my neighbour Hans Krackjaw!"

"D—n Hans Krackjaw—let me in."

"Let you in, hey! And, pray, what should I let you in for? You are much better where you are," added Nicholas, in an arch, satirical manner, which had the effect of restoring his good humour, for your slow wag is always pleased when he fancies he has said a smart thing.

"Will you let me in or not?" rejoined the stranger, raising his voice in a most peremptory manner.

"No, I won't."

"You won't."

"No!"

"Then here goes," and so saying, the stranger kept up such a clattering at the

door, now with the knocker, and now with his doubled fist against the panels, that Nicholas, who began to be apprehensive of the effects of this two-fold assault and battery, thought it better to come to terms with him. Accordingly, after cautiously peeping through the key-hole, in order to get some glimpse of the stranger's face or figure, in which, however, he was disappointed by the darkness of the night, he unlocked the door, and let him in; not a little induced thereto by the rain, which now began to descend in torrents; for Nicholas, notwithstanding his self-importance, was, in the main, a well-natured fellow, and would scarcely have refused shelter, even to a poor man, at such a season.

No sooner had the stranger entered, than he moved briskly forward into the parlour, and ensconcing himself in his host's own sacred arm-chair, said, in a chuckling tone,

"How are you, Nick? Disagreeable night this."

"Nick! who told you my name was Nick?" asked the burgher, drawing himself up with an air of grave hauteur.

"Oh, I could not be three days in Ingoldstadt without hearing all about the rich Nicholas Klauer," replied the stranger, with a most courteous inclination of the head.

"True—true. Well, but now that you are in, friend, tell me your business. But before you explain, suppose you quit that arm-chair, and take this," pushing an old, high-backed, mahogany one towards him.

"No, no; let me alone: I am very comfortable where I am."

"Give me my chair," repeated Nicholas, drumming testily with one foot on the floor.

"I shall do no such thing," replied his unabashed visitor.

"By St. Jerome! but you are a cool fellow," said mine host, at the same time taking the vacant seat, and laughing in spite of himself at his visitor's consummate assurance. He would not, however, have submitted so readily to his cavalier behaviour had not the latter's air and manner denoted a character far different from those tame, pacific ones to whom honest Nicholas had so long laid down the law. It seemed to be that of a shrewd, reckless adventurer, who had seen life in all its varieties, and could make himself at home in all companies, utterly careless whether he were welcome or not. He had a grey, piercing eye, ever on the look-out, as if for his landlord's silver spoons; a huge mouth, which seemed made for no other purpose than to perplex a perigord pie: broad, square chest, indicating prodigious personal strength; legs bowed like a parenthesis; and large, red ears, which stood off from either side his head, like the paddle-boxes of a steam-boat. The general expression of his cast-iron countenance was that of

caustic humour; but it was constantly changing, as were also the tones of his voice, which were now arch and sportive, and now harsh and peculiar as those of a Yankee boatswain. His attire presented nothing remarkable, except that he wore a pair of superannuated black shorts, a seedy cocked hat, and pearl-grey stockings, with clocks running up to the calf of his leg. Altogether his look, dress, and bearing, conveyed the idea of a mouldy lawyer on the hunt for a client.

When Nicholas had completed his inspection of this prepossessing biped, which he did in shorter time than I have taken to describe him, he shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say, "Ecce, you're a beauty," and then again demanded to know the reason of his abrupt visit.

"Why, I have come to sup with you, of course," replied the Unbidden Guest.

"But you cannot expect any supper at such a late hour as this."

"Indeed but I do, though."

"Then you are like to be disappointed, friend."

"I think not."

"No matter what you think; the deuce a mouthful will you get in this house to-night, for my servants are all out, and my pantry is empty."

"Pooh, pooh, Master Nicholas. Supper I want, and supper I will have. Why, what are you staring for? Is there anything surprising in a hungry man wanting his supper?"

"But I tell you again, I have got no supper."

"That's a lie, Nick, and you know it."

"Indeed! And, pray, how do you know whether it's a lie or not?" inquired mine host.

"Oh," rejoined the stranger, with a second courteous obeisance, "I could not be three days in Ingoldstadt without hearing all about Nicholas Klauer and his famous victualling establishment. People hereabouts talk of nothing else, at least where I have been."

"You have said that once before; so I'd thank you to change your tune. I'm not one to be taken in by soft speeches; I am as sick of them as a poor patient of his doctor's bill."

"Hah, hah!" replied the stranger, "that's so like you—you are so droll! Such a wag!"

This well-timed laugh did not come amiss to Nicholas, despite his deprecation of all soft speeches.

The stranger's seasonable chuckle had all the effect that might have been anticipated, for the burgher was so mollified by his prompt appreciation of a good thing, that without more ado he rose from his seat, and hurrying out of the room, returned in a few minutes with the supper apparatus, and placing the items, one by one on the table, desired the

stranger to fall to; while he himself looked on.

And well he might look on, for never since the days of Heliogabalus was there seen such an appetite as this well-featured visitor's. Talk of a pike—a shark—a comorant—a poet! Why, he would have beaten an alderman, giving him the start of a whole venison party! Not less astounding were his faculties of deglutition. Could you but have seen him, you would have sworn he was just fresh from a year's browsing on the Great Zaarrah, with all the thirst of the desert upon him.

Though himself a superior hand at these matters, yet mine host was a mere child compared to his guest, and as he sat looking on, while the latter's huge mouth kept constantly opening and shutting like a box-door on a benefit-night, his surprise was scarcely less than his admiration, and he began to consider within himself who or what the stranger could be. Was he a travelling juggler, whose trade was eating and drinking for wagers, or some poor scarecrow of a student indemnifying himself for a protracted Lent at the University? Was he a player—was he a pedlar—was he this—was he that—was he t'other? A thousand random speculations passed through the burgher's brain, and as he hinted the most plausible of these to his guest, in the hope of drawing him out, he received such curt, dry answers as served still further to mystify him; and at length he had nothing left for it, but to scratch his head and put on that air of uncommon seriousness which is the last resource of men in a state of perplexity.

But though the stranger refused to gratify his host's curiosity, he evidently enjoyed his bewilderment; and filling his glass, for, I verily believe, the twentieth time, drained it at a draught to the health of Nicholas, and then setting it down with the self-satisfied air of a good man who has just fulfilled a sacred duty, said, "What ails you, Nick? you look amazed."

"And no wonder. But, I say, what are you going to do with that ham bone?"

"Swallow it to be sure."

"Swallow it? Mercy on us, what a stomach you must have!"

"Why, what a fuss the man makes about a small ham bone! There was a time, Nick, when you were running a poor, houseless lad about Ingoldstadt, when you would not have turned up your nose even at a ham bone."

Few great men like to be reminded of their past insignificance, and Nicholas was proverbially sensitive on this point. Looking therefore at his guest as savagely as if he could have eaten him, he said,—

"I'd have you to know, friend, that I am a burgher of Ingoldstadt, and will have no freedoms taken with me; so, if you cannot

keep a civil tongue in your head, the best thing you can do will be to quit my house."

"Hah! hah! hah!" replied the unknown, throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and uttering a sort of hoarse, imperfect bleat, like a sheep with a sore throat; "you are in a passion, Nick; be calm, I beg, as you value my good opinion."

"Your good opinion! Well, upon my soul, you are, without exception, the most impudent dog I ever set eyes on," said the burgher, more and more puzzled to account for his guest's inexplicable conduct.

"Don't be saucy, Nick, or I shall pull your nose," and before the indignant Nicholas had time to express his opinion of this unparalleled affront, the stranger seized the ham bone, and swallowed it with the same apparent ease with which Ramo Samee used to swallow a bolster; his host while he witnessed this achievement, giving vent to his wonder in such broken sentences as, "Well, I never"—"Can it be possible?"—"Bless my heart, what a mouthful!"

The table being now fairly cleared, Nicholas began to entertain a hope that his guest would take his departure, and to expedite so desirable a move, he yawned, and threw out hints about its being late, and time for all decent folks to be a-bed. But the stranger either could not, or would not, understand his meaning, whereupon Nicholas was formally proceeding to give him notice to quit, when he was stopped by, "Your ham bone makes a very pretty relish, Master Klauer; but now for serious eating. Where is supper?" "God help the man, he has just finished it!"

"What, do you call those windy kick-shaws a supper? Nonsense, you must be joking. I am sure, now, you have got some other nice little tit-bit in your snuggery."

"Not an atom of either fish, flesh, or fowl, as I hope to be saved."

"Oh, fie, Nicholas Klauer, fie!"

"What I tell you is the fact; I have not a scrap left in the house, unless," added the burgher with a melancholy smile, "you will try the poker."

"Don't talk in this ridiculous manner, Master Klauer. You know well—for I can see it in your hesitating look—that there is just a paté or two left in your pantry, so go and fetch them. Come, not a word, I will be obeyed;" and the stranger cast such a fierce, menacing glance at his host, that Nicholas, who was of a pacific turn of soul, was actually bullied into submission, though it went to his very heart's core to see the dainties which he had specially put by for the morrow's recreations thus consigned to the all-devouring maw of some anonymous adventurer.

As this last reflection crossed his mind, and he saw his unbidden guest making the

most destructive inroads on the integrity of his darling viands, his own mouth began to water, and at length his epicurean propensities getting the better of him, he burst out with, "Stop, fair play's a jewel; it's my turn now," and made an immediate snatch at the one remaining dainty.

"Why, you greedy brute!" roared the enraged stranger, hurling his cocked-hat at Nicholas's head. "would you have me die of hunger, while that vile, sophisticated paunch of yours is crammed even to suffocation? For shame, Master Klauer, for shame; how can you expect me to call again, if you treat me in this unhandsome manner?" With which words he laid fast hold of the paté, and bolted it, in what Lord Duberley significantly calls "the twinkling of a bed-pole."

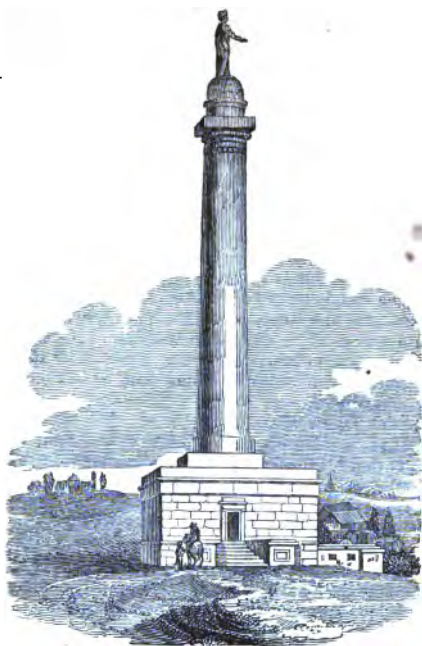
(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, the third city in size in the United States, is not more remarkable for the beauty of its situation and its elegance, than for the taste and enterprise which are among the most distinguishing characteristics of its citizens. It abounds with manufactories and public buildings; its ornamental architecture is a proof of the public spirit and judgment of its inhabitants, and has secured for it the proud title of "the Monumental City."

The chief of the ornaments of Baltimore is the column above represented. It is known as the Washington Monument, is constructed of white marble, and is nearly 170 feet high. Its base is 50 feet square, and 23 feet high, on which is elevated another square of about half the foregoing dimensions. On this is raised a column, 20 feet in diameter at its base, and 14 at the summit, supporting a colossal statue of Washington, said to be the largest that has been sculptured in modern times. It stands on an elevation, a little to the northward of the most thickly inhabited quarter of the city, on a plot of ground presented for the purpose by Colonel John E. Howard, a distinguished officer in the American Revolution, and who, it has been said, as a soldier and patriot, deserved "a statue of gold no less than Grecian or Roman heroes."

Baltimore possesses also another memorial of valour and patriotism, in the Battle Monument, erected to the memory of those, who, on the 12th and 13th of September, 1814, fell gallantly in the defence of this city from the destruction and spoliation with which it was menaced by the enemy. It is an elegant structure of marble, about 55 feet high.



(The Washington Monument, at Baltimore.)

New Books.

SKETCHES BY BOZ.

[THE majority of these Sketches have, we believe, appeared in the *Evening* and *Morning Chronicle*. They are descriptive of every-day life and every-day people, and are, certainly, written with a considerable share of broad humour. Still, we think them either too numerous or too every-day-ish: they want relief, and their incidents border too closely on the commonplace, so as to belong to the slightest magazine writing, which can only be said to amuse without any higher effect. This is to be regretted; because sketches such as Boz can write may be pointed with a moral, and made the vehicle of some excellent instruction, and improvement of the heart. Here is too much cockney vulgarity; and the incidents savour too strongly of low London life. We detach a few passages from sketches free from these eccentricities.]

A Condemned Cell at Newgate.

Conceive the situation of a man, spending his last night on earth in this cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knew not why—indulging in some wild and visionary idea of escaping, he knew not how—hour after hour of the

three preceding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no man living would deem possible, for none but this dying man can know. He has wearied his friends with entreaties, exhausted the attendants with importunities, neglected in his feverish restlessness the timely warnings of his spiritual consoler; and now that the illusion is at last dispelled, now that eternity is before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount almost to madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless, hopeless state rushes upon him, he is lost and stupefied, and has neither thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon, the Almighty Being from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness, and before whom his repentance can alone avail.

Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is wasting gradually, and the deathlike stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle, which echoes mournfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away. The deep bell of St. Paul's strikes—one! He heard it; it has roused him. Seven hours left! and he paces the narrow limits of his

cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the bible which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No: his thoughts still wander. The book is torn and soiled by use—how like the book he read his lesson in at school just forty years ago! He has never bestowed a thought upon it since he left it as a child; and yet the place, the time, the room—nay, the very boys he played with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish word of kindness, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since. The deep voice of the clergyman recalls him to himself. He is reading from the sacred book its solemn promises of pardon for repentance, and its awful denunciation of obdurate men. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush! what sound was that? He starts upon his feet. It cannot be two yet. Hark! Two quarters have struck—the third—the fourth. It is! Six hours left. Tell him not of repentance or comfort. Six hours' repentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands, and throws himself on the bench.

Worn out with watching and excitement, he sleeps, and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable load is taken from his breast; he is walking with his wife in a pleasant field, with the bright blue sky above them, and a fresh and boundless prospect on every side—how different from the stone walls of Newgate! And she is looking—not as she did when he saw her for the last time in that dreadful place, but as she used to do when he loved her—long, long ago, before misery and ill-treatment had altered her looks, and vice had changed his nature. And she is leaning upon his arm, and looking up into his face with tenderness and affection—and he does *not* strike her now, nor rudely shake her from him. And, oh! how glad he is to tell her all he had forgotten in that last hurried interview, and to fall on his knees before her and fervently beseech her pardon for all the unkindness and cruelty that wasted her form and broke her heart! The scene suddenly changes. He is on his trial again: there are the judge and jury, and prosecutors, and witnesses, just as they were before. How full the court is—what a sea of heads—with a gallows, too, and a scaffold—and how all those people stare at *him*! Verdict, "Guilty." No matter; he will escape.

The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open, and in an instant he is in the street, flying from the scene of his imprisonment like the wind. The streets are cleared, the open fields are gained and the broad, wide

country lies before him. Onward he dashes in the midst of darkness, over hedge and ditch, through mud and pool, bounding from spot to spot with a speed and lightness, astonishing even to himself. At length he pauses: he must be safe from pursuit now; he will stretch himself on that bank and sleep till sunrise.

A period of unconsciousness succeeds. He wakes cold and wretched. The dull grey light of morning is stealing into the cell, and falls upon the form of the attendant turnkey. Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in that narrow cell is too frightfully real to admit of doubt or mistake. He is the condemned felon again, guilty and despairing; and in two hours more he is a corpse.

The Suburban Garden.

There is a class of men, whose recreation is their garden. An individual of this class resides some short distance from town—say in the Hampstead-road, or the Kilburn-road, or any other road where the houses are small and neat, and have little slips of back garden. He and his wife—who is as clean and compact a little body as himself—have occupied the same house ever since he retired from business twenty years ago. They have no family. They once had a son, who died at about five years old. The child's portrait hangs over the mantelpiece in the best sitting-room, and a little cart he used to draw about is carefully preserved as a relic. In fine weather the old gentleman is almost constantly in the garden; and when it is too wet to go into it, he will look out of the window at it by the hour together. He has always something to do in it, and you will see him digging, and sweeping, and cutting, and messing about, with manifest delight. In spring time there is no end to the sowing of seeds, and sticking little bits of wood over them, with labels, which look like epitaphs to their memory; and in the evening, when the sun has gone down, the perseverance with which he lugs a great watering-pot about is perfectly astonishing. The only other recreation he has is the newspaper, which he peruses every day, from beginning to end, generally reading the most interesting pieces of intelligence to his wife, during breakfast. The old lady herself is fond of flowers, as the hyacinth-glasses in the parlour window, and geranium-pots in the little front court, testify. She takes a great pride in the garden too; and when one of the four fruit-trees produces rather a large gooseberry than usual, it is carefully preserved under a wine-glass on the sideboard, for the edification of visitors, who are duly informed that Mr. So-and-so planted the tree which produced it with his own hands. On a summer's evening, when the

large watering-pot has been filled and emptied some fourteen times, and the old couple have quite exhausted themselves by trotting about, you will see them sitting happily together in the little summer-house, enjoying the calm and peace of the twilight, and watching the shadows as they fall upon the garden, and gradually growing thicker and more sombre, obscure the tints of their gayest flowers—no bad emblem of the years that have silently rolled over their heads, deadening in their course the brightest hues of early hopes and feelings which have long since faded away. These are their only recreations, and they require no more: they have within themselves the materials of comfort and content; and the only anxiety of each is to die before the other. This is no ideal sketch; there *used* to be many old people of this description; their numbers may have diminished, and may decrease still more. Whether the course female education has taken of late days—whether the pursuit of giddy frivolities and empty nothings, has tended to unfit women for that quiet domestic life, in which they show far more beautifully than in the most crowded assembly, is a question we should feel little gratification in discussing: we hope not.

VON RAUMER'S ENGLAND IN 1835.

(Continued from page 240.)

[ONE of the circumstances which must render this work popular is the universal interest attached to its leading topics. There is in it reading for every one, and subjects of every grade: the author alike attacks the threepenny basin of soup in Drury Lane, and that bugbear, our National Debt: he is warmed with the splendour and comfort of Windsor Castle, but refuses to live in Buckingham Palace rent-free: he is charmed with an excursion to Richmond; and he turns even the finery of a birth-day gala to reflective account. In short, the Professor finds good in every thing, to illustrate the high state of social refinement in this country, and its exhaustless resources of wealth and happiness: at the same time he is even-handed in not sparing the foibles or errors of any class of its society. We continue our extracts.]

Lloyd's Coffee-house.

At Lloyd's, close to the dial which tells the hour, is one still more interesting here, which tells the direction of the wind, and is connected with the weathercock on the roof. Intelligence of the arrivals and departures of ships, of the existence and fate of vessels in all parts of the world; reports from consuls and commissioners resident in every foreign town; newspapers and gazettes from every country, are here to be found, arranged in

such perfect and convenient order, that the entire actual state of the commercial world may be seen in a few minutes, and any of the countless threads which converge to this centre may be followed out with more or less minuteness. The whole earth, or the whole commercial machinery of the earth,—appeared to me to be placed in the hands of the directors of Lloyd's Coffee-house.

Mr. N——, whose principal business consists in underwriting, *i. e.*, insuring ships, remarked to me how much there was for them to learn, to know, to reflect, and to decide upon: for example, the ship's build, her lading, the time of year, the place of her destination, &c. How often they are obliged to draw elaborate conclusions from vague and scattered accounts of danger or of safety, and how much might be won or lost according to their decision. It is, he concluded, an incessant, intellectual activity and excitement. Where can any thing like this be found except in London? and how small does every thing else appear in comparison with the magnitude and extent of these operations!

I was in the best disposition in the world to find out and observe all this for myself, but the last remark flung me suddenly into opposition; and I said to myself,—And so, then, these pursuits which, whatever be their vivacity or magnitude, go at last only to split the world into two parts, the debtor and the creditor;—these views, which resolve every thing into questions of distance and of money,—do really embrace the highest possible intellectual activity and excitement! And all former nations and races of men were intellectually poor and contemptible, because they did not devote their whole souls to the business of catching the ships of every sea in the nets of Lloyd's Coffee-house, and of pocketing premiums on insurance! And the human mind, then, has attained its widest reach, when it embraces the papers from Hamburg and New York on the one hand, those from the Cape of Good Hope or Calcutta on the other, and the next moment can learn whether or not thievery goes on flourishingly in the rogues' colony of Sydney!

With all the rapidity of an underwriter, I put on my wishing-cap, and transported myself to Naples. When the Neapolitan stretches himself on the shores of his sea of chrysophras, and indolently sucking the crimson pulp of his golden oranges, sees Vesuvius in its glowing and awful magnificence before him, and over his head the eternal blue, would he exchange this "excitement," this enjoyment, for all that Lloyd's Coffee-house, all that dingy London, could offer him? And then, turning my arms against myself, I asked, with melancholy and vexation, why I could not be satisfied with my

little hazel-bower, but must run after English "excitements," like a fool.

Commerce has been the grand discoverer and conqueror of the world: it has produced a community of knowledge and of interests, which is invaluable, and which will strengthen the bonds between man and man: but its apparent, boundless extent, all the calculations of latitude and longitude, all the hopes built upon the points of the compass, vanish before one glance into the starry firmament, before one pulse of generous love, nay, before one sigh from the breast, which, like Memnon's pillar, responds to the touch of some ray from heaven.

Richmond.

Sunday, April 26th, 1835.

Yesterday, after I had very industriously written letters, I bought a map of the environs of London, studied it, and then drove to Richmond with Mr. and Mrs. T. We went first down Oxford-street, then to the left through Hyde Park, through Kensington and Hammersmith, and past Barnes and Mortlake to our place of destination. The country is, as you may imagine, highly cultivated, and exhibits a universal neatness and elegance. The numerous villas and gardens are very inviting, and often have an Italian air, from the luxuriant ivy and creepers, the balconies, verandas, and the like. Though in Italy, many things are more striking and poetical from the favouring climate, the forms of the hills and mountains, the character of the ground, and the luxuriant vegetation, yet the melancholy observation obtrudes itself, that the proprietor is poor, and that the poetical charm but too often resides in ruins, ancient or modern. It is thus in the neighbourhood of Rome, along the Brenta, and around Venice. Here, on the contrary, every door and window, the most trifling arrangements, show that the greatest care is bestowed on them, and can be bestowed, because wealth is universally diffused.

The Hammersmith Suspension Bridge is a fine and useful work. In whatever depends on mechanical fitness and precision, the English are masters; where taste is required, they seem frequently to confound the merely extraordinary with the poetical, and to prefer the fantastic to the artistic. A very severe judgment may be passed on many of the London buildings; they only produce effect by mass, and by being surrounded with other masses: for example, what an extraordinary *coiffure* is that stuck upon the Mansion House! And where is one to seek the school of architecture in which the man studied who is now constructing those strangest of buildings at Charing Cross? Vicenza, within her narrow walls, contains a greater number of beautiful and stately palaces than are to be found in all gigantic London.

From the terrace at Richmond, the eye wanders, or reposes, with delight over the expanse of country as far as Windsor; and the winding course of the Thames, and the changing lights and shadows of England, increase its variety and beauty. Unfortunately, the weather was extremely cold, which contrasted strangely with the splendour of the bursting spring. The plants seemed as if they would wait no longer, but would defy the unusually long and obstinate winter. Everybody says that such weather at this time of year is quite extraordinary.

English Society.

If I compare English society with that of other countries, many remarks present themselves. If the number of guests exceed three, there is seldom any general conversation; that is to say, I do not see or hear that any individual, whether from talent or from conceit, takes upon himself to lead the conversation, makes himself the prominent person, keeps possession of a particular subject, or battles it out with some other intellectual fencer; people very seldom address themselves farther than to their next neighbour, and the conversation is carried on in so low a voice, that those who sit at a distance can hardly hear it. Subjects of great general interest are, as it seems to me, very seldom subjects of social talk. What an eventful time! A change of ministry! the approaching opening of a new parliament! &c. &c. Not a trace of all this in society: the saying, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, seems not to apply to the English. In days like these, even if their mouths were corked tight and sealed down, the French would have gone off like Champaign bottles; their thoughts and feelings would have forced a way. In parliamentary discussions, the French are very inferior to the English; in social, superior: and I should have learned more, if the English were, in this respect, more like their neighbours. What passes in parliament we get from the papers; but a foreigner is glad to pick up in company the commentaries and additions of individuals. To have to extract every thing by questioning, *tête-à-tête*, is always somewhat disagreeable and "boring."

What is more, eating and drinking seem to produce no effect upon the English. I do not applaud inordinate and boisterous talking after dinner; but that people should be just as cold, quiet, and composed, at the end as at the beginning; that the wine should produce no apparent effect whatever, is too dry and formal for my liking. Perhaps, the old-fashioned tipping was so disgusting, that people now shun the slightest approach to joviality; or, perhaps, sherry and port oppress rather than elevate, and have little power in transforming gloomy fogs into sky-

blue fantasies. In short, I am for the German plan—frank, lively conversation, even though it be a little too long and too loud; light wine and a light heart; and at parting, joyous spirits, and only just mathematics enough to perceive that five is an even number.

The King's Birth-day.

Friday, May 29th.

Although I had gone to bed so late, I was at my writing-table again at seven in the morning, and worked till eleven, when I drove to Kensington to see the Duke of S—. I found him alone, in his dressing gown; and as he began the conversation in German, I naturally continued it in the same language. Thus it lasted for two hours, without a minute's interruption, without those capricious transitions from one subject to another which so often occur, and without descending to insignificant topics. It turned chiefly upon England and her political affairs, or on matters of universal interest. The Duke spoke, of course, like a Whig, and lamented the want not only of just views on the events and circumstances of the times, but even of a knowledge of constitutional law.

From Kensington I walked through the shady gardens to Hyde-park corner, and then turned from the Green Park to St. James's Park and St. James's Palace. I arrived at half-past two, just in time to see the carriages drive up in honour of William IV.'s birth-day. If 1,500 persons, exclusive of those attached to the court, walked past the king in gala-dresses that day, certainly, there were 900 carriages in motion; for, on an average, there were not more than two persons in each. The horses and carriages were brilliant; the servants in all colours, laced and covered with ribands and fringe. They wore breeches and white silk stockings; the footmen had large cocked hats, like those of our military officers; and the coachmen, little, three-cornered hats, under which peeped forth a bobwig. Inside the carriages, too, were wigs of all dimensions; but these attracted my attention less than the women, who appeared in the full splendour of nature and of art. As the procession moved on very slowly, and was obliged to make a halt at every tenth step, I took the liberty of moving on in a parallel line, and of keeping by the side of certain carriages which contained the greatest beauties. There is no opportunity, no company in the world, in which one may stare ladies in the face with so much ease—I might almost say impudence—and for so long a time. This *revue spéciale, unique* in its kind, is a far nobler and more beautiful sight than a *revue spéciale* of soldiers. I tried to figure to myself all their circumstances, and to read the

thoughts of each in her eyes. The persons in the first carriage, who were afraid of being the first, had anxieties of quite a different nature from those of the tall blonde who closed the procession. Which equipage was the most beautiful?—which the least so?—which dress was the richest or the most elegant?—which was the queen of the fair and sumptuous train? An unfortunate hackney coach, with a dirty coachman, and a still more beggarly footboy, had got among these brilliant equipages. Those who were within, whether they were presentables or not, had drawn up the wooden blinds so high that one could not see them. They must have been very uncomfortable; and I was glad that I was on my own legs, in freedom, and not in their place.

When this was all over I went and read at the Athenæum. Just as I was preparing to go away, Mr. M—, the secretary of the club, who makes it his business to oblige every one in every possible manner, called me back, and told me that if I would wait till six o'clock, I should see something which London alone could show. I was least of all in a humour to doubt that to-day; for as I had seen in the Duke of S— a royal prince, and in the train of equipages, an aristocracy, such as exist in no other country in the world, it was now the turn for the democracy. From the balcony of the Athenæum, at the corner of Pall Mall and Waterloo-place, perhaps the handsomest part of London, I saw crowds of people, horsemen and carriages of all sorts; troops of children, with flowers and flags, incessantly shouting, "God save the King!" and so forth. But it was not only this that Mr. M— had invited me to see: it was more particularly the procession of all the London mail-coaches; for they also had been to give their huzza to the king, and passed by here on their return. At last, the long-expected train arrived;—the coachman sitting on the box, the guard behind outside, both dressed in new suits of scarlet, and ornamented with flowers and ribands. Inside the brightly-varnished coaches sat their wives, daughters, or friends—a parody on the fashionable ladies. I was too far off to institute a comparison between the aristocracy and the democracy; but the superb horses and the excellent harness made a great impression on me. Such a splendid display of carriages—and four as these mail coaches and their horses afforded, could not be found, or got together, in all Berlin. It was a real pleasure to see them in all the pride and strength which, half an hour later, was to send them in every direction, with incredible rapidity, to every corner of England. The improvements in our administration of the post are certainly very great, and, in many respects, our coaches are more convenient than these; but, com-

pared with the countless host of these magnificent horses, the German ones are miserable Rosinantes.

Dined at eight; hastened home; dressed for a second time, and then went out to look at the illuminations in a few of the streets. The usual device was, "W. R." and a crown, and only a few about St. James's Street and Waterloo Place were rendered splendid and beautiful by coloured lamps and moving gas-lights; the greater number of houses and streets remained unilluminated; nevertheless, the crowd was enormous, and, in some places, indeed dangerous; so that I thanked God when I got away from the bright spots into darkness.

When I went to the Marquis of L——'s, at half-past eleven, there were but few people in the spacious and beautiful rooms, so that I was able to enjoy undisturbed the delight of looking at the remarkably fine statues. They were admirably lighted from above, and had a beautiful effect against the red velvet background of the niches. The gallery and drawing-rooms filled gradually, and I was enabled to continue my observations of the morning. The gentlemen were, to-day, chiefly in scarlet uniforms; some were in embroidered court-dresses, with bag-wigs fastened to the collar of the coat. The ladies were more attractive than the gentlemen; they were generally dressed in white silk, or in other materials of the finest kind, and of that colour. Only two or three older ones had hats or other head-dresses; a very few had caps, if so one may call such light, transparent head-dresses. White satin shoes, stockings, so thin or so coloured that the feet appeared naked. None *coiffées à la Chinoise*, but with the forehead uncovered, and long ringlets hanging down to the neck; some with shorter curls, or with the hair braided. At the back of the head were edifices of hair of various kinds, and in these the feathers were fastened. Five or six of the youngest of the ladies had nothing on the head; the others, old and young, wore a number of white ostrich feathers, fastened in the manner I have described. Here and there, as an exception, was seen a blue, red, or yellow feather: in front was a diadem, a flower, or an ornament of the most sparkling brilliants.

Notes of a Reader.

BALLADS.—FROM THE FOURTH EDITION OF
ROOKWOOD.*

The Legend of the Lime-tree Branch.

AMID the grove, o'er arched above with lime-trees old
and tall
(The avenue that leads unto the Rookwood's ancient
hall),
High o'er the rest its towering crest one tree rears to
the sky,

* Quoted in a Panegyric, in Fraser's Magazine.

And wide out flings like mighty wings its arms
unbragously.
Seven yards its base would scarce embrace, a goodly
tree, I ween,
With silver bark and foliage dark of melancholy
green;
And 'mid its boughs two ravens house, and build
from year to year,—
Their black brood hatch, their black brood watch,
then, screaming, disappear.
In that old tree when playfully the summer breezes
sigh,
Its leaves are stirred, and there is heard a low and
plaintive cry;
And when in shrieks the storm-blast speaks its
reverend boughs among,
Sad wails and moans, like human groans, the concert
harsh prolong.
But whether gale or calm prevail, or cloud the
welkin skim,
By age unclipped, by storm unclipped, that tree will
shed a limb;
Aye, soon or late, when worms await a Rookwood in
the tomb,
That lime will launch a fatal branch, stern harbinger
of doom.
Some think the tree instinct must be with preter-
natural power,
Like 'larum bell Death's note to knell at Fate's
appointed hour!
Some deem its trunk man's gore hath drunk, for
traces there are seen
Red as the stains from human veins commingling
with the green.
But, without doubt, all round about that lime-tree's
rifted bark
A print is made where fiends have laid their scathing
talons dark!
A raven culls three times e'er falls the death-fore-
telling bough,
And each shrill cry doth signify what space the fates
allow!
In olden days, the legend says, as grim Sir Ranulph
viewed
A wretched hag her footsteps drag beneath his
lordly wood,—
His blood-hounds twain he called again, and straight
way gave her chase,
Nor greenwood tree did ever see so fierce, so fleet a
race!
With eyes of flame to Ranulph came each red and
ruthless hound,
While mangled, torn (a sight forlorn!) the hag lay
on the ground;
For that weird wench he dug a trench, and limb and
reeking bone
Within the earth, with ribald mirth, un-Christian
like were thrown.
And while as yet the soil was wet with that weird
witch's gore,
A lime-tree stake did Ranulph take, and pierced her
bosom's core;
And, strange to tell! what next befell—the staff at
once took root,
And, richly fed within its bed strong suckers forth
did shoot!
From year to year fresh boughs appear—it waxes
huge in size,—
And with wild glee this prodigy the grim Sir Ranulph
spies:
One day when laid beneath that shade reclined he
in his pride,
A branch was found upon the ground—and the
third day he died!
So from that hour a fatal power has ruled that wizard
tree,
To all his line a warning sign of doom and destiny!
For when beneath (token of death) a broken branch
is cast,
Ere the sun rise thrice in the skies a Rookwood
breathes his last!

A Chapter of Highwaymen.

Of every rascal of every kind,
The most notorious to my mind
Was the royalist captain, gay JEMMY HIND!
Which nobody can deny.

But the pleasantest coxcomb among them all
For lute, coranto, and madrigal,
Was the galliard Frenchman, CLAUDE DU VAL!
Which nobody can deny.

Yet Tobygloak never a coach could rob,
Could lighten a pocket or empty a fob,
With a neater hand than OLD MOB, OLD MOB!
Which nobody can deny.

Nor did housebreaker ever deal harder knocks
On the stubborn lid of a good strong box
Than that prince of good fellows, Tom Cox, Tom
Cox!

Which nobody can deny.
And blither fellow on broad highway
Did never with oath bid traveller stay
Than devil may-care WILL HOLLOWAY!
Which nobody can deny.

Then in roguery naught could exceed the tricks
OF GETTINGS and GREY, and the five or six
Who trod in the steps of bold NEDDY WICKS!
Which nobody can deny.

Nor could any so handily break a lock
As SHEPPARD, who stood on the Newgate dock,
And nicknamed the gaolers around him, "his
sock!"

Which nobody can deny.
Nor did highwayman ever before possess
For ease, for security, danger, distress,
Such a mare as DICK TURPIN'S Black Bess, Black
Bess!

Which nobody can deny.

The Corpse-Candle.

Through the midnight gloom did a pale blue light
To the churchyard mirk wing its lonesome flight;
Thrice it floated those old walls around,
Thrice it paused—till the grave it found.
Over the grass-green sod it glanced,
Over the fresh-turned earth it danced,
Like a torch in the night-breeze quivering,—
Never was seen so gay a thing!
Never was seen so merry a sight
As the midnight dance of that pale, blue light!
Now what of that pale, blue flame dost know?
Canst tell where it comes from, or where it will go?
Is it the soul, released from clay,
Over the earth that takes its way,
And carries a moment, in mirth and glee,
Where the corpse it hath quitted interred shall be?
Or is it the trick of some fanciful sprite,
That taketh in mortal mischance delight,
And marketh the road the coffin shall go,
And the spot where the dead shall be soon laid low?
Ask him who can answer these questions aright;
I know not the cause of that pale blue light!

The Scampeman.

There is not a king, should you search the world
round,
So blithe as the king of the road to be found;
His ptole's his sceptre, his saddle's his throne,
Whence he levies supplies or enforces a loan.

Derry-down.

To this monarch the highway presents a field
Where each passing subject a tribute must yield;
His palace—the tavern—receives him at night,
Where sweet lips and sound liquor crown all with
delight.

Derry-down.

The soldier and sailor, both robbers by trade,
Full soon on the shelf, if disabled, are laid;
The one gets a patch, and the other a peg,
But, while luck lasts, the highwayman shakes a
loose leg!

Derry-down.

Most fowls rise at dawn, but the owl wakes at e'en,
And a jollier bird can there no where be seen;
Like the owl, our suug Scampeman his snooze takes
by day,
And when night draws her curtain sours after his
prey!

Derry-down.

As the highwayman's life is the fullest of zest,
So the highwayman's death is the briefest and best;
He dies not as other men die—*by degrees*,—
But at once, without wincing, and quite at his ease!
Derry-down.

CHANGE IN COMMERCE.

By the late Thomas Walker, Esq.

I HAVE by tradition the following particulars
of the mode of carrying on the home trade
by one of the principal merchants of Man-
chester, who was born at the commencement
of the last century, and who realized a suffi-
cient fortune to keep a carriage when not
half a dozen were kept in the town by per-
sons connected with business. He sent the
manufactures of the place into Nottingham-
shire, Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and the
intervening counties, and principally took in
exchange feathers from Lincolnshire, and
malt from Cambridgeshire and Nottingham-
shire. All his commodities were conveyed
on pack-horses, and he was from home the
greater part of every year, performing his
journeys entirely on horseback. His balances
were received in guineas, and were carried
with him in his saddle-bags. He was ex-
posed to the vicissitudes of the weather, to
great labour and fatigue, and to constant
danger. In Lincolnshire he travelled chiefly
along bridle-ways through fields, where fre-
quent gibbets warned him of his perils, and
where flocks of wild fowl continually darkened
the air. Business carried on in this manner
required a combination of personal attention,
courage, and physical strength, not to be
hoped for in a deputy; and a merchant then
led a much more severe and irksome life than
a bagman afterwards, and still more than a
traveller of the present day. Competition
could but be small; but the returns from the
capital were not so high in reality as in
appearance, because the wages of labour
ought to be deducted, and probably the same
exertion now would produce from the same
beginnings ten times the fortune. The im-
provements in the mode of carrying on com-
merce, and its increase, may be attributed in
a great degree to the increased facility of
communication, and the difference between
the times I have alluded to, and the present,
is nearly as great as that between a pack-
horse and a steam-carriage. What will be
the progress fifty years hence defies calcu-
lation. I lately heard a striking instance of
the advantages of steam in towing vessels.
An Indianam used sometimes to lie at Black-
wall six weeks before she could get to Grave-
send, because she had to wait for the combi-

nation of spring tides and a favourable wind. Now the same sized vessel could get down with certainty in three hours.

Before I conclude this article, I will relate, that in the earlier days of the merchant above-mentioned, the wine merchant, who supplied Manchester, resided at Preston, then always called Proud Preston, because exclusively inhabited by gentry. The wine was carried on horses, and a gallon was considered a large order. Men in business confined themselves generally to punch and ale, using wine only as a medicine, or on very extraordinary occasions; so that a considerable tradesman somewhat injured his credit amongst his neighbours, by being so extravagant as to send to a tavern for wine even to entertain a London customer. Before Preston itself existed, in the time of the Romans the only port in Lancashire was a few miles higher up the river Ribble, and was called Rerigonium, of which there is now scarcely any, or no trace. If I rightly recollect my reading, the chief exports to Rome consisted of willow baskets, bull-dogs, and slaves. Rerigonium was the Liverpool of the present day.—*The Original.*

The Gatherer.

English Cookery is by no means agreeable, as everybody is obliged to bite and chew twice as much as in France, Italy, and Germany, which is trying enough to young teeth, but utter destruction to older masticators.—*Von Raumer.*

Sunday Child.—The Germans give the name of Sunday child to one born on a Sunday, and particularly on one of those which they call "golden Sundays," i. e. the quaternary days. Such a child is superstitiously believed to be able to discern spirits, and is destined to be peculiarly happy.

The Tower of London—that great scaffold of bygone ages, how mild and humane does it appear! Its former laws, engraven with the sword, now very politely inform the stranger, that there is no design of taking his life, but merely his shillings.—*Von Raumer.*

Matter and Mind.—We extol and admire the latest productions of our days—railroads and warehouses, power-looms and steam-engines. But what is the distinctive mark of their tendency?—that they provide for the body, and that their object is gain. The men of the dark ages, on the contrary, founded astonishing institutions, disinterestedly, without a view to external advantages, and only for the mind. Undoubtedly, it may be said of cotton and iron, that they influence the mind, and that the body is never entirely separated from the mind; but *mens agitat*

molem—it ought to be the director and ruler, not the servant and follower.—*Ibid.*

A Gentleman.—Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion—but in the mind. A high sense of honour—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth, delicacy, and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings—are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman.—From *Hints on Etiquette* (just published); a sensible and clever brochure, which, from its title, must not be confounded with the trumpery twelvepenny-worths placarded in the streets.

The Queen of Louis XV. was immoderately fond of cards, and was never, perhaps, more delighted than when M. de Maurepas, on the occasion of the death of a monarch in alliance with France, declared to her Majesty that "Piquet was not obliged to go into mourning."—*Morning Herald.*

Canine Fidelity.—In the Lower Town of Brussels, there is a remarkable instance of attachment existing at present in the case of a French poodle, who attracts a great deal of attention by repairing every day to the Hotel de Ville, and lying down before the entrance, appearing to wait anxiously for the approach of some person. It is said that, during some tumults, the owner of the dog was accidentally killed near the spot, and the poor animal ever since has taken this mode of testifying his grief.

Force of Imagination.—A gentleman afflicted with tooth-ache, one day imagined, that while tying up a Tomata plant in his garden, he found relief. On his next attack, he repaired to the plant, crushed some of the leaves, and inhaled the smell; when, strange to say, he declared himself immediately cured. In some parts of the country, people afflicted with scrofula or erysipelas consider an application of the bruised leaves of house-leek as a specific remedy. A. C. R.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Just published, with many Cuts, price 5s.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART: or an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements for the present Year.

"In mechanics, chemistry, natural history, and social economy, this work presents such a variety of new facts as must recommend it to a wide circle of readers, either as a source of much instruction, or much amusement. It deserves credit for its condensation, and consequent cheapness."—*Morning Herald*, March 15.

Printed for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 773.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.



STATUE OF KING WILLIAM III., DUBLIN.

STATUE OF KING WILLIAM III., DUBLIN.

THE handsome equestrian statue represented on the previous page, was erected in 1701, at the expense of the Corporation of Dublin, to commemorate the Revolution of 1688. Although it was mainly designed to celebrate the deliverance of the people of Ireland from the despotism of James II., and the establishment of the "Protestant Ascendancy" in Ireland, this statue may likewise be regarded as a tribute of personal respect to King William; for, it appears from the testimony of the Irish writers of the age, that though severe laws were passed in his reign, his administration of them was mild and beneficent; that he gained the good esteem of the Catholics, as he did of Protestant Dissenters; and that in his reign was sown the good seed of prosperity.

The statue was begun in the year 1700, and was set up with great solemnity on the 1st of July, 1701, being the anniversary of the victory of the Boyne. It was erected on the most conspicuous part of College-green, almost in a central position between the Bank of Ireland and Trinity College, and not more than ten yards distant from the houses on the south side of the street leading from the Bank to the Castle. The statue represented King William mounted on a charger; the figure being of lead, and raised upon a lofty pedestal of granite. The statue itself was well executed, the king being crowned with a wreath of laurel; but the original lineaments of the face were nearly defaced by repeated coats of paint: the figure of the horse is stated to have been almost equal in execution to that at Charing-Cross. The pedestal was formed into panels, decorated with military emblems; and bore the following inscription:—

GULIELMO TERTIO
MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ, FRANCIÆ, ET HIBERNIÆ
REGI,
OB RELIGIONEM CONSERVATAM,
RESTITUTAS LEGES,
LIBERTATEM ASSERTAM,
CIVES DUBLINIENSES HANC STATUAM POSUERUNT.

The whole was considerably elevated, and surrounded by palisades; an improvement subsequent to its first erection; for, in the annals of the City of Dublin, we find it chronicled: "1765. Statue of King William III., College-Green, repaired and elevated." The height of the pedestal is stated at eighteen feet, and the summit of the statue at thirty feet from the level of the street.

It appears that from its first erection, this statue has been a source of discord among ill-disposed persons. During the government of the Duke of Wharton, an attack was made upon it, which called forth the inter-

ference of the Irish Government. A party of Jacobites very much defaced it, twisted the sword from one hand, and the truncheon from the other, and daubed the face and body with some black substance, which could not be removed without scraping. The House of Lords, then assembling on College-Green, addressed the Duke of Wharton on the outrage; who, the next day, issued a proclamation, offering a reward for the discovery of the guilty persons. The House of Commons also addressed his Excellency on the same subject. The persons were never discovered; but the Corporation having caused the statue to be repaired, they received the unanimous thanks of the House of Commons.

In later times, the yearly commemoration of the erection of the statue, by decorating it with party-coloured ribands, and firing over it, caused much exasperation among the lower orders of Protestants and Catholics in Dublin. These ceremonies have, however, been discontinued for some few years; but, we regret to have to record a more destructive attack upon the statue than any hitherto chronicled, and this too, of very recent occurrence.

On the morning of the 8th inst., at half-past one o'clock, the inhabitants of College-Green were greatly alarmed by a violent explosion, which shook several houses in the neighbourhood. It was soon ascertained that the statue of King William had been blown up by gunpowder. From the evidence of the watchmen in the neighbourhood, it appears that the figure, which was of lead, and weighed several tons, was thrown up several feet in the air, and fell on the south side, a few paces distant from the railing. The pedestal is shattered at the edges in several places, and the horse is much disfigured and discoloured from the gunpowder; the purple and orange coatings of paint being changed to a sooty black. The figure is, we should think, irreparably mutilated: both legs are broken off, one from the middle of the thigh, the other from a little below the knee: the side of the head is battered, and the shoulder is disjoined. The Lord Lieutenant has issued a proclamation, offering a reward of 100*l.* for the discovery of the offenders; and the Dublin Corporation have offered another of 200*l.*; but, hitherto, the guilty parties have not been ascertained.*

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ADMISSION OF THE PUBLIC.

[We resume our extracts from 'the Parliamentary Evidence, lately published.]

Sir Henry Ellis, examined.

In point of fact, the public are admitted to the British Museum on what days?—On

* Abridged from the Morning Chronicle, April 11.

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and artists every day except Saturday, that being the general cleansing day. The artists on public days are of necessity obliged to give way to the public. On Monday, when I was last here, 3,764 persons visited the Museum; of course artists could not make drawings at such a time. On the private days, no scruple whatever is made in admitting a very considerable number of persons, as long as the artists are not inconvenienced. In fact, no person who applies for admission is refused on the private days; but if the public were generally or extensively admitted on the private days, the artists, especially female artists, of whom we have a large sprinkling, must abandon their pursuits; they could not place their academy-boxes and drawing-stands where they wish. From the narrowness of many parts of our gallery, they are often obliged to take their positions in its centre.

You consider that the best interests of the Museum are better consulted by limiting the admission of the world at large to three days, and giving to artists and men of science the exclusive possession of the two other days?—Naturalists could not make drawings in natural history, and artists could not make drawings of sculpture, on the public days, it would be impossible.

How many hours are usually occupied in cleansing the Museum on Saturday?—I have made minute inquiry upon this, and I find that it requires never less than seven hours, and frequently more. The very dusting of the cases occupies some time; after 4,800 people have been in our rooms, which has happened, I leave you to imagine the immense quantity of dust upon the tops of the glass cases alone.

You think it would not be possible, by giving up part of Saturday to the cleansing, to open the Museum for the rest of the day?—I do not think it would; there is so much washing and cleansing. I will make a remark, with your permission, with respect to the reading-room. We are frequently reproached for still keeping the single holidays of the 30th of January and the 5th of November; they are supposed to be days for recollecting transactions which have gone by, and that the public ought not to be excluded on their account. Now I beg to say, that if the public were not excluded on those days, there would be no opportunity whatever, at what I may call the dirtiest time of the year, for washing the reading-room; which is so very essential, that soon after the present room was first opened on a Saturday, we found the filth had accumulated considerably, and there was even discontent. The messenger came to me; he said, "Sir, there is great discontent in the reading-room."—I said, "What has happened now?"—"Why, sir, the fleas

are inconveniencing the readers; the room wants washing;" and, in fact, we are obliged to have the room washed on the 30th of January and the 5th of November, those being the only two days at that dark period of the year when the room can be thoroughly cleansed. You must appropriate other days, if you have not those days. By our regulations, we cannot take lights in at night; and if the place were washed at night, it would give all the readers cold when they came the next day. The preserving of these days for cleansing the reading-room, or some other days about the same time of the year, seems to me to be desirable.

You have stated that it takes seven hours for cleansing?—Yes; there is an extent of 600 feet of floor, exclusive of table-cases and side-cases, in the upper story of the east wing alone.

At what hour are the public admitted in the morning?—At ten o'clock.

Would there be any difficulty in having the Museum cleansed every day?—It is cleansed every day; the maid-servants are occupied from six to ten o'clock every day. It is swept and dusted every day. Unless you visit the place early in the morning to see the dirt, you can hardly form a notion of the long and very laborious employ it occasions to the servants.

Would it be the same thing to the British Museum if one day of the week were appropriated, whatever that day might be?—Yes, to the British Museum.

Whether it was Saturday or Monday would make no difference?—No. I beg to say, from experience, that I can show you upon paper that Saturday is likely to be the most convenient day of the week. It is a day, I grant, part of which is spent in leisure; but we have always fewer readers by one third on a Saturday than on any other day. They go out of town.

The cleansing on a Saturday is a more extensive and complete cleansing than is given on any other day?—Yes. I have mentioned that on Saturdays much fewer people come to the reading-room than on any other day; for instance, on Friday the 15th of May there were 259, and on Saturday the 16th of May there were 172. I believe you will find the proportions every week fall off on a Saturday; showing that Saturday is so far the most convenient day, that the number of those who come to us is smaller than it would be on any other day of the week.

Your answer now relates rather to readers than to visitors?—I conceive that the visitors, in all probability, would fall off in a somewhat similar proportion.

Rev. Mr. Forshall, examined.

Are any persons allowed to view the Museum in the month of September.—Yes.

Who are they?—Any foreigner who applies is immediately admitted, and any person who can make out a good reason for seeing it then; but we do not show its contents to the public in general, because we take that opportunity of whitewashing, or cleaning, or re-arranging whatever may require it.

Can you state to the Committee any good reason why the Museum should not be opened in the month of September?—I have already stated that it is convenient to have one month in the year to make repairs and fresh arrangements. There are very great alterations and arrangements which have been made within the last seven years. I think I have stated so already in evidence. Almost the whole collections of the department of antiquities and of natural history, and the manuscripts, and a large portion of the printed books, have all been transferred and re-arranged within ten years from the present time; the greater part within five years from the present time. We take advantage of the month of September to make these re-arrangements, the month of September being presumed to be that in which the public are least anxious to see the Museum. Still foreigners, and persons of literary and scientific distinction, are at all times welcome at the Museum.

Formerly, the Museum was closed for two months in the year; why has a change taken place lately?—Because it was thought we might do all that was necessary in the way of cleaning, whitewashing, and re-arranging in the space of one month.

Then you think the general admission of the public in the month of September would prevent your making those beneficial arrangements in the Museum which take place in consequence of your having the Museum closed?—I think it would impede them much.

You close the reading-room in September, do you not?—No; only during the Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun weeks.

Do you not think in the summer the Museum might be kept open till five o'clock?—That is a point which I would rather leave to the judgment of the public. I think the trustees would be very willing to adopt that period of the day for exhibiting the Museum which is most commodious to the public. I understand the question to imply, that the Museum would, in that case, not open until eleven in the morning. It could not, I think, be open more than six hours in the day without a considerable increase in the establishment.

Would there be any objection to opening the reading-room in the evening?—I think there are great objections.

Will you state what the objections are?—I conceive that the library of the Museum is at present sufficiently open for the purposes

for which it is designed. It is not intended to be a library of education, but a library of research; and its use must ever be confined, or ought to be confined, chiefly to persons of literary or scientific pursuits, who have some serious object in view in coming to consult its collections.

Are you not aware that by closing the reading-room in the evening, you virtually close it to a number of gentlemen who are occupied in business during the morning?—I am perfectly aware of that; but I do not think that such persons would be debarred from coming to the reading-room of the Museum whenever they had really a serious and important object. If it were a library of education, I should agree with what I presume to be the notion in the question now put to me.

Are you not in that answer supposing that there are no gentlemen who are engaged in morning occupations, who can possibly have a serious, literary undertaking; how do you apply that to Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, for instance, a gentleman known to have been engaged in business, yet to have undertaken and completed various important and literary works?—I think Mr. Roscoe, when he had really a serious object, would have provided sufficient time to consult the Museum library.

Would he not have found many more opportunities to consult it, if the library had been open to him during those hours when he was not necessarily occupied in business?—Undoubtedly.

Do you not think there are many such persons; lawyers, for instance, in London?—I think there may be many who desire, with a view to their own greater accommodation, to see the Museum open in the evening; but I do not think the convenience that would result from such an alteration of the arrangements can be fairly balanced against the inconveniences.

What are the inconveniences?—The inconveniences are, first, that we must have an extended establishment.

To what amount?—It is very difficult for me to say to what amount, for that would depend on how long the reading-room was kept open, and during what period of the year it was kept open. Through the depth of winter it is at present open during almost the whole hours of daylight, and it would be utterly out of the question to keep it open after daylight.

Why?—Because it is a library of such immense value, so absolutely irreparable if it were lost, that you ought to protect such a library against all the risks that you can; and there would, I conceive, be great risk of accident from the introduction of candles, or other artificial light.

The room in which persons actually read is separated from the library itself, is it not?

—Yes, or rather the reading-room will be so; but under the same roof.

Might not such a room, which is not required to be of very large dimensions, be made separate from the actual room in which the collection of books was deposited, and made fire-proof?—Yes, it might be if we had space to do so.

Suppose, in the opinion of the Committee, it were considered desirable that the library should be made accessible in the evening, what would you suggest as the means of maximising the security of the books, and maximising the public convenience?—I am not prepared to answer the question; my own opinion is, that the Museum library is rather too much than too little used, taking a comprehensive and prospective view of what might conduce to the public good.

Does any light now enter any of the rooms?—Never, but in a lantern, and that only once in the evening, to see that no person is concealed about the buildings, and that every thing is safe.

Do you understand that the new rooms for the King's library have been rendered fire-proof?—So far as rooms can well be rendered fire-proof; great provision has been made against accidents by fire.

Are you aware that, some years ago, the Museum was kept open till eight o'clock in the evening?—I think I have heard so.

The Public Journals.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

(Concluded from page 248.)

UP to this hour the honest burgher had kept his fears under some sort of restraint; but they now began to overpower him, especially when he came to reflect on his position. Not a soul but himself and his strange visitor were in the house: the hour was verging on midnight; the patrol had taken his last rounds, and the sound of footsteps had long since died away in the streets. Yet at this very hour, for aught Nicholas could say to the contrary, he might be sitting cheek by jowl with some cool and practised desperado, who taking advantage of the favourable opportunity, might rob—murder—pop him into a sack—and bury him in the coal-hole. In such an event, who could hear his outcries? His neighbour on the right was a deaf baker, and on the left a bed-ridden bookseller. It was a clear case. Hap what might, he had net the ghost of a chance left—not a peg whereon to hang a hope.

These dismal reflections were not at all relieved by the lights and sounds about him. His favourite cat, with that fine tact peculiar to animals, kept constantly peeping out between his legs, and casting uneasy glances at the stranger—the tall, upright clock

ticked, like a death-watch, in his ear—the sulky fire set all the persuasions of the poker at defiance—and the lights on the table burned, or seemed to burn, with a strange, sickly light, throwing the most eccentric lights and shades on the harsh lineaments of the stranger. Nicholas was by no means deficient in personal courage, yet he could not choose but feel alarmed at his position; and when, with a shrewd eye to results, he stole a glance at his visitor's athletic frame, and then took into consideration his own helpless obesity, his very soul sickened within him, and he was thinking by what means he might best rid himself of his unbidden guest's presence, when, as if he read what was passing in his mind, the latter observed—

"You don't half like me, Nick—I see you don't. Well, there is no accounting for tastes, though I have been reckoned handsome, I assure you. However, never mind that; let us talk of more important matters. Your pantry—"

"Is as empty as a poet's pocket."

"Why then, since this is the case, I don't see that you can do better than just step out, and fetch me in a small trifle—say a dozen pounds or so, for I am not particular to an ounce—of something solid, by way of wind-up. You cannot expect a gentleman to live on air, and I have had little more substantial as yet. Now, don't apologize, for I am not at all angry: put on your hat and vanish; you cannot conceive how hungry I am!"

"What, go out in this soaking shower, when all the shops are shut, and not a mouthful of anything is to be procured for love or money? Impossible. Only listen how the rain is driving against the window."

"Oh, true; it does rain a little," replied the stranger, with inimitable *nonchalance*, "but what of that? I shall not feel it; so go, Master Klauer, I am quite hurt to think you can hesitate an instant."

"If I do," rejoined the burgher, in a high state of acetous effervescence, "I'll be—"

A loud laugh—say rather a fierce yell of exultation from the anonymous Scaramouch interrupted his host's further speech. "Mark me," said the former, "the clock is now on the stroke of eleven, and if, when that hour has struck, I find you still here, I swear by all the powers of grace and beauty, I will cut your throat;" and by way of giving emphasis to this threat, he snatched a carving-knife from the table, and began coolly sharpening it on his shoe-leather.

This frightful menace set Nicholas's teeth clattering like a pair of castanets; he made no reply,—how should he?

"What! you won't go?" said the stranger. "Well, you know the alternative; and I am too much of a gentleman to break my word."

* * * * *

"Hold, hold—I'm gone—God help me!" and so saying, the aggrieved burgher snatched up his hat and umbrella, and hurried as fast as his legs would carry him out of the house.

The night was autumn in its roughest mood; the wind came in shrilly gusts, and then died away in low, suppressed moanings; black clouds went travelling with all the slow pomp of a funeral procession across the sky; and the fog that choked up the silent streets allowed nothing to be visible, but just the dim, undecided glimmer of a lamp or two, and their reflections in the gutters underneath. Moonshine there was none,—mudshine had it all to herself.

As Nicholas, on whom the spirit of this comfortless night pressed with most disheartening effect, went plash—plash—through the mud, which kept spotting him like a pard, and even insinuated itself into an undesired intimacy with his lamb's wool stockings, he began to soliloquize on the strange posture of his affairs.

"What a condition is mine?" said he, "I came out a man, and shall go back a sponge—there, there's a shoe-full, right over the ancles," and he jerked out his leg with that peculiar quiver which a cat gives when she makes her first step into water. "Very hard," he continued, "uncommon hard to be treated at my time of life as I have been to-night, just as if I were a mere nobody; and all by some ruffian adventurer, who, if the truth were known, has not got a rix-dollar to save him from starvation;" and as the thought of his unbidden guest's possible poverty came to his aid, and tugging at his waistcoat with prodigious irritability, he resolved instantly to go back and call him to account, and if this had no effect, to kick him into the streets.

Just as he turned to put this magnanimous resolve into execution, a stiff blast came sweeping round the corner of the street where he stood, and after skinning his superannuated umbrella so effectually that nothing but a straight, upright stick remained in his hand, blew off his hat, while an enormous hail-drop, impregnated with ague, dropped, as if from spite, into the fleshy furrows of his neck, and wept itself to death between his shoulders. To fill up the measure of his sufferings, he heard a voice crying after him, and pricking up his ears, in order to ascertain who could be hailing him at such an hour, recognised—or was it mere fancy?—the authoritative tones of the Unknown!

At length, as Nicholas passed down the street where his old crony Hans Krackjaw resided, he saw a light glimmering in his bed-room window, and hurrying towards the house, he rang a loud peal at the bell. For a few minutes no notice was taken of his

summons, but when he had thrice repeated it, the window was cautiously opened, and a red worsted night-cap popped out and as suddenly popped in again; while, at the same moment, the voice of Hans cried out, "Who's there?" in that peculiarly tremulous tone which a peaceable householder adopts when he has reason to believe that he is putting the question to a thief.

"It is I, Nicholas Klauer. Don't you know me, Hans?"

"You Nick Klauer? No such thing; my friend Nicholas is a decent, respectable body, who would not go about knocking people up at midnight. Get along with you; you are no more Nick Klauer than I am."

"But I tell you I am that unhappy wretch, and wish I was somebody else; I would not care who, provided I was not myself."

These last words were uttered in such a loud, distinct, impassioned tone that Hans could no longer mistake the speaker.

"So then, you really are Nick Klauer?" he replied; "very odd; and pray, Nick, what do you want with me?"

"Supper," shouted the burgher.

"Supper!" rejoined Hans in astonishment, "What, do you take my house for a restaurateur?"

"No, no; but I've got the Lord knows who to sup with me, and he has swallowed everything I have in the house, even to a ham bone. Do, for pity's sake, let me have it, or else—hark, there he is again; don't you hear him," continued the forlorn Nicholas, as the stern voice of the stranger rang a second time in his ear.

"Hear him! Hear who?" exclaimed Hans impatiently.

"The carving-knife—no, the ham bone—that is, I mean, the man who can swallow the ham bone."

"Go home, Nick; you're drunk—shockingly drunk! I would accompany you myself, but it rains so hard, and I've got such a cold. Poor fellow! I feel for your condition, so respectable as I always thought you. And your wife, too—what *must* she think of you? Well, it can't be helped;" and with this bland expression of sympathy, Hans closed the window. Strange, that men who will not stir a step to assist you in a difficulty, will yet stand half an hour in their shirts, on a cold rainy night, to fling you good advice out of a bed-room window!

At the next house at which he stopped, Nicholas was doomed to be equally unlucky, with this agreeable difference, that as he rang at the bell, he could distinctly hear the cocking of a blunderbuss—a delicate hint, which he was far too sagacious not to interpret in a right sense.

* * * * *

Nicholas had now but one more place to visit, which he would, no doubt, have for-

gotten, had he not been roused to a sense of his duty by the peremptory voice of the stranger, which seemed on this occasion to sound close at his elbow. At the corner of the market-place lived a merry, one-eyed, lop-sided tailor, a poverty-stricken dog, but a born genius for a frolic, with whom the burgher had in former days been intimate, but whose acquaintance, as he himself waxed in wealth and dignity, he thought it but respectable to cut. To this cabbage-eating Cyclops he resolved, as a last resource, to make application, and accordingly raised the same uproar at his door that he had raised on the two former occasions. In less than a minute he had the satisfaction to hear an attic window opened; while, in reply to his hurried demand for assistance, the good-humoured snip said, "Supper! Oh, yes, to be sure, you are heartily welcome to all I have in the house. The load won't break your back."

"Never mind that; I'm not over nice, so open the door and let me in."

"I wish I could, Master Klauer; but unfortunately I have mislaid the key, so what little I have to give you I must fling out of the window. It is, to be sure, rather an odd way of furnishing one's friend with a meal; but—"

"No matter for that, I'm used to oddities;" and Nicholas shuddered, for he bethought him of the stranger.

"Well, look up then," replied the tailor; "for the supper is coming."

Nicholas, full of faith, looked up, with hands outspread, to catch the descending edibles; but scarcely had he done so, when down on his unprotected head came a jug, full charged with water, which falling plump on his toes, set him dancing like a disciple of St. Vitus, while he could hear, as the window was shut to, the sly lament of the transported tailor.

"Poor, dear Nicholas! What a shame to use a rich man in this manner! I hope your toe isn't quite crushed—and I'm afraid it is the gouty one. Hah, hah! was ever such a mischance? And so cautious as I was in throwing the supper out! Why didn't you catch it, Master Klauer? I told you it was coming. Ho, ho, ho!"

The outrageous Nicholas resolved instantly to return home, and either assassinate or be assassinated by the Unknown. The alternative was frightful, but there was no help for it.

In this murderous mood he reached his dwelling, and forcing his way, hurricane-fashion, into the parlour, saw—what? Why, his unbidden guest seated fast asleep in his arm-chair, grinning like a hyena, and snoring with an intensity that might have rivalled the united sternutations of the Seven Sleepers. How superlatively ugly the scamp looked!

But this was nothing; it was the contrast his cozy appearance presented to his own—the sarcasm implied by his very repose—and the conscious sneer that quivered on his lips, as if, even in slumber, he was playing tricks with his host. This it was that filled the burgher's cup of gall to overflowing; and snatching up the poker, he aimed a prodigious blow with it right at the head of the sleeping beauty. At this instant the creature awoke, gave a laugh which you might have heard a mile off, and before the instrument could descend on his forehead, turned it aside with his uplifted hand as easily as if it had been a peacock's feather; which so electrified Nicholas, who was fully prepared to see him measure his length on the floor, that he rushed out again like mad, roaring as he ran, "The secret's out! the secret's out!" just in time to evade the snatch which the evil one—for 'twas he, indeed, disguised in the appropriate costume of a lawyer—made at his coat skirts.

Away—away he flew, up this street, down that; now scattering about him the thick mud of a gutter, and now stumbling up against a lamp-post—nothing had power to impede or stop his course. In crossing the corner of the great square, he came full tilt against the only pedestrian he had yet met with—a tall, middle-aged gentleman in spectacles, who was picking his way cautiously through the slush—and driving head foremost against the pit of his stomach, shot him (ejaculating many a ferocious curse) right into the middle of the road; while, that nothing might be wanting to keep the volant burgher at the top of his speed, he could hear footsteps hurrying after him, and presently the fiend's voice rung in his ear—"Run, Nick—bravo, that's capital; well, who would have thought a fat Ingoldstadt burgher could have been so nimble?"

On rushed Nick, and close at his heels, on rushed his tormentor—one Nick after the other—the former sighing and groaning, as if his heart would break; the other shouting and laughing as if his sides would split. Such a race! Never within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" of Ingoldstadt had there been known one equal to it.

When they reached the meanest of the numerous villages that lie scattered about within a mile of the town, Nicholas endeavoured to give his fiend persecutor the slip by affecting a vigorous bolt onward, and then abruptly doubling and darting down one of the dark, narrow, cross-roads that intersect the neighbourhood; but he had a sportsman to deal with who was up to all such manoeuvrings, so he was compelled to rattle on again in his old steeple-chase style, while the perspiration poured in streams down his intelligent, but forlorn, face, and his unbidden guest kept crying after him, "on, Nick, to

the left—to the left—we shall be at home shortly.”

By this time they were close under the low wall of a churchyard which lies away from the more frequented tract, in the heart of a flat, open country, just three miles from Ingoldstadt. It is of semi-circular form, something like a horse-shoe; and being peopled by local tradition with a thousand phantom tenants, not a citizen who has any regard for his salvation will venture near it after night-fall. A curse is said to be on it. No flower springs up within its circuit; the very grass just acquires a sort of starveling growth, then rots and dies; nothing lives but the deadly henbane, beneath whose shade the soft mottled toad lies couched; or a few lean, shrunken, discontented yews, which look just as if they were planted by some goblin zoologist, by way of a quiz upon vegetation.

Arrived at this forlorn spot, which was made still more cheerless by the spectral wailing to and fro of the yews, and the sickly light of the yellow moon which now began to pour down a dim, reluctant radiance, poor Nicholas, shuddering from head to foot—for too well he knew his whereabouts—made another desperate attempt at a retreat; but in vain; he was riveted to the spot like an epic poet to the windows of a cookshop; while, to compel him to an onward movement, his pursuer, making an extempore spring on his back, and clapping him tightly round the neck with both arms, began to spur away at his haunches with such uncommon vivacity, that goaded to supernatural exertions, he made one last convulsive essay, and cleared the low wall in a style that would have electrified the most accomplished leaper of the six-foot club, his goblin rider bearing conscientious testimony to his nimbleness by bellowing out, “Oh rare, there was a jump! Stop, Nick, we are at home at last.”

While Nick thus stood transfixed and spell-bound, he saw, in a remote corner of the charmed semi-circle, a man busy digging a grave, and throwing up at every lift of his spade a load that might have killed a dray-horse. The sight of this figure, possibly mortal like himself, inspired him with sudden courage—his heart yearned towards him, and in an instant he was by his side—but what words can express his rage—his loathing—his despair—when in his hideous lineaments he recognised his Unbidden Guest! The fiend's eyes were fastened on him with the benumbing power of the basilisk, and, flinging aside his spade, while a ghastly grin wrinkled his countenance, he thundered in the burgher's ear, “Nick, welcome home!” Instantly the spell of silence that had so long hung, like a heavy air, over the charnel-house, was broken—the old church bell began tolling—strange forms, appareled in winding-sheets, sung funeral anthems among—the

clouds, and, while a thousand infernal voices took up and prolonged the cry “Welcome home,” a legion of fiends, gathering about the crazed burgher, made busy preparations for precipitating him into the black abyss.

But scared—distracted as he was—Nicholas was not the man to permit himself to be buried alive without a fight for it. But, alas! what can one do against myriads? In vain Nicholas kicked—scratched—pinched—and even butted like a goat at his assailants—his strength was fast leaving him, and a sly, unhandsome blow in the airloin, planted by his unbidden guest, put an end to the engagement by sending him head over heels into the pit. Down—down, he plunged, shouting out, “Help, help!—murder!—thieves!—fire!—the devil;—oh, Lord!”—till he woke, to find himself sprawling on the floor, and the cat, whom he had half crushed in his fall, mewing viciously, with her tail as thick as a bed-post, close beside him! What a situation for a mighty Ingoldstadt burgher!

Woke—woke! Was this a mere dream then? Have we been swindled out of our sensibilities by a drowsy commonplace? Even so, gentle reader, but the dream—call it rather a practical treatise on dyspepsia—has been penned for the best of purposes, namely, to “point a moral,” if not to “adorn a tale,” for your express edification. *Never eat more than you can digest*—least of all, at supper-time! Remember it is the last load, be it no heavier than a fly's, that breaks the camel's back; and in like manner, it was that “last mouthful” which Nicholas was so resolute in despatching, that conjured up the Unbidden Guest, and all the horrors of the charnel-house.—*Abridged from Blackwood's Magazine.*

Manners and Customs.

SWAN-UPPING, OR HOPPING.

By aid of the *Loseley Manuscripts*,* edited, with notes, by Alfred John Kempe, Esq., F. S. A., we are enabled to present to the reader some curious illustrations of this custom. Its object appears to have been to affix certain marks to the beaks of the swans upon rivers; and its superintendence was intrusted to a person officially appointed Master of the Swans. Loseley, wherein these illustrations have been found, is an olden mansion situate about two miles from Guildford, and from the left or west bank of the river Wey, in Surrey. The manor became, in the sixteenth century, the seat of the Mores, one of whom, Sir William More was in high favour with Queen Elizabeth, from whom he received the

* Manuscripts, and Other Rare Documents, illustrative of some of the more minute particulars of English History, Biography, and Manners, from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I., preserved in the Muniment Room of James More Molyneux, Esq., at Loseley House, in Surrey. 1835.

office of Master of the Swans, through his relative, Lord Buckhurst.

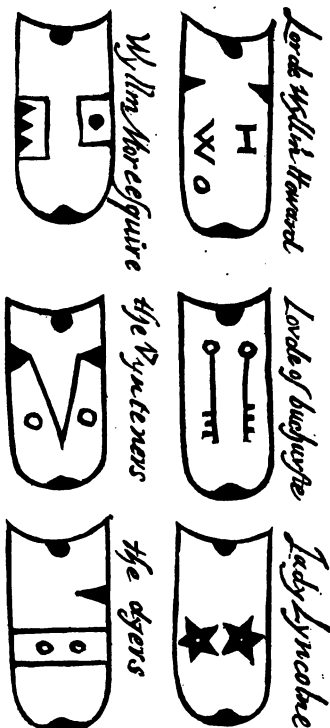
Mr. Kempe notes:—

The following documents relate to the privileges of the above office, to which Sir William More was appointed. An original roll of swan-marks has been found among the MSS. at Loseley. The beaks of the swans were notched with stars, chevrons, crosses, the initials of the owners' names, or other devices. Hence some have interred, with very little reason, when the monstrosities of heraldry are taken into account, that the sign of the swan with two necks implied nothing more than a swan with two wicks, or distinctive notches on its beak. In the roll of swan marks extant at Loseley are given the marks used for the swans of Lord William Howard, Lord Buckhurst, Sir Henry Weston, Francis Carew, Esq., William More, Esq., and other principal persons resident in Surrey. Also the marks of the Dyers' and the Vintners' Companies, who have still, we believe, the honour of being curators of the swans on the river Thames. The same officer who marks the swans for the above civic companies marks them also, at a stipulated payment, for the King. The expenses are about 300*l.* per annum.

Perquisites of the office of Master of the Swans enumerated.

My very good cosin,

Toching the office of swans in Surrey, I cannot advertis you w^out sight of my boke toching that matter, w^{ch} is at London, who was the auncient farmer of that Shere, nor whether he held it upon accompt, or for a rent certain, but that the auncient rent was £10 for the hole shere, that I have a note of wt me in my boke of receipt of rents, w^{ch} I alwaies carry w^t me. The profit of that office growes diversly as by divers boke and orders, as wel printed as written, may apere, wch if you take the office upon you I will send you. For all straine swans, all swans unmarked, all wild swans, all tame swans that fly, all swans of felons, owt lawed persons or traitors, and many other, are the master of the swans right. He is also to have xiid for every growne bird and alamerce-ments and penalties that shalbe inflicted for any offens w^{ch} at any session for swans shalbe set upon them, and many other rights and benefits belong to the master of the swans, w^{ch} I can not here recite. Besides by the commission under the greates seale w^{ch} is alwaies to be granted by the order of the master of the swans and the comissioners also by himself to be named, is that comission that is also authority to conserve the fish of al rivers and waters, and also the fowle in them, and to punish the offenders in bothe these cases by amercement and otherwise. The benefit of w^{ch} amercements go also to the master of the game, so as even to name his power to p^tecte fishe and fowle in al rivers and other waters in the Shier where we dwell, is a matter of comoditye unto us. Toching any rent to be paid I wil not for this yere require any but upon accompt, to yeld so much, your charges deducted as you shal make. And then your lease must begin from halowtide next, and the rent is paialbe



(Specimens of Swan Marks.)

but on a yere, viz. at alhalowtide come twelf month and not before, being xle, and the leas shalbe that upon a yeres warning you shal leave it, becaus I wil not bind you to your los (but do wish it both pleasure and profit unto you); and now, if I may understand from you that you will accept it w^t these condic^ons, I wil caus a draught of the leas to be made and sent unto you. And so I wish you hartely wel this 29 of July 1593. Your very loving cosin and assured friend,

T. BUCKEHURST.

To my loving frend and cosin Sr
Will'm Moore, knight.

R. Maylard, the Master of the Swans on the Thames, to Sir William More, as Master of the Swans for Surrey, relative to Upping (now corruptly called Hopping) the Swans within their respective limits on a certain day. The struggles of the swans when caught by their pursuers, and the duckings which the latter received in the contest, made this a diversion with our ancestors of no ordinary interest.

May it please you, Sr, this morning I received a l^re affirmed to come from you, but no name thereunto. Wherein yo^r request me to com to Perford to conferr w^t yo^r touching the upping of swannes, w^{ch} I wold most gladly pforme, yf I were not throwghe very earnest busyness letted of my purpose, ffor to

morrow being Tuysdaie I take my jorney along the river of Thames at Gravesend.* And then upon the first Mondaie in August I com westward towards Wyndsor. Wherefore if it maie please you to send to my howse to Hampton Court what daies you meane to appointe for driving the river of Weybridge and Molsey, it shall suffice, to th'end the gamesters maie have knowledge thereof, that they may attend accordingly. I do thinke it wold greatly satisfie them yf yo'did appointe the same upon Tuesday the viith of August, for upon that day they wilbe at the entrance of these rivers. And so praigne you to p'don me for my absence at this tyme, I humbly take my leave. Hampton Courte this Mondaie xxxth of July, 1593.

Yor poore frend to comaunde,

R. MAYLARD.

To the R. W. Sir W. Moore, knt.
at Pirford.

APPLES AND COMFITS.

A ONCE prevalent custom in England, and which is still kept up in some places of the old school, was that of handing round, on winter evenings, a refection of baked or roasted apples, strewed with comfits. A friend informed us, that this old usage, (which we believe to be but little known,) is still in vogue at Trinity College, Cambridge, during the nights of winter. After "dinner in Hall," the fellows repair to the Combination Room, where, with an interval for Chapel, they enjoy the pleasures of wine, cards, and conversation; whilst thus engaged, a number of apples in tin roasters are set before a large, cheerful fire, and when sufficiently done, being strewed with comfits, are handed round to the party.—M. L. B.

IRISH BEGGARS.

IN many parts of Ireland, beggars, chiefly cripples, go about in a sort of vehicle, exactly resembling a large dog-kennel; these conveyances are dragged to the door of any house at which it is the pleasure of their occupants to beg; but once set down before, the mendicant demands as a right, to be forwarded to the next house, village, or town, by the individual of whom he has asked alms, or by some one of his family,—child, or servant. This demand is often enforced by the most insolent and abusive language; and the beggar-man, thus passed on from place to place, traverses the kingdom, driving, no doubt, a thriving trade. A gentleman lately travelling from Belfast to Donoughmore, (we think it might have been Donaghadee,) met above forty of these itinerant kennels.

M. L. B.

* Many swans were anciently kept below bridge. In ancient views of the Port of London, they are usually represented as swimming in that part of the river.

SLAVERY.

A BLACK inhabitant of Freetown, Sierra Leone, one day told an English traveller that he intended spending the following day on the opposite shore. The Englishman remarked that he should like to see the place:—"If you will come," said the negro joyously, "I shall be happy to take you; Dalla Mohammedoo will give me a good price for you."

The Naturalist.

THE MASON-BEE.

(To the Editor.)

YOUR Correspondent C. W., at page 151 of the present volume, appears not to have been aware that the bees to which his anecdote refers, are of the species known to entomologists as that of the Mason-Bee. I had myself an opportunity about two years since, of watching the architecture of one of this tribe, which built its nest in the hollow groove beneath the unopened half of a casement window, in an upstairs room in which I was in the habit of sitting. The insects of this class are, I believe, together with those of the Upholsterer and Carpenter species, denominated from their habits, Solitary Bees. The one in question was unequivocally so; and I watched with interest the progress of the nest, as day by day the industrious and lonely mason returned to his chosen spot, and flew impatiently without the window, waiting until I chose to open it, and permit his ingress to the groove. In the intervals of his absence, I gently opened the second half of the window, and thus commanded the interior of the nest, which, as in the case detailed by C. W., consisted of the finest grey mortar tempered to the consistence of plaster of Paris. With the keenness of an economist, the little labourer had availed himself of the cylindrical roof and flooring formed by the groove; and had contented himself by the erection, at equal distances, of a nicely smoothed and solid wall; forming in the whole, four compact cells, each successively, before closed in, being filled with pollen, for the security and nourishment of the larva, which, on nearer inspection, I found within. How the embryo bee, when sufficiently advanced, was to work its way through the plaster, yet remains a mystery; as an untimely removal from my sanctum, unfortunately precluded any further attention to the offspring of my little favourite.

J. B.

CRICKETS.

WHERE these insects abound, their ravages in the plaster of the dwelling, and their incessant chirping, are equally annoying; and although I am given to understand that it is

thought lucky to have them domesticated in a house, and that persons are known to borrow or to steal them of their more favoured neighbours, and carry them for miles to establish them at home, yet the majority, I fancy, will gladly be informed of any practicable method of extirpating this proverbially merry race.

The habits of the cricket are unquestionably migratory; and I am told that persons not previously aware of their presence, have been both perplexed and surprised in no very pleasant manner, by the sudden apparition of this loquacious tribe in places where they had been hitherto unlooked for. A gentleman whose kitchen has been thus unexpectedly infested, sought a remedy against the increase of numbers among his unwelcome visitors; and by a reference to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, discovered that they might be lured to self-destruction, by nightly placing vessels of liquid beside the hearth. His servant has successfully pursued the plan, and regularly sets shallow and wide dishes, or saucers, filled with the grounds of beer, or with tea, on the kitchen-floor before retiring for the night, and in the morning is rewarded for her attention to their ardent thirst, by the destruction of two or three dozen crickets. J. B.

Fine Arts.

EXHIBITIONS OF 1836.

As London is just now rife with exhibitions of works of art, it may be interesting to notice the merits of a few of the most striking of their attractions.

The Diorama, in the Regent's Park has lately re-opened with a change of scene, the novelty being the village of Alagna, in Piedmont; in the management of which are displayed with surprising effect, the atmospheric and other changes peculiar to the Diorama. The village is first seen by moonlight, surrounded by its peaked mountains, and Monte Rosa, 15,552 feet above the level of the sea. In the foreground is a lake formed by the melting of the snow; in which are reflected the twinkling lights from the distant houses. The avalanches sweep from the mountains, and threaten to overwhelm the village; night approaches, the lights are extinguished, the villagers retire to rest, and "too much familiarized with danger, to dread its immediate approach, they sleep soundly beneath impending death, nor dream that sleep their last. A solitary light, and the unavailing alarm from the church spire, proclaim the sad catastrophe;" the masses fall, and day dawns but to show the solitary spire, the surrounding houses being buried beneath the snow. A chalet in the foreground escapes destruction, and is one of the artist's triumphs:

the snow lying on the broad eaves, the ice for and the snow upon every object around; there to a single stick, are effectively shown. The craggy mountains and their snow-covered, their vastness and distances are admirably conveyed; as is the breathless stillness of the scene, "clear, but, oh! how cold." The view of the interior of the Church of Santa Croce, "the Westminster Abbey of Tuscany," remains the second scene. It is a masterly illusion, with its candles lit by colour, and its transitions from subterranean obscurity to brilliant light. Then its monuments—with what is left of them they fill the spectator: among them are the great Michael Angelo, Vittorio Alferi, and Galileo: here is the cud of reflection for many a long day. The painter of both views is Mr. Bouton.

At the Panorama, in Leicester-square, we have a new view—the city of Lima, the metropolis of Peru, the once glorious land of the sun; from drawings taken by Lieut. W. Smith, R. N.; by whom we see announced for publication, "A Journey from Lima to Para, across the Andes, and down the Amazon." The Panorama is painted in Mr. Burford's best style: the colouring is rich and warm, and the figures which enliven the picture are characteristic, and cleverly grouped. A general outline of the city will be found in the *Mirror*, vol. xxv., p. 129; but will not preclude a quotation from Mr. Burford's intelligent Description:—

"From an observatory, (of which there are several attached to private houses), whence the present Panorama was taken, the summits of the cathedral, the towers of San Francisco and San Domingo, together with the numerous coloured spires and steeples of the various churches and convents, rising amidst groves of orange and lime-trees; and the surrounding luxuriant country, backed by the snow-clad Andes, form a scene not easily to be surpassed in interest, beauty, or extent. Eastward is seen the great square, surrounded by singularly ornamented buildings, amongst which, the noble cathedral stands boldly prominent; beyond the city, the Rimac winds through the beautiful and fertile valley of Lurigancho, and the view is closed by hills of every variety of form and colour, above which tower the lofty and snow-clad summits of the Cordilleras of the Andes. To the south lies a fine and most prolific country, bounded by mountains, stretching to the sea-coast, ending in a bold and rocky promontory, called the Morro Solar, nine miles from the city. On the west is the Alameda, or public promenade, through which the road is seen gradually descending to the port of Callao, six miles distant, where the view is bounded by the shipping in the harbour, the barren island of San Lorenzo, and the blue and peaceful waters of the Pacific; and on the north, beyond the Rimac, is the populous

morib of San Lazaro, inclosed by the noble along seas, and other hills and mountains, And then runs or portions of the Cordilleras), stretchest from the sea-coast on the west, to the lofty ~~peak~~ Christoval on the east, forming a magnificent boundary to the view."

The Exhibition of Pictures at the Suffolk-street Gallery is honourable to the rising skill of British artists; with the drawback of a paucity of historical pictures. There is the usual proportion of portraits, and subjects of the domestic class; the latter calculated to please for a rainy day, but scarcely to raise the dignity of the art.

The designs for the New Houses of Parliament, (with the exception of those for which premiums have been awarded,) are exhibiting in the east wing of the New National Gallery. They abound with ingenuity, often elaborately worked out; but we opine they will only serve to convince the public of the unfitness of their style, the Elizabethan, as it is vaguely termed, for buildings intended for Senate Houses. They must be altogether ill adapted for the transaction of extensive business, such as belongs to our Houses of Parliament. Besides, the Elizabethan is, at best, but a decorative style: it has not the recommendation of affording convenient arrangement, the importance of which must surely have been shown by recollecting the incongruous knot of buildings, in which our legislature have sat for centuries past. A few years since, Mr. Soane was harshly censured for adopting the temple of Jupiter Stator for our Council Office at Whitehall; but this is scarcely so objectionable as the choice of the Elizabethan style, with its useless ornaments, for our Senate Houses. It remains to be justified on the score of convenience and appropriateness; and, if uniformity with the adjacent buildings be desirable, the point will scarcely be carried by this adoption.

swamps, and dotted with tombstones, over which poisonous fogs eternally brood. Such opinions are prevalent,—they so occupy the mind as to supplant the interest due to the colony, as the centre and head-quarters of operations for suppressing the traffic in slaves on the African coast, and as the asylum and foster-mother of the captives when emancipated from the chains and confinement of their prison-ship."

The work, therefore, contains many interesting details of the horrid craft of Slavery, which are of the highest importance; and we quote, with sorrow and shame for our race, that "the recent increase in the number of captured slave-ships on the coast, by our men-of-war painfully proves the extent to which the trade is carried on." With regard to the climate of Sierra Leone, and its effects on the constitution of Europeans, Mr. Rankin adduces facts which must, in some measure, disperse the prejudices which have long mystified our ideas of the colony. Its expense to the mother-country is another fallacy, which will be shaken by the fact, that the large parliamentary grants are absorbed, not by the civil administration of the colony, but by the means employed to enforce the suppression of the slave-trade. "The vituperated colony nearly repays the whole of its own civil expenses, by its own custom-house receipts and other revenues." It may be mentioned that Mr. Rankin has purposely avoided details of the permanent phenomena, the origin and customs of surrounding tribes, and the description of natural productions; though his work contains free and vigorous, descriptive sketches, struck out in the true spirit of a clever observer. The object of his "Visit" appears rather to have been the present social condition of the colony, with especial attention to slavery, health, and climate. We have preferred, as likely to prove most interesting to our readers, a few extracts from the sketches of society.]

New Books.

THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE: A VISIT TO SIERRA LEONE IN 1834.

By F. Harrison Rankin.

[THE aim of these volumes is, in the quaint words of the Preface, "to import sundry African facts into England," regarding a colony little visited and little known, but the ground of much theory. The author continues:—"Few spots upon the earth's face have been so uniformly pronounced deformities without having been seen. None hesitate to condemn it. It is deemed a land of miasma, contagion, and death. It bears the terrific and poetic title of the 'White Man's Grave.' Its aspect is generally suspected to present a uniformity of flats, spongy with

Freetown,

The capital, stands immediately upon the shore of the estuary, at the distance of about five miles from Cape Sierra Leone. At this point, the arm of the sea, which is fifteen miles in width between the Cape and Leopard's Island, narrows to six or seven. To the left, the shore is broken into a series of little bays, with moderate hills gently rising above, and waving with palm-trees; in front is the wide Sierra Leone, glittering in constant sunshine, and bordered by the low woods of the Bullom shore. The inland country, to the west, is intersected by the waters of the Port Logo, Rokel, and Bunce rivers, varied with many a green island, and bearing many a little canoe, formed of the trunk of a tree, and paddled by sturdy savages. The aspect of the country immedi-

ately behind Freetown is bold and imposing; it is a succession of evergreen mountains soaring one above another.

The town itself is picturesque. It rises from the water's edge, and gradually creeps up the sides of the surrounding hills, with its white dwellings and prolific gardens; whilst in the distance, emerging from high woods, appear the country mansions of white gentlemen, with patches of ground devoted to the produce of coffee and fruits. The style in which the houses are generally built throws an oriental character over the view. They are as often of wood as of stone, and are washed white or yellow; piazzas, with pillars at due intervals, support the verandas, and secure a shady walk in the open air even during mid-day; the verandas exhibit rows of jalousies, a kind of Venetian blind painted green; and the roofs, principally formed of layers of thin, dry wood called shingles, project to a great distance, with wide eaves. The greater number of dwellings stand in a courtyard, or in a garden; causing the extent of space covered by buildings to be much greater than in a European town of equal population, and giving it, from the foliage of luxuriant trees, a healthy and fresh appearance. It is flanked on either side by a brook of clear water, which never fails in the most intense weather of the dry season. The channel of these streams may be easily traced by the abundant vegetation. The prolific bounty of Nature, which makes the spot so beautiful and so exciting, and almost invests the busy streets with the charms of the country, is, however, one of the causes of that evil name which pestilence has fixed upon Sierra Leone. The public ways are no sooner watered by the first showers of the wet season than they appear to be converted into fields; the most frequented thoroughfares become nearly impassable from the dense herbage that rises beneath the feet, particularly the indigo, which is constantly cut down to allow the common movements of the inhabitants.

One advantage in the situation of Freetown, and that a valuable one, results from the whole width of the town from east to west being directly upon the ocean, and consequently open to the full benefit of the cool breezes which daily set in from the Atlantic. The houses face this quarter; and as the sun, during the whole of the hot or dry season, shines from the south, the European lives in shade, and escapes the infliction of its intruding glare.

In the midst of the town, three peculiarities are immediately noticed: the total absence of uniformity in costume; the dead silence which reigns in streets where no wagon, cart, or dray of any kind is employed; and the want of inns and hotels, no such accommodation existing when I visited

it. White strangers are not induced to select Sierra Leone as a watering-place, or for a summer excursion. All Europeans, therefore, with the exception of naval men whose home floats with them, who arrive at the colony, seek it for some definite purpose, and in connexion with established residents. If public officers, public residences are ready for them destined for their reception; if mercantile, intending to settle permanently, letters of introduction easily procure a welcome and hospitality. An hotel was established a few years since—it was not wanted—and the speculation failed.

In the European quarter, fronting the sea, are situated the principal public buildings; some of them prodigies of architectural effort in the opinion of the blacks, since they rise to the height of three stories. Government House is a large, wooden box, supported upon a story of stonework, and presenting an appearance resembling a flour-cloth manufactory. The sole pomp which announces its dignity consists in a black soldier pacing beneath a rude piazza at the entrance, and a carriage-way, more ornamental than useful, guarded by two grim stone lions, the only animals of the name to be found in the Mountain of Lions.

The Commissariat is likewise a huge, planked building, painted white in imitation of Government House, but of more massive and lofty pretensions. The military too, loitering in its precincts, in the pride of red coats and black countenances, are more numerous and equally haughty. Memory, happy in not a few reminiscences of hospitality connected with these edifices, is fain to quote a veritable proverb—

Fronti nulla fides;

which, being interpreted, means to say, that excellent men and excellent dinners are sometimes found within coarse specimens of architecture.

But the Church stands foremost, if it yet stands at all, in importance and interest. It is hailed by the distant voyager as nearly the only Christian temple upon the coast; for I am given to understand that there is none at the British settlement on the Gambia. It is a sataka* to the savage Satan-worshipping Bullom; a stumbling-block to the contemptuous Mussulman; a sanctuary to the matrimonially disposed cannibal; a rough ashlar to colonial masons; a hobby of successive governors; and an item in the national expenditure of 80,000*l*. It has been many years in progress; and, although several times finished, has constantly had portions taken down in order that the taste of different influential patrons of the arts might find indulgence.

The shops of Regent-street would blush

• Devil-temple.

could they see their fellows of Sierra Leone. A large room is set apart for retail business by the wholesale merchant; who sells every article, from tons of ivory and teak, gold-dust and camwood, to a single needle or a wafer, a nail of tape or yard of thread. The room is called a store, and of such stores a dozen may be found in the metropolis. One will represent all. As the small contributions of many exceed a large payment from one, the storekeeper wisely and warily seeks the custom of the blacks, who are as the sand, rather than the whites, who are as the phoenix. The store exhibits strings upon strings of beads, of blue, white, and amber glass, certain lures to the gentle sex; a less copious, but more expensive show of coral bands and necklaces entices the lover to extravagance, that he may woo his coy mistress with the costly and never-to-be-refused present, to deck her slender waist. The next potent temptation is a goodly collection of bottles, containing rum and Hodgson's ale, at which even the abstemious Mussulman casts a longing eye, but which he may not purchase, unless under the shallow pretext of medicine for a sick wife. Umbrells, incentives to marriage, from the splendour which they throw upon that august ceremony, are suspended in rows. Palm oil, red and odorous, the favourite sauce for rice; yams and soap, iron pots, scissors and knives, blue cotton handkerchiefs, hats and cheeses, tobacco and tea-cups, are the most prominent articles in a Freetown shop.

In the wide streets of Freetown, one sight only bears an English stamp—the rum-shops, corresponding in comparative number, in attraction, and in custom with the gin-temples of London. The stranger may stroll day after day without discovering any similarity between the metropolis of this colony and that of the mother-country other than this the most repulsive and degrading.

There is a singularity in Freetown, perhaps peculiar to itself. It has been compared to Constantinople, Smyrna, Malta, and Alexandria, by those who have visited the Levant, in respect to the variety and contrast in the costumes and nations of its inhabitants. The African town probably exceeds either of these cities in the number of its tribes, certainly in difference of dress. But the distribution of the quarters of Freetown is unique; it being an aggregate of several districts, named from the inhabitants of each respectively, but not distinguished by any obvious line of demarcation, parts of the same street being sometimes in different districts. The Christian quarter of Constantinople, and the Jewish sections in English towns in olden times, demonstrate a feeling of exclusion not operating in the divisions of Freetown, where the rights of all are equal.

The Settlers, free blacks, and voluntary

emigrants from America, are a community associating little with the other inhabitants, and reside in that quarter of the metropolis called Settler-town. Next to them, on the east, are the abodes of the Mahometan tribes, Foulahs and Mandingos, known as Foulah-town. Maroon-town, in which Maroons principally reside, spreads to the west of Government House; then Jaloff-town, and Soldier-town, beneath the barracks. The cluster of wicker huts built by the Kroos is called Kroo-town; and Congo-town stands upon the eminence, peopled by natives of Congo.

Black Preachers.

I paused to inquire of a "Captivated" negro, who stood at his hut door staring at the white man, the way to "Dickey Chapel." Human nature is human nature; and before he could open his lips to reply, his wife ran from within to give a long and not very intelligible answer instead of her husband; excusing him, "He no sabby for talk; she sabby for talk good." A dialogue ensued.

"Good morning, maamy."

"Tankee daddy." A smile and nod.

"Do you know Uncle Dickey?"

"Me can sabby Daddy Dickey!"

"Who makes preach-palaver at some grass house near this place?"

"Him can make preach-palaver good."

"Then you attend Daddy Dickey?"

"Me can go for hear Daddy Dickey!"

"You like him better than Prince Stober?"

"Ah! him good, Stober much good; but Dickey he pass toder too much: ay, Dickey pass him; Dickey talk big time, talk good noise, talk big, loud, talk big time much till sun go down; him strong, Dickey strong, pass toder!"

After such commendation from an attendant and admirer, it may be supposed that I soon reached the door of the chapel.

Daddy or Uncle Dickey now ascended the pulpit, a large, heavy-headed negro in a blue coat, with bright metal buttons. Every tongue was silenced, every look fixed, whilst his sharp eye searched each countenance previous to the delivery of his text. The precise subject which the sermon was designed to enforce, it would be difficult to define; even the text being unintelligible with exception of the words, "Sasas, Meesau, an Bennygo," whom he stated to have been "three men walking in an oven." He spake of "Nebuchadnezzas" as "Daddy King, who done make big feast, with plenty banana, plenty yam, plenty kuskusoo, plenty beef-steak and rice, plenty rum and palm-oil, plenty too much." From the seats of the table he plunged into a fervid description of the burning abyss, where "worm no die,"

and where unfortunates might pray for the rainy season, "but stop a bit, he no done come yet;" and where he assured his friends most of them would inevitably live in endless pain and "troublio."

At the moment of his speaking, the thermometer was standing at 96° in the shade, and the oppressed sense felt this eloquence. "Oh!" he exclaimed, dashing himself forward, "you! all bad! bad! sader in he'm, moder in he'm; you soul in hell, hissing hot in fire and bimtony! Den soul have big-palaver with God: soul him say, God! what matter for me no inglorio?"—The discourse was prolonged over many a weary half-hour, and the good woman's statement that "Daddy Dickey talk good noise till sun go down," seemed a prophecy about to be fulfilled. At length, when every terrific denunciation and withering curse, which depended upon fire, and red-hot iron, and brimstone, and involved maddening thirst and burnt members, had been introduced with small regard to any specific plan, utterance became impeded by hoarseness, the dry tongue cleaved to the roof of the mouth, and the sermon faded and fell, not from a logical conclusion having been attained, but from sheer inability to talk longer.

One of the black preachers in Freetown preached from the text, "Melchizedec without father, without mother, without descent," which he proceeded to explain to his audience: "Dat mean for say—without father, him have no daddy; without mother, him have no mammy; without *dée-cent, dat mean for say, without any genteel behaviour at all."

MRS. BRAY'S DEVONSHIRE.

(Concluded from page 237.)

[WITH another page of leasings must conclude our notice of this pleasant work.]

Story of a Bed.

At Sydenham, in one of the sleeping chambers, there is a most splendid red bed, of the age of Charles I. It had three prince's feathers, as they are called, within the head of the bed, formed of the same stuff with the furniture. The whole was lofty and elegant, unlike any modern couch, and very low and comfortable for the sleeper. I saw, likewise, a great number of old chests; and felt, I confess, a good deal of woman's curiosity to be peeping into them; fancying that possibly might there be hidden some treasured narrative, some forgotten papers of the eventful times that every object in the house brought vividly before the mind. There were Indian chests too, and old chairs, and rich chased metal tables, and the most costly ancient cabinets, that again set me longing to be peeping—and I thought of the old names by

* Accenting the first syllable.

which the little drawers and boxes in such were called,—the *shuttles*; and I thought too of an old story that I had once a mind to turn into a novel, about a lady who died of a broken heart, and would never tell the cause—but when on her death-bed, she pointed with her hand to the cabinet that stood near, and said, "Lift the second shuttle," she paused;—and ere she could speak again, the hand of death was upon her. Her husband rushed from the bed; and scarcely had she breathed her last, when he found too truly the cause of her melancholy fate revealed by raising "the shuttle." Before her marriage she had been beloved by a gentleman of great worth, and, more in caprice than from any real displeasure, had slighted him. In a moment of wounded feeling, he mounted his horse, rushed to the battle, and after standing near Charles I. to the last, fell on Newberry field, covered with wounds. The lady had married an officer in the Parliament forces, and convinced, even on her bridal day, that she could neither forget her old love nor be happy with her new, to whom her father had given her hand, she wrote a letter revealing the secret of her soul, and begging to be buried near William. On the envelope were these words beneath a black seal:—

"When I am dead and cold,
Then let the truth be told."

Mendicant Impostor.

Some years since there was a gentleman in Tavistock, very charitably disposed, who entertained an especial good will and kind feeling towards old sailors. Any old sailor, by calling at his door, received the donation of a shilling and a glass of grog. It was marvellous to see what a number of veteran blue jackets paid him a visit in the course of a year. At last the servant who opened the door observed that all these sons of the sea had a particular patch on one and the same place of one and the same arm. She began at length to fancy that the old patch must be some badge of honour in the service, and yet she thought it a very odd distinction in his Majesty's navy. She mentioned her observation of the circumstance. It awakened suspicion. The next old blue jacket that appeared, decorated with the order of the patch, was therefore watched and followed to his retreat. He was observed to retire to the house of a certain old woman, not of very good fame, and one who was grievously suspected of the crime here known by the name of *overlooking*; that is, casting an evil or witch's eye on another, to do him an injury, or to bewitch him, or sometimes to drive him mad. To the den of this Sycorax was the son of Neptune thus traced, and in a little while he was seen to come forth again, in his own natural character—that of a street beggar, clothed in rags. The cheat was apparent, and, suffice it to say, that on fur-

ther examination it appeared that the old woman's house was one of friendly call to all the vagabonds and sharpers who paced the country round; and that amongst other masquerade attire for her friends, she kept by her a sailor's old jacket and trousers for the purpose of playing off the imposition just detailed. No doubt she was paid for the loan of the dress.

Carter Foote.

There was some years ago a character of this borough, (Tavistock,) in humble life, whose name was Carter Foote. On returning from Oakhampton, whither he had journeyed on business, he remounted his horse, after having enjoyed himself at the public-house, and attempted to pass the river below the bridge, by fording it over. The day had been stormy, and one of those sudden swells of the river (that sometimes happen in hilly countries where the currents rush rapidly from the moors) taking place, he found himself in extreme danger. After long endeavouring to struggle with the current, he leapt from his horse upon a large portion of rock, which still kept its head above water; and there the unfortunate man stood calling aloud for help, though his cries were scarcely audible, from the roaring of the wind and the water.

Some person going by ran and procured a rope, which he endeavoured to throw towards the rock; but finding it impossible to do so without further assistance, he begged two men, belonging to Oakhampton, who drew near the spot, to give him help and save the stranger, whose life was in so much peril. One of them, however, very leisurely looked at the sufferer, and only saying "Tis a Tav'stock man, let un go," walked off with his companion, and poor Carter Foote was drowned.

The Gatherer.

Portrait of Napoleon.—(To the Editor.)—Permit me to explain, that my communication respecting Napoleon's portrait, (page 143,) was intended to refer to paintings, not miniatures,—miniature-painting being a distinct branch of art. Sir Thomas Lawrence, for instance, painted to perfection in oil; but was indifferent in miniatures: while Cosway, long since dead, and Andrew Robertson of the present day, are as exquisite in miniature, as unnoticed in oil.

The *bijou* possessed by the British Museum, (see page 160,) is by Issibe, a celebrated French miniature-painter; and is a gem among the cabinet treasures of the Museum. It is, however, to the general collection of large paintings that one of David's, similar to the portrait in the India House, would be an addition; where a casual visiter might turn from the curiosities of Nature, to trace,

if it might be so termed, in the skilful delineation of art, "the workings of the mighty mind." The painter, David, was competent to this: gifted with genius, distinguished as a literary character, and possessing, moreover, from intimate friendship with Napoleon, opportunities of observation, in every mood, of which he availed himself in his numerous portraits. He accompanied the expedition to Egypt, and most of the engravings in Denon's curious works were made from David's drawings. It is a matter of regret, therefore, not that the one in the Museum is so little known, but that our national institution does not possess one from so celebrated and able a master.—A. C. R.

Fecundity of Plants.—It has been computed that the elecampane produces 3,000 seeds; the sunflower, 4,000; and the tobacco, 40,320. A. C. R.

To preserve Pearls.—The discoloration of these beautiful substances through weather, &c., is frequently observed. It is, perhaps, not generally known that pearls kept in dry, common magnesia, in lieu of the cotton wool used in jewel-cases, are never known to lose their brilliancy. A. C. R.

Black v. White.—A child, overcome with terror, dropped her basket of yams, in a village of Sierra Leone, and could not be prevailed upon to return for it whilst a white man was near, even by the offer of a big copper. A negro villager, with deeply carved and chopped face, but of intelligent countenance and well clothed, observed that the small child did not yet know that the white man was its friend, and the friend of its mother, father, and brothers; but that it would learn, as he had himself done, to thank and love the white man, "although the white man was so ugly to look upon."—*The White Man's Grave.*

Sierra Leone.—The Englishman's house is "no castle" here; it offers free entrance to all blacks or browns who have a whim to inspect it or to make a visit. Habits are still so primitive, that no dwelling in Freetown boasts bell or knocker. Monsieur Tonsou would have found it an asylum. The outer door is generally left open during the day; and the consequence is an influx of wives and daughters of the butcher, tailor, carpenter, and mason, at all times and without ceremony. They stroll in perfect ease through the apartments, repose on the couches of the verandas and inner rooms at pleasure, and would consider hindrance or expulsion a breach of privilege.—*Ibid.*

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

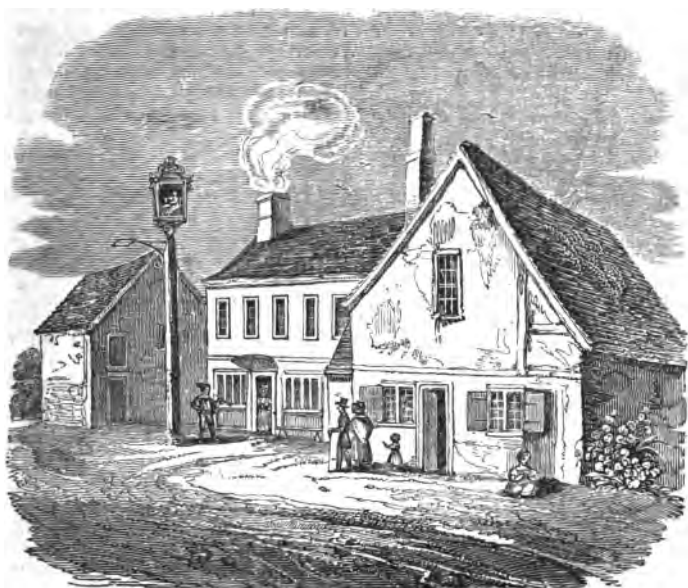
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 774.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]



BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM COBBETT, FARNHAM, SURREY.

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

OF Cobbett's birthplace little is mentioned, either by himself, or in any memoir of him. It is a cottage-like dwelling, situated on the south side of the town of Farnham, at the extreme end of Longbridge, or Downing-street, immediately over and facing the bridge. Here William Cobbett was born, March 9, 1766. The house is well known by the sign of "The Jolly Farmer," for its home-brewed ale and beer from the Farnham hop. It is now in good repair, having, at different times, been almost rebuilt since the Cobbetts left, which was about the year 1780. But it has still the appearance of one of the old village public-houses, now so seldom met with; known by its clean interior, the large windows, (diamond-paned,) the white-washed walls, the huge sign and antique chimneys; and last, though not least, by the good-natured countenance of the neat, jolly, and bustling hostess, who has lately improved the interior of the house, by having a large room built for the accommodation of the clubs which meet there.

The garden is upon a steep bank, or sand rock, immediately behind the house. and, in some situations, can be seen far above the

roof. And here, Cobbett, speaking of himself, says: "From my very infancy—from the age of six years, when I climbed up the side of a steep sand rock,* and there scooped me out a plot of four feet square, to make me a garden, and the soil for which I carried up in the bosom of my little blue smock frock, (a hunting shirt,) I have never lost one particle of my passion for these healthy and rational, and heart-charming pursuits."

And again, he says, (many years afterwards,) "But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! everything had become so pitifully *small*! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot, then at the end of it to mount a hill, called Hungary Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile valley of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear. to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before, the death of my father and mother.

* The present occupier has been at the expense of excavating this sand-rock to form a capacious cellar, which is well stored with excellent ale and beer, &c.

There is a hill, not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat, in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height: 'As high as Crooksbury Hill,' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height, therefore, the first object that my eyes sought was this hill.

"The post-boy going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my garden-works,—What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind, all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons, that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle, and tender-hearted, and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room, if I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped."

From this the reader, if he have an atom of fancy, may imagine what is here only reflected through the memory of childhood—a picture of William Cobbett's home!

Farnham.

T. G. DELAMOTTE.

To our obliging Correspondent's communication may be added a few passages relating to the boyhood of Cobbett, from the memoir written by him in America, in the year 1797.

"With respect to my ancestors, I shall go no farther back than my grandfather, and for this plain reason—that I never heard talk of any prior to him. He was a day-labourer: and I have heard my father say, that he worked for one farmer from the day of his marriage to that of his death, upwards of forty years. He died before I was born; but I have often slept beneath the same roof that had sheltered him, and where his widow dwelt for several years after his death. It was a little, thatched cottage, with a garden before the door. It had but two windows; a damson-tree shaded one, and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every Christmas and Whitsuntide to spend a week or two, and torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for breakfast, an apple-pudding for our dinner, and a piece of bread and cheese for supper. Her fire was made of turf, cut from the neighbouring heath; and her evening light was a rush dipped in grease.

* * * * *

"My father, when I was born, was a farmer. The reader will easily believe, from the poverty of his parents, that he had received no very brilliant education; he was, however, learned for a man in his rank of

life. When a little boy, he drove plough for twopence a day; and these his earnings were appropriated to the expenses of an evening school.

* * * * *

"A father like ours, it will be readily supposed, did not suffer us to eat the bread of idleness. I do not remember the time when I did not earn my living. My first occupation was driving the small birds from the turnip-seed, and the rooks from the pease. When I first trudged a field, with my wooden bottle and my satchel swung over my shoulders, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles; and, at the close of the day, to reach home was a task of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat, and leading a single horse at harrowing barley. Hoeing pease followed; and hence I arrived at the honour of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team, and holding plough. We were all of us strong and laborious; and my father used to boast, that he had four boys, the eldest of whom was but fifteen years old, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. Honest pride and happy days!

"I have some faint recollection of going to school to an old woman, who, I believe, did not succeed in learning me my letters. In the winter evenings my father learnt us all to read and write, and gave us a pretty tolerable knowledge of arithmetic. Grammar he did not perfectly understand himself, and therefore his endeavours to learn us that necessarily failed; for though he thought he understood it, and though he made us get the rules by heart, we learnt nothing at all of the principles."

THE BIBLE OF CHARLEMAGNE.

(To the Editor.)

As many of your readers may feel an interest in the venerable subject of this communication, without possessing an opportunity of personally inspecting it, the following brief description may not be unacceptable. This ancient manuscript is denominated "*Biblia Sacra Latina ex versione Sancti Hieronymi. Codex Membranaceus, Sæculi VIII., Scriptus Manu Celebrissimi Alcuini, Venerabilis Bedæ Discipuli, et Carolo Magno Donatus, Die quo Romæ Coronatus fuit.*" It was written by the learned Anglo-Saxon Alcuine, the friend and disciple of the Venerable Bede, at the express solicitation of the Emperor Charlemagne; it occupied twenty years in transcribing, and was presented to the Emperor on the day of his coronation, A.D. 801.

This inestimable work is a large folio, and consists of 449 leaves of vellum, written in double columns, with such precision and beauty, and with so little contraction, as almost to shake the beholder's faith with regard to its remote antiquity. The illuminations are rich, but without that gorgeous and overloaded

splendour which characterizes the manuscripts of later ages; and the initial letters at the commencement of the chapters are exceedingly large, and beautifully decorated in gold and colours; while the more minute portions of which they are composed, display unique and masterly execution. The frontispiece partakes of the same general character, and is surrounded by a border in which is the word "Carolus."

There are also four curious paintings, which throw light on the state of the fine arts during the Heptarchy. The first represents the Mosaic account of the Creation of Man, his temptation and final expulsion from Paradise: if the figures here present an exact portraiture of our first parents, their beauty would but poorly contrast with that of their present descendants; they are positively frightful, and painted of a red colour. Of perspective it is evident that the artist was ignorant, but expression is strongly portrayed in the countenances of Adam and his wife—of fear and shame when in Eden and detected; of terror and consternation, when driven thence by the avenging angel.

The next painting is highly interesting: it represents Alcuine as Moses, receiving a scroll from a hand issuing from the clouds; whilst in a lower department is Charlemagne depicted as Aaron, with a band of Israelites accompanying him, and Louis le Debonnaire, who is represented as Joshua. The third and fourth paintings are illustrative of the New Testament: in the latter is an altar, on which is placed the Bible of Alcuine, with a lion, typical of the Old, and the Lamb, of the New Testament; while Alcuine, seated in a chair, is receiving inspiration from the four Evangelists.

If we are to admit the extreme antiquity of this celebrated work, which, indeed seems too well authenticated to allow of scepticism, the four pages which contain the Harmony of the Gospels, and the two pages prefixed to the Epistles of St. Paul, written between columns and beneath circular arches, afford strong proof of the correctness of the supposition that Norman architecture is only a debased imitation of the more ancient Roman. In these paintings, the columns are long and slender, and the marble veining beautifully delineated, and distinct as when first executed; while the semicircular arch and chevron moulding, &c., all tend to prove them imitations of some Roman works, which a lapse of 400 years had not then consigned to that oblivion which has since so completely overwhelmed them.

There remain to be noticed some verses at the end of the book, wherein, with reference to the work, Alcuine says—

"*Is Carolus qui jam scribere(j) jussit eum;*"

which gives authority to the fact, that this revision of St. Jerome's Latin version of the

Holy Scriptures was written at the express command of Charlemagne. The venerable scribe shortly after takes leave of his pious reader in that quaint and simple style so characteristic of the writers of hoar antiquity:

"*Pro me quisque legas versus orare memento;
Alchuine dicor ego, tu sine fine vale.*"

Such, then, is the Bible which the Great Charles valued so highly as even to make distinct mention of it in his will. It was the venerable volume just described, which his grandson, Lothaire the First, adopted as his companion in the cloister, when throne and sceptre, power and France, were lost to him for ever. Ages rolled away, and yet the sacred treasure remained under the roof which had given him shelter, until the suppression of the monastery of Prum, in Lorraine, in 1576, caused its removal by the learned Benedictines to Grandis Vallis, near Basle. In 1793, the consequences of the French Revolution once more disturbed it; and from the hands of M. Bennot, Vice-President of the Tribunal of Delémont, it came, in 1822, into the possession of the present proprietor, M. de Speyr Passavant, of Basle. The Bible is covered with velvet, and inclosed in a box cased with iron.—C. S.

Antiquariana.

SHRINES AND PILGRIMAGES.

(Concluded from page 235.)

RETURNING to pilgrimages, the custom of performing them by proxy was, perhaps, a consequence of the catholic doctrine, that an individual might, on some occasions, depute his religious duties to others, without detriment to himself. Generally, however, these pilgrimages were performed only after the death of the person to whom they referred; though a few instances occur of their taking place in his lifetime. Provisions for these post-obit pilgrimages are frequently met with in the wills of distinguished persons, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. In the earlier instances, they were commonly directed to Rome or Jerusalem, and, in these cases, were committed to priests, who were directed to pray or sing masses at all convenient places by the way. But, in later ages, like other pilgrimages, they were more commonly made to domestic shrines, and appear to have been intrusted to simple laymen. A pious lady, whose will is printed in Blomefield's *Norfolk*, provides for a pilgrim to visit, after her death, no less than eight different shrines within that county. It is probable, from the low rate at which these spiritual commissions were generally paid, that the same person undertook several of them at once. In the will of Lady Cecily Gerbridge, in 1418, only ten marks are left for a pilgrim to visit Rome; and, in another, that of Gardiner, Bishop of

Norwich, in 1508, only twenty marks are left for the same pilgrimage, with the condition of singing at Rome there for thirteen weeks.* In some few cases, the executors of a will were directed to give certain sums to all pilgrims without distinction, who were willing to undertake an assigned pilgrimage for the deceased.

The practice of making valuable presents to shrines, though not assuming the form of pilgrimages, was very nearly allied to them in spirit. These presents were made annually, or at other periodical intervals, by most persons of rank in catholic ages. It appears from the household book of the Earl of Northumberland, that he gave donations every year to several popular shrines, and kept a candle constantly burning at some of them, with a provision for a priest to attend it. Edward I. appears to have made periodical offerings to nearly one hundred shrines; and his queen is recorded to have given twelve florins of gold, for herself and her son, to the several shrines of Becket at Canterbury, with three florins more for the infant with which her majesty was then pregnant.† It was common in sickness for the invalid or his friends to tempt the intercession of a saint by vowing to present quantities of corn, bread, or wax, at his shrine; the precise quantity being generally determined by the weight of the patient. In one of the *Paston Letters*, Margaret Paston informs her brother, that his mother had vowed an image of wax of his weight to Our Lady of Walsingham, and that she was going to the same shrine on a pilgrimage for him.‡ But the most valuable presents of this kind were those made by bequest. Ladies, at their death, often left their richest dresses and most costly jewels to the shrine of their favourite saint; § and, it was, probably, in this way, as much as by pilgrimage, that immense wealth was accumulated. A most sumptuous bequest of this kind occurs in the will of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in 1435. He directs his executors to cause four images of pure gold, each containing twenty pounds, to be made of the likeness of himself in his coat of arms, and holding an anchor between his hands: one to be given to the shrine of St. Alban, another to St. Thomas of Canterbury, a third to Bridlington in Yorkshire, and a fourth to St. Winifred, at Shrewsbury. ||

One reason, probably, for making gifts in this form, rather than in money, was to insure their permanent attachment to the shrine to which they were bequeathed. At shrines, like that of Becket, it may be supposed, from their immense wealth, that a great part

of the presents were preserved; but, at many of the lesser ones, the priests avowedly claimed the gifts as their own. At the celebrated image of Our Lady, in St. Paul's, even the candles set up by the devotees were not allowed to burn, but were regularly taken down, and carried to a room below the Chapter House, where they were melted as a perquisite of the canons.¶ The same appears to have been the case with the offerings at nearly all the shrines in London; and, from the loss of this source of revenue, the value of many of the livings was sensibly diminished at the Reformation.

To this cause may, also, perhaps, be attributed the excessive number of rural shrines. Under strong temptations of gain, there will never be wanting persons in any profession to take advantage of ignorance and credulity; and such disinterested forbearance was least of all to be expected in the clergy of the middle ages. The history of one of the absurd relics mentioned at page 87, the good sword of Winfarthing, is, probably, a fair sample of that of a majority of shrines, if their origin could be known. This precious relic was originally the sword of a robber who took sanctuary in the churchyard, but escaped through the negligence of the watchman, and left this sword behind him. It was laid up for many years in an old chest; but the parson and clerk, at length, striking on the idea of proclaiming it as a relic, drew it from its obscurity, and made a handsome revenue of their device.** The image of the Virgin at Worcester, when unfrocked by the Reformers, was found to be the statue of one of their bishops.††

Many of the shrines were as mean in external appearance as they were absurd in purpose. The usual representation of God the Father resembled "an old, broken-backed man, with a white head and beard, a wrinkled forehead, large hanging lips, and toothless gums."‡‡ It is probable, however, that this description might apply chiefly to the smaller shrines. The richer ones were often furnished with great sumptuousness, and, like the magnificent edifices in which they were placed, were well calculated to inspire the awe and wonder of a barbarous people. Many of them were of solid gold, or richly gilt and set with jewels. Tapers were continually burning before them; banners were suspended over them, and sometimes the effigies of knights in complete armour, stood around them as if for a guard.§§

¶ Dugdale's St. Paul's.

** Blomefield's Norfolk, i., 122.

†† Burnet's History of the Reformation.

‡‡ Brown's Actes of Christ and Antichrist, (1556.)

§§ Taylor's Index Monasticus.—As specimens of the ingenuity which was expended upon some shrines, we may refer to the Anglo-Saxon shrine in Peterborough Cathedral, described in the Mirror, vol. xxi., p. 392; and to the shrine of St. Ethelbert,

• Taylor's Index Monasticus.

† Liber Quotidianus Garderolæ, Ed. I.

‡ Paston Letters, iii., 25.

§ Testamenta Vetusta, 246.

|| Ibid. 231.

There can be no doubt of the injurious effects, which, in some cases, arose from pilgrimages, and especially those of the lower orders. In almost every town and neighbourhood, the loose and idle part of the population seem to have been the most persevering pilgrims. The interlocutor before quoted in Sir Thomas More's Dialogue, observes that "the most part that cometh, cometh for no devotion at all; but only for good company to babble thitherward, and drinke dronke there, and then dance and reel homeward." But so far as the positive evidence goes, the pilgrimages of the better classes were more severe in their character, or, at least, more decorous. Instances might occur of their being converted into licentiousness; but they were, probably, productive, on the whole, of far more good than evil. A part of the imputations under which they lie, arose from the conduct of persons who were merely pilgrims in disguise. There were love-pilgrims, trading pilgrims, pilgrim adventurers, &c., whose objects had scarcely in profession any connexion with religion. Of course, the crimes or irregularities of such maskers cannot, with any fairness, be charged upon those who assumed the profession in reality.

Hitherto, reader, our details have related the shrines and pilgrimages of past ages.* That such memorials of superstitious credulity exist to the present day among the wrecks of civilization in the East is lamentably true. Mecca still contains the three holiest things in the Mohammedan faith: the well, Zemzem; the Kaaba, or House of God; and the Black Stone. The city is entirely supported by pilgrims from every part of the Mohammedan world, who pass round the sacred stone seven times, and kiss it as often; but the number of pilgrims is now much less than formerly, owing partly to the decay of religious zeal, and the decline of the power and wealth of the Mohammedan states; and partly also to Mecca being subject to the incursions of the Wahabees. Yet, thousands fall victims annually on these pilgrimages. Lamartine tells us that lately, no less than 40,000 pilgrims, harassed by cholera, fatigue, and thirst, were left behind in the desert; adding, "the dust of the desert surrounding Mecca, is, in fact, the dust of men!"

Nor have the *ignes fatui* of pilgrimages been totally extinguished in Christian Europe. In Switzerland, Einsiedeln, an abbey of Benedictines in the canton of Schwyz, is at present the most frequented place of pil-

grimage in catholic Christendom. Loretto, the rich and the famed, hides its diminished head before the greater attraction of *Nôtre Dame des Ermites*, in the village of Einsiedeln. The principal attraction here is the miraculous image of the Virgin, which is inclosed in a small, marble chapel, over which the abbey is erected. This image is the principal cause of all its riches and renown. Thousands and thousands of pilgrims come from all quarters to kneel before the sainted shrine, and to obtain indulgences. Over the door is written, "*Ici on obtient indulgence plénière et rémission des péchés.*" There is a fountain before the entrance, at which all pilgrims drink, it being stated that Christ himself drank at it. The apartments of the abbey are fitted up on a splendid scale, and the riches showered in by the devout, are immense.

The pilgrimages, to the year 1831, had been rapidly increasing: in 1817, there were 114,000 pilgrims; in 1824, 150,000; in 1828, 176,000; and, in 1831, 190,000. A recent tourist, from whose Journal we extract these particulars, says:—"We walked with some pilgrims who had come from the north of Germany: it was a family group. The father, mother, son, and daughter, and the old grand-dame. The latter was the most weary: footsore and exhausted, her faltering lag announced long travel and severe toil. To look at her, one would have thought she could not have hobbled a mile from her own heritage, and yet here she was, hundreds of leagues from her home, and having the same distance to return, buoyed up by devout feeling and superstitious hopes. The others were also tired in proportion to their ages: the young ones laughed with us, and between their prayers uttered jokes which we could not understand, except by the laughing eye, and the merry, open countenance. I am sure we all ejaculated *our* inward prayers, that theirs might find a merciful acceptance in a forgiving Redeemer.

* * * * *

"A journey to Einsiedeln is considered indispensable before death. As the legend over the door states, here they obtain remission for sins past, and indulgence for crimes yet uncommitted. Here, too, they leave, in offerings to the shrine, monies ill afforded, and the reward of bitter toil and labour.

"The men and women alternately chaunt prayers in a monotonous voice, and at the end of each a bead is passed on the string which they carry in their hands. We met groups returning from the monastery, as merry as crickets: no prayers, no rosary, no chaunts; only their scrip refilled on their back."

in Hereford Cathedral, described at pp. 49 and 50 of the same volume.

* The basis of these gleanings has been an interesting paper, entitled "*Shrines and Pilgrimages*," in the Second Series of the Retrospective Review, part v., pp. 301-314. The author is understood to be the late Rev. James Dallaway, the distinguished antiquary.

† Travelling Mems. By Thomas Dyke, jun. 1834.

The Public Journals.

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A HOMICIDE.

[SOME dozen pages of *Fraser's Magazine* for the present month are occupied by a stirring paper entitled the *Memoirs of a Homicide*. It contains passages which to our mind, are, in their way, excellently written in the most attractive magazine style of adventureship. The framework is the history of a wretched man, who, having killed a friend in a duel at Carlisle, flees to North America, next visits France; wanders over the Alps and the Apennines; traverses Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and Persia; returns to France and England, and the house of his fathers on the western coast of South Wales; next to the scene of his duel, and the starting point of our extract.]

Whilst immersed in thought, I was not aware, until he drew nigh, of the approach of a young gentleman, who, mounted on a fine horse, galloped close up to me. He drew up, and said, in a stern voice, "So, villain! I have found you. I have traced you from Preston, and was told I should find you not far hence." I started: he sprung from his horse, and seized me by the collar. I stared with astonishment and fear, for I thought the hour of retribution was come. He continued, "You had better come with me quietly; I can swear to you being one of the set; it was you who gagged me,—I know you by your drunken looks." I recovered sufficiently to say, "You are mistaken." I now determined to rid myself of this fellow's violence by means as violent, and grappled with him.

Whilst struggling, I happened to look up, and saw several men, armed with guns and other weapons, at no great distance, running towards us over the moor. I became frenzied with alarm, lest I should be taken and discovered. "Loose me!" I cried, hoarse with conflicting passions, "or you shall rue it bitterly." Finding that I was on the point of breaking from him, my assailant shortened the cudgel which he held in one hand, and with one end of it struck me a violent blow on the forehead. I found I could not escape; the other men were rapidly approaching. I relaxed my hold on my foe, and drew a short dagger which I always carried in my bosom; it gleamed a moment in the air, and then was plunged to the hilt in his breast. He fell senseless. I looked on him, conscience-stricken—he was the second victim! But how could I have avoided it? There was no time, however, for such thoughts; the enemy were at hand; and I turned and seized the horse, which stood quietly grazing close by, and leaped on his back, and galloped away towards the Borders. Several bullets whistled by me, but I heeded them not.

The fear of being taken alone filled my

thoughts, and saved me at the moment from that horror which afterwards seized upon me, when the excitement of peril was over. My former residence in the neighbourhood had made me tolerably familiar with the country on either side the Borders; and, as I galloped along, I tried to determine whither I should bend my course. After much debate, I resolved to make for Berwick, as I thought it most probable that my pursuers would proceed direct to Glasgow; and at Berwick I hoped to fall in with a vessel that would bear me—anywhere. The evening shadows were falling as I passed Netherby, and I was obliged to slacken my pace, and give my horse a little leisure to breathe. I dismounted, too, and examined his shoes, as my safety entirely depended on his strength and ability, and was horror-struck to find that one of them was so loose as imperatively to require the aid of a blacksmith. I therefore rode gently to a little shop by the way side, and desired the smith to secure the shoe. I had nothing to do but keep watch at the door; and my impatience grew so strong that I had almost resolved to abandon my horse, and prosecute my flight on foot; but at length this most execrable of blacksmiths finished his task. I mounted once more, and gave the villain a guinea, instead of the broken head he deserved. He desired me to "bide a wee, and he would fetch me the siller in a moment." I guessed the space of time his moment was likely to occupy, and therefore he had no sooner turned his back than I rode off. Owing either to the hurry I was in, or that my memory at that point failed me, I entered upon the Glasgow road, instead of pursuing the one which leads to Selkirk and Edinburgh; and had proceeded some miles before I discovered my mistake. I was determined not to retrace my steps a yard, and turned down a lane which led in the direction of the road I sought; and I hoped that a couple of hours would bring me upon it just where it enters the deep bosom of Eekdale.

The lane was about a mile long, and terminated at a farm-house, round which when I had ridden, I found myself in a large field. Here my distresses began; darkness came on apace; I could scarcely distinguish the hedges about me, and my horse snorted and shied as he passed the black cattle which lay on the ground quietly resting for the night. How I wished that the moon would arise, as we stumbled on in the dark! and bitterly cursed an existence that was dark, and devious, and hateful, as the trackless scenes I now traversed. My horse grew sensibly tired with his difficult and irregular progress; but generously laboured on, struggling to preserve the life of him who had slain his master. At last the moon arose, shedding her mild light over the savage scenery amid

which I now rode, and disclosed a path, which I blessed her for showing. The good horse trotted briskly forward; and at length we descended a steep and wooded hill, one of the sides of a deep vale; and in this vale I found the long-sought road. I saw at once that I was only in Liddesdale, though I had expected to have emerged much further north; and now we arrived at a narrow bridge which crossed the Liddel, where I paused, and dismounted, and slackened the girths of my steed, and allowed him a few moments' respite.

I stood upon the ancient bridge; the moon just looked over the lofty hills, and down upon the bed of the river, which far reflected her image, and danced and sparkled in her rays. I looked around; on either side of the bridge, but at some distance from it, the winding of the stream causes the opposite banks to unite in appearance, giving to the spot the likeness of a little lake, whose sides are clothed down to the water's edge with graceful woods, through which at intervals starts the naked rock, like the head of the bald eagle rising from amid his plumage. It is a beautiful spot, and I had known it well in other days; but now its undisturbed solitude, and the cold rays of the unsympathizing moon struck a chill to my heart, and made me keenly feel the loneliness and helplessness of my condition. The imminency of danger seemed to be still higher, and I began to droop beneath the heaviness of despair. The foreboding was just,—for now the solemn stillness of night was broken by the deep baying of a hound. I started, and listened with breathless attention. After a time it came on the ear again, nearer and louder; and I fancied I could distinguish the faint hullo of men. The frightful idea rushed to my mind—they are hunting me with a blood-hound, as they would track a hare with beagles! I sprung to the saddle, struck my spurless heels into the sides of my horse, and made him gallop along the road. On we went; Johnnie Armstrong's tower was soon left behind; and as we passed it I could not help thinking that many a man had heretofore, like myself, been hunted up Liddesdale. But *they* had strongholds to flee to, friends and vassals to succour and avenge; I had neither friend nor resting-place, nor hope of sympathy nor aid. I knew not whither to turn my steps, and my steed was weary with travel, and myself faint for want of sustenance. The moon seemed to eye me coldly, and shed her effulgence upon me only to point me out, as I fled along the deep vale like an evil spirit of the night. And now we approached the grave of the famous free-booter; it is just at the edge of a wood, where there might formerly have been a chapel or kirk; but nothing now remains save a few tombstones to mark the burial-place of the

wilderness. Opposite this spot I thought I remembered a path which led over the wilds to the town of Hermitage, where I hoped I might meet with a stage-coach, or hit upon some other expedient to baffle my pursuers; I therefore dashed from the high road, breast-ed the rapid Liddel, and made for an opening in the hills. The ascent was awfully steep and difficult, and my horse floundered and laboured so much in the thick heather, that I got off, and led him. There was no path that I could find, and we toiled long to reach the brow of the hill, which seemed only more distant as I approached it; twice I sank to the earth in despair, resolved to abide my destiny; but hope returned with the momentary cessation of fatigue, and the instinct of life impelled me to another effort. On we struggled, and at length gained the summit: here I again sank down, gasping with weariness, whilst my good steed, with expanded nostrils, and the sweat dropping from every hair, drooped his head beside me.

It was at the entrance to Eskdale. I lay some minutes, when I was aroused by the deep bay of the hound, which the echoing hills tossed from side to side. I started to my elbow, and listened with such intense eagerness that I could hear distinctly every pulsation of my heart; and the perspiration broke on my forehead in cold drops. With ear and mouth open, and every sense alive, I listened: again the hollow sound rose on the air, and I fancied the animal stood on the brink of the river at the spot where I had crossed; I became sure that I was the object of his pursuit. It was then a long, continuous howl, as though he were at fault, and disappointed of his prey; soon it sank to a low, broken murmur, as if he were choking; but I knew he was only swimming the stream. There was a moment's pause, but again a short, sharp, eager bark, followed by the continual roll, yo! yo! yo! of his accursed voice, told me that my thirsty enemy had recovered the scent. I started to my feet, and sprung into the saddle, and galloped over the broad, desolate waste, in what I considered to be the direction of Hermitage. Here and there a stunted and blasted tree, which served as a landmark for the shepherd, appeared upon the barren plain, and was the only object that met the eye. It was not long before another dell crossed my way, and down its steep and broken side I hurried, until I reached a swamp at the bottom, where I thought I was lost, and with difficulty contrived to reach the bed of the narrow rivulet which pervaded it. Along its course I held my way for about a mile, and then scrambled through the morass on the other side, and toiled up the opposing hill; and then, pausing in the shade of a few birch-trees, gave my poor, jaded horse a little rest. The moonbeams shone brightly over the waste, and I

could see distinctly the long ridge on the other side of the valley, and watched it with eagerness. I had not been stationary many minutes before I again heard the baying of the hound, and soon after I fancied I could distinguish his form, as for an instant it appeared on my path, crossing the sharp line of the hill, and then vanished in the gloom of the hither side. The shadow was speedily followed by the figures of four men on horseback, whose gigantic forms, as they were seen for a few moments in strong relief on the crown of the hill, filled me with bitter forebodings, and urged me to hurry on my course.

My gallant horse, though sorely spent, continued to bear himself nobly. Over hill and dale, through bog and brook, for many a mile, he held his course with unabated speed; but his sinews, though strong, were not of iron; and at last, though his courage failed not, his strength was almost gone: he had battled long with fatigue, and now he reeled beneath his burden. I dismounted, and led him: despair had taken fast hold of my heart: but yet I struggled on instinctively, and would not give up until utterly unable to crawl a step further.

And now, nearer, and more distinct as it rose from a vale, and ascended to the level plain on which I was running, burst on my ear the infernal yo! yo! yo! of the accursed hell-hound. I sprang on my horse, and, delirious with fear, kicked him with my heels, beat him with my hands, and cursed him in agony. I pulled handfuls of hair from his sides; but he only answered with a groan, as he staggered forward in the last struggles of exertion.

Yo! yo! yo! The hound seemed close behind me. I gasped with terror; I leaned forward, reaching over my horse's head, and urging him on with frenzied exertions; but he seemed not to move. I flung myself from the saddle, and rushed along the plain almost mad with excess of fear; I had not time to turn my head to see how far the avenger was from me. I was unarmed and helpless, and I knew he would tear me in pieces as soon as he reached me. I felt as the hare may be supposed to feel when the dogs are gaining upon her. I strained every nerve, panting with toil; my heavy limbs seemed to have lost their energy, and though I fled along wondrously fast, I felt as though I made no progress, and strove to redouble my speed. I thought I heard the hell-dog panting behind me, and almost shrieked with agony. I felt his strong breath as he seemed to leap to my shoulder, about to pull me to the ground, and I bounded from beneath him. On, on I ran; dark grew my mind—a mist came over my eyes—I saw not, felt not,—but only ran. At last I came suddenly upon the brow of a steep declivity; consciousness returned suffi-

ciently to enable me to see it; down I leaped for some distance—caught hold of a bush which saved me from going headlong to the bottom, and ran for several hundred yards along a narrow path which intersected it horizontally. The path, which was merely a sheep-track, wound round a steep projection; my foot slipped, down I rolled, over, and over, and over—bump, bump, bump—bruised, dizzy, senseless. At last I plumped upon a gorse-bush at the bottom of the hill, where I found myself lying when restored to my senses. It is extraordinary that all the bones in my body were not smashed; but I had escaped with only a score or two contusions. I managed to scramble to my legs, and discovered that I was close to a public road. The moon had sunk—morning appeared; I heard nothing of my pursuers, and supposed that the poor horse had arrested the career of the hound.

I crawled along the road, but had not proceeded a quarter of a mile before I heard the sound of wheels behind me; I stood still, and soon became aware that a coach was approaching. Hope was rekindled within me: a tumult of joy flooded my heart. I was so fearful lest the coachman should pass by without seeing me that, before he drew nigh, I began to shout, and order him to stop; and when he continued to drive on, and even passed me before he pulled up, I began to rave like a madman, uttered the most incoherent threats, at the top of my voice, and should certainly have fainted had not the vehicle stopped. After a short parley, and several curses for the noise I had made, I was desired to get inside, as there was no room out; and was not long in obeying.

I went by this coach to York; there I entered another, which took me safely to London, whence I was not long in making my escape to France.

The Naturalist.

THE DEATH'S HEAD MOTH.

"THE Death's Head Sphinx, or Moth, is the largest and most remarkable of its genus, if not the most beautiful of all its European congeners.

"The caterpillar from which this curious moth proceeds, is, in the highest degree, beautiful, and far surpasses in size every other European insect of the kind, measuring sometimes nearly five inches in length, and being of a very considerable thickness. Its colour is bright yellow, and the sides are marked by a row of seven elegant, broad stripes or bands, of a vivid violet and sky-blue colour; the tops of these bands meet on the back in so many angles, and are varied in that part with jet-black specks; on the last joint of the body is a horn, or process,



(Caterpillar.)

not in an erect position, but hanging or curving over the joint, like a tail: it has a rough surface, and is of a yellow colour.

"This caterpillar is usually found on the potato and jessamine, those plants being its favourite food. It usually changes into a chrysalis in the month of September, retiring for that purpose pretty deep under the earth; the complete insect emerging in the following June or July. But some individuals are observed to change into a chrysalis in July or August, and these produce the



(Chrysalis, under-ground.)

complete insect in November; so that there appear to be two broods or annual races.

"The upper wings of the Death's Head Moth are of a fine dark grey colour, with a few variegations of yellow, orange, and sometimes, though rarely, white clouds; the under wings are of a bright orange colour, marked by a pair of transverse black bars; while along the top of the back, from the thorax to the tail, runs a broad blue-grey stripe: on the top of the thorax is a very large patch of a most singular appearance, exactly resembling the usual figure of a skull, or death's head, and of a pale grey, varied with dull ochre and black."

The Death's Head Moth is generally considered a very rare insect; and, as the caterpillar feeds chiefly by night, concealing itself during the day, under leaves, &c., it is not often detected; yet from singular circumstances favourable to its breed, there are some seasons in which it is even plentiful. It is a great enemy to bees; and Huber has occupied a chapter in his celebrated work on bees with a very interesting description of the ravages of this Moth, which he calls "a New Enemy of Bees."

Mr. Leonard Knapp, in his entertaining *Journal of a Naturalist*, devotes a few pages to the economy of the Death's Head Moth, as he observed it in his neighbourhood in the West of England. He remarks:—

"Our extensive cultivation of the potato furnishes us annually with several specimens of that fine animal the Death's Head Moth, and, in some years, I have had as many as eight brought me in the larva or chrysalis state. Their changes are very uncertain. I have had the larva change to a chrysalis in July, and produce the moth in October; but, generally, the aurelia remains unchanged till the ensuing summer. The larvæ or caterpillars, 'strange, ungainly beasts,' as some

• Brown's Book of Butterflies, vol. ii., p. 32.



(The Death's Head Moth.)

of our peasantry call them, excite constant attention when seen, by their extraordinary size and uncommon mien, with horns and tail, being not unusually five inches in length, and as thick as a finger. This creature was formerly considered as one of our rarest insects, and doubtful if truly indigenous; but, for the last twenty years, from the profuse cultivation of the potato, has become not very uncommon in divers places.

"Superstition has been particularly active in suggesting causes of alarm from the insect world; and where man should have seen only beauty and wisdom, he has often found terror and dismay. The yellow and brown tailed moths, the deathwatch, our snails, and many others, have all been the subjects of his fears; but the dread excited in England by the appearance, noises, or increase of insects, are petty apprehensions, when compared with the horror that the presence of this acherontia occasions to some of the more fanciful and superstitious natives of northern Europe, maintainers of the wildest conceptions. A letter is now before me from a correspondent in German Poland, where this insect is a common creature, and so abundant in 1824, that my informer collected fifty of them in the potato-fields of his village, where they call them the 'death's head phantom,' the 'wandering death-bird,' &c. The markings on its back represent to these fertile imaginations the head of a perfect skeleton, with the limb bones crossed beneath; its cry becomes the voice of anguish, the moaning of a child, the signal of grief; it is regarded not as the creation of a benevolent being, but the device of evil spirits, spirits enemies to man, conceived and fabricated in the dark; and the very shining of its eyes is thought to represent the fiery element whence it is supposed to have proceeded. Flying into their apartments in the evening, it at times extinguishes the light, foretelling war, pestilence, hunger, death, to man and beast. We pity, rather than ridicule, these fears; their consequences being painful anxiety of mind and suffering of body. However, it seems, these vain imaginations are fitting away before the light of reason and experience. In Germany, as in England, they were first observed on the jasmine, but now exclusively upon the potato, though they will enter the beehives, to feed on the honey found in them. This insect has been thought to be peculiarly gifted in having a voice, and squeaking like a mouse, when handled or disturbed; but in truth no insect, that we know of, has the requisite organs to produce a genuine voice. They emit sounds by other means, probably all external. The grasshopper and the cricket race effect their well-known and often wearisome chirpings by grating their spiny thighs against their rigid wings; and this Death's

Head Moth appears to produce the noise it at times makes, which reminds us of the spring call of the rail or cornerake, by scratching its mandible, or the instrument that it perforates with, against its horny chest. Heavy and unwieldy creatures, they travel badly, and from the same cause fly badly and with labour; and as they commonly hide themselves deep in the foliage and obscurity, without some such signal of their presence a meeting of the parties would seldom be accomplished."

Reaumur relates that the members of a female convent in France were once thrown into great consternation at the appearance of a Death's Head Moth, which happened to fly in during the evening at one of the windows of the dormitory.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE, AND NORTHERN GEOGRAPHY.

WHETHER it be owing to the return of Back, or the fitting-out of ships of war to proceed in search of the unfortunate whalers, the public mind has again been turned with considerable zeal to the subject of northern geography and the north-west passage. Numerous propositions having been made to the Royal Geographical Society on the subject, they appointed a committee to collect the opinions of those best acquainted with what has been done, and what still remains to be done. Three letters, one from Sir John Barrow, the President, a second from Dr. Richardson, and a third from Sir John Franklin, have been printed, and copies of them are now before us.

Sir John Barrow sets out by stating, that the honour which England has acquired among the continental nations of Europe by her successful exertions in extending our knowledge of the globe, both by sea and land, has very naturally created in the public mind an ardent desire that further endeavours should be made to complete what has been left unfinished. He states his opinion that the practicability of a north-west passage, after the experience that has been acquired, will scarcely admit of a doubt;—that England would be held altogether inexcusable, were she to suffer any other nation, by her own indifference, to rob her of all her previous discoveries, by passing through the door which she had herself opened;—that the honour would descend upon him who first stepped over the threshold, and not on him who led the way to it; just as Vasco de Gama has run away with the honour of having discovered the Cape of Good Hope, which had been passed ten years before by Bartholomew Diaz. He observes, that this is a question which has never been lost sight

of by the government; that it was the favourite object of Elizabeth; that it has met with encouragement from almost every succeeding sovereign; that rewards have been offered by Parliament for its completion; and, in a word, that it has become distinctly and unequivocally a national object. He tells us there is at the Russian settlement close to Behring's Strait a bold, intelligent, and enterprising governor, (the Baron Wrangel,) whose mind is turned to geographical discovery, who has passed fifty-eight days on the Arctic Siberian Sea, and has two corvettes on his station—and that there is every reason to believe he waits only the consent of his government to try his fortune on an enterprise, the success of which would confer on his name immortal honour.

The water communication between the Atlantic and Pacific being fully established, the President goes on to explain the causes of the failures that have hitherto occurred. He says, the attempts can only be considered as experimental; that the proper route was unknown; that to pass the winter in the frozen ocean was new; that it was, therefore, quite natural to cling to some shore—and that hence originated the failures; that the heavy ice grounding on the coasts, especially on those of narrow straits, into which it has been drifted, not only endangered the safety of the ships, one of which was totally wrecked, a second nearly so, and a third abandoned—but, after being shut up for nine or ten months of the year, any attempt to make progress the second season was utterly paralyzed. He therefore recommends that King's ships, properly strengthened, should avoid the straits and shores, and keep to the broad and open sea, wholly free of ice in summer, and but partially covered in winter; he instances the *Granville Bay* whaler, as being shut up and drifted in the ice six hundred miles, without any material injury—and argues that a king's ship has therefore little to apprehend if so shut up.

He next asks, "Where is this open sea to be found?" and answers the question by referring to the accounts given by Franklin, Richardson, Elson, (the master of Beechey's ship,) and Captain James Ross. From these it appears, that along the whole coast of America no land was seen to the northward, that the sea was mostly free from ice, and that the few, small, detached masses offered no obstruction to the navigation even of the Esquimaux canoes. Captain James Ross proceeded along the western coast of what has been improperly called Boothia, (for Parry had discovered and wintered on it,) first to the northward, where he fixed the place of the magnetic pole, and then to the southward, where he erected his obelisk; but in no part of his journey did he see any land to the westward, nor any impediment to

the navigation of that sea: this officer also states his opinion that this west coast trends northerly to Cape Walker, where Parry has described a wide opening to the southward. Sir John therefore concludes, and we think, reasonably enough, "that between the coast of America, and the northern islands, (Melville and others,) there is a broad, open sea, open enough for a ship of war to make her way through it." As it has been proved that no difficulty exists in the passage through Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, that open sea, it may be presumed, is easily attainable; "and in such case," says the President, "I do not think it too much to express a hope, that the passage, (the north-west,) would be accomplished; and, perhaps, in one year."

The other two papers are purely geographical. Dr. Richardson recommends that an expedition should be sent over the same ground already traversed, to take up its winter quarters at the eastern end of Great Bear Lake; that from hence it should complete the survey of the coast to the westward of the Mackenzie River, and after that to the eastward of Point Turnagain. He then lays down the plan to be pursued, the number of men and boats to be employed, and cuts out work enough for at least a three years' expedition. He admits, however, that the eastern portion falls under the plan of Sir John Franklin, and that no better plan could be suggested.

This plan of Sir John Franklin is as follows:—that a ship, or two small vessels, with two boats, be sent to Wager River, which, he supposes, cannot be more than forty miles from the extremity of Prince Regent's Inlet; each boat to carry eight persons, with two months' provisions: the one to be employed in tracing the coast westward towards the part reached by Captain Back, and thence onwards to Point Turnagain; the other to follow the east shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, up to the Strait of Hecla and Fury. He lays down the detail of the plan for regulating the proceedings of the two parties, and their return to the ship or ships in Wager Bay. He recommends Captain James Ross and Captain Back as the most proper officers for carrying his plan into execution; and adds, "in case of either of them not being at hand when the expedition ought to sail, I should feel the greatest pleasure in filling his place." Since this, however, Sir John Franklin has obtained a more eligible employment, and a well-deserved reward of his noble career, in the appointment of governor of Van Diemen's Land.

Captain Beaufort, the masterly hydrographer of the Admiralty, appears to have been called in to pronounce an opinion on the above plans. He commences by observing that "every year seems to bring forward

some accession of interest to the great question of the north-west passage, and of the northern configuration of America." He says, "that there is an open, and, at times, a navigable sea passage between the Straits of Davis and Behring there *can be no doubt* in the mind of any person who has duly weighed the evidence; and it is equally certain that it would be an intolerable disgrace to this country were the flag of any other nation to be borne through it before our own;" that he is satisfied that the mode proposed by Sir John Barrow is the most prudent that could be adopted; that the eastern attempt by Cape Horn, advocated by some, would be highly imprudent, for reasons which he states: but he thinks the Geographical Society should recommend to his Majesty's government a humble and more temporary field of action, more appropriate to the nature of the institution, more easy and economical in its execution, and more certain and rapid in its result; that to fix the proper moment for effecting the ambitious object of the north-west passage is solely the duty of government, and the resulting credit, both at home and throughout the world, ought to be solely theirs. He therefore recommends the Society to endeavour to prevail with the government to fit out a small expedition *this summer* for Wager Bay, according to the general plan of Sir John Franklin; and that it should leave England in May.

This recommendation, conveyed by a deputation of the Council of the Society, has, we understand, been favourably received by the two departments concerned—the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. As regards the present year, it is obviously too late to make preparations for the grand object of accomplishing the north-west passage. But we do confidently trust it will not be abandoned, and that the plan and route pointed out by the President of the Geographical Society, and sanctioned by the approbation of Captain Beaufort, will be adopted, and brought to a successful issue.—*Quarterly Review*, just published.

Anecdote Gallery.

ASTROLOGY.

Antipathies.—Astrologers, who pretend they can explain everything, although they seldom know anything, assert that that natural feeling of antipathy which men have for certain persons or things is produced by the stars. Thus, two persons born under the same influences will have a mutual desire of approaching each other, and will feel a reciprocal regard, without knowing why,—in the same manner that others will hate each other without any motive, because they happen to be born under opposite conjunctions. But how will they account for the antipathies

which great men have had for things the most common? Many instances which cannot be rationally explained, might be mentioned.—Lamothe-Levayer could not endure the sound of any instrument, and yet he experienced the most exquisite pleasure in the noise of thunder.—Cæsar could not hear the crowing of the cock without shuddering.—The Lord Chancellor Bacon fell into a swoon whenever there was an eclipse of the moon.—Mary de Medicis could not endure the sight of a rose, not even in painting, although she was fond of every other kind of flowers.—The Duke d'Erpenon fainted at the sight of a leveret.—Marshal d'Albret was taken ill at a public dinner on seeing the attendants serve up a young wild boar or sucking pig.—Henry III. could not remain alone in a room where there was a cat.—Uladislaus, King of Poland, was uneasy and fled at the sight of apples.—Scaliger shuddered in every limb on beholding water-cresses.—Erasmus could not smell fish without being thrown into a fever.—An Englishman once expired from the impression that was made upon him by the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.—Cardinal Henry de Cardonna fell into a syncope from the smell of roses.—Ticho-Brahé sank down from weakness on meeting a hare or a fox.—Cardan could not bear eggs;—the poet Ariosto, baths;—the son of Crassus, bread;—Cæsar of Lescallas, the sound of cymbals.—The cause of these antipathies is sometimes found in the first sensations of infancy.—A lady, who was a great admirer of paintings and engravings, swooned when she met with pictures in a book. The reason of it she thus explained: while she was very young, her father one day perceived her turning over the books of his library, to seek for pictures in them: he abruptly took them from her, and told her, in a severe tone of voice, that there were in the books devils, which would strangle her if she dared to touch them. These foolish menaces, which are but too common with parents, always produce injurious effects, which cannot afterwards be destroyed.—Pliny, who was as credulous as he was eloquent, tells us that there is such an antipathy between the horse and the wolf, that if the former passes where the latter has just been, he feels a numbness in his legs which prevents him from walking.

PRESCIENCE.

THEOPHILUS CIBBER was born of worthy parents, who were careful to give him an excellent education. A deep knowledge of science enabled him to read most authors, and to write fluently, while he was yet very young. At an early period, a disposition to libertinism was discovered in him; he was heedless of the advice of his friends, and evinced the most perverse inclinations. From

morning to night he had cards in his hands and affected the man of consequence; he ill-treated his mother, as well as his teachers; and even in his earliest years, many individuals frequently heard his father say, "Cibber will certainly be hanged in the end!" As he advanced in age, he daily became more eager for pleasures. He was often known to borrow a guinea, that he might indulge himself with an ortolan. It is related, that three pounds which were intrusted to his honesty for the aid of an unfortunate friend, were employed by him for the purchase of a dish of young pease. He contracted debts with all who were silly enough to be duped by him, and never did man in the world carry further the profound art of escaping from a public-house without satisfying the landlord. His numerous creditors shortly began unanimously to exclaim that "Cibber would indeed be hanged at last!" Age did not render him any better. He was always anxious to indulge himself with ortolans or green pease at any price; when chance or stratagem furnished him with the means, he gratified himself with turtle or rich soups; he deemed oysters delicious when any one else paid for them, or, which amounts to the same thing, when a shopkeeper was foolish enough to sell him them on credit. Hence everybody was wont to repeat, "Thomas will assuredly be hanged in the end!" But, alas! what man can dive into the future? Cibber was drowned.

The owl is regarded as a bird of evil omen, and is considered amongst the vulgar as the harbinger of death: superstitious people, when they happen to lose a relation or a friend, always recollect if they have chanced previously to hear the melancholy note of the owl. Its presence, according to Pliny, is a presage of sterility. Its eggs, ate in an omelet, is said to cure a drunkard of intoxication. This bird is mysterious, because it is fond of solitude, and haunts steeples, towers, and cemeteries; its hooting is dreaded, because it is heard only during darkness; and whenever it is seen near the residence of a dying man, it is thought to be attracted thither by the smell of death, or by the silence that pervades the house. An Arab philosopher walking once in the country with one of his disciples, heard a detestable voice, singing an air which was still more detestable. "Superstitious people," said he, "pretend that the note of the owl announces the death of a man; if it be true, the song of this man might be supposed to predict the death of an owl."

PREJUDICES.

PREJUDICE is, certainly common, in a greater or less degree, to all men. When a prince dies at Japan, there are generally fifteen or twenty of his subjects, who, in their

zeal and affection, rip open their bellies, and expire with him. Those who make the largest and deepest incisions acquire the greatest glory.—An officer of the Emperor of Japan, as he was mounting the imperial staircase, met with another who was descending it. Their swords struck against each other; the latter was offended by it, and made an angry remark to the former, who excused himself by attributing the circumstance to accident,—adding, that the two swords had rubbed against each other, and that one was quite as good as the other. "You shall see," replied the aggressor, "the difference which there is between two swords." He immediately drew his, and plunged it into his belly. The other, who was ambitious of a like honour, hastened up the staircase, to serve at the table of the emperor a dish which he had in his hands, and returned to his rival, who was expiring from the wound he had inflicted upon himself. He asked him if he still breathed, and immediately drawing his own sword, he followed the example of the dying man. "You should not have anticipated me," said he to him, "if you had not found me occupied in the service of the emperor; but I die happy, since I have had an opportunity of convincing you that my sword is as good as yours." A Frenchman (says the author of this story), on reading this, will deplore the madness of these two oriental enthusiasts; and yet he will go, the very same evening, to expose his life to the steel of a bully, and die by the sword, in order that he may punish the man who has insulted him. It is the usage of the country: a fool insults you, and he must destroy you to repair his injurious conduct!—The Spanish noble, who refuses to measure his sword with a man that is inferior to him in birth, is eager for the honour of combating a bull.—At Malabar, and in other countries, widows crown themselves with honour by throwing themselves on the funeral pile of their husbands.—In France, and some other civilized nations, a virtuous man is disgraced if he is the relation of a person who has died on the scaffold: a dreadful prejudice, which few persons have the wisdom to despise. Prejudices are often confounded with popular errors and superstitions. There is a difference, which is easily perceptible, between these three children of the ages of barbarism. Error is produced by ignorance, prejudice by pride, and superstition by ignorance, pride, and fear. Error may be rooted out, but prejudice cannot be destroyed—it exists in the interests of the great: and although it is sometimes their tyrant, they will not crush a phantom which supports the chimera of their greatness. But all the efforts of the wise will never succeed in entirely banishing superstition from the hearts of the vulgar. He alone will not

suffer himself to be infected by it, who is above prejudices and error.—*From the Literary Gazette, 1826.*

New Books.

THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE.

(Continued from page 271.)

Servants in Freetown.

Servants are almost invariably men. Those who dwell in the house are superintended by a confidential negro or major-domo, at a salary of thirty to forty pounds. The remainder, chiefly boys, often consider the advantage of belonging to a white gentleman's establishment sufficient remuneration. Even neighbouring chiefs, Timmanees and Soosoes, deem their sons in favour with Fortune if they can obtain such service. In one household, numbering five or six men-servants, the principal only received wages; and the second in command, a valuable man, was the eldest son of a chief ruling a district upon the Scarcies, and, as a young chief, he indignantly refused to accept pay. He had cheerfully discharged the duties of valet for some years, and, during that time, had visited England with his master. The tribe of which he will become governor, upon the death of the old head-man, his father, will derive advantage from the situation which the youth has filled, when he quits the English colony and the Englishman's service for his own distant, native village, and enters upon the duties of head-man, with good knowledge of the English language and the usages of civilized life. He, in common with most young black servants of white men, discovers a taste for reading and writing, in which he is a proficient.

His only sister came up from the Scarcies to visit him. I thought I could perceive a sense of the disagreeable as he proceeded to show the unsophisticated young woman the wonders of the white man's town; and, being clothed himself, he seemed to feel uncomfortable at offering his arm even to a sister, because she was unclothed according to the ordinary custom of the unmarried of the independent negro tribes. King Caulker introduced garments amongst the Sherbro, and this servant-chieftain may, perhaps, do the same when his day of power arrives.

Some of the best masters in Freetown make a rule of enforcing upon their younger domestics regular attendance at the schools; and I know an instance where the gentleman of the house takes so deep an interest in the progress of his negroes, that he attends to no request, and receives no complaint, unless when carefully written down. The result is, that boys of twelve or thirteen years of age, who have entered his service with slight knowledge of any language but that of their

nation, are good penmen and good orthographeists.

Women-servants are not to be found, excepting where a lady presides: a rare occurrence. It was my fortune to spend some days at the hospitable mansion of a married man, and to have the means of deciding that a lady's maid is the most singular piece of furniture in a Freetown house. The plump, little woman, acknowledged by all to be the most favourable specimen of the species in the colony, had entered upon her duties with an unostentatious wardrobe of the single scanty frock which she wore upon first presentation. She was a heavy, matronly-looking person, although not thirteen years of age; and to an English eye would have appeared more nearly sixteen or eighteen. Her face displayed every exaggeration of negro feature,—the receding forehead, flat nose, and luxuriant lips, which seemed unable to check their fertile growth. In default of gay clothing, characteristic of white Abigails, Mary's glory consisted in a blue necklace, and more particularly in her short, crisp, woolly hair, tufts of which, being tightly plaited, projected stiffly in all directions, like so many horns, to the distance of an inch and a half from the head; whilst, in absence of ear-rings, a chip of straw or dry stick was inserted into a perforation in each ear.

Attached to each house are several out-door servants. They are Kroomen. Of these, the cook, and the horseman and groom, have definite duties; the remainder are employed in any capacity that may be necessary. One generally superintends the rest, and receives higher wages. They depart at night to their own suburb, Kroo-town; with the exception of two or three trusty fellows, who sleep in an open shed or outhouse during the dry season, and during the rains take refuge in large boxes placed near the gateways, and not unlike dog-kennels, for which they have been mistaken by the uninitiated. What seemed strange to me was, that Kroomen should be chosen as cooks: and I was astonished in finding men, whose own spare diet is rice flavoured with palm-oil, at home, in the recondite mysteries of Ude, Kitchener, and Dolby; in fact, perfect Carêmes. At a fire of sticks thrown upon a stone or mud floor, the Kroo cook roasts his meat, concocts the savoury pepper-pot or soup—essence of antagonistic predicaments—fries and stews, bakes and boils; and, himself of artless taste, skilfully mingles the aromatic spice with white man's pepper, promoting close union between friendly atoms, and reconciling discordant elements in a racy confederacy.

Pancakes in Africa.

Sages and philologists refer this unpresuming word to a Greek derivation,—*pan*, every, and *kakon*, evil; seeing that in the

old Catholic church before pancakes were frittered down to the rank of common-place nutritives,—one of the results of the Reformation,—it was the custom to set apart a day in the year for the universal shriving of all evil-doers. Upon this solemn occasion,—giving name to Shrove Tuesday,—the sacred elements being more largely partaken than in ordinary, the holy wafer was proportionably expanded; hence the term *pancake*, misspelt *pancake*. Painful as it may be to dissipate the happy dreams of etymologists and antiquaries, truth obliges me to assert that the pancake is an indigenous production of Africa: that, long ere white men tormented and startled the coast with cargoes of civilization, the wild Akoo, in the recesses of his forest, mingled the flour, the egg, and the honey, fried the savoury compound, and called it Akar. If he were wise, he added scrapings of citron, and touched each square inch with two fragrant drops from the wounded lime. My authority was an Akoo of frightfully gashed countenance; and, like his countrymen, too sincere a worshipper of the devil to tell a falsehood.

A Freetown Dinner.

The dinner parties are far from lively. Profusion of viands, fruits, and wine, and a hospitable reception, strive to counterbalance the uniformity of suffocating air, and a reunion of the same individuals perpetually repeated. The variegated locust, painted in purple, red, and green, leaping into the soup-plate; the large, black cricket plunging into the wine-glass; the fat-bodied mantis plumping into the hot-spiced pepper-pot, which needs no such addition, are novelties; but any charm the novelty may possess, soon subsides. Every contrivance to create a cool sensation fails: in vain the refreshing orange and lime-flower float in the finger-glass; in vain the water in its porous red-ware jar evaporates, and sprinkles the globular surface with dew; in vain the claret, Madeira, and sauterie have been for hours exposed to the sea-breeze, the bottles encased in wet cotton and standing in a cooler; heat reigns triumphant, favoured by the cloth clothing ceremoniously worn at such times. Matters of local interest there are none to excite conversation; and during a great part of the year, arrivals from England are too few to afford new foreign topics. Coffee follows dinner, the horses are ordered, and the guests separate.

The Gatherer.

Steam-Power.—It is now twenty-two years since the *Times* newspaper, on the 29th November, 1814, announced the application of steam-power to its printing machinery. As

an answer to complaints against power-machines, &c., how useful a calculation would be of the saving effected since that period, through its means, of labour, time, and money, in Great Britain; and the profit, amusement, and benefit conferred by its employment in printing-offices alone on the people. A. C. R.

Water.—The expense which would otherwise arise from water-rates in and near the metropolis, is obviated in breweries by reservoirs, formed on the top of buildings, into which spring water is pumped. The exposure to the action of the air, added to casual rains, soon perfectly softens it, without discoloration, or loss of freshness. In nursery-grounds and gardens, where soft water is almost absolutely necessary for the nourishment of fruit-trees and plants, this method could be adopted with success. To throw chalk into spring water would likewise be a good softener.

In the West of England, ashes saved from wood fires are placed upon flannel in a sieve; and a strong ley for washing is obtained by pouring boiling water over them.—A. C. R.

General Desaix.—The following portrait of General Desaix is given in the *Memoirs of Count Lavalette*:—Desaix, who was born in Auvergne, had served for several years as an officer in the regiment of Brittany. His stature was tall, and his figure singular. He had fine, black, fiery eyes, and a nose that seemed to descend from the top of the forehead; his thick and usually separated lips, showed a set of teeth of sparkling whiteness; his hair flat, and black as jet, shaded his dark face. His gait was embarrassed, but still without awkwardness, and betrayed bashfulness and want of knowledge of the world. Altogether he resembled a savage of the banks of the Oroonoko dressed in French clothes. But one soon got accustomed to him. His voice was soft, and when once drawn out of his usual reserve, he delighted by the variety of his information, and the simplicity of his manners. He had none of the faults of men accustomed to camp life. I never heard him utter a vulgar expression; an indecent word made him blush. As he was constantly easy and kind, his staff led a merry life; and the pretty girls of the Palatine used frequently to visit his headquarters. He smiled at our pleasures without sharing them, but with the indulgence of a father who shuts his eyes on his children's wild tricks. I do not think I ever saw him dressed in the uniform of his rank; he usually wore a blue coat without any lace, and the sleeves of which were so short, that we used to say in jest, that he had certainly worn it when he first took the sacrament. He frequently mounted his horse without a sword when he went to visit the posts. One

night, having ordered an attack on the convent of Marienborn, near Mentz, which the enemy occupied in force, he suddenly found himself, without arms in the midst of a surprised body of infantry, which was defending itself with the bayonet amongst the vines. Desaix, perceiving he had forgot his sword, pulled a vine-prop out of the ground, and continued fighting as if he had Orlando's sword in his hand. Savary, who was then his aide-de-camp, threw himself before him, just in time to save his life, and killed an Hungarian grenadier, who was about to pierce him with his bayonet. W. G. C.

The Naked Buffalo.—Three fine specimens of this curious and little known animal have just been added to the collection at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. They consist of a cow and two calves, and were brought from India, (of the interior of which country they are natives,) in the Boyne East Indiaman, by Captain Richardson. As Pennant's scientific name, (*Bos bubalis seminudus*), implies, they are nearly naked, except on the fore part of the body; and even there the hair is so thin, that the skin appears through it. The horns of the cow are beautifully curved. She is about the size of a Welsh Runt, and gives excellent milk, with a peculiarly rich flavour: on the rump are two dusky, perpendicular stripes, and on the thighs, two transverse bands of the same colour. A sort of *afterthought* has been attached to the Elephant House, as a shelter for her, and the beautiful pair of Wapiti deer. A large aviary, and an imitation marquee for pea-fowl, are erecting in other parts of the Gardens.

Whist.—Mrs. Bray relates the following of a Devonshire physician, happily named Vial, who was a desperate lover of whist. One evening, in the midst of a deal, the Doctor fell off his chair in a fit! Consternation seized on the company. Was he alive or dead? What was to be done? All help was given: hartshorn was poured almost down his throat by one kind female friend, whilst another feelingly singed the end of his nose with burning feathers: all were in the breathless agony of suspense for his safety. At length, he showed signs of life, and retaining the last fond idea which had possessed him at the moment he fell into the fit, to the joy of the whole company, exclaimed "*What is trumps?*"

A Squire.—Some years since there resided in Devonshire, a certain old gentleman, named Redpost Fynes, from his having painted all the gates of his fields a bright vermilion. (From this oddity, surely, Mr. Poole has borrowed the green gate of Dribble Hall, in the *New Monthly Magazine*.) The squire was

remarkable for never having been able to learn to spell even the commonest words in his own language; so that on the birth of his daughter, he wrote to a friend that his wife was brought to bed of a fine *gull*. The word *usage* he spelt without one letter belonging to it, and yet contrived to produce something like the word, at least in sound, for he wrote it thus—*yowzitch*. Near his house was a very old and grotesque tree, cut and clipped into the form of a punch-bowl; whilst a table and seats were literally affixed within the green inclosure, to which was an ascent by a little ladder, like the companion-ladder of a ship.—*Mrs. Bray*.

The Kroomen of Africa, in constant contact with the English sailors, especially the man-of-war's men, whom they assist as supernumeraries, generally bear some adopted name less uncouth or less unintelligible than their native "Sampoo," "Tappee," "Nymba;" and readily answer to the substitutions of the witty or witless. Flying Fish, Bottle of Beer, Bottle more, and Jack Frying-pan are the most usual; Jem Doe, and Richard Roe, and King Tom, are common. The lady of the house soon loses all idea of the ludicrous, when desiring Mashed Potato, the horseman, to order Bubble and Squeak, the cook, to send his brother the Duke of Wellington, or the Marquis of Granby, to purchase fish.—*The White Man's Grave*.

Shakee-Shakee.—Two small, dry gourds, of the size of an orange, containing a few beads and pebbles, are attached to each end of a short piece of twine; by striking them, first over the thumb, and then below the hand, a perpetual noise is kept up like that of the castanet.—*Ibid*.

A recent traveller says, when he was at Sierra Leone, one unmarried white lady only existed there.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Just published, with many Cuts, price 5s.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART: or an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements for the present Year.

"In mechanics, chemistry, natural history, and social economy, this work presents such a variety of new facts as must recommend it to a wide circle of readers, either as a source of much instruction, or much amusement. It deserves credit for its condensation, and consequent cheapness."—*Morning Herald*, March 15.

Printed for John Limbird, 143, Strand.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve. St. Augustin.—FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 775.]

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.

THE STAR CHAMBER.



THE STAR CHAMBER, AND EXCHEQUER BUILDINGS, AT WESTMINSTER.

EVERY person at all acquainted with the interesting localities of the late Houses of Parliament must recollect the line of buildings represented in the above Engraving. They were blackened with age, and, to those who were familiar with the historical associations of the spot, they told afflicting tales of other times. Indeed, it was scarcely possible for any one to pass this dilapidated pile without some inquiry as to its appropriation—its history, and its aspect of neglect and decay.

It may, however, be as well first to describe the situation of these buildings, to enable the reader to understand it as clearly as our artist has depicted their appearance. They stood on the eastern side of New Palace-yard, near the bank of the Thames: “adjoining them, northward, was an arched gateway,

apparently of Henry the Third’s time, which communicated with a boarded passage and stairs leading to the water. At different times, since 1807, the whole of this range of building has been pulled down; the last remaining part, which included the offices where the *trials of the Pix*, and the printing of Exchequer bills, was recently carried on, was destroyed only in the present year. There was also an apartment in the same edifice, in which that despotic tribunal, the STAR CHAMBER, held its sittings during the most obnoxious period of its career, namely, from the end of Queen Elizabeth’s reign, until the final abolition of the Court by Parliament, in 1641. This, however, could not have been the ‘*Chambre des Estoilles*,’ or ‘*Camera Stellata*,’ in which the Court originally sat; for, the building itself was evidently of the

Elizabethan age, and the date 1602, with the initials E. R. separated by an open rose on a star, was carved over one of the doorways.⁷⁷⁸ But, it may be inferred from various records, that the original Star Chamber occupied the same site, or nearly so, as the late buildings.

Having thus premised a general outline of the buildings, we purpose glancing at the origin of the infamous Court which was held in one of the principal apartments; an inquiry which bespeaks the attention of the reader from the prominent mention of the Star Chamber in the history of our country. In this task, advantage has been taken of two letters from John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A., to Thomas Aymot, Esq., F.R.A., and Treasurer to the Society of Antiquaries; both which are printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxv., pt. 2, 1834, pp. 342, 393.

It seems agreed that all superior courts of justice originated in the ancient Royal Court held in the King's Palace, before the King himself, and the members of his "Consilium ordinarium," commonly called "the Council." The Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, arose, from time to time, out of the King's Court, and assumed independent jurisdiction over particular descriptions of causes. Hence, a considerable portion of the business of the King's Court was diverted into other channels; but the Court itself subsisted, and exercised a judicial distinction, which it is difficult to define.

In the exercise of their judicial authority, the Council held their sittings in a chamber of the Palace at Westminster, known as "the Council Chamber near the Exchequer," and the "Chambre des Estoyers," or "Estoilles," near the Receipt of the Exchequer. This chamber is said to have been situated in the outermost quadrangle of the Palace, next the bank of the river, and was, consequently, easily accessible to the suitors. The occupation of the "Chambre des Estoilles," or Star Chamber, by the Council, can be traced to the reign of Edward III.; but no specific mention of the Star Chamber, as a Court of Justice, can be found, Mr. Bruce believes, earlier than the reign of Henry VII., about which time the old titles of "the Lords sitting in the Star Chamber," and "the Council in the

Star Chamber," seem to have merged in this one distinguishing appellation.[†]

The origin of the name "Star Chamber," has been a subject of dispute which has given occasion to several ingenious guesses. The most satisfactory explanation appears to be that supported by Mr. Caley, in the eighth volume of the *Archæologia*, p. 404; that the ceiling of the chamber was anciently ornamented with gilded stars.

The course of the proceedings before the Council was twofold; one, *ore tenus*, or by mouth; the other by bill and answer. The proceeding *ore tenus* was that which was usually adopted in political cases, and, consequently, was the most abused. It originated either in "soden reports," which Mr. Bruce thinks, means private, and, probably, secret information given to the Council. The person accused, or suspected, was immediately apprehended and privately examined. If he confessed any offence, or, if the cunning of his examiners drew from him, or his own simplicity let fall, any expressions which suited their purpose, he was at once brought to the bar, his confession or examination was read, he was convicted *ex ore suo*, (out of his own mouth,) and judgment was immediately pronounced against him. Imagination can scarcely conceive a more terrible judicature. Dragged from home, in the custody of a pursuivant, ignorant of the charge or suspicion entertained against him, without friend or counsellor, the foredoomed victim was subjected to a searching examination before the members of a tribunal which was bound by no law, and which itself created and defined the offences it punished. His judges were, in point of fact, his prosecutors, and every mixture of these two characters is inconsistent with impartial justice.

Besides the mode of proceeding *ore tenus*, the Council might be applied to in another manner, in all cases of libel, conspiracy, and matters arising out of force or fraud. Crimes of the greatest magnitude, even treason and murder, were treated of in this Court, but solely punished as trespasses, the Council not having dared to usurp the power of inflicting death. Causes of a capital nature could originate only in the King, who, by prosecuting in this Court for any treasonable or felonious offence, showed his desire to remit the sentence against the life which would have been awarded in the Courts of Law. In these cases, a Bill of Complaint was filed with the Clerk of the Council, who then granted a warrant and subpoenas were issued to the defendant. Strictly, no subpoena could be issued until a bill was filed; but, it

† The Judges before and subsequent to this alteration were the same, viz. the members of the King's ordinary council,—"the Lords of the Council," as they are still termed in the Litany of the Church service, although many of them have generally been under the degree of a Baron.

* Messrs. Britton and Brayley, in their excellent History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament and ancient Palace of Westminster. This work has just been completed honourably to its authors, who have exceeded their promise to the public by nearly 100 pages, and eight prints, without any additional charge. The completing Part x., contains much original and curious information, now first published, respecting the Palace and adjoining buildings. Here it is supplementarily remarked that "the appellation '*Star Chamber*,' is given to a long range of building near the banks of the Thames, at Westminster, in the curious bird's eye plan of London, attributed to Ralph Aggas, and supposed to have been delineated about the year 1576. The site marked is evidently the same as was occupied by the buildings recently destroyed."

seems that this practice was, at one time, relaxed; and the consequence was, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, "many solicitors who lived in Wales, Cornwall, or the furthest parts of the North, did make a trade to sue forth a multitude of subpoenas to vex their neighbours; who rather than they would travel to London, would give them any composition, although there were no colour of complaint against them."

The process of the Star Chamber might anciently be served in any place. In Catholic times, the market, or the church, seems to have been the usual place for service. We find a corroboration of this practice in the mention of a case which occurred in the second year of Henry VIII., in which one Cheesman was committed to prison for contempt of Court, in drawing his sword upon a messenger who served process upon him in the church of Esterford, in Essex. The practice of wearing swords during divine service is ancient; and, in Poland, so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was the custom for gentlemen to draw their swords at church, during the repetition of the Creed, by way of testifying their zeal for the faith.*

In the time of Henry VII., the person summoned appeared personally before the chancellor, or president, of the Council. In the reign of James I., the defendant appeared before the clerk of the Council, who took from him a bond not to depart without license of the Court; by which bond he was anciently conditioned to appear from day to day, or confess the offence. In the time of Edward III., we find a petitioner summoned to appear on a certain day, when his opponent not being present, he was ordered to follow the Court from day to day until the complainant should appear, and thus he was kept, "as in a prison," upwards of a year. If the defendant refused to answer upon oath, the plaintiff's bill, he was imprisoned for a certain time; when, if he still refused, either the bill was taken as his confession, or he was retained in custody and kept upon bread and water until he answered. When he had put in his answer, the plaintiff examined him upon written interrogatories, when if he refused to answer them, he was committed until he consented to do so; and some persons who persisted in refusing, were continued in confinement during their lives. The examination was secret, and the defendant was neither allowed advice nor notice; but, having passed his examination, he was allowed to depart, upon securities being given for his re-appearance. The witnesses were then similarly examined; but the defendant was not allowed to cross-examine them. When the cause was ready, it was entered in a list, and the defendant was summoned to hear the judgment of the Court.

* Howel's Letters, p. 268, ed. 1737.

The Court sat for the hearing of causes, during term time, twice and sometimes thrice, in a week. After the sitting, the Lords, with the Clerk of the Council, dined in the Inner Star Chamber, at the public expense. The cost of these dinners rose to an extravagant sum: from 1509 to 1590, the charge for each dinner varying from 2*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* to 17*l.* or 18*l.*, though the number of persons dining considerably decreased during that time.

The number of the Council who attended the Court, is said in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., to have been nearly forty, of whom seven or eight were prelates: in the reign of Elizabeth, the number was nearly thirty; but it subsequently declined.

The Chancellor proceeded to the sittings of the Court in great state; his mace and seal being carried before him. He was the supreme Judge, and alone sat with his head uncovered; and was attended by his own servants in the Court. Upon important occasions, persons who wished "to get convenient places and standing," went there by three o'clock in the morning. The privileges of the Chancellor were much abused: he appointed his own kinsmen and favourites to be Counsel to the suit, and he made orders upon private petitions, which were a source of profit to his attendants: he could sit when he chose, and command the attendance of the other Judges.

Upon the trial of causes, the parties were heard by their Counsel, who were confined to a "laconical brevity;" the examinations of the witnesses were read, and the members of the Court proceeded in silence to deliver their opinions. They spoke in order from the inferior upwards, the Archbishop always preceding the Chancellor. In the case of equality of voices, that of the Chancellor was decisive. He alone had the power of assessing damages and awarding costs, and he alone could discharge persons sentenced to imprisonment during pleasure.

Every punishment, except death, was assumed to be within the power of the Court. If the complaint were founded upon a precise statute, (which was very seldom the case,) the Court awarded the punishment inflicted by the statute; but if the offence were against the statute, but the bill not grounded upon the statute, they usually imposed a heavier punishment than the statute. The following is an instance of this practice:—"The statute of the 5th Elizabeth, c. 14. punisheth the forging of false deeds with double damages to the parties grieved; imprisonment during life, pillory, cutting off both ears, slitting nostrils, and forfeiture of all his goods and profits of all his lands during his life; and the publisher of such deeds, (knowing the same to be forged,) with like double damages, pillory, cutting off one ear, and imprisonment for a year. The

Starre Chamber will adde, upon the forger, a fine to the value of all his estates, whipping, wearing of papers through Westminster Hall, letters to be seared in his face with hote irons; and to the publisher likewise a great fine and longer imprisonment, not to be released until hee find sureties for good behaviour, and the like."

This catalogue of judicial terrors comprehends, at one view, all the ordinary punishments of the Star Chamber. In John Lilburne's case, gagging was had recourse to, in order to stop his outcries in the pillory. In other cases, a savage and cold-blooded ingenuity was exercised in the discovery of novel infictions. Thus, one Traske, a poor fanatic who taught the unlawfulness of eating swine's flesh, was sentenced to be imprisoned and fed upon pork.

Mr. Bruce thinks it might be shown that most of these infamous punishments were introduced during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. and grew into common practice under Elizabeth. Whipping seems to have been introduced by Lord Keeper Pickering, in the later reign. In the early instances, there was a moderation in fines; but, latterly, they were excessive, not according to the estate of the delinquent, but in proportion to the supposed character of the offence, "the ransom of a beggar and a gentleman being all one;" or, as it is elsewhere expressed, "the Lord Chancellor useth to say often, that the King hath committed his justice to them, and that he hath reserved his mercy to himself; wherefore that they ought to look only upon the offence, and not upon the person, but leave him to his Majesty for mercy, if there be cause." In the reigns of Henries VII. and VIII. it was not so. The clergy were then in the habit of attending the Court, and their "song was of mercy."

(To be continued.)

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Vanitas, vanitas vauitatum.

I HAVE my thoughts on nothing set, Hurrah,
And pleasantly through life I get, Ah, ah;
Let him who would my comrade be,
Loud clash the glass, and cheerfully
The bottle drain with me.

On money first I set my mind, Hurrah,
But fortune to me was unkind, Ah, ah;
My money every way was strown;
And when I picked it up in one,
In 't'other it was gone.

On women next I set my thought, Hurrah,
But that with misery was fraught, Ah, ah;
The false one other lovers sought,
And constant faith soon *ewas* brought,
The best could not be bought.

On honour next I set much store, Hurrah,
And, lo! another got still more, Ah, ah;
Soon as advancement I had won
Envy eclipsed my rising sun,
I had not pleased one.

The battle next and war I sought, Hurrah,
And many a victory we got, Hurrah;
Plandering the foe our way we wend,
(We scarcely better treat the friend,
I lost my leg at th' end.

And now, at length, my thoughts are free, Hurrah,
The wide, wide world belongs to me, Hurrah;
But songs and feasts to me remain,—
The bottom of the flask we'll drain,
Nor from the last refrain.

L. J. B.

Manners and Customs.

ASCENSION DAY.

THE following account of the origin of the annual ceremony of erecting the Penny Hedge, at Whitby, Yorkshire, is given by a recent writer:—"Two persons of distinction in the neighbourhood, being out hunting the wild boar, the animal, closely pressed, obtained shelter in the hermitage of Eskdaleside, but almost immediately dropped lifeless. The hermit having closed the door, it was broken open, and the old anchorite beaten so severely with their boar-staves, as to occasion his death. The abbot of Whitby, who attended in his last moments, ordained the following expiatory penance:—that on every Ascension Day, they should repair to the abbot's woods, preceded by his bailiff, blowing a horn, and crying aloud at intervals, "Out on you!" and that they should cut from thence a certain number of stakes and stowers with a knife of no more value than one penny. With these materials, they were to erect a hedge, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at low water mark, in the harbour of Whitby, which was to stand the washing of nine tides, on pain of confiscation of their whole property. The lord of Whitby manor, as successor of the abbots, about half a century since, offered to dispense with the ceremony, but the proprietor of the remaining lands held by this remarkable tenure, declined it.

W. G. C.

MIDSUMMER.

At Magdalen College, Oxford, (says a recent writer,) a sermon was formerly preached every year, on Midsummer-day, being the nativity of St. John the Baptist, in the stone pulpit in the quadrangle, which was built upon the site of the dissolved hospital of St. John. The walls were adorned with boughs and flowers, and the ground was covered with green rushes and grass; the whole being intended to commemorate the preaching of St. John in the wilderness. At Westchester, on St. John the Baptist's eve, (says Aubrey,) they bring a lot, or multitude, of young birch-trees, and place them before their doors to wither. I remember when the maids, (especially the cook-maids and dairy-maids,) used to stick up in some chinks of the house, *Midsummer men*, which were slips

of orpine: they placed them by pairs, that is, one for such a man, the other for such a maid, his sweetheart; and, accordingly, as the orpine did incline to, or recline from, the other, that there would be love or aversion; and if either did wither, death. In 1694, on the day of St. John the Baptist, (says Elias Ashmole,) as I was walking in the pasture behind Montagou House, I saw two or three and twenty young women on their knees, as if they were weeding; but I afterwards learned that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night; it being a popular superstition that they would then dream of him who was to be their husband.

W. G. C.

CHESTER MYSTERIES.

THE Chester mysteries, which Shakspeare speaks of, (says Gardiner,) were no doubt left by the Romans. In the first ages of Christianity, Pagan rites were engrafted on the new religion to render it popular and imposing; and in the ceremonies of the last century, we may detect considerable remains of these superstitions. The rows of galleries that run through the streets are evidently structures of Roman origin: they are the ancient vestibules or porticos. These form a shelter from the weather, and well adapt the city for shows and sights. At the summer solstice and the autumnal equinox, the performance of the mysteries took place, and drew the people in crowds from the neighbouring mountains. In these exhibitions, enormous giants paraded the streets, with dragons and unicorns, and other terrific objects, that astonished and frightened the people. Sir Isaac Newton was of opinion, that this Midsummer show was the same as the Saturnalia of the Romans. The monks of Chester, with the Abbot Marmion at their head, also contributed their part by acting before the gate, the play of *The Assumption of our Lady*. In the nightly serenade, the mountain bards stole through the silent corridors with their murmuring harps; but as the morning dawned, the men of Harlech with a bolder thrum, waked Glendower and Caernarvon to the lists, and the bowmen to the butts.

W. G. C.

AN AMERICAN-INDIAN FEAST.

ROUND a large fire, continually burning outside the house, (says Mr. Arfwedson,) the Indians seated themselves on the ground, cross-legged, in the Turkish manner; the men were nearest to the fire, and the women and children behind, wrapped in blankets, and shivering with cold. They conversed a long while in short and half-broken sentences, intermixed with cries not unlike the neighing of a horse. In these cries they were joined

by the soft voices of the women. At last, the whisky-bottle began to circulate; and, once put in motion, it was impossible to check its progress. Night came on, but still none felt disposed to retire; the hospitable landlord never permitted the bottle to remain empty: the consequence was, that all the men became intoxicated, and began howling and gesticulating in a manner which surpassed any thing I had ever heard or seen. I often thought they would kill each other, and this would, probably, have happened, had not the women interfered, and succeeded in parting the combatants. Thus they continued till morning, when one after another departed under the guidance of the females. The scene was unique, and highly interesting; the variety of colours, the wild howling of the men, the slavish looks of the women, the loneliness of the wood, the dark shades of the night, and the flames of the fire—all left a deep impression on my mind of Indian hospitality.—W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

THE DYING FLOWER.

By Frederick Rückert.*

"HAVE hope; why shouldst thou not?—the trees
Have hope, and not in vain,
Stripped by the rough, unfriendly breeze,
That spring shall come again.
Thou too, within whose secret bud
A life hath lurked unseen,
Shalt wait till spring revive thy blood,
And renovate thy green."
"Alas! no stately tree am I,
No oak, no forest-king,
Whose dreams of winter prophesy
A speedy day of spring.
A daughter of an humble race,
A flower of yearly blow
Of what I was remains no trace
Beneath my tomb of snow."
"And if thou wert the frailest reed,
The weakest herb that grows,
Thou needst not fear, God gave a seed
To every thing that blows.
Although the winter's stormy strife,
A thousand times bestrew
The sod with thee, thou canst thy life
A thousand times renew."
"Yes, thousands after me will blow
As fair—more fair than I,
No eud can earth's green virtue know,
But each green thing must die.
Though they shall share in mine, no share
In their life waits for me,
Myself have changed—the things that were
Are not, nor more may be.
"And when the sun shall shine on them,
That shines on me so bright,
What boots their coloured diadem,
To me deep sunk in night?"

* The author of this beautiful poem—which need fear no comparison with the choicest pieces of Goethe or Wordsworth—is no less distinguished among the living lyrists than among the Oriental scholars of Germany. We translate from a volume of poems,—*Gesammelte Gedichte von Frederick Rückert*, published at Erlangen in 1834.

That sun, whose cold and frosty smile
Mocks at my honours brief,
Seems he not beckoning the while
A future Summer's chief?

"Alas! why did my leaves incline
Unto thy faithless ray?
For while mine eye looked into thine,
Thou fleh'st my life away.
Thou shalt not triumph o'er my death,
My parting leaves I close.
Upon myself—receive my breath
Not thou that caused my woes.

"Yet dost thou melt my pride away,
Change into tears my stone!—
Receive my fleet life of a day,
Thou endless one alone!
Yes! thou hast made my pride to pass,
Mine ire hast sunn'd away;
All that I am, all that I was,
I owe it to thy ray.

"Each zephyr of each balmy morn,
That made me breathe perfume,
Each sportive moth on bright wing borne,
That danced around my bloom,
Each shining eye that brighter shone
My magic hues to see,
These purest joys I owe alone,
Eternal One, to thee!

"As with thy stars thou didst begin
The never-fading blue,
So didst thou deck thy green of earth
With bright flowers ever new.
One breath I have not drawn in vain
For thee—be it no sigh!
One look I have for earth's fair plain,
One for the welkin high.

"Thou world's warm-glowing heart, be spent
My life's last pulse on thee!
Receive me, heaven's bright azure tent,
My green tent breaks with me.
Hail to thee, Spring, in glory bright!
Morn with thy thousand dyes!
Without regret I sink in night,
Though without hope to rise.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY.

M. DE PONTALBA is one of the great proprietors of France. His son had been a page of Napoleon, and afterwards a distinguished officer, aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and a protégé of the Duke of Elchingen. He married the daughter of Madame d'Almonaster, and for some time, they lived happily; but on the death of her mother, Madame de Pontalba began to indulge in such extravagances that even the enormous fortune of the Pontalbas was unequal to it. This led to some remonstrance on the part of the husband; on the morning after which she disappeared from the hotel, and neither he nor her children had any clue to her retreat. At last, after an interval of some months, arrives a letter from her to her husband, dated New Orleans, in which she announces that she means to apply for a divorce; but, for eighteen months, nothing more was heard of her, except by her *drafts* for money. At last she returned, but only to afflict her family. Her son was at the military academy of St. Cyr—she induced him to elope, and the boy was plunged in every species of debauchery and expense. This afflicted in the

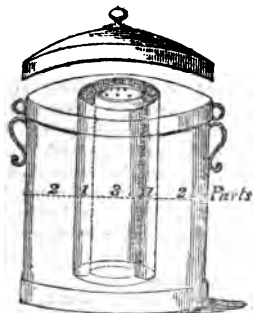
deepest manner his grandfather, who revoked a bequest which he had made him of about 4,000*l.* a year, and seemed to apprehend for him nothing but future ruin and disgrace. The old man, eighty-two years of age, resided in his chateau of Mont Léveque, whither, in October, 1834, Madame de Pontalba went to attempt a reconciliation with the wealthy senior. Then and there occurred the most extraordinary and unaccountable scene. On the 19th of October, the day after Madame de Pontalba's arrival, she found she could make no impression on the father-in-law, and was about to return to Paris, when old M. de Pontalba, at the age of eighty-two, observing a moment when she was alone in her apartment, enters it with a brace of double-barrelled pistols, locks the door, and approaching his astonished daughter-in-law, desires her "to recommend herself to God, for that she has but few minutes to live;" but he does not even allow her one minute—he fires immediately, and two balls enter her left breast. She starts up and flies, her blood streaming about, to a closet, exclaiming that she will submit to any terms, if he will spare her—"No, no; you must die!"—and he fires his second pistol. She had instinctively covered her heart with her hand—that hand is miserably fractured by the balls; but saved her heart. She then escapes to another closet, where a third shot is fired at her without effect—and at last she rushed in despair at the door—and while M. de Pontalba is discharging his last barrel at her, she succeeds in opening it. The family, alarmed by the firing, arrives, and she is saved. The old man, on seeing that she is beyond his reach, returns to his apartments, and blows out his brains. It seems clear that he had resolved to make a sacrifice of the short remnant of his own life, in order to release his son and his grandson from their unfortunate connexion with Madame de Pontalba. But he failed—none of her wounds were mortal; and within a month after, Madame de Pontalba, "perfectly recovered, in high health and spirits, radiant and crowned with flowers, was to be seen at all the fêtes and concerts of the capital."

In the mean time, a suit for restitution of conjugal rights was pending between her and her husband; and towards the end of last October, a final decree of the court enjoined, that Madame de Pontalba should return under marital authority, and should reside in such of her husband's houses as he should appoint—excepting only—with admirable delicacy—the Chateau de Mont Léveque, where the bloody scene had been acted.—[From a paper on the pernicious influence of French Novels—in the *Quarterly Review*.]

Domestic Hints.

CREAM FREEZING APPARATUS.

THIS is an ingenious application of chemistry to domestic convenience, in the artificial production of cold. The discovery was made by Richard Walker, Esq., of Oxford, and was first published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1787; but the present application of its principle is of recent date.



(Cream freezing Apparatus.)

The apparatus, represented in the Engraving, consists only of two parts; viz. the vessel for containing the freezing mixture; and a cover, to which is attached, in the same piece, a concentric annular cavity or chamber, in which the prepared cream is to be frozen; this cavity, forming a circle within the vessel itself, is open at the top, as represented, and, of course, closed at the bottom, and reaching very nearly to the bottom of the vessel: this secondary part fits close over the vessel containing the freezing mixture. It will be perceived that in the figure, there are seven very small holes in the central part of the cover, just sufficient for the escape of the air, to admit of the ascent of the freezing mixture in the middle part of the vessel. The apparatus should be furnished, (as expressed in the figure,) with an outer cover.

Previously to use, it will be proper to ascertain the quantity of liquid the apparatus will contain when together, and mark its height; likewise the proportion of the ingredients for furnishing a given quantity in measure should be known. Thus, for each pint, small or old measure, will be required of sal ammoniac and nitre, (each equal parts by weight, reduced together into fine powder,) six ounces, and of Glauber's salt, in clear crystals and dry, four ounces and a half, freely reduced to fine powder, and in a separate parcel from the former; and water ten ounces, or enough to make up one pint in measure when added to the former ingredients;—of course, the whole must be well stirred together, and expeditiously, before introducing that part of the apparatus which contains the article to be frozen, and occa-

sionally afterwards, till the object is completed, avoiding, as much as possible, any accidental accession of heat.

A freezing mixture, composed of sal ammoniac and nitre with water, all at the temperature of 50° , to which temperature, or nearly so, they may all be reduced by water from a pump by drawing off a sufficient quantity first, will from 50° produce a cold of 22° below the freezing point, and with the addition of Glauber's salt to 28° . The confectioners find a degree of cold at 12° or 15° below the freezing point sufficient for their purpose; but it must be recollected that the cold produced by salts dissolved in water, is not so durable as with ice and salt; the duration of the refrigerating power in the above mixtures will of course be in proportion to the quantity and thickness of the apparatus. Mr. Walker's usual way is, in extremely hot weather, to place the vessel containing the powdered salts in the coldest water drawn from the pump previously; but in the ordinary way it will suffice to add the cold water without the above precaution: it may be advisable to be provided with a second quantity of the ingredients, to preserve the cold by a renewal of the mixture.

The drawing is taken from an apparatus of Mr. Walker: it is made of tin, for want of a fitter material, and painted outside of a grass-green colour. The apparatus above-mentioned may be only half or three parts filled for use; care must be taken in every instance that the surface of the subject to be acted upon be rather below the surface of the freezing mixture.

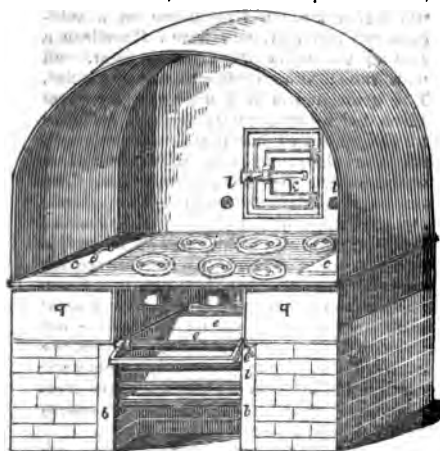
In the *Philosophical Magazine*, Mr. Walker has described two other apparatus—one for freezing water on the smallest scale, in the hottest weather,—the other, in one piece, for cooling wine; but the Cream Freezing Apparatus is the most important of Mr. Walker's inventions.

WEEKS'S PATENT COOKING APPARATUS.

MR. WEEKS'S improvement in the cooking range consists in the front bars of the grate, the cheeks, the back, and the end pieces into which the back fits, being constructed of hollow tubes, the whole having at the same time the appearance of a common grate; and pipes from these communicate with two hot water cisterns, one placed on each hob of the grate. There is also a communication between these cisterns by pipes passing horizontally over the back of the fire-place, so that a continually circulating medium is obtained.

There is an oven connected with the improved range, in which, from the manner of its construction, meat may be baked, and yet have all the advantage of meat that is roasted.

There are four varieties of Mr. Week's apparatus; but the kitchen range or cooking apparatus is that which exhibits the improvement in its completest form. An Engraving of it is annexed, and the following are the descriptive details:—

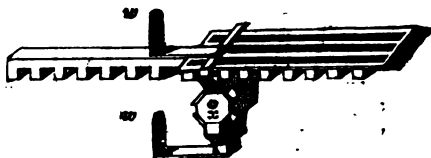


(Week's Kitchen Range.)

The front bars (*a a*), which are hollow, communicate with hollow cheeks (*b b*), from the back of which pipes pass to the bottom of the cisterns (*c c*); and the communication between the cisterns is formed by the pipes (*d d*). The back of the grate, which is composed of hollow tubes, fits into hollow end pieces, each of which has also a pipe to communicate with the hot water cisterns (*c c*). The inside of the cast iron back of the grate, which the poker comes against in poking the fire, is nearly smooth, and the pipes are almost entirely on the outside. The surface of the range is covered with a cast iron plate, in which are placed five cast iron pans and a fish-kettle, (of course the number of these pans may be increased,) for stewing and for other culinary purposes. These vessels contain only boiling water, but tin vessels are placed in them, and in the cisterns containing water, the articles to be cooked either by stewing or boiling; the water, &c. in the inner vessels being made to boil by those vessels being surrounded by the boiling water in the outer vessels. This offers two advantages, namely, that the water in the tin vessels can never exceed the boiling point, and that these vessels, with their contents, may be easily and at once lifted out. There are two sheets of cast iron (*g g*), which slide in grooves, and are pushed together to keep the fire and heat from any one engaged at the stew-pans. The cock (*i*) for drawing the water off is fixed near the top of the range, so that the pipes can never be wholly emptied. Above the cast iron plate and pans is the oven. This is double-cased, so that there is a vacuity all round, except at the doorway (*h*), for a current of hot air. But the principal improvement here consists in the introduction of a continual current of air. We all know that meat which is roasted is superior to meat that is baked, because the former is cooked in a continually changing, and, consequently, a purer atmosphere; and the exhalations from it pass up the chimney, and otherwise into the atmosphere; but the meat that is confined in an oven becomes saturated with the impurities with which the air surrounding it has become contaminated. To obviate this evil, openings (*l l*) are made on each side of the oven,

through which a constant current of air passes, and the exhalations are thus carried up by a funnel into the flue. From the cisterns on each side, a pipe may be carried through the wall behind; this pipe will carry boiling water to a very considerable distance; so that by having another cistern, beyond the wall, cooking may be performed by the mistress or housekeeper in a different room from that where the fire is, and whence the boiling water is supplied. Over the range there is a canopy of tin or zinc, to prevent the steam ascending to the ceiling, at the top of which there is an opening for its escape into the flue.

It is well known that a false bottom to a grate causes a great saving in fuel, because the fire is by it brought in closer contact with the bottom of the pots or pans placed on the grate; but, at times, when roasting is to be done, the whole depth of the grate is required. In order to save the waste of fuel occasioned by neglecting to put in the false bottom when no roasting is wanted, and to obviate the inconvenience of having the fire deranged when roasting is required, Mr. Week's plan of a false bottom will be effectual.



(False Bottom to a Grate.)

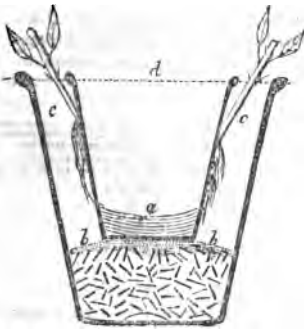
The cut shows a false bottom connected with the grate; *w w* are screwed on to the cheek; and by turning round the handle, which is put on the axle (*x*) of the wheel, the false bottom, which has a thin edge, will make its way forward through the fire, and may be drawn back at pleasure. The thin edge, when pushed forward, rests in a groove on the other end of the grate.

NEW METHOD OF STRIKING CUTTINGS.

THE sketch represents a new mode of striking cuttings, which Mr. Alexander Forsyth has proved to be far superior to the ordinary practice; and which is so extremely simple, that it is likely to be adopted by the amateur cottage matron, with her pinks and wall-flowers. It is as follows:—Take a wide-mouthed 48-sized pot, for example, and crock it in the usual manner with broken tiles, &c.; then take a wide-mouthed *small sixty*, and put a piece of clay in the bottom of it to stop the hole; then place it inside the other, on the top of the crocking, so that the brims of both pots may be on a level. Then fill in the space between the pots with sand, or other propagating soil, according to the nature of the plant about to be propagated; and let the cuttings be inserted in the manner here shown, with their lower extremities against the inner pot. Plunge the pot in a cutting frame, or under a bell or hand-glass, in a shady place out of doors, according to the nature of the cuttings and

the season of the year; and let the inner pot be filled and kept full of water.

The principal advantages to be derived from this method are,—the regularity of the supply of moisture, without any chance of saturation; the power of examining the state of the cuttings at any time, without injuring them, by lifting out the inner pot; the superior drainage, so essential in propagating, by having such a thin layer of soil; the roots being placed so near the sides of both pots; and the facility with which the plants, when rooted, can be parted for potting off, by taking out the inner pot, and, with a common table-knife, cutting out every plant with its ball, without the awkward, but often necessary, process of turning the pot upside down to get out the cuttings.



(New Method of striking Cuttings.)

In the cut, *a* shows the clay stopping of the pot; *b*, the drainage of pots, or broken crocks; *c*, the sand or other soil in which the cuttings are inserted; and *d*, the water in the inner pot.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

New Books.

TRAVELS IN CHILI AND PERU.

[In the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, just published, is a very attractive paper upon a new work which has lately appeared in Germany, upon the above important countries of South America. The title runs—*Travels in Chili and Peru*, and on the River Amazons, in the years 1827—1832. By Von Edward Poeppig. It extends to two quartos, containing between 900 and 1,000 closely printed pages; accompanied by an atlas of plates. From the Reviewer's observations we gather that the work is "replete with new and interesting information communicated in an agreeable manner, and calculated to give a very favourable idea of the acquirements, perseverance, and impartiality of the author." The main object of the voyage was to collect specimens of natural history; and the descrip-

tive portions of the work are, therefore, among its most striking features: *e. g.*]

Arrival at Antuco.

Late in the evening we reached the end of the dreary plain of Antuco, and suddenly found ourselves in a fertile spot overgrown with high grass. The moon had risen above the snowy plains of the Andes; the streams of lava shone brilliantly on the shady side of the volcano; and all was still, till the noise of a great multitude made us all at once aware that we were in the vicinity of Tucapel and indicated that some unusual event had taken place there. In fact we found the inhabitants in the utmost despair, as they were in momentary expectation of an attack from the marauding tribe of the Moluches, who were said to have advanced as far as the upper Biobio—women and children were lamenting, while the men were hastily loading their horses with their little property, to seek safety in flight, though with the certain prospect of finding their village reduced to ashes on their return. Only a few men, confident in the fleetness of their steeds, resolved to wait till the last moment, and not follow their families till the blood-thirsty horde had actually made their appearance. It seemed more advisable to imitate their example, than to go back all the way to Yumbel. Under cover of a neighbouring wood, we succeeded in getting off our mules and baggage, and I was fortunate enough to obtain a fresh horse. The Chilians encamped in the centre of the village—for none ventured to remain in their dwellings, where they could not so soon be aware of the approaching danger. It was indeed a melancholy encampment—little was said, and the cheerful guitar was for once laid aside—the peasants sat in gloomy despondency round the small watchfire, the reflection of which showed, in their careworn features, the traces of the misery which this destructive war has for many years inflicted on all the inhabitants of the frontiers. The midnight stillness was suddenly broken by a dismal song, in a harsh voice, which was succeeded by an expressive silence. At a short distance from us there was an encampment of about twenty Pehuenches, who had hitherto remained unobserved. Near the fire, and supported against the old trunk of a weeping *mayte*, reclined a captive Indian, painted with white streaks, which had been traced upon his dark skin with horrid fidelity, in imitation of a human skeleton. The rest were seated in a circle in gloomy silence; with their horses ready saddled behind them, and their long lances fixed in the ground by their side. The prisoner re-commenced his song, but none replied, for it was his farewell to life—his death-song—as he had been doomed to die the next morning by the hand of his guards. During a fit of intoxication:

he had killed a member of another family, and being the last descendant of an extirpated race, and too poor to pay the fine in arms and cattle, his life was irrecoverably forfeited to the vengeance of the relations, according to the inexorable laws of this people. I left the camp of these Indians, whose vicinity could only excite unpleasant feelings; and ascended a hill which rose close to the unfortunate village. Here, on a level rock, I watched for some time, holding the reins of my horse in one hand and my gun in the other, as we might every instant expect the dreaded attack. About midnight, the wind bore along the distant sound of the trampling of horses, followed by loud yells, and, in a moment, the whole village was in motion. The Chilians and Indians fled into the dark woods,—but the war-cries soon announced them to be allied Pehuenches, who belonged to the troop that had left Yumbel on the preceding day, and who brought good tidings. The watch-fires instantly blazed up, and all thronged round the messengers, who reported with wild gestures that they had unexpectedly come upon the approaching Moluches, whom they had defeated, and that they were now hastening to Chilian to spread the news of victory, and receive the customary presents. In confirmation of their statement, they rolled along at our feet some bloody heads, whose savage features fixed in death had a most terrific appearance. The horrid trophies were received with a loud yell of joy—the Chilians collected their concealed property, and a disgusting bacchanal ensued. Sick at heart from the repeated sight of these cruelties, I retired into the wood; the exhaustion both of mind and body rendered any convenient resting place superfluous, and I sought in the arms of sleep forgetfulness of the events of the past day.

Indian Warfare.

The Pehuenches are always at war with one or other of the neighbouring tribes. They consider it as the greatest proof of military skill to attack the enemy in some unguarded point, to penetrate into the open country, and to inflict upon the people all the horrors of an Indian war. They manage to arrive by night near the frontier place which they have doomed to destruction. As soon as morning dawns, they rush tumultuously, and with dreadful yells, into the defenceless village, and the inhabitants rarely have time to fly. The scene of barbarity and destruction which then begins baffles description. Whatever appears to be of any value is seized, the rest destroyed, the herds driven away, the men and youths murdered without pity; the old women, though not killed, are barbarously treated; the younger women and girls carried away with little hope of ever seeing their

country again. Lastly, they set fire to the wretched huts, and the fiend-like assailants hastily retreat amidst the flames, and over the bloody carcases of their murdered victims. Less than two hours are sufficient to commence and finish this scene: they vanish as suddenly as they came, and the lamentations of the few inhabitants who have escaped alone bear witness to their destructive visit.

It is very seldom that these Indians take any prisoners, and every one fights to the last moment, rather than expose himself to the more or less dreadful fate which may befall him, according to the humour of the victors. During my residence at Antuco, a military party, which returned from the Southern Andes, had succeeded in capturing a chief of the detested tribe of the Moluches: The unfortunate prisoner was destined to be a victim to their vengeance, and the intervention of the Chilian commandant, and the offer of considerable presents, had no influence over the incensed Indians, who impatiently waited for the next morning. The prisoner looked forward to his inevitable fate with that stupid indifference which has nothing in common with the courage of the hero. The man who, more than half degenerated, has never experienced the happiness of a softer feeling, resigns without emotion the cheerless boon of existence. The noise of the festival in honour of the triumph resounded throughout the night, and at daybreak a large circle of the men and all the women assembled before the fort. The prisoner stood in the centre of a smaller circle, composed of twenty warriors, each armed with his long lance. Three shallow pits had been dug at his feet, and a short stick was put into his hand. In a loud voice he related his deeds, and named the enemies who had fallen by his hand; and as he pronounced each name he broke off a piece of the stick, which he threw into one of the pits and contemptuously trampled under foot. The shouts of the indignant heagers became louder and louder, and the women, transformed into furies, answered with yells and screams to every new name. One lance after the other was lowered and pointed closer and closer at the breast of the scornful enemy. The last piece of the stick was dropped; the last and the greatest of all the names was pronounced; and at the same instant resounded from a hundred throats the fearful war-cry of the Chibotoo. Twenty lances pierced the prisoner, who was lifted high into the air, and then fell dead upon the ground.

Volcano of Antuco.

The valley of Antuco, which comprehends the highest point of the Southern Andes, extends from east to west, is about seven leagues long, not very broad in any part, and divided into two very nearly equal portions by

the river Layé. At its lower extremity it is separated by a chain of hills from the plain of Yumbel and Los Angeles; towards the east it rises abruptly, contracts, and is in this direction almost entirely inclosed by the broad base of the volcano, there being barely space between it and the opposite ridge for a rapid stream and a narrow defile which leads into the country of the Indians. Many parts of the soil are not worth cultivating, as it is covered with volcanic rock, and resembles the dry bed of a river; but the sides of the mountains, and the plains at their foot, answer their high reputation for extraordinary fertility. In some places they exhibit terraces one above another, and present natural meadows in the midst of beautiful mountain-woods, where the most luxuriant vegetation proves the richness of the soil; streams everywhere rush down from the mountains, and above their verdant summits tower the lofty peaks covered with everlasting snow. In the immediate vicinity of the village, the mountains are so high that it takes several hours to ascend the bold, rocky summit of the Pico de Pilque. Still further up the valley, their colossal height increases, till the indented glacier of the Silla Veluda and the black cone of the volcano close the wonderful picture. The village itself has a most picturesque appearance, for it leans against a lofty ridge, which is crested with a magnificent forest of beech trees. There is an indescribable pleasure in botanizing on a bright morning in summer on these trackless heights: the endless variety of beautiful Alpine plants fills the botanist with enthusiasm; the majestic prospect of the snow-crowned Andes refreshes the eye of the wearied traveller, who reposes beneath the shade of trees of extraordinary size; and the atmosphere has a purity which seems to render him more capable of enjoying the pleasures of life and despising its dangers.

But the most splendid and ever-novel object in the landscape is the volcano, which is a few leagues from the village, and, not being concealed by any of the smaller hills by which it is surrounded, is perpetually in sight. We are never weary of observing the various phenomena which it presents, sometimes occasioned by the manifold refraction of light, at others by the mighty convulsions which agitate its interior. Sometimes a thick volume of smoke issues from its crater, like an enormous black column, which by an inconceivable force is impelled with greater rapidity than a cannon-ball into the blue sky; at others, a small, white cloud gently curls upwards out of the crater, with scarcely any perceptible motion, which indicates the tranquillity that prevails within. At any time of the day, the appearance of this mountain is new and varied, but it is most interesting when the sun is rising behind it, and illuminates its well-defined outline, or when enve-

loped in the radiance of the evening sun, long after it has left Antuco in shade. Even amid the storms which are often spread round its base, while the sky in the lower valley is serene and untroubled, it still remains grand and beautiful.

At night, when shrouded with thick clouds, it is rendered visible by the brilliant fire which constantly issues from its mouth, and which seems to penetrate the lower strata of the atmosphere. The heat of summer, indeed, dissolves the snowy mantle with which winter has invested it, but a passing storm, which never extends to the lower grounds, covers it, even in the warm month of January, with a sheet of silver. We are never tired of watching the moment when the departing daylight renders the glowing streams of lava visible. A solitary speck of fiery red begins to sparkle; it is followed by others, and suddenly the light, like a running fire, communicates to the long streams, which, in some places singly, and in others variously intersected, carry down from the crater to the base, new masses of lava, which continue their brilliant career till they are eclipsed by the more powerful light of the morning sun. In the months of November and December, when the air is quite free from the dry fog, we sometimes enjoy a very rare but truly magical spectacle. When a passing storm has covered the volcano with fresh, pure snow, and the moon happens to be at the full, we observe: at the sides of the cone, a four-fold light, in the most wonderful play of colours. While the moon is still low in the horizon, and, hid behind the mountain, strongly marks the outlines of its snow-capped summit, and the extreme point is still tinged with the last beams of the setting sun, a calm splendour rises majestically from its interior, and streams of lava glow on the western side, which is enveloped in shade: if at this instant light clouds cross over the summit, the scene is such as no one would attempt to describe in words, and of which the greatest painter might despair of giving even a faint resemblance; for whatever grand effect the light of the moon, of the reflection of the snow, of the volcanic fire, and of the evening sun, can produce singly, are here united in one magnificent and unequalled whole.

VON RAUMER'S ENGLAND IN 1835.

(Concluded from page 254.)

[WITH another extract or two, we take leave of this very interesting, and by this time popular work.]

English Route.

My desire of making acquaintances in company is natural, and I was accordingly introduced to a few persons; but such a wish only proved that I knew nothing of

English route, and that I asked something quite impossible and absurd. When I had come to the conviction that these assemblies had as little the purpose of conversation as of eating and drinking, I had made one step towards knowledge; and I then imagined that the object was to look and be looked at; but I had not yet hit the mark; for yesterday evening people placed themselves so that one could not even see. At a German supper, sometimes, one guest more comes than the table can conveniently hold, and the party sit somewhat crowded: in a Paris *soirée*, twenty or thirty more arrive than there are chairs for; but here, more people meet together than can find standing-room. Indeed, one was more crowded than in the street, only that the company did not move about so rapidly, but stood nearly still, whereas the populace have a peculiar pleasure in the act of pushing and elbowing. It took me a full half-hour to make my way from the farthest room to the entrance; it was utterly impossible to press through faster. As I went out, guests were still arriving, and the number of the carriages in waiting was so great, that the ladies went out, and traversed the spacious court on foot, that they might reach them sooner.

Windsor Castle.

Lord H—— very obligingly showed us the whole of the castle, much more than is usually shown; and this brings me to the introduction of this letter. Windsor far exceeded my expectations, and made a greater impression on me than all the other castles I have ever seen, put together. It combines the bold originality of the middle ages with the highest pitch of splendour and comfort which our times can reach. It is not an empty, tedious, monotonous repetition of the same sort of rooms, over and over again; but every staircase, every gallery, every room, every hall, nay, every window, is different, surprising, peculiar; in one word, poetical. In the rich, busy, hurrying London, I have often longed for the quiet of decaying Venice—often looked for a tinge of poetic melancholy, or of fantastic originality. In vain; no trace was to be found even in society. Always the sharp outline of reality; the mathematics of life; the arts of calculating, of gaining, of governing. In Windsor, on the contrary, England's history, so rich in interest, with all its recollections, suddenly stands before my eyes. These gigantic towers, bastions, balconies, chapels, churches, and knightly halls, in fresh and boundless variety; at every step new views over rivers, valleys, woods, and fields; the fancies of a thousand years crowded together into one instant, and far surpassing every thing that Opera decorators would dare to represent on paper and canvass.

I could understand Versailles, and see Louis the Fourteenth and his court, walking up and down in the straight, rectangular walks among the formal hedges, fountains, and half-fabulous animals: it was just a scene from Racine or Corneille. In Windsor, for the first time since I was in England, I fully understood that Shakspeare was an Englishman. Here he reigns as monarch, and his romantic world here finds a local habitation. As we were afterwards whirled along in the royal carriage through the green meadows, and among the ancient oaks and beeches, where the wildest nature is interspersed with beautiful gardens and quiet lakes, and where richly ornamented boats lay ready moored to transport us to the distant, wooded and mysterious shore, I felt that I was on the spot where the Henries reigned, and acted their great and gorgeous tragedies; where, in moonlight nights, Oberon and Titania sport with their fairy troops; where Rosalind wanders in the forest, or Jaques indulges in his melancholy musings, or Beatrice throws out her keen jests like bright arrows.

When the weather had stormed itself out, we drove home through the richly cultivated country. It was a beautiful evening, and we could see farther than usual; but as soon as we got near London, we were surrounded with a thick fog: a grey curtain hid from us the garden of poetry, and the prose of life demanded a dinner at nine o'clock at night.

Buckingham Palace.

London, June 20th, 1835.

Yesterday, in company with Mr. D——, and several other persons, I visited Buckingham House, the king's new palace, in St. James's Park. Many objections might be made to the arrangement and proportions of the exterior, though its extent, and the colonnade, give it a certain air of grandeur.

But what shall I say of the interior? I never saw anything that might be pronounced a more total failure, in every respect. It is said, indeed, that, spite of the immense sums which have been expended, the king is so ill-satisfied with the result, that he has no mind to take up his residence in it, when the unhappy edifice shall be finished. This reluctance appears to me very natural. For my own part, I would not live in it rent-free; I should vex myself all the day long with the fantastic mixture of every style of architecture and decoration—the absence of all, pure taste—the total want of feeling of measure and proportion. Even the great entrance-hall does not answer its object, because the principal staircase is on one side, and an immense, space scarcely lighted, seems to extend before you as you enter, to no purpose whatever. The grand apartments of the principal story are adorned with pillars; but what

kind of pillars? Partly red, like raw saffron; partly blue, like starch—bad imitations of marbles which nobody ever saw, standing upon blocks which art rejects, to support nobody knows what. Then, in the next apartment, (in defiance of keeping,) no pillars, but pilasters; then pilasters without base or capital; and then with a capital, and with the base preposterously cut away.

In the same apartment, fragments of Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, and the Middle Ages, all confusedly mingled together; the doors, windows, and chimney-pieces, in such incorrect proportions, that even the most unpractised eye must be offended. The spaces unskillfully divided, cut up, insulated; the doors sometimes in the centre, sometimes in the corner—nay, in one room, there are three doors of different height and breadth; over the doors, in some apartments, bas-reliefs and sculptures, in which pygmies and Brobdiagnians are huddled together—people from two to six feet high living in admirable harmony. The smaller figures have such miserable spider legs and arms, that one would fancy they had been starved in a time of scarcity, and were come to the king's palace to fatten.

The picture-gallery is highly spoken of. I allow it is large, and the Gothic branches, depending from the half-vaulted ceilings, produce a certain effect. On the other hand, this imitation of Henry the Seventh's Chapel is out of its place here where the doors and windows belong to other times and other nations. These doors and windows, again, are in no proper proportion to the whole; the immensely high wall cannot be hung with paintings; and the light, coming from above on two sides, is false, insufficient, and, moreover, broken by the architectural decorations.

This palace, therefore, stands as a very dear proof that wealth, without knowledge of art and taste, cannot effect so much as moderate means aided by knowledge and sound judgment. Of what use, then, is it? The best thing that could happen, would be, if Aladdin, with his magic lamp, would come and transport it into an African desert. Then might travellers go in pilgrimage to it, and learned men at home might puzzle their brains over their descriptions and drawings; wondering in what a curious state of civilization and taste the unknown people, who built in such a style, must have lived! and how such deviations from all rule were to be explained! In the disputations that would arise, the people would be, if not justified, at least excused, and their liberal grants of money would be urged as extremely meritorious; but the king; and, above all, the architect, would be found guilty of a violation of all rules of art and of sense.

Smuggling.

I dined with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. My little essay on our municipal system gave occasion to a discussion on this subject, and the conversation on finance, taxation, free trade, commercial unions, &c., which lasted the whole time of dinner, was extremely interesting. I acquire some information in every society, and I am often delighted to have an opportunity of representing our fatherland in a light as true as it is favourable.

Firmly as I am resolved not to report one word of the private conversations of individuals, which could be in the slightest degree disagreeable to them, I trust it is no gossip, *à la* —, to repeat a *contraband* story or two from an authentic source.

A few days ago, a lady sent ten guineas, and a merchant 3,000*l.*, to the Exchequer, with the acknowledgment that they had formerly defrauded the revenue to that amount.

The Custom-House officers received information that a great number of Swiss watches were smuggled in certain bales of goods, on board a certain ship. All search, however, was fruitless; at length it was discovered that holes were cut in the thick packing cases, and the watches hidden in them.

A ship discharged slate as ballast; in the slate, Florentine mosaic was most dexterously concealed.

[It should be mentioned that the third volume remains untouched; as it relates too closely to political prospects and matters of finance to be attractive to the general reader.]

Notes of a Reader.

THE GREAT CLOCK AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

[THE following description of this palace wonder is from an industriously compiled *Historical Treatise on Horology*, by E. Henderson.* The reader will perceive that the author corrects the prevalent notion of this clock being the work of Tompion, as stated in most descriptions of Hampton Court Palace. We remember expressing a wish to learn its true history and construction, as we stood viewing its embellished face on a delightful evening of last summer; and here our wish is amply gratified.]

According to Dr. Derham, the oldest English made clock extant is the one placed in the principal turret of the Palace Royal, Hampton Court, near London, it was constructed in the year 1540 by a maker of the initials of N. O. The editor of the article

* It is to be wished that we could say as accurately printed; for it is disfigured with many errors.

"Clock-work," in Dr. Rees' *Ency.*, very properly observes, that when we consider that this clock contains mechanism for representing the motions of some of the heavenly bodies, and that the celebrated Copernicus was living at the time of its date, and had not yet published his work *On the Revolutions of the Celestial Orbs*, when we reflect also that more than a century elapsed after this time before the invention of the pendulum was applied as the regulator of clocks, these considerations appear sufficiently interesting for a minute examination of the wheel-work of this ancient clock, particularly that part of it which constitutes its celestial mechanism.

Dr. Derham, in his *Artificial Clock Maker*, third edit. Lond. 1714, states, that the Hampton Court clock shows the time of the day, and the motions of the sun and moon, through all the degrees of the zodiac, together with the matters depending thereon, as the day of the month, the sun and moon's place in the ecliptic, the moon's wouthing, &c. &c. To show how completely (for that age) the wheel-work was arranged, will be best known from the following short detailed extract from the same little work:—In the centre of all, both the dial-plate and its wheel-work are placed on a fixed arbor, which hath a pinion on the end of it which drives both the solar and lunar motions, by means of a large wheel of 288 teeth turning once round upon it every 24 hours, which large wheel is drawn round by a pinion of 12 leaves, fixed on the arbor of the great wheel within the clock frames, which turneth once round in an hour; the wheel 288 thus turning round in 24 hours, carries about with it a wheel of 37 teeth and its pinion of 7 leaves, this pinion of 7 leaves turning round with wheel 37, drives another wheel having 45 teeth which carries round the moon's ring and circle; on the opposite side of this wheel-work, a pinion of 8 leaves extends, and did drive a wheel, but said wheel and its pinion being taken away, the numbers of the wheel and pinion are unknown, the pinion of this wheel, however, turned round a wheel having 29 teeth, furnished with a pinion of 12 leaves, which turned round a large wheel having 132 teeth which carries round the sun and the zodiacal matter. These were the numbers of the wheel-work remaining in the year 1711, but the before-mentioned wheel and its pinion were taken out formerly by some ignorant workman that was not able to amend the clock; they were, however, supplied, and the whole movement repaired by Mr. Lang Bradley, Fenchurch-street, London, vide Dr. Derham's *Artificial Clock Maker*, 3rd edit. Lond. d714, pp. 121 and 122.

This description gives a very clear idea how the several movements were actuated; but the numbers of a wheel and pinion in

the solar train being unknown, leaves that movement incomplete, thus, $28 \times 29 \times 132 \times 12$, so that the original combination of wheels and pinions for the annual motion unfortunately cannot with certainty be ascertained.

The writer of the article *Clock-work* in Dr. Rees' *Ency.* (before referred to,) states, that after he had drawn up the various particulars regarding this clock, he felt an inclination to inspect it; this was on the 8th day of May, 1805, when he embraced an opportunity which occurred of gaining permission to ascend the lofty situation in which the clock is placed. It proved on a minute and careful examination of its several parts, that the whole of both the annual and lunar movements are different from the original ones recorded by Dr. Derham; the lunar movements were found to be $59 \times 10 \times 45 \cdot 9 = 29\frac{1}{2}$ days for a synodical lunation, the annual train was found to be $73 \times 12 \times 42 \cdot 7 \times 150 \cdot 15 = 365$ days exactly; the central pinion was a double one consisting of a 10 and a 12, fixed as the former one of 8 is described to have been, and pinned together; they are of the wood called box, as are also the pinions 7 and 9, to prevent their cankering (oxidizing), the wheel 42 is made of brass, but the rest being very large are made of iron; the great wheel of 288 teeth which connects the clock-work with the astronomical movements, appeared to be the only portion of the original work, both by its marks of antiquity and the number of its teeth, which are cut on its inner edge (interior circumference), there are two cross bars rivetted to this indented rim to carry the celestial movements, and as there was no counterpoise to them, it was suspected that their rising and falling weight would alternately accelerate and retard the going of the clock, which is connected with it by means of a horizontal arbor of about three feet long by estimation, an inquiry into this matter proved the accuracy of this conjecture, for it appeared that the time of the day indicated was *sometimes about five minutes too slow, and at other times as much too fast*; the inscription "L. Bradley, 1711," is engraved on the frame of the going part of the clock, which has evidently been new, either the whole of it at that time, or some part of it since, so that what the original regulator was does not appear, the initials of the maker's name "N. O." are now not to be found; there are three barrels and weights, one for the going part which has a very long, heavy pendulum, one for the striking part, and one for the quarters, the present scape-ment is a pair of pallets acting alternately into pins projecting from the plane of a wheel with a horizontal arbor or axis; according to Berthoud, this kind of scape-ment was invented by a Mr. Amant, a clock-maker at Paris, late in the 18th century.

So it would seem that this clock had been again altered and repaired, somewhere between the years 1760 and 1800; in *Gross's Antiquities*, it is stated, that the astronomical furniture of this clock was invented by Thomas Tompion, the celebrated clock-maker; this account cannot be correct, for that ingenious artist lived in Dr. Derham's time. Tompion died in 1669, which period is about 129 years after its construction; it is probable, however, that he might have been employed upon it, and thus given circulation to this current account; the hands and circles are in the following order upon the dial-plate: 1st, or interior circle, is divided into 24 hours for the moon's southings, after this manner, 12, 11, 10, &c.; 2nd, moon's age circle divided into 29½ equal parts; 3rd circle is furnished with the ecliptic with its signs, and days of the month; 4th, sun or hour hand revolving in 24 hours; 5th, the dial circle divided into 24 hours in the usual manner, thus, 12, 1, 2, &c. the moon's phase is exhibited in a circular opening in the hour hand, which covers more or less of a plate, part of which is blackened elliptically, placed under it.

The Gatherer.

Angel.—A short time since there was found at Bath, Somersetshire, an angel of Edward IV., in the highest state of preservation. On the obverse appears the archangel St. Michael, having one foot on the dragon, and piercing him in the mouth with a spear, the end of which terminates with a crosslet. Inscription:—EDWARD DI. GRA. REX ANGL. z. FRANC. On the reverse, a ship with a large mast, the top of which is formed into a cross; the royal shield, with the arms of England and France, is fixed on this mast, having on the dexter side an E., the initial of the name, and on the sinister, a rose. Inscription:—PER CRUCEM TUA SALVA NOS XPE REDEMPT. W. G. C.

Love of Wine.—The Emperor Wenceslaus of bibacious memory, (says Dr. Beattie,) granted to the Nurembergers certain important liberties and indemnities, on condition of their furnishing him in return with three tuns of the wine of Bacharach. There are many historical anecdotes in circulation of his predilection for the choicest grape. All authors coincide in the fact, that he was little annoyed by his sudden reverses of station as a degraded potentate. The odes of Anacreon appear to have been his text book. He drank under the apprehension that the time might come when he could not drink. He wrote to several of the imperial towns, stating that he had exacted from them no other pledge of attachment to his person and government, than a few tuns of their best

wine. One day, a messenger arrived in great trepidation, to announce that the royal chateau of Nicegraden had been suddenly burnt to the ground. "And my cellars," hastily interrupted the Emperor, "has the disaster injured my wine?"—"No, sire," replied the messenger, "your majesty's cellars have suffered nothing."—"Well, well, then," rejoined Wenceslaus, "the loss is but small; provided that my wine be not damaged, I am content." W. G. C.

St. Sebastian's Day in Spain.—The custom alluded to by Horace of sticking a tail, (says a modern traveller,) is still practised by the boys in Spain, to the great annoyance of old ladies, who are generally the objects of this sport. One of the ragged striplings that wander in crowds about the streets of Seville, having tagged a piece of paper with a hooked pin, and stolen unperceived behind some slow-paced female, as, wrapped up in her veil, she tells the beads she carries in her left hand, fastens the paper tail on the back of the black or walking petticoat called saya. The whole of the boys, who, at a convenient distance, have watched the dexterity of their companion, set up a loud cry of "Lárgalo, lárgalo"—"Drop it, drop it." This makes every female in the street look to the rear, which they well know is the fixed point of attack with the merry light troops. The alarm continues till some friendly hand relieves the victim of sport, who spinning and nodding like a spent top, tries in vain to catch a glance at the fast-pinned paper, unmindful of the physical law which forbids her head revolving faster than the great orbit on which the ominous comet flies. W. G. C.

C. Lamb.—The following lines were written by the late C. Lamb, upon the cover of a book of blotting paper. F. W. L.

Blank tho' I be, within you'll find
Relics of th' enraptur'd mind:
Where truth and fable, mirth and wit,
Are safely here deposited.
The placid, furious, envious, wise,
Impart to me their secrets;
Here hidden thoughts in blotted line,
Nor sybil can the sense divine.
Lethe and I twin sisters be—
Then, stranger, open me and see!

Mr. Wilberforce.—A friend told me that he found him once in the greatest agitation, looking for a dispatch which he had mislaid; one of the royal family was waiting for it—he had delayed the search till the last moment—he seemed, at length, quite vexed and flurried. At this unlucky instant, a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself, "Now, for once, Wilberforce's temper will give way." He had hardly thought thus when Wilberforce turned to him, and said, "What a blessing it is to have these dear children; only think what a relief, amidst

other hurries, to hear their voices, and know they are well. C. A. W.

Charlemagne's Bible.—In our description of this calligraphical treasure, it is stated to have been presented to Charlemagne on the day of his coronation; such was not the case, for the presentation was on Christmas Day, 801. We likewise omitted to mention that this Bible is understood not to contain the disputed passage at the commencement of the Gospel of St. John, and not to contain the passage in St. Luke, "Get thee behind me, Satan." The Bible was submitted to sale by auction, on Wednesday the 29th ult. by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall, who put it up for 700*l.*, after which the biddings proceeded as follows:—750*l.*, 800*l.*, 1,000*l.*, 1,000*l.*, 1,100*l.*, 1,200*l.*, 1,470*l.*, 1,500*l.*, at which last sum it was knocked down to Mr. Siordet of St. Helen's-place, who was understood to have bought it in for the owner. It is remarked in the *Times*: "it was confidently expected that this book would have fetched 2,500*l.*; and great astonishment prevailed in the room that no bidder from the British Museum was present to secure for that great national establishment a volume which cannot be matched in any collection in Europe." This astonishment will, we think, be abated, on reading the Parliamentary Evidence on the management of the affairs of the Museum.

Origin of Solicitors.—This branch of legal practitioners seems to have arisen in great part out of the suits in the Star Chamber. (See page 291.) In its origin, their calling appears to have been of doubtful legality, and their characters not over good. Time has, at any event, established their right to practise, whatever may have been its effect upon their characters. "In our age," says Hudson, (a barrister of Gray's Inn, in the reign of Charles I.), "there are stepped up a new sort of people called Solicitors, unknown to the records of the law, who, like the grasshoppers in Egypt, devour the whole land; and these I dare say, (being authorized by the opinion of the most reverend and learned Lord Chancellor that ever was before him,) were express maintainers, and could not justify their maintenance upon any action brought; I mean not where a lord or gentleman employed his servant to solicit his cause, for he may justify his doing thereof; but I mean those which are common solicitors of causes, and set up a new profession, not being allowed in any Court, or, at least, not in this Court, where they follow causes; and these are the retainers of causes, and devourers of men's estates by contention, and prolonging suits to make them without end."—*Treatise upon the Star Chamber.*

Newspaper Stamp.—The following account of the origin of the newspaper stamp, is given

by Mr. Cooke, in his *Life of Bolingbroke*:—"Queen Anne, in one of her messages to Parliament, declared, that by seditious papers and factious rumours, designing men had been able to sink credit, and that the innocent had suffered; and she recommended the house to find a remedy equal to the mischief. In obedience to the Queen's desire, and at the instance of her secretary, the Parliament passed a bill, in 1712, imposing a stamp duty upon pamphlets and publications. At its origin, the amount of this stamp was a halfpenny; and it is curious to observe what an effect this trifling impost had upon the circulation of the most favourite papers. Many were entirely discontinued, and several of those which survived were generally united into one publication."

Irish Blunder.—There was an Adage Club in the town of Tralee, which met once a week, one of the rules of which was, that any member who did not contribute towards the entertainment of the company, something original, either in the way of poetry, *jeu d'esprit*, or conundrum, should defray the expenses of the evening. It happened, (says a recent writer,) on one occasion, that a member named Paddy Divine had been rather Boeotian, and not being able to strike anything out of his brains that would exempt him from the forfeit; he returned home at a late hour, melancholy and dejected, not only because he had incurred a fine, but also the character of being stupid. On knocking at his own door, his wife, (who had been waiting up for him,) previous to her opening it, asked, "Who is there?"—"Paddy Divine," replied he.—"And as drunk as a swine," said she.—"Bravo!" said Paddy, "that will do:—"

Paddy Divine,
As drunk as a swine."

Anacreon Moore himself could not say it better." Off Paddy went to the club-room again, repeating this verse on the road, least he should forget it. On entering the room, almost exhausted with joy, he exclaimed, "I have it! give me a glass." A glass of punch having been handed to him, "Here," said he, (while all the company were in breathless attention,) "here is, Paddy Divine, as drunk as a pig!" The involuntary burst of laughter which followed, was a convincing proof that the company were amused, while no person could deny the originality of the production; so that, in accordance with the rules, Paddy was exempt from the forfeiture, and, what was dearer to him, he was acquitted of the imputation of dullness. W. G. C.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and News-men—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

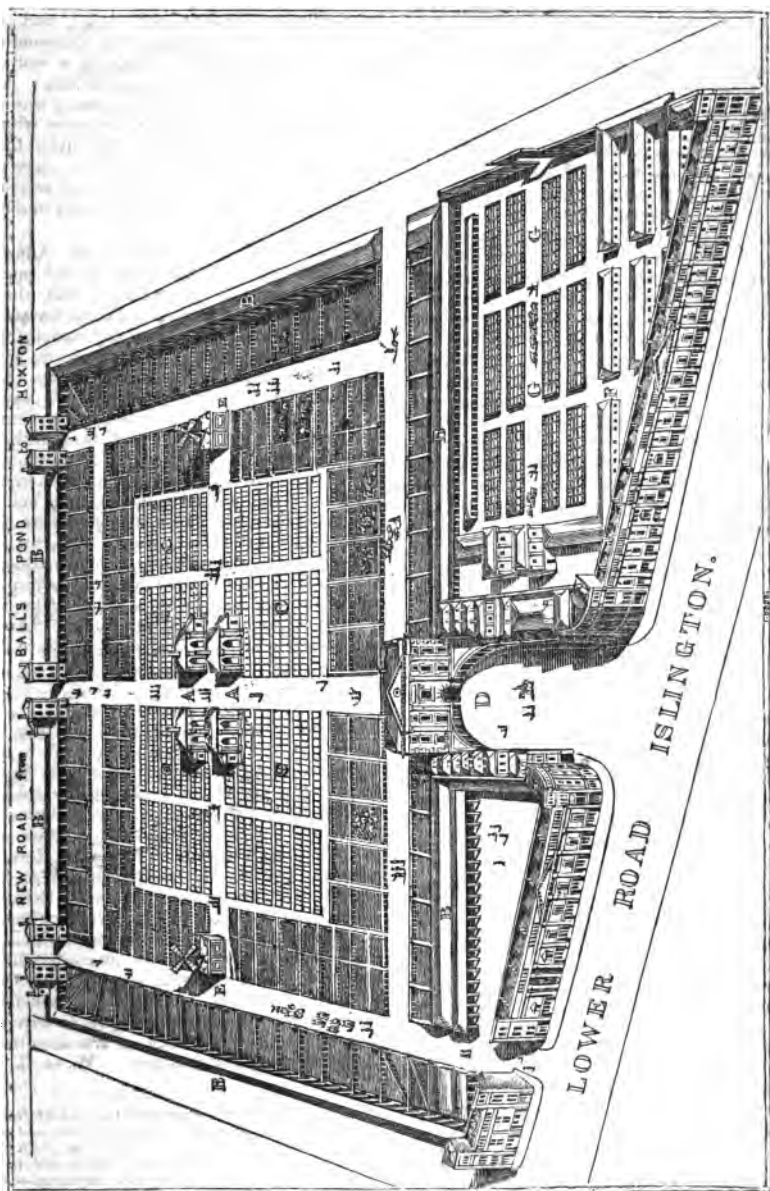
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 776.]

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1836.

[Price 2d.]



THE ISLINGTON CATTLE-MARKET.

UPWARDS of eight years since, (see *Mirror*, vol. xi., p. 65,) we lent our humble aid in illustration of the *Abattoirs*, or Public Slaughter-houses in Paris, which plan it was then proposed to adopt in the suburbs of our metropolis. Hence was anticipated the removal of the necessity of driving cattle and sheep through the crowded streets of London, to and from Smithfield, which has long been complained of as an almost intolerable nuisance, productive of scenes disgraceful to those wearing "the human form." The *Times* newspaper had hitherto lent its powerful influence in furtherance of this scheme of humanity, or rather this effort to abolish cruelty; and the Editor allowed one of his Correspondents to describe the drovers as "more brutal than the beasts they drive;" the blood of the animals to be, from fatigue and ill usage, in a state little short of putrefaction; and their flesh as far removed as possible from the healthy state, in which alone it ought to become human food. These facts were well attested, and it was hoped that something would be done to abolish the nuisance; especially as a practical architect, (Mr. Halsewill,) had shown the facility with which so desirable an object might be effected. It, however, proved otherwise. The scheme was approved of on paper, but no more; and admiration, in this case, proved only unsubstantial patronage. Even the Corporation of the City did not stir to abate the nuisance of their market; while they left the friends of humanity to civilize their drovers; they would punish by law, that is, when compelled to do so, but their humanity was tethered to the magistrate's chair. The removal of the market was a matter of mammon, in which even the fear of unwholesome meats, and the preservation of the public health, were not duly considered: it was a question of finance; and humanity was but a feather in the balance; while the taunt of London being behind Paris in the means of supplying its citizens with food was borne in silence.

This apathy induced a private individual to try what might be done by the establishment of a new cattle-market; and such determination he has carried into effect to the extent illustrated in the previous Engraving. This shows an area of nearly fifteen acres, abutting on the Lower Road, Islington, near to Ball's Pond Turnpike-gate. This space is inclosed by a substantial brick wall, about ten feet in height, within which are sheds on all the four sides, each of which is 800 feet long, and the span of the roofing to the sheds is 25 feet. The roofs rest on the inclosing walls outward, and on substantial piers inward. These sheds are divided into pens or stalls of convenient extent for the

reception of beasts, with yards or layers before them, in which the cattle may range. Here they may be foddered and watered from market-day to market day, or until the purchasers may have occasion to use them. A road or drive goes on each of the four sides of the market, within the layers before the stalls; and within this road are other yards or layers, for cattle also; but these are without sheds. Within these cattle-yards are layers for sheep. The rest of the inner area, save the centre, is disposed in pens for sheep: the layers being for conveniently exposing them for sale; and the latter for them to remain in after they are sold, or if they should remain unsold. The centre of the inner area is a circle, of 150 feet diameter, intended to be occupied by an Exchange for the meeting of salesmen and graziers, and offices and dwellings for money-takers. At present, the latter only have been erected.

The inner area is likewise quadrated by roads crossing it at right angles, and lying opposite to the entrance gateways. Drains and sewers run through the whole area, and two large tanks furnish the establishment with water.

Thus far the upper or quadrangular portion of the market. The lower part is of irregular, triangular form; the right-hand portion being reserved for slaughter-houses,* or occupied by inclosures for pigs. Here, likewise, is the principal entrance from the Islington Lower Road by an arched gateway, and footways, through the centre of a building containing offices for the clerks, &c.: it is placed in the middle of the west side of the market, and recedes about 60 yards from the road. The sides immediately fronting the road consist of houses with shops, built in the embellished style now common in the new streets of the metropolis. Here, likewise, is another entrance.

"The situation of this establishment is, perhaps, the best that could have been chosen for its purpose, lying open, as it does, to most of the great roads from the northern and eastern counties, from which the principal supply of cattle and sheep to the London market is derived, and communicating conveniently, by means of the New or City Road, with a greater part of the town—without driving through the heart of it,—than any other would have done. Indeed, the new Road affords direct and easy access to the Market from the western roads also; but both town and country will require a similar establishment near the confluence of the principal roads on the south side of the

* It should here be observed that the plan of the proprietor is to connect the Market with an establishment affording conveniences for slaughtering on the plan of the French *abattoir*. After our early interest in this and every other portion of the plan, we need scarcely add our best wishes for the proprietor's entire success.

river." The Market was opened for business in the course of the past month.

The prefixed Engraving will be more readily understood by the following.

EXPLANATION.

- A. Buildings in the centre of the Market for Money-takers' Offices and Dwellings, where also it is proposed to erect a circular Exchange.
- B. Cattle Sheds, with large, open Layers in front, surrounding an area of 15 acres, capable of holding 8,000 beast, either tied to the rails, or loose in distinct sheds or layer, and each separate layer constantly supplied with water.
- C. Pens for holding 40,000 sheep.
- D. Principal Entrance to the Cattle-Market.
- E. Windmills and Tanks, for pumping and supplying water to the whole of the Market.
- F. Slaughter-houses.
- G. Market for Pigs.

* Companion to the Almanac for 1834, p. 236.

The Naturalist.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.

(Continued from page 243.)

II.—*Mudie's Natural History of Birds.*

AFTER an attentive perusal of this little volume, we think we may recommend it as one containing much interesting and instructive matter, though not of that kind which, from its title, we should have expected,—it relating chiefly to the physiology of birds. It is illustrated by upwards of one hundred and forty wood-cuts of, collectively, birds, and their bills, feet, and sterna; and it also has a frontispiece printed in oil-colours by Mr. G. Baxter, who, by the way, claims the invention of printing in this manner, though it appears to have been done long before his recent revival of it; for Haslewood, in his "Roxburghe Revels," speaking of Heber's reprint, (in June, 1815,) of T. Cudwoode's "Caltha Poëtarum; or, the Bumble-bee;" a rare collection of poetry, says:—"The Bumble-bee of the title was cut in fac-simile. In the first title was introduced a marygold, and upon my suggestion, printed in natural colours."

Idle Speculations.—It is not seldom that Mr. Mudie, having described a bird's structure, noticed how admirably it is adapted to the various functions it performs, and presumed to declare that it could not have been better, (thus placing a limit to the Almighty's power,) indulges in speculating on the many inconveniences or miseries it would have been subject to, if it had been made after such a manner as he may be pleased to imagine. Unfortunately, this sort of trifling is not peculiar to Mr. Mudie, but is observable in the works of several contemplative writers, not excepting Ray, who furnishes us with a striking specimen of it in his work "On the Wisdom of God in the Creation," where he

entertains us by speculating on the inconveniences we should have endured, and the deformities we should have been, *had* we been made with tumours or wens on our necks! Now is it not quite as, if not more, warrantable to suppose, that if such an addition had been given us as a natural and constant appendage, the Creator would have made it as easy to bear as the arm that hangs by our side? and certain it is that we should not have been conscious of any deformity, seeing that all of our species possessed it, and believing that they always had done so. In a word, we would say—Let naturalists write on the works of nature as they are, and not as they *might have been*.

Logic for those who can't think, (p. 6.)—

As Mr. Mudie has told us in page 4, that in early youth, his arguments "went but awkwardly in mode and figure," we are not so much at a loss to conceive how he could write the following:—"To suppose," he says, "*that we desire that which we do not know*, is just as absurd as to suppose we see what we do not see; and if there is nothing external answering to the desire, then the whole is more purely a mental matter, and, consequently, more exclusively a result of former knowledge, than if it had a tangible object. Even when the infant evinces the first desire for nature's own cup, and before its little features have smiled on the parent by whom that cup is bestowed, or its little fingers have plied that elementary geometry and arithmetic by means of which it learns to measure space and count time,—even then, the knowledge of hunger must come before the desire of food; for if we venture to apply that ignorance-cloaking word instinct, even here, we abandon mind at the very outset, and immortality is a dream."

We have heard of an old woman, a constant attendant at church, who being asked by the clergyman if she understood his sermons, to which she used to listen with the greatest attention, modestly said, "D'y'e think I'd have the presumption?" Now we are sure that Mr. Mudie's readers, cannot have the presumption to say they understand the above extract. It is totally deficient of logic, as we will show by analysis. First, he says that "it is absurd to suppose that we desire that which we do not know." Let us ask what induces people to buy books but the desire to learn that which they do not know? What induces people to go to see a new play, or a new comet but the desire to see, that which, at the time of their desire, they do not see. We readily admit the remark that, it is "absurd to suppose that we see what we do not see,"—it is a truism that was known to Adam and Eve, very soon, we believe, after their creation. Secondly, he declares that, "*if there is nothing external answering to the desire*, then the whole is

* See *Athenæum* for January 4, 1834.

more purely a mental matter, and, consequently, more exclusively, a result of former knowledge, than if it had a tangible object? How can any man be so obtuse as to affirm, that our desire—a mental matter—for what does not exist,—for what is not,—is a result of former knowledge? Is it not quite clear that we can have no knowledge of that which has *no being*, is neither material nor immaterial, neither visible nor invisible? What Mr. Mudie says of the infant and its mother's breast, (we beg pardon for not calling it "nature's own cup," though it is an odd sort of cup,) is an attempt to be very poetical, no doubt; but could there possibly be a more unfortunate illustration?—For he has declared it to be absurd "to suppose that we desire that which we do not know," and now he brings before us a hungry infant evincing its *first* desire for that of which it cannot have acquired any "former knowledge."

Insects Flying, (p. 36.)—Mr. Mudie says, that "bees, flies, and all insects which have membranous or naked wings, cannot *hover*, or lean on the air with still and expanded wings."

We never knew before that "to hover," and "to lean on the air with still and expanded wings," were synonymous. With us its meaning has always been to *flutter* over; and such is the definition given of this verb in Bailey's *English Dictionary*, (1770.) We have often seen the dragon-flies, (*Libellula*), and the *Bombylius major*, hover or flutter over the earth in the manner of a hawk. The latter insect, the Rev. Mr. Bree, three years ago, mentioned his having been much amused in watching, "as it hovered over a frame of Alpine plants" in his garden. "The object," he says, "on which it seemed to have set its affections was a pot of *Aubrietia hesperidiflora*," an elegant little plant. * * * The *Bombylius* poised itself in the air, much in the same way as the common kestrel or windhover, (*Falco tinnunculus*), does, with its body perfectly motionless, but its wings all the while vibrating most rapidly.*

Panting of Birds.—Mr. Mudie says, that in birds, "the operation of *breathing* alters the form of the body much less than in the mammalia," (p. 55,) and that "they do not *pant* as the mammalia do, when they have over-exerted themselves."—(p. 80.)

How does this agree with these remarks of Rennie?—"The lungs (of birds,) compared with those of quadrupeds are rather small; but the air-cells with which they communicate occupy a considerable extent of the chest and belly. These cells are much divided by partitions, furnished as has been observed in large birds, with muscular fibres, supposed to be employed in sending the air back to the lungs, as is done by the diaphragm in other animals, and which is wanting in birds.

* Magazine of Natural History, vol. vi., p. 78.]

This is, no doubt, the reason why birds appear to pant so much in breathing, a much greater portion of the body being always put in motion than in quadrupeds."†

Insects, (p. 99.)—Why does Mr. Mudie talk of "marine insects?" when it is known that there are no insects, properly so called, in the sea, a fact which he appears subsequently to have learned; for further on, at page 227, he says, no birds can be insect-feeders when out at sea, "there being no insects there."—(See *Mirror*, vol. xxvi., p. 149.)

Night-jar, (pp. 115, 198, 200.)—We are certain that neither Mr. Mudie nor any one else, ever knew this bird to suck goats, so we must protest most strongly against his calling it goat-sucker.—(See *Mirror*, present volume, p. 164.)

Flying of Insects, (pp. 160, 161.)—Mr. Mudie says, that "no insects can continue long on the wing," and that "though their muscles act to very considerable advantage, they must move their wings so incessantly, that they are soon worn out, and fall to the earth."

Now, suppose the size of a bee is the tenth part of that of a linnæa, will not the tenth part of what is as a mile to the latter, be as a mile to the former? And may we not suppose that what is as an hour to the latter, is as an hour to the former? In such case, we may be disposed to consider the flying capabilities of the two with some allowance for their comparative sizes, and the comparative length and strength of the muscles, &c., that belong to their instruments of flight. We think that it will then be found, that some insects can continue on the wing as long, in proportion to their size and adaptation for doing so, as some birds can. If the insect had feathers, which Mr. Mudie regards as always necessary to long flight, it would, perhaps, be able to fly greater distances at a time.

Insects and Birds, (p. 173.)—Mr. Mudie says, that the general habit of the dentirostres, "is that of feeding upon insects and their larvæ, in what may be called the free state."

The "free state" of insects we never heard of before, and it is difficult to comprehend what is meant by it; notwithstanding our author telling us, that it is "when they are so situated as that birds have not to hawk for them on the wing, or to dig them out of the earth, the bark of trees, or other places of concealment." It is easy to say it is "when;" but, pray, when does what he describes as this "free state" occur. We should say that insects, in either of their three and only states, which naturalists call the larva, pupa, and imago states, must be obtained by birds either hawking for them

† Faculties of Birds, p. 232.

on the wing, or by digging them out of the earth; for it is only by mere accident that insects are to be picked up from the surface. If these dentirostral birds neither hawk, dig the earth, nor turn over the clods, their feeding on insects would be a rare, and not a "general habit."

Shrikes, or Butcher-birds, (p. 194.)—"Many of the beetles on which they feed, have the elytra, or wing-cases, very hard, almost proof against the action of the bill, notwithstanding its strength and its notches. In these cases, the birds are understood to stick their prey upon thorns, and divide and eat it at their leisure by the strokes of their bill."

That many beetles have very hard elytra we admit, but if they are only "almost proof against the action of the bill," certain it is that the bill is more than a match for them. But moths have no hard elytra, being quite soft insects; yet the butcher-bird sticks them on thorns, as naturalists well know. We have often found moths thus impaled near to the haunts of these birds, and, from what we have observed, think that they do not eat them afterwards. The motive they have in practising this singular habit, will only be discovered when closer observations have been made.

Parrots, (p. 210.)—"Their powers of articulation are sometimes really wonderful; the coincidences between the questions put to them and the answers which they return, must, in all cases, be regarded as purely accidental; and they claim their appearance of understanding, just as the predictions of pretended seers do their supposed knowledge of the future, from the fact that the ninety-nine cases in which there is no coincidence are forgotten, while the one case out of the hundred in which the answer agrees with the question is remembered and repeated."

We have extracted this observation because we know, that there are many persons who are weak enough to suppose, that parrots understand the meaning of the words they utter.

Systems, (p. 385.)—"No classification of birds can be either natural, or valuable as an index to their history, of which the sternal apparatus does not form a considerable, and even the leading part."

Blainville's systematic arrangement of birds is founded upon the form of the sternum, clavicle, and furcal bone, in accordance with a plan communicated to the French Institute in 1812. He also takes into consideration those external characters which are usually regarded as diagnostics.—J. H. F.

Useful Arts.

ORNAMENTAL WOODS.

By A. Aikin, Esq., Secretary to the Society of Arts.

It is not known when the colours and veinings of wood first attracted attention, and occasioned a preference to be given on this account to one kind of wood over another. The taste of the Greeks appears to have been almost exclusively directed to sculpture as a source of ornament, and therefore, although we occasionally meet with descriptions of wooden drinking-cups in the poems of Homer,* of Theocritus,† and other writers, the notice of the reader is never directed to the material, but to the elaborate carving of foliage and of figures with which they were enriched. We are certain, however, that the Romans began to pay attention to the subject in the generation prior to the Augustan age, when luxury of all kinds was at its height. In the writings of the satiric and epigrammatic poets who flourished under the Cæsars, we meet with frequent allusions to the enormous sums given for tables of ornamental wood, but the most copious and interesting account of this department of luxury is to be found in the Natural History of Pliny the elder,‡ from which the following particulars are extracted.

By far the most costly wood was procured from a tree called citrus, a native of that part of Mauritania which is adjacent to Mount Atlas. In leaf, odour, and trunk, it resembles the female wild cypress. The valuable part is a tuber or warty excrescence, which, when found on the root and under ground, is more esteemed than when growing on the trunk or branches. When cut and polished it presents various figures, of which the most esteemed are curling veins, or concentric spots like eyes, the former being called tiger-wood, the latter panther-wood. Sometimes both these figures are mixed, producing a resemblance to the feathers in a peacock's tail. The colour appears to have been a warm brown of different shades. The only polish that they ever received was given by long rubbing with a dry hand. Tables of this material appear to have been first brought into fashion by Cicero, who is said to have given for a single one a million sesterces, i. e. 8,072*l*. One belonged to Gallus Asinius, which was valued at 8,879*l*. Two, which had formerly belonged to King Juba, were actually sold, one for 9,700*l*, and the other for somewhat less. Another, which had been for some generations in the family of the Cethegi, was sold for 11,300*l*, and in the time of Pliny was accidentally destroyed by fire. The largest ever known belonged to

Truth will be uppermost, one time or other, like cork, though kept down in the water.—*Sir William Temple.*

* Odys. ix. 245.

† Idyll. i. 96.

‡ Plin. Hist. Nat. xiii. 29; xvi. 24, 84.

Ptolemy, king of Mauritania; it was four feet and a half in diameter, and four inches thick, being formed of two semicircular planks, so skilfully joined that the place of juncture was not discernible. These tables were generally set in a broad border of ivory. From the above description the Mauritanian citrus seems to have been a species of juniper, and is not to be confounded with the citron, or any other species of the genus *Citrus* of modern botanists. I mention this because in Italy they actually employ at the present day the old trunks of the lemon, orange, and citron, for painters' palettes, and other small articles of a like description.

The maple, also, was highly esteemed by the Romans, especially that which grew in Istria and Rhetia, and was distinguished by its curled peacock-tail veins. In beauty, Pliny says, it exceeded even the citrus, but could be obtained only in small pieces for writing-desks and similar articles.

In the time of Pliny the art of veneering was a recent invention; and he descants, in his usual antithetical way, on thus converting the cheaper into the most valuable woods, by plating them with these latter; and of the ingenuity of cutting a tree into thin slices, and thus selling it several times over. The woods employed for this purpose were the citrus, the terebinth, various kinds of maple, box, palm, holly, ilex, the root of elder and poplar. The middle part of a tree, he observes, shows the largest and most curling veins, while the rings and spots are chiefly found near the root. The veneers, or plates, were secured, as at present, by strong glue.

Of the ornamental woods now used in this country, mahogany, unquestionably, claims the first place; both because a greater quantity of it is employed than of all the other ornamental woods put together, and because it is applicable to every kind of cabinet ware, great and small. It varies much in quality and, proportionally, in price: for a log of the finest kind as much as 800*l.* has been given, and, I believe, even more. There are two kinds distinguished in the market, namely, the Honduras mahogany, from the Mosquito shore, and the Spanish, which grows in the island of Cuba. The former is generally the most in request; but, occasionally, very splendid specimens of the latter come to hand. In the Honduras mahogany, the medullary plates are large, and generally disposed in rows; the consequence of which is a high colour, much lustre, and rather a coarse grain. In the common, or Spanish mahogany, the medullary plates are small, and irregularly distributed; hence, the colour is paler, the lustre less, and verging to silky, and the grain is finer, than in the preceding. The inferior kinds are used solid; the finer varieties are cut into veneers.

Next in use is rose-wood, a native of Brazil.

It exhibits large elongated zones of black irregular lines on a reddish-brown ground, of various tints and high lustre. The grain varies, being often rather coarse, but, in selected specimens, sufficiently fine. The dark colour, in general, rather too much prevails; but when this is not the case, and the lighter ground is disposed in larger masses than usual, the wood is exceedingly beautiful.

A West Indian wood, that goes by the name of coccus, bears a great resemblance to rose-wood, only the colour is less red.

King-wood, likewise, comes from Brazil. Its general colour is a rich yellowish brown, deep in the veins, more dilute in the other parts. It has a fine grain and a moderate lustre; the smaller pieces are often striped, and sometimes it occurs full of elongated sored eyes.

Zebra-wood—also, I believe, from Brazil—resembles king-wood, only the colours are generally disposed in irregular, but angular, veins and stripes. It is a very fine wood.

Coromandel-wood, from its name, I presume, is a native of India. It consists of pale reddish-brown fibres, crossed by large medullary plates of a deep rich brown, passing into black: these latter are chiefly conspicuous in well-defined veins and broad spots, admirably contrasting with the lighter parts; the lustre is silky where the medullary plates are small, but higher and more varying where the plates are larger and the grain coarser. It is, unquestionably, the handsomest of all the brown woods.

Giaca is, I believe, a Brazilian wood, and is exceedingly handsome, on account of its rich, hair-brown colour, its fine grain, and high lustre.

Other brown woods are,—

Seake-wood, from Demerara, in which the lines often bear a kind of resemblance to writing.

Crocus-wood, from Brazil.

Lignum-vitæ, from the West Indies; the colours of which are generally dull, dingy, and ill-defined.

Green ebony, from the West Indies, in which a greenish tint is discernible by daylight, but dingy and dull.

Sandal-wood, from Owhyhee; of a pale brown, a very fine grain, and a considerable satiny lustre.

The only perfectly black wood is ebony from Africa; that from the Mauritius and Ceylon is usually variegated more or less with cream-brown, and is sometimes very handsome; sometimes it produces accidental resemblances to moonlight falling on black clouds. Perhaps the Coromandel-wood is a variety of spotted ebony.

Of woods in which yellow, mixed more or less with orange and brown, is the prevailing colour, may be mentioned the satin-wood of India and of the West Indies, the former of

which has the richer colour, the latter the higher and more variable lustre.

Fustic also belongs to this class, forming the passage to the orange-brown woods. It has a high varying lustre, with moderate fineness of grain.

The red woods are not much used for ornament, except in small pieces for inlaying. Of these—

Africa furnishes the cam-wood and the berr-wood, this latter being distinguished by its rich purple tinge.

India furnishes red sanders.

Brazil furnishes tulip-wood and beef-wood.

And the West Indies, the pencil-cedar, or juniper, and the Havannah cedar; this latter being remarkable for its high, varying, and completely silky lustre.

A singular wood has lately been imported from Russia, where it is dug out of the bogs. It seems to be a birch; the ground is pale yellowish, but is prettily and singularly variegated by dark curved lines.

New Holland furnishes a wood of no great beauty, called Botany Bay oak.

The bird's-eye maple comes from the United States; and, although deficient in colour, merits notice from the eyes, and the very pretty, though small, markings with which its surface is overspread.

Our own country furnishes yew, of which the tubers and parts near the root are often extremely beautiful: for the combination of colour with figure, it ranks, perhaps, at the head of the eyed, or spotted woods. Walnut was formerly very extensively used as veneers for chests of drawers, and other large articles, in which it has of late years been superseded by mahogany. Its chief use at present is solid, for gun-stocks, many of which are extremely beautiful. The butt and larger roots of maple are likewise employed for gun-stocks, as well as selected pieces of ash, which, when properly coloured, show off their native lustre and figure to great advantage. The oak occasionally presents very rich figures; and tables made of such are much esteemed, notwithstanding its deficiency in variety and vivacity of colour.—*Transactions of the Society of Arts*, 1835, vol. i., pt. 2.

Manners and Customs.

CEYLONESE CANOES.

IN one of Captain Basil Hall's nice little volumes, modestly entitled *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, we have participated the author's admiration of the canoes used by the natives of the island of Ceylon. The Captain's entertaining description is as follows:—

"The canoes of Ceylon, as far as I remember, are not described by any writer, nor have I met with many professional men, who are

aware of their peculiar construction, and of the advantages of the extremely elegant principle upon which they are contrived, though capable, I am persuaded, of being applied to various purposes of navigation.

"It is not likely that we shall ever essentially improve the build or equipment of our boats; but it must always be useful to seafaring men to become acquainted with such practical devices in seamanship as have been found to answer well; especially if they seem capable of being appropriated upon occasions which may possibly arise in the course of a service so infinitely varied as that of the navy. It is partly on this account, and partly as a matter of general curiosity, that I think some mention of the canoes of Ceylon, and the balsas of Peru, may interest many persons for whom ordinary technicalities possess no charm. At least there appears to be an originality and neatness about both these contrivances, and a correctness of principle, which we are surprised to find in connexion with perfect simplicity, and an absence of that collateral knowledge which we are so apt to fancy belongs only to more advanced stages of civilization and philosophical instruction.

"The hull or body of the Ceylonese canoe is formed, like that of Robinson Crusoe's, out of the trunk of a single tree, wrought in its middle part into a perfectly smooth cylinder, but slightly flattened and turned up at both ends, which are made exactly alike. It is hollowed out in the usual way, but not cut so much open at top as we see in other canoes, for considerably more than half of the outside part of the cylinder or barrel is left entire, with only a narrow slit, eight or ten inches wide, above. If such a vessel were placed in the water it would possess very little stability, even when not loaded with any weight on its upper edges. But there is built upon it a set of wooden upper works, in the shape of a long trough, extending from end to end; and the top-heaviness of this addition to the hull would instantly overturn the vessel, unless some device were applied to preserve its upright position. This purpose is accomplished by means of an out-rigger on one side, consisting of two curved poles, or slender but tough spars, laid across the canoe at right angles to its length, and extending to the distance of twelve, fifteen, or even twenty feet, where they join a small log of buoyant wood, about half as long as the canoe, and lying parallel to it, with both its ends turned up like the toe of a slipper, to prevent its dipping into the waves. The inner ends of these transverse poles are securely bound by thongs to the raised gunwales of the canoe. The out-rigger—which, it may be useful to bear in mind, is always kept to windward—acting by its weight at the end of so long a lever, prevents the vessel from turning over



(Ceylonese Canoes.)

by the pressure of the sail; or, should the wind shift suddenly, so as to bring the sail a-back, the buoyancy of the floating log would prevent the canoe from upsetting on that side by retaining the out-rigger horizontal.

"So far the ordinary purpose of an out-rigger is answered; but there are other ingenious things about these most graceful of all boats which seem worthy of the attention of professional men. The mast, which is very taunt, or lofty, supports a lug-sail of immense size, and is stepped exactly in midships, that is, at the same distance from both ends of the canoe. The yard, also, is slung precisely in the middle; and while the tack of the sail is made fast at one extremity of the hull, the opposite corner, or clew, to which the sheet is attached, hauls aft to the other end. Shrouds extend from the mast-head to the gunwale of the canoe; besides which, slender backstays are carried to the extremity of the out-rigger; and these ropes, by reason of their great spread, give such powerful support to the mast, though loaded with a prodigious sail, that a very slender spar is sufficient. If I am not mistaken, some of these canoes are fitted with two slender masts, between which the sail is triced up without a yard.

"The method of working the sails of these canoes is as follows:—They proceed in one direction as far as may be deemed convenient, and then, without going about, or turning completely round as we do, they merely change the stern of the canoe into the head, by shifting the tack of the sail over to leeward, and so converting it into the sheet—while the other clew, being shifted up to windward, becomes the tack. As soon as these changes have been made, away spins the little fairy bark on her new course, but always keeping the same side, or that on which the out-rigger is placed to windward. It will be easily understood that the pressure

of the sail has a tendency to lift the weight at the extremity of the out-rigger above the surface of the water. In sailing along, therefore, the log just skims the tops of the waves, but scarcely ever buries itself in them, so that little or no interruption to the velocity of the canoe is caused by the out-rigger. When the breeze freshens so much as to lift the weight higher than the natives like, one, and sometimes two of them, walk out on the horizontal spars, so as to add their weight to that of the out-rigger. In order to enable them to accomplish this purpose in safety, a 'man-rope,' about breast high, extends over each of the spars from the mast to the backstays."

The Engraving shows three of these canoes, with Ceylon and Adam's Peak, in the distance. It is, in the main, a copy from the title vignette to Captain Hall's volume.

The Public Journals.

BED-LIERS.

(From a paper on *Early Rising*; in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

THERE is a very amusing account of some rich state given by Berni, as a memoir of himself. Fortune had not played very fairly with him,—for, being of an original genius, and most unfit for the laborious service of others, he became secretary to Cardinal de Bibbiena, and afterward to Giammatteo Giberte, Bishop of Verona, and others; tired to death of writing, with his hands and pockets ever stuffed full of papers and his head with confusion, and all his resources failing by fire or flood, or *Il Diavolo*, he supposes himself to arrive at an enchanted palace, where every one does as he likes. He instantly orders a bed, and such a one that upholsterers should read the book to learn to make the like; it had pillows on every side, and was so large that he could swim in it, "*come si fa nel mare*." Near to him, just leaving

space for a table between, Master Peter, a French cook, who had not either made any great matter by his art, had a similar bed. He was a good companion, ordered good dishes, and told pleasant stories,—the usual routine being, to tell a tale, eat, and sleep, then eat, sleep, and tell a tale. But the Florentine seldom speaks, and so detests fatigue, that nothing but his head is seen above the counterpane; and that he might not move hands, feet, nor even his teeth, the attendants feed him by a silver tube made on purpose, on soups. Their great, and somewhat strange amusement, was to count the veins in the beams of the rafters overhead.

The Florentine and Master Peter the Frenchman were no such great fools. Perhaps by this refreshment of mind and body, they were laying in a stock of health, waiting tranquilly until the weariness of both might peel off; and then they might come forth renovated, fresh, and glistening, leaving their old skins behind them. We have ourselves seen more than once the benefit of the practice; it has invariably led to longevity. The fact is, at a certain age, and especially after a life of labour (as overseers of the poor well know), there is no killing a regular bed-lier. If he even wastes, he becomes a more concentrated vitality, a sort of living mummy. He is as safe from the common slayer as the antediluvian toad in his block of marble, the difference being, that one has a warm, the other a cold bed.

We knew two old men that had lived, or rather ate, dozed, and slept away years together in the same room, much like Master Peter and the Florentine, excepting that their fare was not quite so luxurious. Death came to the village his quarterly and monthly visits, and disposed of young and old; but somehow or other, he always overlooked them—even when he stepped into the poor-house, just after the doctor. The fact is, their heads were seldom out of the blankets, and their breathing was as soft and healthy as infants. Ever tranquil Michael, happy Philip! They could scarcely be said to have had an external world; if there was one, their eyes were closed to it. Often as we visited them, we could not swear we ever heard Michael's articulate voice; he never wasted his breath, as if determined not to die for want of it. Philip was occasionally communicative. So dead was he to common cares, so was he out of the reach of vexations and emotions, that, as we learned from himself, though he had had a numerous family, and most of them settled within a few miles of the parish poor-house where he lay, he knew not if they were dead or living. He communicated the valuable secret of life preservation.

"Philip," we said to him, "you will live for ever."

"Why," quoth he, "when young I was

but sickly, but I do think now my constitution is beginning to get strong."

"And how old are you then, Philip?"

"Aighty-nine."

Eighty-nine, and the constitution *beginning* to get strong, and without ever taking a single dose of Dr. Morison's! ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, and there was no visible alteration. There is no knowing how long they might have lived had it not been for an accident. One cold wintry morning, very early, Michael thrust his left foot out of bed, whether in a dream, or that, like a grain of barley, he was growing out from keeping, never will be known. But at that moment Death or the Doctor passing, a blast, with a sharp whistle, came through the casement. It was the fatal dart; Michael's toe received it. It was nipt off before he could draw it in, the icy mortality crept upwards, and Michael's thin breath was frozen, and "slit" in a moment.

Philip slept through the death and burial of his friend Michael, and wot not of the matter. It was the only shock, they say, he ever was known to feel, when he awoke seven days after, and said, "Michael, a'n't you hungry?" The no answer would not have surprised him; but the old woman coming in to feed him, and her very particularly calamitous look, and the one mess instead of two touched him,—and his appetite failed him. Man can bear age and all its infirmities, but he cannot bear solitude. In a few days he became weak. The curate's wife was sent for. He had been a favourite; he wanted support, and she raised him in bed.

"Philip," quoth she, "you are going; tell me your last wishes; what shall I do for you?"

Society had its charm; Philip was comforted.

"What is your last wish?" repeated the good lady; "what shall I do for you?"

"Give me," said Philip, with astonishing strength of voice, "summut to eat!"

The curate's wife was too bountiful. She ran home, and brought him not only a plentiful meal, but a good stiff tumbler of gin and water. This was injudicious. The slender threads of life, that, quiescent and relaxed, would, with regularity, have long held the vital current, could not bear the sudden heat and extension from being thus wetted, and gave way, and the vapour of life escaped. There was one filip too much, and very soon one Philip less. He was killed by kindness. Thus were they cut off in the flower of their old age. One went off below zero; the other evaporated at 180 of Fahrenheit.

Examples from real life are worth a thousand theories. We will offer but one more. We knew an old lady that lived in her bed to a wonderful old age, and retained all her faculties and all her cheerfulness. Her hair,

thinking she was too long "withering out," not now "a young man's reveries," came to visit her near about her hundredth year. Whether it was that he was naturally or habitually an early riser, or could not sleep of mornings for thinking of his inheritance, he paid her very early visits to her room, to inquire if she slept well. She was a shrewd observer, and determined he should be up betimes. At three o'clock in the morning (and she kept awake on purpose) she rang her bell violently, and down came the half-dressed expectant heir.

"My dear madam, I hope you are not very ill?"

She bade him come near. She laughed in his face, and said,—

"It is the first of April."

Now, what life and jollity was here—to make her heir an April fool in her hundredth year!

THE LADY OF ANNESLEY.

"There is nothing in all the histories of mortal sorrows and broken affections, more mournful and striking, than the idea of this lady, so bright and joyous-hearted in her youth, sitting in her latter years, alone and uninterrupted, in this old house; weeping over the poems, which commented, in burning words, on the individual fortunes of herself and Lord Byron."—HOWITT'S *Byronic Rambles*.

SHE sat in silence, and her tears fell free
Over the open volume on her knee;
She sat unheeding, while the hollow blast
Rushed through the trees whose shadow overcast
The ancient terrace walk. Within that room,
The very aspect of decay and gloom
Seemed gathering round its inmate; yet her eye
Ne'er glanced upon its fallen luxury.
Her bloom was gone for ever, sad and pale,
As a crushed lily withering 'neath the gale;
With none to break her solitude, or view
Her fearful eye, her cheek of marble hue,
Or the few grey hairs 'mid each braided tress,
And anguish fading all her loveliness.
'Twas mournful that so sad a change should fall
Upon the lady of that silent hall:
Was there not one to cheer her breaking heart,
To bid each wild and fearful dream depart,
And win her back to gladness? Could it be
She was forgotten in her misery?
Forgotten! by that oft-repeated word
What bitter memories in her heart were stirred,
Of him whose thoughts through all his wandering
Were ever turned to her—whom life could bring
No happiness. She thought of her own scorn,
And all the wrong that Byron's name had borne,
Then wildly gazed upon each line that told
Of love rejected—cherished hope grown cold—
Of thrilling agony—enduring care—
And genius fiercely striving with despair!
Her tears were dried; but a dark shadow grew
Upon her smooth white brow—'twas then she knew
How fervently he loved her. She is laid
Within her silent grave, beneath whose shade
All anguish is forgotten. Stern decay
Hath found a home within her mansion grey:
Dark ivy clings upon the terrace wall,
And wild plants grow around the ruined hall;
While bending there its branches rich and green,
A willow stands, as if it mourned the scene.
Not often in the court is heard the tone
Of human accents; tall weeds have o'ergrown
The fountain, and its cooling waters lie
Hushed as the tears that flowed in Annesley!

Edinburgh Magazine.

STOTHARD'S PRINTS.

(From *Reminiscences of Stothard*.)

ENGRAVINGS from no artist, either of ancient or modern date, have ever been so widely circulated as those by Stothard: indeed, to such a degree, that perhaps no corner of the globe, however remote, but in some way or other has been in possession of a stray volume, or a print belonging to one, after Stothard. I remember an instance of this that was, some years ago, related to his son Charles, by one who knew well the youth to whom the anecdote refers, and who received the account of it from himself. It is worth mentioning.

The young man in question (whose name though I heard it, I do not recollect) was engaged with some of those unfortunate persons who, years ago, attempted to explore the more interior parts of Africa, commencing their adventure from the coast. In one of their interior excursions, they became entangled in the wilds of that savage country; and the young man of whom I speak, missing not only his companions, but his track, gave himself up for lost. Driven by extreme distress, he at last ventured to draw nigh to a native hut, yet fearful that in doing so he should perhaps but rush on certain death, and be murdered on the spot; he paused a moment, irresolute as to whether he should enter or not within the hut to seek assistance in his hour of extreme distress. Necessity, it is said, has no law; it unquestionably impels a man to follow that of nature; and those who are starving are compelled to seek food wherever fortune may direct them. Fear, however, was still the predominant feeling of the youthful adventurer, who, though he had been bred to the sea, and therefore was likely enough to face death with an undaunted spirit on the wave or in the battle, might yet, without reproach, shrink at the apprehension of it when it comes in the form of cruelty and murder. But there was no choice left; and so he took heart and boldly entered the hut. He said, that he found a strange and instantaneous relief to his feelings, for which he could scarcely assign a reason, by seeing hung up on one of the sides of this barbarian dwelling, in the very wilds of Africa, an engraving after Stothard, from the *Novelist's Magazine*, in such a sort of frame as the Jew pedlars hawk about in the country towns of England. It was to him a blessed sight, for it gave to such a place an air of civilization, and with that he connected a hope of personal safety—a hope that was not disappointed; for a female, black as night, almost naked, ornamented with beads and feathers, and her skin well greased with fat, came into the hut, and expressed great surprise, but no intents of cruelty, at the sight of him. His wants were pressing, and by signs he made her understand he needed food and drink. These she procured for him; and as hunger is pro-

gerbially the sweetest of all sauces, he probably found the viands very palatable; as she, with extreme delight and true hospitality, amused herself by cramming the food she gave him into his mouth with her own greasy fingers; a piece of female gallantry our traveller was in no condition to insist on declining. The repast ended, he next endeavoured to make her comprehend that he had lost his companions and his way; and by the generous assistance of this modern Yarico, in becoming his guide, and affording him her protection, he was once more enabled to retrace his steps in safety to his lost friends. But he never had any opportunity of learning by what extraordinary circumstance the print before-mentioned had found its way to grace the hut of a poor savage on the African shores, who probably valued it only for the glitter of the pedlar's gilt frame in which it was inclosed.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE MORNING STAR.

By Robert Nicoll.

Thy smile of beauty, Star!
Brings gladness on the gloomy face of Night—
Thou comest from afar,
Pale Mystery! so lonely and so bright,
A thing of dreams—a vision from on high—
A virgin spirit—light—a type of purity!
Star! nightly wanderest thou
Companionless along thy far cold way—
From Time's first breath till now,
On thou hast flitted like an ether-fay!
Where is the land from whence thou first arose;
And where the place of light to which thy pathway goes?
Pale Dawn's first messenger!
Thou prophet-sign of brightness yet to be!
Thou teller Earth and Air
Of Light and Glory following after thee;
Of smiling Day 'mong wild green woodlands sleeping;
And God's own sun, o'er all, its tears of brightness weeping!
Sky sentinel! when first
The Nomade Patriarch saw thee from his hill
Upon his vision burst,
Thou wast as pure and fair as thou art still;
And changeless thou hast looked on race and name,
And nation, lost since then—but thou art yet the same!
Night's youngest child! fair gem!
The hoar astrologer o'er thee would cast
His glance, and to thy name
His own would join;—then tremble when thou wast
In darkness; and rejoice when, like a bride,
Thou blushed to Earth—and thus the dreamer dreamed and died!
Pure Star of Morning Love!
The daisy of the sky's blue plain art thou;
And thoughts of youth are wove
Round thee, as round the flowers that freshly blow
In bushy dells, where merle and blackbird sing—
Flower-star, the dreams of youth and heaven thou
back dost bring!
Star of the Morn! for thee
The watcher by affection's couch doth wait:
'Tis thine the bliss to see,
Of lovers fond who 'mid the broom have met;
Into the student's home thine eye doth beam;
Thou listenest to the words of many a troubled dream!

Long thing!—yet not more lone
Than many a heart which gazeth upon thee,
With hopes all fled and gone—
Which loves not now, nor seeks beloved to be.
Lone, lone thou art—but we are lonelier far.
When blighted by deceit the heart's affections are!
Mysterious Morning Star!
Bright dweller in a gorgeous dreamy home,
Than others nobler far—
Thou art like some free soul, which here hath come
Alone, but glorious, pure, and disenthralled—
A spark of Mind, which God through earth to heaven
hath called!
Pure Maiden Star! shine on,
That dreams of beauty may be dreamed of thee!
A home art thou—a throne—
A land where fancy ever roameth free—
A God-sent messenger—a light afar—
A blessed beam—a smile—a gem—the Morning
Star!

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

New Books.

DR. FÖEPPIG'S TRAVELS IN CHILI AND PERU.

(Continued from page 299.)

Ants in Peru.

IN Peru, you are annoyed and persecuted by insects in everything you do, and are daily obliged to exert your ingenuity to discover means of encountering them, but are too often obliged to acknowledge, with vexation, that the acuteness of the human understanding is no match for the instinct of these little animals. After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant, for instance; for there is no part of the level country of Maynas where the ants are so numerous as in the Lower Andes; and even the North of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect, when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colours between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode, and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the whole attention of an active entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts, we distinguish without any difficulty seven different species, as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met with in the forest, far from the abodes of man, but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him and his works, like certain equally mischievous plants, which suddenly appear in a newly planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest is a question, which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer. If I state here, that, after a very careful enumeration, six-and-twenty species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayaco, I will by no means affirm that this number is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur anywhere

else. With the exception of a very few kinds, a superficial observation makes us acquainted with the ants merely as mischievous and troublesome animals; for, if on a longer residence, and daily wandering in the forests, we perceive that these countless animals are, in many respects, of service, still it is doubtful whether the advantage is not more than counterbalanced by the mischief which they do. One of the indubitably very useful kinds, and which does not attack man unless provoked, is the Peruvian wandering ant, called in the language of the Incas *guagna-miague*; a name which is commonly, and very justly, translated *Que hace llorar los ojos*,—"which makes the eyes water;" for, if their bite gives pain for a few minutes only, he who imprudently meddles with them is bitten by so many at once, that he finds it no joke. It is not known where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally seen only in the rainy season, and it can scarcely be guessed in what direction it will come: but it is not unwelcome, because it does no injury to the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward disregarding every obstacle; the millions march close together in a swarm that takes hours in passing; while, on both sides, the warriors, distinguished by their size and colour, move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house, the owner readily opens every part and goes out of their way; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvæ which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the huts do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile, while basking in the sun, which on perceiving its enemies endeavours to escape, but in vain; for six or more of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and, while the tortured animal endeavours to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased a hundred fold; thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and, in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton.

Bite of a Snake.

Dr. Poeppig, passed more than five months in the solitude of Pampayaco, leading a very

uniform life, solely occupied with the increase of his collections, in which he was very successful. Christmas was at hand, and some preparations were made, as well as circumstances would permit in that lonely spot, to keep the festival, even though alone. But fortune had otherwise determined, for, going out on the evening of the 23rd of December, to cut down a tree that was in blossom, he suddenly felt a pain in his instep, like that caused by a drop of burning sealing wax, and, looking round, discovered a very large serpent close to him, coiled up with its head erect, seeming rather to be satisfied with what it had done, than to be meditating a second attack. From a sudden impulse, he attempted to kill the serpent, which he at length succeeded in doing, and then, recollecting his own danger, hastened to the house, which was about five hundred paces distant. But his foot had swelled considerably before he reached it. Happily, a creole inhabitant of Pampayaco, who was at hand, proceeded to the operation, though the Indians who were called in, after looking for the snake, declared the wound to be mortal, with the composure which is usual to them, and probably originates in their being accustomed to a nature, which daily threatens visible or supposed dangers. A blue spot, an inch broad, and two black points resembling the puncture of a needle, quite cold, and almost without feeling, showed where the bite had been inflicted. There being no instruments, the skin was pierced with a packing-needle, and cut away in a circle to the muscles, but the knife employed was so unlike that of a surgeon's, that it gave considerable pain. Black blood flowed copiously from it, for a large vein had, perhaps, fortunately, been divided. The most painful part of the operation was, the application of a piece of gold coin heated red hot, because, according to a superstitious notion of the Peruvians, silver or iron does harm. Meanwhile, the general pain increased so much, such frequent fainting fits ensued, and it was so probable that death would follow, that no time was to be lost. Our traveller wrote a few lines with a blacklead pencil to bid a last adieu to his friends in Lima and in his distant home. He urged those who surrounded him to send his collections and papers according to his directions, and promised them that they should have the rest of his effects. Having thus settled his worldly affairs, and reached, perhaps for the last time, his wretched bed, all around appeared to be involved in night, and, as he became insensible, the pain diminished. Long after midnight he recovered from his lethargy, and the vigour of youth obtained the victory; for a burning fever, a profuse perspiration, and a peculiar and severe shooting pain in the wounded limb, were indications of safety. But a storm howled in the forest, which an

ill-secured place in the leaf thatch could not resist, and large drops fell upon the sufferer. With much difficulty, he succeeded in moving his burning head out of the way, but his body was so swelled that it was almost impossible to move. No friendly hand was near to present a cooling beverage, or to prevent the rain from entering. The Indian, who had been left by the others to watch, convinced that death had taken place, and seized with superstitious fear, had long before fled to his companions. It was not till morning that curiosity attracted some persons, and relieved him from his painful situation. The succeeding days passed in great agony, for a large wound had been formed, and indications of the poison long remained.

A fortnight elapsed (says the Doctor) before I was able, with the assistance of an Indian, to leave my bed, and, stretched on the skin of an ounce before the door of my hut, again to enjoy the pure air and a more cheerful prospect. It was a lovely mild morning; several trees of the most beautiful kinds had blossomed during my imprisonment, and now looked invitingly from the neighbouring wood. The gay butterflies sported familiarly around, and the voices of the birds sounded cheerfully from the crowns of the trees. As if desirous to reconcile her faithful disciple, and to make him forget what he had suffered, Nature appeared in her most festive dress. Gratitude and emotion filled my heart, for certainly the goodness of the Supreme Power, in His care of man, is manifested in nothing so much as the faculty, originally bestowed upon every individual, of finding in the intercourse with the beauteous world of plants and animals, even under the pressure of severe suffering, a never-failing source of consolation and of joy.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

[This volume is a companion to a similar work on the House of Commons, published a few months since, with very considerable success. Such good fortune has not surprised us, as the book possesses so large a share of that personal interest which secures temporary if not lasting popularity. The present volume likewise possesses this attraction to a great extent, as our extracts show; the first of which may be said to occupy a similar station in merit. It is, indeed, a happy specimen of facile, descriptive writing.]

The King.

In person the King is about the middle height. He can scarcely be said to be corpulent, but his stoutness approaches to it. His shoulders are rather high, and of unusual breadth. His neck has consequently an appearance of being shorter than it is in

reality. He walks with a quick but short step. He is not a good walker. I know of no phrase which could more strikingly characterize his mode of walking than to say—"he waddles." The latter is not a very classical term, but in the present case it is peculiarly expressive. His face is round and full. His complexion is something between dark and sallow. What the colour of his hair is, I cannot positively say, as on every occasion on which I have seen him, he had either the crown or a hat on his head. As far as I could form a judgment, it is of a light brown. His features are small, and not very strongly marked, considering his advanced age. His nose is short and broad, rather than otherwise. His forehead is pretty ample both in breadth and height, but has a flatness about it which deprives it of any intellectual expression. His large, light-grey eyes are quick in their movements, and clear and piercing in their glances. His countenance is highly indicative of good nature blended with bluntness. You see nothing either in his appearance or manners that would lead you to infer that he was other than a plain country gentleman. That he is good-hearted, and unaffectedly simple in his demeanour, is a fact of which you are convinced the very first glance you get of him. The beadle of a parish, when clothed in his cloak of office, struts about at the church-door with an air of immeasurably greater self-importance than William the Fourth exhibits when he meets in state the Nobles and Commons of the land. You cannot help thinking that he wishes in his heart he could either dispense with the prescriptive ceremonies he has to go through at the opening and closing of each session, or that, in the overflowing kindness of his soul, he forgets at the time he is the Sovereign of these realms. His every look and movement furnish evidence not to be mistaken, of the man triumphing over the monarch. It is clearly with difficulty that, in the midst of the procession to the throne, he restrains himself from suddenly stepping aside to shake hands with every nobleman he sees around him. As it is—contrary to the usual practice of kings on such occasions—he nods, and evidently says in his own mind, "How do you do?" to every peer he passes. Of his extreme good nature and simplicity of manners he gave several striking proofs at the opening of the present session. The day was unusually gloomy, which, added to an imperfection in his visual organs consequent on advanced years, and to the darkness of the present House of Lords, especially in the place where the throne is situated,—rendered it impossible for him to read the Royal Speech with facility. Most patiently and goodnaturefully did he struggle with the task, often hesitating, sometimes mistaking,

and at others correcting himself. On one occasion he stuck altogether, when, after two or three ineffectual efforts to make out the word, he was obliged to give it up, when, turning to Lord Melbourne, who stood on his right hand, and looking him most significantly in the face, he said, in a tone sufficiently loud to be audible in all parts of the House, "Kh! what is it?" The infinite good nature and bluntness with which the question was put, would have reconciled the most inveterate republican to monarchy in England; so long as it is embodied in the person of William the Fourth. Lord Melbourne having whispered the obstructing word, the King proceeded to toil through the speech, but, by the time he got to about the middle, the Librarian brought him two wax tapers, on which he suddenly paused, and raising his head, and looking at the Lords and Commons, he addressed them on the spur of the moment in a perfectly distinct voice, and without the least embarrassment or the mistake of a single word, in these terms:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have hitherto, not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but, as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which, I trust, will command your attention."

He then again, though evidently fatigued by the difficulty of reading in the first instance, began at the beginning, and read through the speech in a manner which would have done credit to any professor of elocution,—though it was clear he laboured under a slight hoarseness, caused most probably by cold. The sparkling of the diamonds in the crown, owing to the reflection caused by the lighted candles, had a fine effect. Probably this was the first occasion on which a King of England ever read his speech by candle-light, at the opening of his Parliament.

Shakespeare lays it down as a maxim—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." In this Shakespeare is wrong. It is, no doubt, true as a general rule; but it does not admit of universal application. Had Shakespeare lived in the reign of William the Fourth, he would never have penned the observation in the unqualified way in which it stands. He would have seen in the person of our present Sovereign an exception to the rule. His head does not lie uneasily. The Crown sits lightly on it. Not that he is indifferent about the welfare of his subjects; far from it; but because he believes that they live under a mild and paternal and enlightened Government, and that, conscious of nothing but the most sincere feelings towards them, he never allows himself to be haunted by such unwarrantable suspicion

of their loyalty to his person or fidelity to his throne. It is one of the irresistible tendencies of his nature to look on the sunny side of the picture; in this case his unsuspecting disposition will not betray him into any error. The generous confidence he reposes in the friendly feelings of his subjects towards him, is not misplaced. Few monarchs have reigned more in the affections of his subjects than does William the Fourth of England.

What I have said respecting the opening of the present session applies in the main to the opening of every session when the King is personally present. When he is absent, the opening takes place by commission, the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, reading his speech from the woolsack.

The Great Seal.

There is nothing of which one hears so frequently, or of which so little is known, as the Great Seal. The statement, so often made in giving an account of the proceedings in the Upper House, of the Lord Chancellor carrying it before him, is altogether a fiction. His Lordship merely carries before him the bag in which it is deposited when he receives it from the King, or when, on his retirement from office, he delivers it up into his Majesty's hands. This bag is embroidered with tassels of gold, silver, and silk, beautifully worked together. His Majesty's arms are on both sides. The bag is about twelve inches square. The Great Seal is made of silver, and measures seven inches in diameter. It is in two parts, and is attached to the letters patent by a ribbon or slip of parchment, inserted at the bottom of the instrument through a slit made for the purpose. The ends of the ribbon or parchment are put into the seal, and the wax is poured into an orifice left at the top of the Seal for the purpose. The Seal is one inch and a half thick when fixed to receive the wax. The impression of the Seal is exactly six inches in diameter, and three quarters of an inch in thickness.

The obverse represents the King on horseback, habited in a flowing mantle, holding a marshal's baton in his right hand; in the background is a ship in full sail, surrounded with the legend, *Gulielmus Quartus Dei Gratia Britanniarum Rex Fidei Defensor*; under the foreground of the figure is a trident within a wreath of oak. The reverse represents the King crowned, and in his coronation robes, holding the sceptre and mound, seated in St. Edward's Chair; on his right hand is Britannia, Peace, and Plenty; on his left, Neptune holding his trident, Religion, and Faith; over the head of the King are the Arms of England surrounded with palm leaves, and under his feet a caduceus, the whole within a border of oak leaves and

aspects. On every new accession to the throne a new Seal is struck, and the old one is cut into four pieces, and deposited in the Tower. The die for the present Seal was struck by Mr. Benjamin Wyon, and is allowed on all hands to be unrivalled as a work of art.

Sleeping Peers.

You will never, on any occasion, from the commencement to the close of a session, observe any of the Peers lying horizontally on the seats,—which is so general a practice in the other House. They have too high a sense of their own dignity for that. Neither do you, with two exceptions, ever see any of them somnolent. The exceptions I refer to are a Ministerial Duke and a member of the Right Rev. Bench of Bishops. His Grace has not been very regular in his attendance of late: formerly he was very exemplary in his legislative conduct in so far as his presence and his votes were concerned; but he never heard a word of the debates. No matter how important the question, or who were the speakers,—there he sat firmly locked in the arms of Morpheus, with his head half buried in his breast. He always sat, as Milton would have said, “apart by himself.” What is worthy of observation is, that he was most regular in his attendance when there was no subject of importance before the House; and when, consequently, the benches were comparatively empty. If there was one bench on his side of the House which was unoccupied, on it he was sure to seat himself. The Right Rev. Prelate to whom I refer has not quite so strong a disposition to somnolency: he only addresses himself to sleep occasionally during the proceedings; but when he does so, there is no mistake about the matter. Soundly and well does he sleep. Nothing will awake him until he has had his nap out. Not even the thunders of Lord Brougham’s eloquence, when in his most violent and impassioned moods, have the slightest effect in the way of disturbing the Right Rev. Prelate’s slumbers. While the Lord Chancellor, in the debate on the Irish Tithes Bill, in August, 1834, was causing the walls of the House to resound with the fierce invectives he hurled at “all and sundry” opposed to Ministers, and especially at the devoted head of the Earl of Mansfield,—the Right Rev. Bishop slept as “sweetly” as if his Lordship had only been singing a lullaby. The zest with which he enjoys a stolen slumber appears to be so great, that he must often, on awaking, have cordially concurred with Sancho Panza in invoking a thousand blessings on the head of him who invented sleep. In fact, the profoundness of his slumbers seems to be in proportion to the loudness of the tones of the speaker. How profound, if this hypo-

thesis be a correct one, would be his Reverence’s repose in the immediate vicinity of the Falls of Niagara! Byron loved the ocean’s roar. The roar of this mighty cataract would be “inest sweet music” to the Right Rev. Prelate’s ears.

The Duke of Buckingham

Is sure to attract the attention of a stranger in the House, whether he happens to speak or not. His personal proportions are of a very unusual size. You may walk six months in the streets of London before you encounter so stout a man. His frame is, doubtless, naturally corpulent, and an easy disposition of mind, a life of indolence, and good living, have, in his case, effectually seconded Nature’s purposes. He is pot-bellied, and rejoices in a face, the size of which does no discredit to his general stoutness. The complexion of his countenance has something of a sallowness about it, and his hair is of a dark, brown colour. He has large, laughing eyes, deeply set: his features generally are highly indicative of that species of cheerfulness which may be most justly characterized by the term, “jolly!” When speaking of an opponent, or even looking at him from his seat, you see, from a peculiar expression in his eye, a lurking disposition to be sarcastic at his expense. In the chapter on “Scenes in the House,” I have given a lively one, in which his Grace was the principal performer. As there mentioned, there was something in his looks, as well as in the tones of his voice, of so very quizzical a kind, that Lord Brougham must have been as much stung by them as by the words themselves. Any one who chanced to observe the countenance of the noble Duke a little before he made the onset, must, though the merest novice in physiognomy, have perceived how he was, in his own mind, quizzing the Lord Chancellor. As a speaker, he has no pretensions to distinction. His style is bad; it is usually rough and incorrect. His matter is, if possible, still worse; ideas, he has few or none: the commodities in which he chiefly deals are declamation and rhapsody. If it be a sin to mangle figures of speech, and grossly to pervert the best tropes of other men, by applying them to some absurd matter of his own, never was public man more guilty than his Grace.

The Gatherer.

Chatterton.—Poor Chatterton! “the sleepless boy who perished in his pride,” overcome by the pressure of poverty, and stung to the quick by heartless neglect, began his immortality in a garret in Shoreditch. For two days previous to his death he had eaten nothing; his landlady, pitying his desolate

condition, offered him a dinner, which he indignantly refused, saying he was not hungry, and, soon after, put an end to his existence by poison. Crowds inflicted elegies on his memory, the length and breadth of which filled volumes; while the subject of these doleful tributes lies buried in a common workhouse in Shoe-lane, unnoticed by epitaph or eulogy. G. H.

Fielding.—A literary friend one day called to pay Fielding a visit, and found him in a miserable garret, without either furniture or convenience, seated on a gin-tub turned up for a table, with a half-emptied glass of brandy-and-water in his hand. This was the idea of consummate happiness entertained by the author of *Tom Jones*,—by him whose genius handed down to posterity the inimitable character of Square, with his “eternal fitness of things.” G. H.

Anchovies.—A piece of anchovy almost instantly restores the just tone of voice to any one who has become hoarse by public speaking.

Split Peas.—Peas, when split, lose much of their flavour.

Oriental Inscription.—Feroze the Second, Emperor of India, being engaged in a military expedition, caused his army to halt while he erected a choultry, or resting-place for wayfarers; and considering that he was very old, and soon to die, placed on its wall the following inscription:—“I who press with my foot the celestial pavement,—what fame should I acquire from a heap of stones and mortar? No; I have piled these broken rocks together, that here, perhaps, the weary traveller, or broken hearted, may find repose.”

—*Dow's Indostan.*

The *Swan-upping Day* was fixed by the swan-law, (instituted in 1570,) on the Monday after St. Peter's Day.

Venison.—In August, 1573, the Common Council of London forbade the venison-feasts in the halls of the City, from their being offensive to Queen Elizabeth.

Homicide.—It was one of the maritime laws of Richard I., that the homicide should be tied to the dead body, and cast into the sea.

Katerfelto, the conjuror, did not die at Bristol, as stated by a Correspondent, at page 132, vol. xvii. of the *Mirror*; but at Badale, a market town, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. He was buried in the church there nearly facing the altar-rails; and over his remains is a stone with this inscription:

Here Lye the Remains
of Dr. Katerfelto,

Philosopher,
Who died November 15th, 1799,
Aged 56 years.

He died when on his travels with his black

cats, at an inn or public house. His widow, shortly after his death, married John Carter, a tailor: she soon taught her new spouse Dr. Katerfelto's art, which he practised at Leeds. They subsequently went to America.

R. T. S.

Curious Plant.—In the island of Cuba, is a plant which emits such an intense perfume as to be perceived at the distance of two or three miles. It is of the species *Tetracera*, and remarkable for bearing leaves so hard that they are used by the native cabinet-makers, and other mechanics, for various kinds of work. It is a climbing plant, which reaches the tops of the loftiest trees of the forest, then spreads far around, and in the rainy season is covered with innumerable bunches of sweet-smelling flowers, which, however, dispense their perfume during the night only, and are almost without scent in the daytime.—*Poeppig's Travels.*

The Chilians.—The shaking off the Spanish yoke, the rapid rise of commerce, and a sense of personal and national dignity, have not only influenced the moral character of the people of Chili, but have also extended their efforts to the external appearances and forms of ordinary life. Hence a greater change has taken place in the aspect of Valparaiso during the last ten or twenty years than in a whole century after the visit of Frazier and Feuillé. Since that time, the number of the houses and of the inhabitants has more than doubled. The wretched huts, in which even the rich were formerly contented to dwell, are gradually disappearing; and though it cannot be said that handsome buildings arise in their stead, yet the Chilian has learned to relish the comfort of houses in the European fashion, and to imitate them; and it may be expected, that Valparaiso, in a few years, will not bear the most distant resemblance to the dirty, disagreeable place which presented itself to the stranger on his first arrival there after the beginning of the Revolution.—*Ibid.*

Epitaphs.

From a stone let into the western wall of
Barnet-Friar Church, Finchley Common.

Stand Back I pray oh' doe not tread upon
A tender Budd crop't off before well blowne
Religious Beauty work's Peace Prudence those
And all that's good, yea lo'ue's uen unto Fees,
Hath flourish't in this late sweet wife of Rose.

Deed. 29 May, 1668, *Æt.* 27.

Her Junior Brother as God would ha'ue,
Tooke place before her in this Grave.

Feb. 1630. *Æt.* 12.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by
all Booksellers and News-men—Agent in PARIS,
G. IV. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American
Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In
FRANCOFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

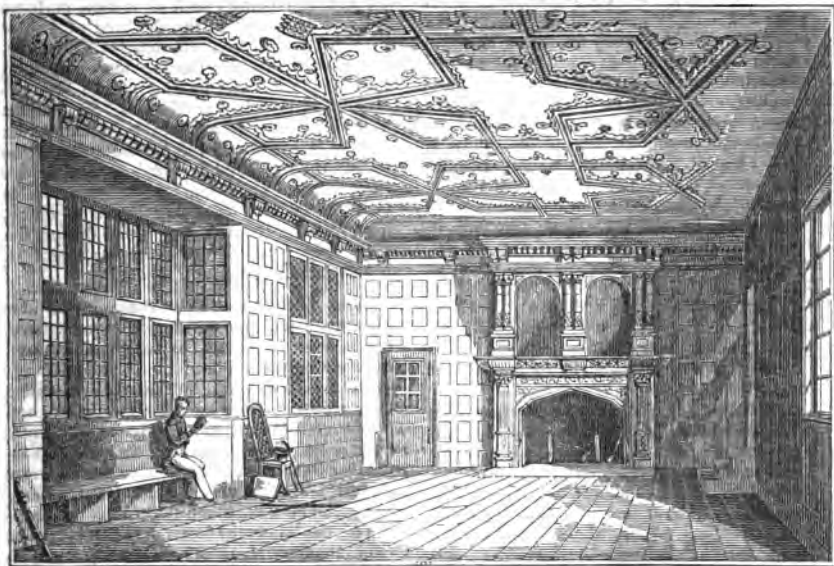
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 777.]

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE STAR CHAMBER.



INTERIOR OF THE STAR CHAMBER.

(Concluded from page 392.)

WE resume our outline of the Court with the above illustration, from one of the plates in Messrs. Britton and Brayley's work. It shows the apartment as it appeared shortly before its demolition. The ceiling was of oak, and had been very curiously devised in moulded compartments, ornamented with roses, pomegranates, portcullises, and fleurs-de-lis: it had also been gilt, and diversely coloured; though, we believe, it had not a trace of the gilt stars, from which the Court was named. This chamber was, however, only of the reign of Elizabeth, and not the original one, as already explained.*

Mr. Bruce commences his Second Letter by observing, that the causes determined by the Council during the reigns of Henry VI.,

* One of our first subscribers and readers, whom it gives us pleasure to have gratified in this outline, has acquainted us, that Drawings of the interior of the Star Chamber, (some eighteen or twenty in number,) showing the enriched ceiling, mantel-pieces, &c., with details from actual admeasurement, were made by Mr. Cole, jun., 60, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, a short time previous to the demolition of the building. These Drawings were exhibited at a recent meeting of the Architectural Society.

VOL. XXVII.

Y

Edward IV., and Richard III., although important and interesting in themselves, are not of such a character as can well be brought within the limits of a rapid sketch like the present; the object of which is not to enumerate all, or even many, of the cases determined in the Star Chamber, but to give a general notion of the practices which prevailed there, and the spirit which pervaded its decisions, during the several periods of its existence.

The reign of Henry VII. is an epoch in the history of the Star Chamber. That monarch appears to have had a fondness for sitting in person with his Council upon judicial occasions; and, during the first and second years of his reign, held "twelve several stately sessions" in the Star Chamber: but Mr. Bruce has not found any instances of his Majesty's judicial wisdom, though he had called around him a learned council.

During the reign of Henry VII., our attention is not so much drawn to the particular cases determined in the Star Chamber, as to the general system which prevailed there. This Court was the instrument by which the

777

politic rapacity of the Sovereign, and the subtlety of his favourite "promoters of suits" accomplished their nefarious purposes. If a man were descended from a stock that had favoured the White Rose; if he were suspected of sympathizing with the misfortunes of the Earl of Warwick; if his behaviour indicated a lofty spirit; or even if he were merely thought to be moderately rich; neither a dignified station in society, nor purity of life, nor cautiousness of conduct, could afford him any protection. Some obsolete law was put in force against him by the king's receivers of forfeitures. If his purse were found to be empty, the prejudged culprit was committed to prison, until a pardon was purchased by the compassion of his friends; if full, just enough was left for a second plunder. The King's agents, or as Hall calls them, "ravenynge wolves," in these transactions, were Empson and Dudley, who filled the royal coffers, and enriched themselves. "At this unreasonable and extort doynge," says Hall, "noble men grudged, meane men kycked, poore men lamented, preachers openlie at Paules crosse and other places exclaimed, rebuked, and detested, but they would never amend."

Mr. Bruce next refers to two papers among the MSS. in the British Museum, and selects from one an account of sums received for cases in which persons, who had been prosecuted for breaches of the law, either real or pretended, had compounded with the King, and paid fines, through Dudley, to be discharged. Among the persons named in this paper, are many of the chief nobility of the time:—the unhappy Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, stands at the head of the list for 500 marks. At a little distance follow, "Sir William Capel, alderman of London, and Giles Capel, his son, for their pardons, 1,000*l.*; besides 2,615*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for other troubles. Sir William was again sued, for "things done by him in the time of his mayoraltie;" when either his purse or his patience was exhausted, and he refused all composition, "and after prysonment in the Countour, and sheriff's house, was by the Kinge's counsell commanded to the Tower, where he remayned until the King died, and shortly after was delivered with many other." It seems to have been scarcely possible to fill any of the civil offices without giving occasion of advantage to these watchful informers. Escheators, customers, controllers, sheriffs, are to be found in the MSS. referred to, and the King seems to have taken double advantage of these officers, by first selling them their appointments, and afterwards scrutinizing their conduct by the most vigilant severity. Amongst the items quoted from this account are:

"For the pardon of murder of Sir John Fines, Kt., 25 lib." (pounds.)

"From the Earl of Derby, for his pardon, 6,000 lib."
 "For the pardon of the Earl of Northumberland, 10,000 lib."

From these and many other similar items, it would seem that the King assumed the power of withdrawing causes from the jurisdiction of all the courts, upon the accused party making a pecuniary arrangement with his receivers; or, as the phrase ran in the Star Chamber, the "King took the matter into his own hands," and the prisoner was discharged upon his Majesty certifying that fact to the court.

Lord Bacon has made us acquainted with the traditional story of the King's conduct to the Earl of Oxford, whose retainers, dressed in liveries, came around him upon occasion of a visit from his Majesty. Henry expressed his thanks for the good cheer he received, but added, "I may not endure to have my laws broken in my sighte,—my attorney must speak with you;" which words were the prelude to a fine of 15,000 marks. Tradition has, probably, exaggerated the amount of the fine; but the anecdote is perfectly in character with the practices evidenced in the MSS. referred to.

The accession of Henry VIII. produced an extraordinary change in the Star Chamber. The Council no longer listened approvingly to the accusations of the late King's Commissioners of Forfeitures, but immediately proceeded to sit in judgment upon the accusers. They were committed to the Tower the very day after the new King was proclaimed. All offences, except murder, felony, and treason were pardoned; and it was added, that if any man had wrongfully sustained injury or loss of goods, through Empson and Dudley, that he would receive satisfaction upon petition to the King. A crowd of applicants immediately besieged the Council, and due restitution was made; but fraudulent claims being afterwards put forth, the Council soon desisted.

The Promoters,* "notwithstanding the general pardon, were sentenced by the Council, some of them to pay fines, and others to ride about the City on horseback, with their faces towards the horses' tails, and afterwards to stand in the pillory in Cornhill, and wear papers indicative of their offences. Such a punishment was, in truth, an invitation to the people to revenge themselves upon their persecutors, and the opportunity it afforded was not lost. Three of the ringladers, upon whom this sentence was carried into effect on June 6, 1509, died in Newgate, within a few days afterwards; "for very shame," say some of the authorities, but more probably, as assigned by others, from ill usage in the pillory.

The fate of Empson and Dudley is well

* These informers were so called, because they "promoted many honest men's vexations."

known. To satisfy public clamour, they were convicted, and sentenced to death, but, probably, without any intention of carrying the sentence into execution. It happened, however, that Henry set out, at that time upon his first progress; finding himself annoyed, wherever he went, by outcries for vengeance against the unpopular ministers, he at once dispatched a warrant for their execution, and they were accordingly sent to the block, to add to the enjoyment of a royal progress. Empson's forfeited mansion, with its orchard and twelve gardens, situate in St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and occupying the ground now known as Salisbury-square and Dorset-street, were granted to Wolsey on the 30th of January, 1510.*

For the honour of Wolsey let it be noticed that, during his administration, there prevailed in the Star Chamber, neither the pecuniary meanness which was its prominent vice under his immediate predecessors, nor the cruelty which distinguished it at a later period. The Council frequently investigated alleged offences, and occasionally committed to the Tower; but there are no traces of the long imprisonments, the degrading and barbarous punishments, or the oppressive fines, which it inflicted at other periods. Perhaps this circumstance may be explained by the sanguinary disposition of the monarch, and the obsequiousness of juries. Offences which were formerly thought fit subjects for the Star Chamber were now punished with death; the boundaries of treason were enlarged so as to inclose words, and even wishes, as well as acts; but treason was a crime not cognizable before the Council, and death a punishment which they never dared to inflict. To carry these new laws into effect, it was, therefore, necessary to resort to the ordinary tribunals.

Wolsey, always delighted with magnificence, made a great show of it in the Star Chamber. In his time, "the presence that sat with him was always great;" and Cavendish has detailed the pompous "order of his going to Westminster Hall, surrounded by noblemen, and preceded by cross-bearers and pillar-bearers."

Wolsey's administration of justice in private causes has often been praised. In the Star Chamber, "he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to their merits and deserts." In political cases, the object of the Cardinal's Star Chamber prosecutions does not seem to have been the punishment of offenders so much as the procuring a general submission to the authority of the King. Those who submitted were usually pardoned, whilst the obstinate were, in most cases, turned over to the common law.

After the time of Wolsey, there occurred

* Cavendish, 79. Rymer, v. 569.

during the remainder of the reign of Henry VIII., but few public cases of sufficient interest to be noticed in a sketch like the present. Wolsey stamped his individual character upon the Court; he made it subservient to the furtherance of political and personal purposes; and, when he fell, the Court seems, for a time, to have lost the use to which he applied it. His successors, who were fully, and probably, more usefully occupied in private causes, brought before it but little business; so that, with the exception of occasional interference in religious matters, and matters of police, we seldom hear of the Star Chamber.

Mr. Bruce closes his Letter with some short notices of a few of the cases which occurred during this reign. They are interesting, either historically, or as illustrative of manners.

The Sketch-Book.

HOLY THURSDAY AT FLORENCE.

(By Fay, the American Novelist.)

ON Holy Thursday we were obligingly furnished with tickets to see the grand duke wash the feet of twelve beggars at his magnificent Pitti palace. I was curious to witness this spectacle, and to behold how he would evade the ceremony. That the sovereign who generally moved among common men with such pomp and pride would actually perform it, occurred to me only as a remote possibility. In the morning, at nine, we entered the vast and stately palace, with a stern sentinel at every turn, and were ushered into a costly and beautiful saloon, the walls and ceiling loaded with heavy bas-reliefs, and the pictured floor occupied by select groups of fashionable company, arranged around the apartment on temporary stages. At the lower end of the room was spread an elegant collation; and twelve white baskets, each large enough to hold a man, were ranged in the centre. At the table were seated twelve aged men in the black dress of priests, of so respectable and venerable an appearance that I at first mistook them for holy fathers of the church, assembled in this proud temple of wealth and authority, to witness the triumph of religion over military and political power. They were, however, the twelve mendicants themselves, really taken from the streets, but selected for their years, either from the idea that age rendered less material the accidents of their earthly condition, or that royalty, even in this unmeaning humiliation, required the malicious assurance that death would soon silence the boastful tongues of those who received it. The eldest was ninety-five. Their hair was of snowy whiteness. Some, too infirm to walk, had been carried to their places. One shook dreadfully with the palsy,

frequently uttered a cry of piteous imbecility, and was, we afterward learned, under an alienation of mind, *sans eyes, sans teeth, sans anything*. I think several were unconscious of the honour, and few will long survive it. The absurdity of such a mummery was rendered shocking by the bodily infirmities of these poor old men. We waited long. The chamberlains were busy conducting the new-comers to their places. Feathers nodded, silks rustled, and gay faces peeped through the crowd, anxious to behold the solemn farce. At length two files of the guard of nobles, in their rich uniforms of scarlet and white, long riding-boots, and snowy plumes, entered with a martial tramp, and at the brief word of command, were formed into two opposite lines. They were followed by another troop of guards in blue and white, who were drawn up in like array. Then came the principal nobles of the court—six youthful pages splendidly dressed in scarlet and gold, all the members of the household in their showy and varied attire; another body of armed guards; and in the centre, the tall, awkward, and very cross-looking duke, in his court dress. A motley crowd brought up the rear. The officers again uttered the word of command. The soldiers were wheeled around, forming a hollow square, inclosing, and perhaps *protecting* their sovereign in his task. He stood sometimes talking familiarly with the oldest of the twelve, and laughing quite heartily at some of his replies. He was then divested of his sword by one attendant noble—equipped in a lawn apron by another—a third turned down and drew off the stocking of each poor old vagrant; another presented a silver salver, on which stood an ewer also of silver. The duke then taking a sponge, upon which a chamberlain poured water, knelt, received the beggar's foot in his hand, rubbed it with the sponge, wiped it, bent down his head and kissed it. Upon each of the twelve this ceremony was repeated, and all these petty circumstances in the progress of the *entertainment* were devoured by the fashionable and awe-struck auditors at first with silent doubt, and afterwards with mute amazement. The baskets were then filled with the contents of the table, silver plate and all, a present, I believe, from their munificent domestic, and the menial duties of transferring them from the table to the baskets, were performed by the noble lords in the capacity of waiting-men. The duke, the guards around him, the pages, the grand chamberlain, the household, the noblemen of the court, and a large crowd of gentlemen then departed as they came. The meek sovereign himself entered an apartment on the other side of the hall, whose magnificent furniture shined through the half opened door, which was surrounded by the throngs of noble atten-

dants swarming after him as if he had achieved some dangerous action, and they were eager to ascertain if he had accomplished it in safety.

It is surprising to a simple republican from the other side of the water, how much of this monarch's life is wasted in idle pageants, where, like a bad actor, he plays an inferior character, although it is the part of a king. They say Americans are very overbearing in their home preferences. Perhaps they are. I do not wonder at it. Think of Washington passing on his way over roads strewn with flowers by a grateful people whom he had freed, and whose *moral freedom* he regarded as their greatest glory. Then behold this master of a little duchy ever labouring to blind and dazzle his people, and to keep them down to the *animal enjoyment* of which, fortunately for them, they possess so large a share.

The church, Santa Trinita, lies nearly opposite our rooms. At three we saw him enter it with his court. It is a day of fasting, prayer, and humiliation, and the sovereign must show his people the example. *On foot*, therefore, he visits seven churches; kneels and prays before the altar in sight of the public. On other occasions, he is never known to walk, except occasionally in his garden or about the Cascine. At an early hour the crowds began to assemble before the cathedral, in the piazza, and on the bridge; we had a most imposing *coup d'œil* from our windows. The approach of the duke is always announced by some messenger in the royal livery, riding a hundred yards ahead; but to-day, before the imperial foot could touch the earth, the broad, flat, irregularly-shaped stones with which the streets are paved quite across, were carefully swept under the personal eye of an inspector in his carriage. The guard were then seen making their way in regular order over the bridge, and entered the church through the narrow passage opened in the dense multitude. They were followed by a large body of troops, who broke into double file as they approached the church, and behind, the whole court on foot, the duke walking solemnly alone in the vacant space left by his square of guards, while a superb carriage, drawn by only two horses, advanced slowly in the procession, in which meekness and pomp, religious lowliness, and temporal power and grandeur, were so grotesquely blended. Unable again to effect an entrance here, we anticipated his visit to the high Duomo, and passing on our way thither the dowager duchess and some of the pretty children who mingled unostentatiously among the crowd of common pedestrians, we succeeded in procuring the very best possible places. The immense church, with its gothic, far-reaching arches, its distant ceiling, its long aisles and columns, its stained and

venerable statues and carved work, the high altar brilliantly lighted with giant wax candles, and blazing with a dazzling medley of glittering embellishments, whose red light contrasted strangely with afternoon sunshine, which streamed in through the stately windows of deeply-painted glass; all contributed to produce an imposing effect, and to recall to the imagination those scenes of old romance in which most readers have, at some period, forgotten the common world. The dome beneath which we stood waiting the haughty train of worshippers, is amazingly like that of St. Peter's, and fascinates the eye with a sense of rotund vastness. Through an aperture near the lantern, a beam of sunshine lay across the filmy air like a silver bar, while the lower region of the church was cast into strong shadow relieved by the solemn glare from the altar. The broad floor was covered with people of the lower classes, for whose edification these perpetual pageants are probably intended. Presently the silence was broken by the beat of muffled drums, and the regular tramp of the soldiers, who were drawn up in stern array around the altar, by a few brief commands which sounded through the hush with a startling effect. The nobility of the court came in next and assumed their places. The guard of nobles followed with muskets reversed, and after several more military commands, each followed by the clank of arms, formed an inner circle, though respectfully distant from the altar. In the centre appeared once more the haughty despot and deity of this little empire, his chapeau in his hand. He walked slowly up to the altar, where a broad cloth of crimson velvet deeply embroidered with gold, had been laid for the royal knee. Here he knelt, clasped his hands, bent down his uncovered head upon them, and remained apparently lost and absorbed in prayer; a solemn silence reigned throughout the multitude, interrupted only by the occasional clash of a musket as a soldier stirred. In a few moments, the august suppliant rose from his proud humiliation—two or three orders from the captain of the guard, the clank and clatter of the muskets, the beating of the muffled drums, the tramp of military feet, the stir and hum of a moving multitude relieved from a deep attention, and they departed for another church.

We remained in the cathedral to see the archbishop wash the feet of his twelve. It is a different affair from the elegant self-abasement of the duke. The beggars appeared *bonâ fide* beggars—unpicked, unwashed, diseased street-vagabonds—installed in all their rags and wretchedness, and "rank of gross diet." They were wrapped, however, in loose mantles of coarse, white cotton, covering also the head, like a friar's cowl. There would be some apparent piety, or, at

least, *consistency*, in their honest uncleanness, but for the dress and demeanour of the archbishop, a stately, stern, fine-looking man, with a lofty tread, and a bearing of haughty serenity, which reminded me of Cardinal Wolsey, and embodied ideas of a thousand ambitious tyrants, who have sought and gained temporal dominion with the crosier and the mitre. I could

"see his pride
Peep through each part of him."

A world of mummery was gone through with. The archbishop received the worship of many of his prelates, who bowed and courtesied, knelt and kissed his hand, (flashing with a diamond,) took off his mitre, bowed, courtesied, replaced it again, and, as an appropriate preparative for his illustration of meekness, clothed him in a voluminous and gorgeous mantle of white satin and gold. Then one holding his train, another attending with a silver salver, another with an ewer of the same metal, and others with fine napkins, he proceeded to paraphrase the sacred Redeemer, and his unostentatious, simple, and beautiful task of washing the feet of his disciples. How so much tawdry tinsel and temporal parade could ever be tortured out of the holy, quiet, and exquisitely touching lesson, and example of our Saviour, is a miracle. But this is the native ground of *miracles*. The lofty prelate went through his task with undisguised disgust, rubbed a small spot on each foot slightly with the disdainful tips of two fingers, wiped it, received for every one a clean napkin, and *pretended* to kiss it. Had it been the lips of beauty, his reverend chastity could not have more carefully guarded against the sin. I stood so near, that his superb mantle brushed my sleeve. In the meantime, the voices of the assembled church were raised in a species of melancholy chant. During the performance of the ceremony, I was surprised by the humorous expressions openly exchanged among the attendant priests, who were at no pains whatever to disguise their mirth. The highly-honoured *twelve* seemed also entertained with the scene; and two among the greasy vagabonds laughed outright, while lifting their withered feet to the lips of the bending prelate.

These are a few of the frequent "sights" which amuse the loiterer in Florence.

Anecdote Gallery.

—
BUONAPARTIANA. —

DURING the time Buonaparte was consul, and when the conscriptions were in full force, there lived in one of the provinces of the South, a very aged man, a tailor, and had twelve sons, all of whom served in the armies of Buonaparte. They having one day ob-

tained leave of absence from their regiments, took the opportunity to visit their aged parent, but on their arrival were shocked to find that he was so reduced in circumstances as to be in want of bread. "The man who has given twelve conscripts to his country," said one of them, "to have no bread! We must procure him sustenance, but how are we to obtain it that are ourselves destitute?"—"Is there no pawnbroker in the neighbourhood?" exclaimed the youngest, who placed great confidence in the compassion of human beings, as well as reliance in his Creator.—"What good would that do us?" said the other, "we have, indeed, nothing to pledge."—"You shall see, brother," answered the youngest; "Our father is known to be an honest citizen, who has exercised his trade long enough, and being destitute of bread, that is a sufficient proof of his integrity. We also have served during several years, and no one can cast the slightest imputation on our honour. Let us pawn this *honour*; certainly there will be some one willing to lend us fifty louis on such a pledge." This idea was immediately approved of, and the twelve brothers wrote out and signed on the spot the following billet: "Twelve Frenchmen, sons of a tailor, who, at the age of near ninety years, is fallen into the deepest poverty, all zealous in the service of their country, request from the directors of the pawnbroking establishment the loan of fifty louis d'ors, to assist an unfortunate father. As a security for the same, we pledge our *honour*, and promise to repay the said sum within the space of one year." This billet was taken to the money-office, where the benevolent directors immediately counted out the fifty louis asked for, and tore the obligation to pieces, pledging themselves, at the same time, to provide for the old man as long as he lived.

Napoleon entered Warsaw, January 1, 1807. Most of the reports which he had received, previous to his entrance, (says M. de Bourrienne,) had concurred in describing the dissatisfaction of the troops, who for some time had had to contend with bad roads, bad weather, and all sorts of privations. Buonaparte said to the general who informed him that the enthusiasm of his troops had been succeeded by dejection and discontent, "Does their spirit fail them when they come in sight of the enemy?"—"No, sire."—"I know it; my troops are always the same:" then, turning to General Kapp, he said, "I must rouse them;" and he dictated a proclamation. When Buonaparte dictated his proclamations, (and how many have I not written from his dictation?) he was for the moment inspired, and evinced all the excitement which distinguishes the Italian improvisatori. To follow him, it was necessary to write with inconceivable rapidity. When I have read over to him what he has dictated, I have

often known him to smile triumphantly at the effect which he expected any particular phrase would produce. In general, his proclamations turned on three distinct points:—praising his soldiers for what they had done, pointing out to them what they had yet to do, and abusing his enemies. The proclamation to which I have just now alluded was circulated profusely through Germany, and it is impossible to conceive the effect it produced on the whole army. The corps stationed in the rear, burned to pass, by forced marches, the space which still separated them from head-quarters; and those who were near the Emperor forgot their fatigues and privations, and were only anxious to encounter the enemy. They frequently could not understand what Napoleon said in these proclamations; but no matter for that, they would have followed him cheerfully barefooted, and without provisions. Such was the enthusiasm, or rather the fanaticism, which Napoleon could inspire among his troops when he thought proper to rouse them, as he termed it.

The evening preceding the battle of Wagram, Napoleon disposed his forces in order of battle, and bivouacked in the centre of his guard. He had ordered a passage for his artillery to be hollowed in the rock, and towards two o'clock in the morning set out on foot to ascertain how the work was proceeding. Having remained an hour on the spot, he resolved to make a rapid inspection of the nearest outposts, before returning to his bivouac. This solitary excursion nearly cost the Emperor his life. The night was so dark that the sentries were unable to see the slightest object at the distance of ten paces. One of them, hearing footsteps, challenged, and immediately presented his piece. The Emperor, who was prevented from hearing the *qui vive* by one of his fits of absence, made no answer, and was speedily aroused from his reverie by a ball whizzing past his ear. Instantly aware of his danger, he threw himself flat on the ground. No sooner had he adopted this precaution, than a shower of bullets passed over his head; the first sentry's fire having been repeated through the whole line. The momentary danger past, the Emperor rose and walked straight to the nearest outpost, where he was immediately recognised. In a few minutes, the sentry, who had first challenged and fired, was relieved from his post, and brought before Napoleon; the soldier was a young grenadier in one of the regiments of the line. "You young rascal!" said the Emperor, familiarly pinching his cheek, "it seems you took me for a Prussian: the dog does not waste his powder, nothing less than an Emperor serves him for a mark." The poor soldier, in the utmost consternation at the idea that he might have killed the Emperor, whom he idolized not

less than the rest of the army, could only stammer out a few broken sentences:—"Pardon, sire, but I had orders to fire; if you will not answer, I am not to blame:—another time you must put in the orders, that you do not choose to answer." The Emperor laughed, and to reconcile the poor fellow with himself, said, as he withdrew, "My brave lad, it was not your fault: for a random shot in the dark, yours was not amiss: it will soon be daylight; take better aim and I will provide for you."

Napoleon, on the evening preceding the memorable battle of Austerlitz, visited the bivouacs of the army. He wished to keep the most strict incognito, but was soon identified; and, as it was also the eve of the anniversary of his coronation, the soldiers saluted him by a general burst of acclamation. Napoleon advanced in front of the colours of the 57th regiment, and addressed the men, saying, "Remember that I have, for a length of time, distinguished you by the name of *le terrible*." An old grenadier approached the Emperor, and said, "There is no necessity for you to expose your person; I pledge myself, in the name of the grenadiers in the army, that you need only look on; to-morrow we will bring you the cannons and colours of the Russian army, to celebrate the anniversary of your coronation." Napoleon, who was affected to tears, said on returning, "This night would be the happiest of my life, if it was not embittered by the thought, that to-morrow I shall lose many of these brave men."

The battle of Lutzen was gained principally by young conscripts. The intrepid Ney said to Napoleon, "Sire, give me some of these young conscripts; I will lead them whither you please: our old warriors know as much as we do; they judge of positions and difficulties, but these brave youths are afraid of nothing, they foresee no obstacles, they look neither to the right hand nor to the left, but always forwards; it is glory that they seek."

It is affirmed that Napoleon, during the eleven years of his reign, sacrificed to his ambition 5,490,000 men, which surpasses the number which the civil war carried off during three centuries; comprising the reigns of John, Charles V., Charles VI., Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV. In the last year of his reign, Napoleon levied, independent of the National Guard, 1,300,000, which is more than 100,000 men per month.

Napoleon was fond of walking about Paris incognito, frequently attended only by an aide-de-camp. One morning he entered a shop to ask the price of a little figure in porcelain; the woman of the house not being up at the time, (past eight o'clock,) Napoleon waited half an hour until she arose;

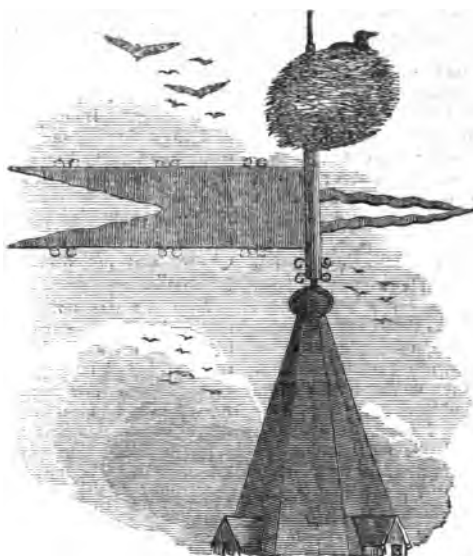
and then demanded the price, which the Emperor remarked was too much. "Indeed," answered the woman, "that may be, but what with the taxes and distresses arising from the war, we must get as much as we can, for the Emperor by-and-by will leave us nothing." Buonaparte quitted the shop, and the following morning sent his aide-de-camp to summon the female with her little figure; when, terrified, she made her appearance before the Emperor, he stepped up, saying, "I shall give you your price for this article, but would recommend you to get up earlier, and not trouble your head about politics."

Napoleon was not a graceful rider: his seat on horseback was by no means firm, but the care with which his horses were broken rendered his deficiency in this respect of less consequence. The horses destined for the use of Napoleon, were forced to undergo a rough noviciate before they were suffered to enjoy the distinction of carrying their imperial master. They were trained to remain perfectly steady under tortures of every description; to receive blows about the head; drums were beat, pistols and crackers fired in their ears, flags waved before their eyes, clumsy packages, and sometimes even sheep and pigs, were thrown between their legs. None of the animals were deemed sufficiently trained, till the Emperor could, without the least difficulty, pull them up short at full gallop, which was his favourite pace.—W.G.C.

The Naturalist.

CROWS' NEST AT NEWCASTLE.

THIS is, probably, one of the most popular curiosities of the architecture of birds. It has been described or engraved in several well-known works, but inaccurately in all save one; which circumstance is somewhat explained by the several descriptions being copied from the same original. The facts are briefly these:—In March, 1783, a pair of crows built their nest upon the top of the tube of the vane on the Exchange at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Now, in the above accounts, the builders are stated to have been rooks; and Mr. Brand, in whose *History of Newcastle* the nest was first engraved, represents it as having no support whatever from the spire, and utterly at variance with his description; for the place on which his crows' nest rests is stationary, and, consequently, could not turn with the wind, as Mr. Brand states. By reference to Mr. Sykes's *Local Records*, we are now enabled to adjust the discrepancies in the description and engraving; for, in this entertaining chronicle, we find the annexed representation of the spire and nest, from a sketch taken at the time, and kindly given to Mr. Sykes by



(Crows' Nest on the vane of the Exchange, at Newcastle.)

a gentleman, since deceased, with the following original account of the building of the nest:—

"During the progress of the work, the crows experienced many interruptions. Sometimes, when their nest was half erected, it would be destroyed in their absence by other crows, seemingly with the most inveterate hostility; to prevent which, one remained a sentry over the building, while the other was abroad in search of forage or materials; till, at length, after many severe conflicts, by dint of courage, industry, and perseverance, they overcame every difficulty, and finished their plan. In order to understand this, it must be observed that the vane was affixed to a hollow, metallic tube, which turned round on an iron spire, fixed in the centre of the summit of the pinnacle; and round this, at the top and bottom, was an ornamented scroll, upon which, with very great art and ingenuity, the crows laid their foundation: viz., spars and rafters, the ends of which rested upon each other, and then others upon them, but somewhat longer, especially on the side of the tube directly opposite to the vane, which was intended to contain the body of the nest; then smaller pieces interwoven therewith, and then wattled together pretty tightly round the tube, so that the nest turned round with the vane, and let the wind blow from whatever quarter, it was continually direct against the nest, still supported on the opposite side by the spire and tube before mentioned; so that the wind could

never discompose it or blow it down, unless it had blown down the vane, and, perhaps, the pinnacle also.

"This nest, might, therefore, be deemed a masterpiece in mechanics and architecture. It was remarked that, in the year succeeding its erection, there was a severe storm of frost and snow, when the Tyne was three times frozen over in one winter, a circumstance not before remembered by the oldest person living; during which the crows had a comfortable habitation, and having prolonged their residence there for some years, they, all on a sudden, without any visible cause or molestation, quitted their wonderful building, and never resorted to it again. A short time subsequent to their departure, the Exchange took fire, which, had they remained, might, probably, have destroyed them, as well as their curious erection."

There is still, here, some confusion in the accounts; for, Mr. Sykes adds, "the crows attempted to build the nest again the year following, but other crows, with the most determined opposition, prevented them; however, in the years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788, the same crows built on the same singular place, and succeeded, each year, in hatching and rearing their young." Elsewhere, it is stated, that "they returned and built their nest every year on the same place till 1793, soon after which the spire was taken down."*

* Bingley's Anim. Biog., ii., 246, 6th edit.; and Brand's Hist. Newcastle.

The Public Journals.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

Six centuries and a half have rolled away since the connexion between Ireland and England began, yet, to most of the English people, Ireland to this day remains an unknown country. Though the subject of more frequent discussion than all other parts of the empire combined, the notions which are generally formed of it are vague and unsettled.

It does not seem to us that Ireland is upon the whole superior to England either in beauty or fertility, although it has sometimes been so represented. The resources of a neglected country, like the charms of a secluded beauty, are sometimes estimated too highly. We may refer, in support of this opinion, to the scenery which the direct road from Dublin to London offers. Beginning at the Menai bridge, and proceeding onwards by Capel Cerig, Llangollen, and Shrewsbury, through the midland counties, the traveller is presented with a succession of prospects which, in point of magnificence, richness, and variety, no part of Ireland of the same extent can be found to equal. Transverse lines might be taken, passing through parts of Devonshire, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, and Warwickshire, to which nearly the same observation would be applicable. But it would be invidious to pursue the comparison.

At the same time, no visiter, however transient, can fail to perceive that it is an eminently favoured land; and we hope it will soon have as much reason to be proud of all classes of its people, as its people have to be proud of it. Its surface is neither low nor lofty; its streams are clear and lively; the soil fertile, but not deep; not so intermixed with clay as in England, and lying upon limestone throughout a large proportion of the country. The climate is proverbially moist and temperate; and owing, perhaps, to this circumstance, to the nature of the substratum, and insufficiency of the draining, the land is everywhere gushing with water. Timber of all sorts grows freely and luxuriantly; but, from want of depth of soil, does not seem, except in particular tracts, to become large or lofty. Stone for building is found almost everywhere, of much beauty and variety, and in great abundance. The country still looks somewhat unfurnished, from the scarcity of trees and hedges. Where hedges are found, they are made of furze, planted on the top of a wall, according to the custom of Devonshire and Cornwall. The immense number and peculiar effect of the bogs, though so material a part of Irish scenery, cannot well be imagined by those who have not seen them. Their dark appear-

ance, and the groups of turf-stacks with which they are studded, give a singular tone to the landscape which is not easily forgotten. The excellence of the harbours in Ireland, especially of those in the west and south, is universally known and acknowledged. The principal mountains and mountainous ridges do not run from north to south, as they do along the western side of England, but are dispersed singly and in groups all round its shores, as if to defend them, like towers and battlements, against the fury of its stormy waters.

The coal hitherto found in Ireland is neither good nor plentiful; and as water-power is daily becoming less able to compete with steam, this defect is likely to prove an insurmountable obstacle to that advancement in arts and manufactures which the country might otherwise have attained. Ireland has considerable mines of copper and other metals, which, notwithstanding the inducements offered by them, have never yet been worked with sufficient skill and energy. The remains of its ecclesiastical architecture are neither remarkable for extent nor beauty. Its principal antiquities consist of the round towers, which have been the subject of so much examination and controversy, and the usual number of feudal castles found in other countries, now forming picturesque remains, but once the strongholds of robbers and oppressors, which in Ireland continued much too long to be their actual destination.

With respect to the people, the high and the low are still the only classes into which they can be appropriately divided. The intermediate ranks are rapidly springing up in the towns, but as Ireland is almost wholly agricultural, the want of them will, in most parts of the country, continue to be felt for some time longer. Of the character of the higher classes who are possessed of rank and property, we shall here attempt no delineation. To do this with correctness and impartiality is, invariably, one of the most difficult of all tasks, and ought never to be undertaken except by those who have had the advantage of extensive private intercourse. Many of the aristocracy are known to the world to be as accomplished and valuable members of society as those of whom any country can boast. If the rest of the body differ from persons of the same rank or fortune at home or abroad, the shades of distinction can only be judged with fairness after long and familiar acquaintance.

Of the common people a traveller may speak with less hesitation, because every particular relating to their manners, customs, or circumstances, is more easily seen, and marked more strongly. It is undeniable that, with respect to food, habitation, and clothing, the farmers and labourers of Ireland, who, in most cases, may be classed

together, are in a state which cannot be contemplated without emotion. Professor von Raumer, whose Letters on these kingdoms have just been published, says emphatically that, though he had spent much of his life in travelling, he never knew what *poverty* meant until he landed in Ireland. If such be the feeling of a German, it is almost needless to say that the impression is even stronger on an Englishman. Some parts, especially Ulster, are greatly in advance of others; but speaking of the country generally, the peasantry of Ireland, so far as the comforts of life are concerned, are nearly at the bottom of the scale of European civilization. Their dress is ragged in the extreme; their cabias mean and dirty; and their diet always poor in quality, and in quantity not seldom insufficient. Yet they are not always in reality in that abject plight in which hasty observers naturally enough suppose them. Unless when suffering from absolute hunger and want of shelter, the body continues strong, and the mind undepressed. Under the most patched accoutrements in which he may walk about, or within the most miserable hovel in which he may rest his limbs at night, there still lies concealed the man, not torpid and wasted, but with all his faculties full and fresh about him, and showing, by his inquisitive and communicative disposition, that they are ready at the first favourable moment to be called into active operation. That they are sprung from the same stock with the Celtic inhabitants of Scotland is now universally admitted. Even though history did not attest the fact, their appearance, language, and a thousand nameless peculiarities, obvious to the eye, but almost impossible to be communicated by description, incontestably evince them to bear a much closer affinity to their Scottish than their English neighbours. How then has it happened, that two races, once in all respects so germane, should, in process of time, have come to present a national character and frame of society so strongly contrasted to each other? — *Quarterly Review*.

SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

THE following is from the remarks of that eminent scholar and excellent man, the late Professor Niemeyer, Chancellor of the University of Halle, who visited England in the year 1819.

"Almost all travellers protest that nothing is more melancholy than the observance of Sunday in England. They assure us that everything seems dead, and that every sound of joy becomes mute. They pity the people who are denied every innocent pleasure, and extol the happiness of other countries where this restraint is unknown. I candidly confess that the English Sunday has not appeared

to me so dull and so joyless; nay, that I even reckon several Sundays passed there among my most agreeable recollections, and cannot refrain from expressing the wish, that we might have among ourselves something more of what we there find, in families as distinguished for intellectual endowments, as respectable for their character. I do not address those whom a religious feeling causes to regard as sinful the most innocent occupation, and who think they ought to keep the Sabbath more in the spirit of the Old Testament than of the Christian religion; but those who would wish that a certain harmony might be observed among us also here in Germany, in the employment of Sunday. I foresee that many readers will be of a different opinion. But how is it possible that all people should be of one mind?

"It is not to be denied that the difference between the six week-days and this seventh is more striking in England than anywhere else. It is as if a long continued ebb had set in, which would be followed by no flood; or, as if animated life had quitted the streets and public places, and retired to the back part of the dwellings; or, as if every one breathed more softly, to recover from the fatigues and exertions of a restless activity. The latter is really the case. In this respect alone, the law, which commands repose from usual employment, is a real blessing for thousands of people, who have borne for six days together the burden and heat of the day, or in the bustle of worldly concerns have not been able to rest themselves, or hold intercourse with their family; and that is accomplished which the ancient Mosaic institution of the Sabbath had for its object, Exodus xxiii. 12. On Saturday, when the clock strikes the midnight hour, the curtain in the theatre must be let down, and it is not drawn up again till Monday. Those shops only in which the indispensable necessities of life are sold are open; all others are closed throughout the day, and the shop windows being covered with painted shutters, the city assumes quite a different aspect. Where the law, originating in ancient times in religious dissension, is observed in all its rigour, even large entertainments, card parties, and private concerts, are avoided, and no work done. The streets, however, begin to be animated between ten and eleven, when divine service is about to commence. The number of well-dressed persons repairing to church increases in all the streets—the citizens, for the most part, husband and wife together, and the children before them, with the Book of Common Prayer and their Bibles in their hands. The churches being so numerous in all parts of the city, the masses soon divide; and here, as well as elsewhere, some places of worship are more crowded than others. Some of the churches in parti-

cular, where evening service is performed, (beginning at six o'clock,) are so exceedingly crowded, that any one coming in late can scarcely obtain a seat, however willing the pen-opener may be to procure him one.

"He who does not consider the *theatre*, *balls*, and *games for money*, as *indispensable*, in order to be *happy* or to keep off *ennui*, in whom those artificial pleasures have not blunted a taste for the scenes of nature and the pleasures of cheerful society, I really know not what should hinder such a man from spending his Sunday agreeably, either in or out of London. I at least have seen, on fine Sundays, the roads almost more thronged with carriages and pedestrians than during the week. The Thames was covered with boats, conveying numerous parties to the beautiful places, country seats, &c., on its banks. * * * Many indeed, both high and low, who go into the country on a Sunday, do not readily neglect to attend the village churches, before the doors of which you may often see whole rows of carriages from the neighbourhood—but then they enjoy the remainder of the day in the open country or in the elegant environs of their houses. * * Further, it is true, they do not go in England. Even he who perhaps has religion less at heart than the preservation of certain national customs, requires that *Sunday shall maintain its peculiar character*, and that there shall not be too glaring a contrast between its principal destination and the employment of the remaining hours of the day. Thus, for instance, every true Englishman would consider it a most indecent contrast, if the same parents who had in the morning gone to church with their children, and there perhaps heard a sermon on modesty and decorum, could go with them in the evening to the theatre, and there see some laughable farce or such luscious scenes, drawn after nature, as we find represented in some of our favourite pieces, to the eyes of our youth of both sexes. But so ought, in reason, every one to think and feel, who does not regard the whole of life as a farce. Truly, *decorum* often borders nearer than we believe on *morality*." — *Translated in the Foreign Quarterly Review*.

New Books.

SKETCHES OF GERMANY AND THE GERMANS
By an Englishman resident in Germany.

[THE title of this work affords but an imperfect idea of its important contents. It is not a book of mere "Sketches," but, in the language of the author, "comprises a full development of the present social and political state of Germany, gathered from a long residence at Vienna: also, a Tour from the German Ocean to the Baltic; from thence through

Berlin to Warsaw, on to Silesia and Bohemia; and through the greater part of the Austrian Empire to the Adriatic; with a Voyage down the Danube, from Ulm into Hungary." Here, of a truth, is circuit enough for two moderately thick octavo volumes; seeing that two recent Voyagers down the Danube have contrived to make the incidents of their passage occupy as many pages as the present work. These, however, are not filled with glances; for they contain enlightened views of the commercial relations of the countries through which our traveller passed, in addition to lively incidents, and delineations of scenery and manners, which have the striking characteristics of fidelity, and the recommendation of carrying with them very considerable social interest. The work, therefore, as well for the extent and variety of its localities, as for the attractive minuteness of its details, is altogether highly entertaining: its gravities do not clog its gaieties; and its style is pleasant and throughout easy and intelligent. The author commences his narrative on board the Tourist, steam packet, bound for Hamburg, in which he left London in the spring of 1834, for the north of Germany: the tour extends to the present year; and though we cannot follow the entire routes, we hope to pick up amusement for the reader by the way-side.]

Sunday in Hamburg.

The majority of the inhabitants of Hamburg are members of the reformed Church, but exhibit as strong an attachment to Sunday amusements as the most pious Catholic; and, although this is the grand day of public diversion, yet let not my readers suppose that the citizens are altogether neglectful of their sabbath duties, as the churches are well attended in the morning, it being in the afternoon that the pursuit after amusement is so actively carried on: then indeed the environs are filled with the gay citizens, the river covered with pleasure-boats, and the roads teem in every direction with persons of all ranks hastening to enjoy their various sylvan and rural recreations, while the sound of music and dancing is heard in all the houses of public entertainment. To a native of sober England, the aspect of such a gay scene is absolutely confounding; but here the prospect of the Sunday's recreation is anticipated with pleasure, alike by the merchant, the mechanic, and the labourer. And to the stranger, who mixes among the gay throng, an admirable opportunity is afforded of studying the character of the people; and I am inclined to think, the conclusion upon the whole would be favourable. The only drawback to my enjoyment was the universal habit of smoking tobacco,—the coffee-houses, the ball-rooms, the marquees, villas, cabarets, and promenades, in short, every place in

which human beings were congregated was filled with a dense mass of this disagreeable vapour. The whole of the male population were armed either with a pipe or a cigar, even boys of eight or ten years of age were to be seen indulging in this disgusting practice. The fair enemy of tobacco-smoke, Mrs. Trollope, would here have been completely horrified, for even some of the women are addicted to this most unfeminine indulgence; and I have not unfrequently seen a handsome, well-dressed girl receive from her innamorato, not a glass of lemonade, but a genuine Havannah, which she instantly commenced reducing to ashes with a *gout* as keen as that of a Spanish dandy in a coffee-house at Madrid.

Clock at Lubeck.

The old church clock is considered the most ingenious specimen of early clock-work that has been preserved. It represents the changes of the heavenly bodies until 1875; and when it strikes twelve, a number of automaton figures are set in motion: the Electors of Germany enter from a small side door, and perform the ceremony of inaugurating the Emperor, who is seated upon a throne in front. Another door is then opened, and Christ appears, when after receiving his benediction, the whole cavalcade retire amidst a flourish of trumpets by a choir of angels. On each side are bas-reliefs, illustrative of passages in the life of our Saviour; in that of the last supper, a mouse is seen peeping from beneath the snow white table cloth: and be it known to thee, gentle reader, that this little "timorous beastie," has the honour of representing the armorial bearings of the once puissant Lubeck.

Rugen.

The Island of Rugen, with its cluster of islets, is only separated from Stralsund by the strait Gelle, about an English mile in breadth. It was torn from the main land in 1309, during one of the most violent hurricanes on record. Rugen is the largest and most picturesque of all the German islands, its circumference being seventeen German miles, with a population of thirty-three thousand, exclusive of that of its satellites. It is the great point of attraction to all the lovers of beautiful scenery in the north of Germany, where sandy plains and swampy heaths are the prevailing character of the country. Indeed, wherever we move through this fairy island, our admiration is excited, for we perceive the usual features of nature, not only most highly finished, but at the same time modelled on the most reduced scale. At one time we are wandering through the silent recesses of a small ravine, skirted on either side by the dense foliage of a forest, or overhung by a romantic elevation, having every characteristic of Alpine scenery, except size and eternal snows; we then pass into a Lilli-

putian valley teeming with fertility, or enter a tiny glen, fringed with a tangled mass of thorns, briars, and wild flowers, which fill the air with a fragrant perfume; at another time our vision grasps the whole island, its chalky cliffs and the surrounding islets. In short the general character of the scenery is beautiful without being sublime; and although we have sometimes a glimpse of the wildly picturesque, yet beauty and softness are the prevailing features, and would be perfect of its kind, but for the absence of those great essentials to landscape scenery, the roaring of the cataract, and the silvery stream that sings and dances along its own wild domain; the want of these is, in some slight degree, compensated by a few small lakes, and numerous bays and creeks. True it is, we feel the absence of the castellated tower, and ivied ruins, yet who could behold the colossal graves of the heroes of the north, and the Druidical remains, without feeling at the same time awed and interested?

Mecklenburg.

As Germany supplies Europe with princes and princesses, it would appear as if Mecklenburg alone was sufficient to furnish it with nobles, for it is computed that the nobility include one half of the population, the possessions of six-eighths of these being limited to their *stammbäume* (genealogical trees). During my progress through the country, I met with a Herr (baron), who exercised the profession of relieving men's chins of what in Christendom is considered an incumbrance; and at one of the inns I found a Herr Graf* for a landlord, a Frau Gräfin† for a landlady, the young Herren Grafen‡ filled the places of ostler, waiter, and boots, while the fair young Fraulein Gräfinnen§ were the cooks and chambermaids. I was informed, that in one village, of which I now forget the name, the whole of the inhabitants were noble except four, and these were married to Geborne Frauleins!||

Statue of Blucher.

Marshal Forward (the pet name of the Prussians for the heroic Blucher) still protects the master he so faithfully served, for his statue is only a short distance from the palace at Berlin. Its height is eleven feet. The left foot of the hero rests upon a howitzer, and his right hand grasps a sabre; his head is uncovered, and his figure partially enveloped in the graceful folds of a military mantle. The position is dignified and commanding; and M. Rauch, the artist, has preserved the likeness most faithfully. The pedestal, which is, unfortunately, too small in proportion to the figure, is decorated with bas-reliefs illustrative of the most memorable

* Count. † Countess. ‡ Counts.
§ Unmarried Countesses.
|| Ladies nobly born.

events of his life. The design is in the best style of chaste simplicity, and the execution admirably correct. It is one of the brightest leaves in M. Rauch's garland of immortality.

A Mistake.

The most aristocratical street in Berlin is the Wilhelm's Strasse. Here we find the palaces of the king's sons, Charles, Frederic, Albrecht, and August, with those of the Duke of Cumberland, and Prince Radzivil, besides a numerous catalogue of the nobility.

In the front of one of these palaces we perceive the words "Hotel de Radzivil;" and the Berliners relate, that an English lady and gentleman having arrived at Berlin, resolved upon obtaining refreshment and rest at this very fine looking hotel; and seeing a couple of empty carriages in the courtyard, they nothing doubted the correctness of their belief. Having come to this determination, the next point was to put it in execution; but as neither of them could speak a word of German, they were obliged to have recourse to the language of pantomime; and having, through this medium, made the post-boy stop, they next, by the same mute eloquence, ordered the servants (whose acquisitions as linguists were confined to their native Polish and a little German), to convey their luggage up stairs, and bring them some refreshment. The domestics, who, from the elegant appearance and manners of the strangers, concluded that they were the invited guests of their prince, supplied them with everything they requested. Our travellers were in raptures; their admiration was unbounded at the elegance of the appointments, the courtesy of the attendants, and the Berlin hotels were pronounced the *beau-ideal* of perfection. The prince returned the following day, and immediately on hearing the details, surmised the truth, was delighted with the mistake, and detained his unconscious guests for some days, ignorant of the blunder, till their reiterated demands for the bill produced an *eclaircissement*, to the great amusement of the prince, and the confusion of our English travellers.

Berlin Gin Palaces.

Our gin-palaces sink into utter insignificance in comparison with those in the Königs Strasse. On entering the principal of these temples dedicated to inebriety, the stranger finds himself in a spacious room, whose ceiling and walls are inlaid with looking-glasses, and ornamented with crystal chandeliers; in the centre he perceives a full length statue of Frederic the Great, in full uniform, and, at the further extremity, glittering with gold and tinsel, those of Bacchus and the Apollo Belvidere, surrounded by rows of barrels, painted with the most gorgeous colours; above which are shelves, displaying

every variety of coloured bottles, filled with liqueurs, whose contents are indicated by gilt labels; the sparkling fluids of which are dispensed from behind a long counter, by about a dozen male and female attendants: the latter selected for their beauty. By night the effect is absolutely dazzling: illuminated by a blaze of light, the mirrors multiplying the reflected objects a hundred fold, and the well-dressed attendants distributing their glasses of nectar (*Anglice*, poison) with a smile. My first pilgrimage to this establishment was on the afternoon of a grand review day, when it was not only crammed with citizens and soldiers, but the crowds extended far into the street, all in pursuit of spirits. After great difficulty I obtained admittance, when I found that every individual of the motley multitude were, to the honour of the women, lords of the creation.

Another of these temples, in the same street, is scarcely inferior in vulgar splendour; here the wide folding doors are sufficiently large to admit a carriage, and the first object that attracts attention is a door of painted glass, over which the Peruvian sun, made of crystal, is constantly revolving; the effect is most brilliant when illuminated. The apartments, like those of the rival establishment, are decorated in gaudy finery and tinsel.

Frederic the Great.

The most interesting reminiscence at Potsdam of the great king, is his favourite retreat, Sans Souci, standing on an eminence close to the town, with which it is connected by an avenue. It appears much neglected; the park-gate through which we enter is literally falling to pieces for want of paint, and the grounds merely exhibit sandy promenades, shaded by a profusion of trees, and ornamented with myriads of mouldering statues and decaying temples. The best part about them is the succession of terraces that lead to the pavilion: these are fitted up with glass frames, and contain a rare collection of exotic plants, besides fruit-trees of the most southern climes; many of them were planted by Frederic, for he had an absolute passion for gardening: here, while training his trees, he was accustomed to receive his ministers, ambassadors, and generals.

Sans Souci is not interesting for architectural beauty, but because Frederic the Great lived in it. The double circular portico is certainly a very pretty thing, but much too splendid for the remainder of the building, which is neither lofty nor imposing. The situation, however, has been well selected, for it commands all that the country affords of a prospect: the town, the river Havel, its villages, and woody eminences, together with Arnold's wind-mill, half concealed by groups of trees, still performing its evolutions, while those who raised so keen a

contention respecting it—the monarch and its owner—are mingled with the dust.

The interior of the palace is as unpretending as its modest exterior, and, if we are to estimate the refined taste of the great king by the very mediocre paintings that cover the walls of the gallery, where he used to take his promenade in rainy weather, we shall not feel inclined to assign him a high rank as a connoisseur of the fine arts. The only apartment that has been preserved, as he left it at his death, is the library, a small circular room: most of the books are in the French language, among which we perceive his own work, "*Les Œuvres du Philosophie*:" here is his little writing-table, ink-stand, hand-bell, sand-box, and sofa. The only ornament of the chamber in which he died is a very good portrait of Gustavus Adolphus, said to have been a great favourite of Frederic, and a correct likeness of the heroic king. The bed has been removed, which has given great umbrage to the Prussians, together with the arm-chair in which he breathed his last, after a long reign of forty-six years; and, although at the advanced age of seventy-five, he retained his intellect so perfectly, as to be able to transact public business the day he died. How serenely tranquil must have been the dying hour of the royal philosopher, who, after a whole life of storm and strife, saw his country prosperous, his people happy, and his sceptre ready to pass undisputed into the hands of his successor.

Warsaw.

As I approached Warsaw, the last tints of the glorious sun were still glowing in the west; the moon, in a graceful crescent, enthroned high on the blue arch of heaven, was shedding her mild light over the devoted city, so lately the theatre of so much bloody strife; and, unlike the vicinity of other great capitals, everything wore a sombre, melancholy appearance. Instead of gay parties of merry-making citizens, Russian soldiers, with fixed bayonets, were passing and re-passing; the only music that greeted our ears was the distant sound of the noisy drum; and to render the scene still more deplorable, groups of half-naked wretches, some stupefied by intoxication, and others brawling with the rage of excited intemperance, were issuing from the cabarets, whose interior displayed a combination of filth, vice, and poverty, rarely equalled. On entering the Faubourg, the numerous lights in the windows were the feeble substitutes for lamps, and disclosed the shadowy outline of heaps of dilapidated buildings, while the moon, as it threw its pale beams athwart the various crumbling edifices, distinctly revealed the desolation of war.

[The author's fellow-traveller, a young Pole, having returned to his family at War-

saw, is the occasion of a grand entertainment.]

It is rather a curious circumstance, that the banquet was held at the house of a distinguished Russian, as great an enemy to tyranny, as he is a friend to rational freedom. Yet even here, where suspicion was in a great measure lulled, it was necessary to adopt the strictest precaution in order to prevent the intrusion of any of the army of spies, who invade the most private sanctuary; and nothing can give a more forcible representation of the state of society, than the simple fact, that instead of the sideboard of plate which in our own happier country is the accompaniment of the festive board, we had here a collection of weapons of defence, in order to be ready to repel any sudden surprise: nevertheless, in the face of all these precautionary measures, I heard language and opinions, and witnessed bursts of enthusiasm, which showed that the spirit of resistance in Poland only slumbers, to awake at a fitting opportunity, and crush for ever the outraged power of the monarch who now wields her destinies; for his barbarities have not only alienated every Pole, but enlisted in their favour the sympathies of the surrounding nations, and the signal for a general Polish insurrection will be the first war in which Russia may be engaged.

Tomb of Blücher.

On my route to the mountains, from Breslau, I took the Kanthe road, to visit the tomb of Blücher, at Kriblowitz. Here, by the side of the road, reposes the old hero, with no other canopy but heaven, and the united foliage of three lindens. This spot was, no doubt, endeared to his recollection, from its being the theatre of the important battle of Katzbach, when, in 1813, at the advanced age of seventy-one, at the head of the Prussian Landwehr, he completely routed the French under Marshal Macdonald, taking seventeen thousand prisoners and one hundred pieces of cannon. This battle was productive of the most important results to Germany; it reassured and raised the almost broken spirits of the people, and was, if I may so speak, the van-guard of the glorious battle of Leipsick. For some time previous to his death, the health of the old veteran had been visibly declining, but he appears to have passed away without any severe suffering; his faithful aide-de-camp and friend, Graf Nostitz, who saved his life at the battle of Ligny, attended him during his last moments. A few minutes before his death, he gently pressed the hand of his friend, saying, "*Nostitz! sie haben vieles von mir gelernt, lernen sie nun auch von mir ruhig sterben.*"—(Nostitz, you have learned much from me, learn now how to die.) And he thus calmly expired, on the 12th of May, 1819, aged 77.

Spirit of Discovery.

ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, MAY 15,
1836.

[We quote the following accounts of this phenomenon from the newspapers.]

(From the *Globe*.)

It is necessary, for scientific purposes, to premise the following particulars, the latitude, the longitude, and elevation of the place of observation, as on it depends the ability to deduce the result correctly:—

	Deg.	m.	s.
The latitude of the place (Cornhill)	N. 51	30	38
The longitude in time	W. —	21	2

The height of the place of observation 113 feet above the level of the sea, the mean of several trials taken as data, and assuming as correct the given elevation of the Royal Society's apartments:—

	Hrs.	m.	s.
The instant of the moon's apparent contact with the sun, in contradistinction to apparent and astronomical time, (civil mean Greenwich time)	1	51	22
Greatest phase or obscuring of the sun's disc	3	19	11
The instant of the moon's apparent contact ceasing	4	39	7

The barometer, at one o'clock, higher than noted at any period during the year, when deduction is allowed for increased elevation, stood at 30 inches 5 tenths; and declined, during the eclipse, '05 decimal, from which it has not subsequently risen. The thermometer, exposed to the sun's rays, declined from 84° to 68°, being the extreme variation. In the shade it declined only 2°,—from 66° to 64°. No stars, nor were the planets Jupiter or Venus visible to the naked eye, though easily discernible by a telescope magnifying 80 times.

The moon's first contact in the north-western limb of the sun took place at 8 minutes 48 seconds before two o'clock P.M., and its course over the sun's disc was traced clearly until half-past two, when the sun entered a dense cloud, in which it was lost to human eye for at least ten minutes; on its emerging, it appeared much reduced in size and power. The effect was very extraordinary, and, indeed, this may be considered as the most interesting period of the eclipse. The sun, at this time, was reduced to nearly one-half its usual size, and horned like the moon. At 19 or 20 minutes past three o'clock, the eclipse could be viewed by the naked eye, and all around presented the appearance of an autumnal evening; the gloom towards the south-east was very striking, and was such as, under other circumstances, would have betokened a storm. As the dark circle continued moving over the face of the sun, gradually leaving it, the light increased, the fowls and birds, which, about three o'clock,

might have been seen retiring to their nests, came forth again, and about half-past four, when the moon left the great luminary altogether, nature appeared to have resumed her wonted cheerfulness and gaiety.

It was highly amusing to observe the people in all quarters, in the streets and roads leading out of the metropolis, with pieces of smoked and coloured glass, eyeing with the most intense interest the phenomena. The number of glasses sold during the last week for this purpose exceeds any former demand of the sort. A journeyman optician boasted that he himself sold 200 dozen in one day. Perhaps, after all, the best way of viewing an eclipse, is in a pail or tub of water, the vessel being so placed as to reflect the sun's body to the eye of the observer. In this way, the whole course of the eclipse might be viewed without any inconvenience to the eyes.

(From the *Times*.)

At five minutes past one, the first obscuration of the sun, in the form of a segment of a circle, was visible. At about two o'clock the moon had encroached to the extent of several digits on the diameter of the great luminary. At this period, when viewed through a telescope of about 80 degrees magnifying power, the apertures or black spots in the body of the sun seemed to be within a digit and a-half of the nearest point of the circular edge of the moon. The planet then in a compound orbicular path, describing an ellipsis between south, north, and west, continued to intercept the rays of the sun until twenty minutes past three, when the eclipse reached its extent, leaving an annular segment of the sun from south to east, which was equal in depth to about one-fourth of the entire solar diameter. The darkness, probably owing to the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere, was not so great as had been anticipated, and consequently, to ordinary telescopes, the stars that had been marked out in the diagrams as visible were not to be seen. The moon had passed at about a quarter to four, when the sun re-illuminated the horizon, as if with increased effulgence. The interest of the observation of the phenomenon was enhanced by the circumstance of its being high water during the gloom of the eclipse. Some persons, whose ideas seemed rather to have been formed from lingering superstition than astronomical calculation, thought that the opposition of the sun and moon would have inundated the banks on both sides of the river Thames, and they, accordingly, congregated on the heights until the moon had completed its transit.

(From the *Globe*.)

Although this eclipse was in reality an annular one, it would not be so, strictly speaking, to those in this country, who live

southward of a line extending across it from Whitehaven on the west to Whithy on the east; or northward of a similar one touching the Isle of Mull to the west, and Dundee towards the east, comprising a belt of about 140 miles in width. Its line of central annular appearance would, therefore, very nearly range with Ayr, Douglas, Jedburgh, and the duration of its central obscuration would be about 4m. 2s. The annular appearance would first commence in the Pacific Ocean, in the zenith of lat. 8 deg. N., and long. 98 deg. W., at 56 min. past 11 in the forenoon; after which the central line, or axis produced, would pass over the southern confines of Mexico, and, covering the island of Jamaica, would visit the southern coast of Cuba. Thence, skirting along the western coast of Donegal only, it would exactly pass over Malin Head. Next visiting Edinburgh, it would proceed over the northern states of Germany, Turkey, &c. The annular appearance would cease in the Caspian Sea, nearly south of Astrakan, and the confluence of the river Volga, in lat. 44 deg. 45m. N., and long. 52 deg. 37m. E., at 22m. past three in the evening.

The next great solar eclipse will take place on the 9th of Oct., 1847, and another in March, 1858, which, like that of yesterday, will be annular.

The Gatherer.

Lady's Rock.—Near the old castle of Duart, in the Isle of Mull, rises on a level with the water the small island or rock called the Lady's Rock; which name is said to have originated in the following adventure. Maclean, Lord of Duart, having married a sister of the Earl of Argyle, and suspecting his wife of infidelity, exposed her on this rock to be devoured by the monsters of the ocean, or engulfed by the tide. This lovely and unfortunate victim of the jealousy of Maclean, saw the waves approaching which were about to bury her in the deep, the sea having already reached the summit of the rock; when a fortunate chance brought a boat into the strait, in which was Argyle himself. The cries of a female led him towards the rock; he recognised his sister, and having rescued her, bore her to his castle. He afterwards avenged her wrongs by killing her persecutor in a desperate combat fought in the presence of the King of Scotland. G. H.

Queen Elizabeth.—Hentzer tells us that Elizabeth was very majestic at the age of sixty-five; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black, and pleasant; her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black; she wore false hair, and that was red.

Sound.—Pepys notes in his Diary, 1666:—"Discoursed with Mr. Hooke about the nature of sounds, who told me, that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings, (those flies that hum in their flying,) by the note that it answers to in music, during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse, in general, of sound, was mighty fine."

Spanish Proverb.—A wise man changes his mind; a fool, never.

The Scots under Wallace, at Cambuskeneth, to show their detestation of Cressingham, the tool of Edward I., flayed his body, and converted the skin into thongs for their horses.

Doubt.—Surely God hath made man to dwell in doubt, that he might be awed into goodness, and into a dependence on his providence.—Owen Feltham.

That state in which the people rule, resembles a strong but deaf pilot.—Plato.

Feast of Hermes.—Among the Egyptians, honey and figs, with one mutual and eternal sentiment—"How sweet a thing is truth!"—composed this simple mystery.

The First Day.—The second historical and first "secular" day of mankind corresponds with the twenty-second of September.

Umbrellas are of great antiquity; for Mahomet had one carried over him to shade his reverend shoulders, when he entered Medina, in 622.

Celebrated Oaks.—There is the Oak of Abraham, at Mamre; of Alexander, at Chæroneia; of Augustine, near Malvern; of the Bishops, at Chalcedon; of Waynesfete, at Oxford; of Chancer, at Dorrington; and of Sidney, at Penshurst; besides those near Boscobel, Winchester, Hatfield, Fairlop, Yardley, and Windsor.

An Anti-Malthusian.—[The following was communicated to the writer by the late Sir George Tuthill, M. D.]—Foeder Wafflielief, a native of Astracan, in Asiatic Russia, had by his first wife 69 children at 27 births; by his second wife 18 children at 8 births; in all 87 children. He was alive in 1782, aged 75 years. ARCTURIUS.

NEW BOOKS.

With the next Number,
A SUPPLEMENTARY SHEET
OF
Entertaining Nobelties,
From Books very recently published.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House): and sold by all Booksellers and News-men.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. Reynolds, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

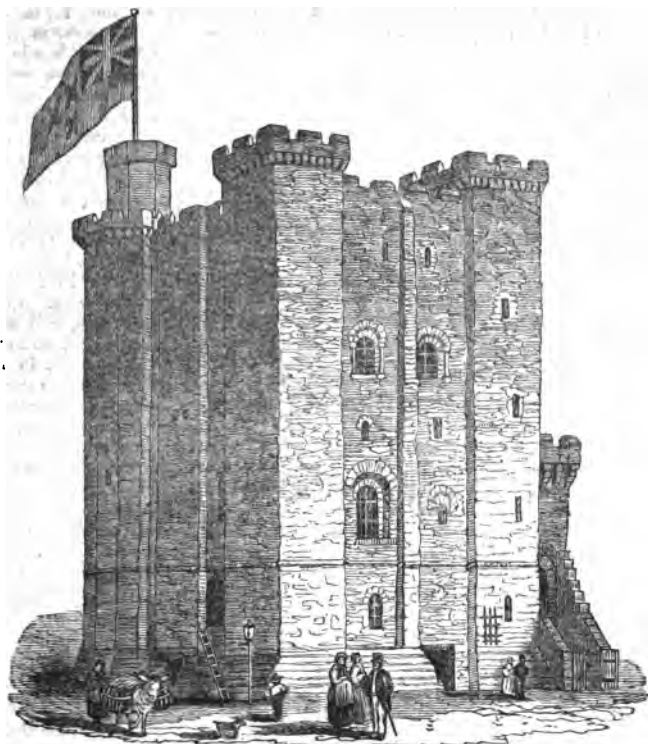
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 778.]

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE CASTLE AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

THIS massive specimen of Norman castellated architecture, is one of the most interesting structures of its kind in the kingdom. It was built during the reign and at the command of William the Conqueror, in the year 1080, under the direction of Robert Curthose, his eldest son, on his return from an unsuccessful expedition against Malcolm, King of Scotland. It is said to occupy the site of some ancient fort: this caused it to be called *New Castle*, by which name both itself and the town that surrounds it have since been denominated.

As this building protected the bridge at Newcastle, and secured, at all times, a free pass for the English armies into Northumberland, it was a place of considerable importance. Fourteen years had scarcely elapsed after its erection, when William Rufus had to employ his arms against it; for, in the

revolt of Mowbray, the last of the ancient line of the Earls of Northumberland, it was one of the fortresses seized by his adherents; but Rufus marched against it with a great army, and took it, after a short siege. Several of the partisans of Mowbray, with thirty soldiers, who had escaped from Bamborough Castle, (where Rufus had blockaded him,) under promise of assistance from the garrison of Newcastle, were also betrayed and seized by the King.

The walls of the castle originally inclosed an area of three acres. It was massively built; for the walls of the tower have chambers in them, and are about fourteen feet thick. This tower was repaired by Henry II, at the expense of 125*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* King John, who had a great predilection for Newcastle, fixed his residence in the castle during a considerable part of his reign. He made a

fosse round its walls, and strengthened it with some additional works towards the river; and, as appears from his charter, indemnified the persons whose houses stood in the way of these improvements. The Crown also, in 1248, expended 514*l.* 15*s.* 11*d.* in building a new gate; and, two years after, laid out 36*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* in repairing another gate.

At the time of the battle of Bannockburn, (1314,) the castle and all the edifices about it were in good repair; but, within twenty-one years from this date, the great tower, and all the lesser ones of the castle, the great hall, the king's chamber adjoining it, other chambers below, in the queen's mantle, and the buttery-cellar and pantry, the king's chapel within the castle, and certain houses beyond the gate, with the bridges within and without the gate, with three gates and one postern, were 300*l.* worse than they were. It is not stated whether these parts were repaired; but that of certain barons each built a house within the liberties of the castle, for the defence of it.*

In the hall of the castle, John Baliol did homage to Edward I. for the crown of Scotland;† the ceremony being conducted with great solemnity, in the presence of a number of illustrious personages of both nations. David Bruce was a prisoner here under John Copeland;‡ and here the commissioners of Edward II. and Bruce met to conclude a peace for thirteen years, in 1323.

In the same year, on the execution of Andrew de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle, who suffered death for treason, one quarter of his body was ordered to be put upon the keep at Newcastle.§ Executions appear to have taken place within the castle, as is recorded in the following entry in the register of St. John's Church, Newcastle:—"Buried, Clement Roderforthe, gentleman; was executed in the castle the 22nd day of August, 1599."

In 1605, the castle, after being the temporary residence of kings, and enrolling among its constables some of the most illustrious names, was so completely stripped of its splendour as to be let to the incorporated company of tailors, for what purpose is not known, for the paltry sum of 20*s.* They retained possession till 1616, during which time the castle did not entirely lose its ancient strength; for, by a few repairs, and by

planting cannon on the top of the tower, it was enabled under the gallant Sir John Marley, mayor of Newcastle, to hold out several days after the town had surrendered to the Scots, in 1644.||

In the year 1619, Alexander Stephenson, a page of the king's (James I.) bedchamber, obtained a lease of fifty years, at forty shillings a-year, "of all that old castle of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the scýte and herbage of the said castle; as well within the walls as without." This lease fell by purchase into the hands of the corporation. When they petitioned the King for its renewal, a counter-petition was presented by the magistrates of Northumberland, under the plea that a grant of it would be more proper to be given to that county than to Newcastle. Pending the dispute, Lord Gerrard had access to the King, and, in 1664, obtained a lease of it for ninety-nine years, in reversion, determinable on three lives, and at the old rent. After a great struggle, and at the expense of 600*l.*, the corporation, in 1683, by the King's warrant, succeeded in their object: this warrant was, however, abrogated at the suit of Lord Gerrard, then Earl of Macclesfield. For a fine of 150*l.*, and an annual payment of one hundred chaldrons of coals to Chelsea Hospital, a fifty years lease of these premises was granted, in 1736, to George Liddell, Esq.; and, in 1777, they were demised from the Crown to Henry, Lord Ravensworth, for the term of 40½ years, from 1786. They were sold by the Ravensworth family, in 1779, to J. C. Turner, Esq.

In 1782, we find the castle advertised to be let as a windmill, thus:

"A Wind-mill in the centre of the town of Newcastle.

"To be Let, the old Castle, in the Castle Garth, upon which, with the greatest convenience and advantage, may be erected a Wind-mill, for the purpose of grinding corn, and bolting flour, or making oil, &c. There is an exceeding good spring of water within the Castle, which renders it a very eligible situation for a Brewery, or any Manufactory that requires a constant supply of water. The proprietor, upon proper terms, will be at a considerable part of the expense. Inquire of Mr. Fryer, in Westgate-street, Newcastle."

Respecting the revenues and privileges of this castle, we may enumerate a few particulars. Twelve of the ancient barons of Northumberland paid to it castle-guard rents and cornage. These payments originated in the tenures of their estates, which were granted to them by the Conqueror and other

* Bourne, p. 118.

† Knighton, p. 2469.

‡ Rymer, vol. v., p. 727.

§ His sentence was, that "his sword should be taken from him, and his gilt spurs hacked off his heels; that he should be drawn and hanged by his neck, his heart and bowels, taken out of his body, burnt to ashes, and winnowed; his body cut into our quarters, one to be set upon the principal tower of Carlisle Castle, another upon the tower of Newcastle, a third upon the bridge at York, the fourth at Shrewsbury, and his head upon London Bridge," which judgment was executed upon him accordingly.

|| The round tower in the Castle garth, or yard, (on the site of which is built the New County Courts,) was, by Sir John Marley, made use of to secure the river and the Quay-side against the Scots; and the other castle, which was very ruinous, he put into good repair; on both of which he placed heavy ordnance, to beat off the guns which the Scots had laid upon the banks of Gateshead against the town; and this he managed bravely for a long time.—Sykes's Local Records, vol. i., p. 93.

kings, on the condition of their performing castle-guard with a certain number of men for some specified time. When these services became unnecessary, they were commuted for annual rents; which, together with the tenure by knights' services, were abolished in the reign of Charles II.

Henry IV. made Newcastle a county of itself; and though his charter on this occasion, specifies no reservation of the castle to the county of Northumberland, it appears to have been considered, 1447, in a similar situation with the castles of Chester, Colchester, Norwich, Worcester, and the Tower of London—independent of the corporation of its own town. By a charter of the thirty-first of Elizabeth, on account of this "old and ruined castle" being a refuge for wicked and disorderly people flying from the justice of the magistrates of Newcastle, it was placed in their jurisdiction in matters of common law, in which situation it remains. As persons not free of the town exercised their trade within its precincts, many attempts were made by the Corporation to detach it wholly from the county of Northumberland, and subject it to the full rigour of their charters; but in this they never succeeded. Hence the castle-garth became the resort of pedlars, gloves, and chapmen, which it continues to this day; it being now considered the rag-fair of the town.

Although repairs and alterations occasioned by sieges, changes in modes of warfare, and common decay, have robbed this edifice of many of its primitive features, it has still the boldness of Norman architecture. It anciently consisted of a square tower, and other necessary buildings, surrounded by an outer and an inner wall. The annexed cut shows the present appearance of the castle; it being copied from Sykes's *Local Records*.

Nothing remains of the outer wall but the main entrance, or Black Gate, built by Henry III., and flanked by two lofty, circular towers. Besides its iron doors, it had two portcullises, and a drawbridge within and without. The last of the inner wall was taken down in 1811. The castle-yard is crowded with buildings, though many were removed a few years since, when New Courts, in the Grecian Doric style, were erected.

The assizes for Northumberland, prior to 1644, were held in the Common or Moot Hall, within the inner wall. This building had been the chapel of the garrison, before the castle was dismantled. Its eastern part was of strong, Roman masonry; another part of it was purely Norman; its roof was supported with two rows of heavy, gothic arches; and the arms of England quartered with those of Scotland, were cut in stone over the entrance.

The Great Tower, or Keep, is about 80 feet high, and 62 by 54 feet square on the

outside. The great door on the east is approached by a flight of steps to the second story: this door and several of the windows have been tastefully ornamented with zigzag work. Of the thickness of the walls, and the rooms or galleries within them, we have spoken. Save in these rooms, there is no appearance of a fireplace in the castle. The dungeon, time out of mind, has been used as the county-prison for Northumberland during the assizes. It has two doors, a triple-grated loophole, and measures 25½ feet by 20¾ feet. Its arch springs from a hollow pillar, which has conveyed water from a well in the south-east corner of the tower, and 21 feet from the ground. Adjoining the dungeon, on the east side, is a chapel of beautiful architecture; and above it, at the head of the outer stairs, is a small room, which has, probably, been used as an oratory. A very bold and spacious staircase ascends from the dungeon to the top of the tower. Above the dungeon is the great hall; and, altogether, there appear to have been five stories, from the fourth of which the tower has been raised from its original to its present height. The castle is now the property of the Corporation of Newcastle.

THE SHEPHERDS OF SANENLAND.

By William Anderson, Author of "Poetical Aspirations."

THE pastoral life ought to be the most contented of all conditions. It is represented in Scripture as the quietest; and it can never be forgotten that it was to shepherds that the glad tidings of salvation were first announced. Shakspeare, too, that great moralist and practical philosopher of later times, has, in many beautiful instances scattered through his writings, described the shepherd's life as most tranquil and blessed. Thus, in the third part of *King Henry the Sixth*, the King, almost overwhelmed with "cares, mistrust, and treason," exclaims:

Oh, God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;—
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade,
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep;
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings.

The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Are far beyond a prince's delicates.

The primitive and truly free condition of the shepherd, as now exhibited in Sanenland, in Switzerland, appears to bear a close resemblance to the descriptions of the pastoral occupation given in the Scriptures. It is a picture of still life,—an outline of nature in repose. The shepherd there may be said to hold a middle rank between the cultivator of the soil, and the wandering Arab. He may be considered as possessing all the attachment of the former to the land which he tills,

without any of his merely selfish views; and all the roving propensities of the latter, without his fierce and warlike disposition. Frequently, during the year,—every two months or so,—each family changes its habitation; and its movements on these occasions are distinguished by much solemnity. The setting out is extremely picturesque: something like a march ensues, and altogether the ceremony would form a fine scene for a poet or a painter. First, walks forth the most beautiful cow in the owner's possession, priding herself in a magnificent collar and bell; and by her side moves with dignity the master of the family. Then follow his attendants with the rest of the flocks, shepherds and cattle being all bedecked with garlands of gay flowers; the air resounds with the jingling of bells, the lowing of cows, and the jocund notes of the herdsmen. The small flocks succeed, and the shepherd's wife and children close the procession. Thus, very often may the father of the household be met, with his wife and little ones, preceded by herds, cattle, provender, and the various utensils they require, travelling, like an ancient patriarch, in search of a new residence.

It is, perhaps, owing to this continual "fitting," this constant shifting from place to place, this regular change of quarters, that so many rural cots and temporary habitations meet the eye in every direction, in this interesting part of Switzerland. Though always on the move, it cannot be said that these shepherds are without a settled home. For, so long as they breathe the air of Switzerland, and behold the blooming valleys and verdant summits of their native Sanenland, so long will they know and feel, and rejoice in the thought that their home is *there*, without a wish or a hope beyond it:

And while they view, with soul-admiring glance,
The world of fancy, nature, and romance,
That circles round their native hills, they deem
The glories of the earth an empty dream.

Wherever they stop, various wooden huts are erected for the cattle, and, as a mark of distinction, the beautiful heifer, the queen and leader of the flock, obtains a spacious stall for herself; while, some yards apart, a suitable, but usually temporary, habitation is built for the master and his family. The upper part of the former buildings contains the hay, and the lower the cattle, as in this country; and to guard against the fatal effects of any sudden inundation in the low grounds, the huts are constructed so as to be easily taken to pieces at pleasure; each beam and plank being numbered according to its particular place. The shepherds are thus enabled, if they require it, to carry their houses with them, wherever they go!

The meadows everywhere present these rustic dwellings, and the produce of the

former is generally consumed within the limits of the ground on which it grows:

As once it was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more.

The meadows in some of the valleys are sometimes twice reaped, and then fed. In others, particularly that of Giettaz, many of the fields are pastured. The mountain herbage of the cattle continues ten or twenty weeks, according to its height and situation. On those parts which are too steep for the access of their flocks, the shepherds shear the grass, and binding the hay in wisps, leave them lying there till the beginning of the snow season. When that arrives, a shepherd fastens a long pole under one heap, to prevent its rolling over, takes his position on the top of it, and in a moment slides to the bottom, safe and unhurt, with the remainder of the hay piled on a sledge beside him. As soon as the winter forage is finished, the shepherds betake themselves to the lowest parts of the mountains, and having there consumed all their stock, they then proceed with their flocks upwards to the summits:

And placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downwards where an hundred realms appear;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.

About the end of August, they again descend towards the glens, and convert the last grass of the valleys into pasturage. Before winter fairly sets in, they frequently return to the mountain side to consume the remains of fodder; at last, they retire to their warm retreats in the vale, to await the return of spring, then to renew their wanderings.

This peculiar people sustain the dignity of human nature, by proving in their lives that freedom is not a mere name, or abstract principle. If virtue, truth, love, and liberty,

The world forsaking, by the world forsook,
have yet found a refuge anywhere, it assuredly is among the remote valleys of the shepherds of Sanenland.

Manners and Customs.

A MAY-POLE.

I SHALL never forget (says Mr. Washington Irving,) the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole: it was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days, by the antiquities of that venerable place; the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream, completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with

wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plains of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which "the Deva wound its wizard stream," my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia. One can readily imagine what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London, when the doors were decorated with flowering branches; when every hat was decked with hawthorn; and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, morris-dancers, and all the other fantastic masks and revellers were performing their antics about the May-pole in every part of the city. I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed, it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green, and the homely May-day pageant, have gradually disappeared, in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment. Some attempts, indeed, have been made of late years, by men of both taste and learning, to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by, the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic. W. G. C.

CAPTIVE WIVES.

THE Toorkinuns, (says Mr. Connolly,) capture many beautiful women in Persia, whom they sell in the markets of Khiva and Bokhara. The women of pure Tartar blood are proud of it, and are ill disposed to share their lands with a stranger, which is the cause of some men contenting themselves with a wife or two of their own race. The condition of these poor captives must be very wretched, who, after being torn from their homes and taken under every indignity and suffering through the desert, are sold in the Oosbeg markets. The following anecdote was related to me by a young man of a respectable family, who lived at Meshed:—"When Ameer Hyder died, I was sent with the Elchee, who went to carry Hussan Allee Meerza's condolence to the royal family at Bokhara. The day after our arrival at the city, I strolled out into the bazaar with a man of the Mehmaunders, and passing down the street, saw that it was lined on either side with groups of men and women. It did not at first strike me that they were prisoners, for everything was new to me; but on a

remark made by my companion, I stayed to observe them, and my heart turned within me, for they were of my own country and religion, and lotted like beasts, to be sold to worse than Kaufirs. At the head of the bazaar, I again stopped, to watch a bargain that an Oosbeg was making for a very beautiful Persian girl; so beautiful that I have not seen her like: the tears fell like the rain in spring; and she was altogether so lost in grief that she appeared bereft of her senses. Her master treated her with the grossest brutality, making her rise and uncover herself, that her intended purchaser might see the beauties of her person: once he rudely snatched the veil from off her, and, when from shame she crossed her arms over her bosom, he cut her on the back with a whip to make her withdraw them." W. G. C.

MIDSUMMER.

It is customary on Midsummer-day, in Northumberland, (says Mr. Hutchinson,) to dress out stools with a cushion of flowers. A layer of clay is placed on the stool, and therein is stuck, with great regularity, an arrangement of all kinds of flowers, so close as to form a beautiful cushion. These are exhibited at the doors of houses in the villages, and at the ends of streets and cross-lanes of larger towns, where the attendants beg money from passengers, to enable them to have an evening feast and dancing. W. G. C.

The Public Journals. I

THOUGHTS AND MAXIMS.

MADAME DE STAEL has well observed, that men collected in a public assembly, and debating upon great questions of public interest, generally end in electrifying themselves with the sparks of mental dignity.

Maria Leczinska, (queen of Louis XV., and daughter of Stanislaus Sobieski, the dethroned king of Poland,) frequently remarked, that the mercy of kings consisted in their justice, but that the justice of queens was more frequently found in being merciful.

Those who reduce everything to the strictness of analysis resemble chemists, who destroy the splendour and the perfume of flowers to distinguish their nature, character and qualities.

A wise man living in a country in a state of revolution, should imitate the traveller who, in passing through a forest infested with robbers, makes as little noise as possible.

The Emperor Napoleon often remarked, that true wealth does not consist in the possession of gold and silver, but in the judicious use made of them.

The English language expresses the Deity more appropriately than any other—for God is the contraction of the Saxon *god*.

Every adjuration of love, every oath of fondness, always contains this mental reservation—"so long as you are what you now are."

True philosophy can discern nothing else in a great many words and names, but the letters of the alphabet which compose them.

An active and faithful memory doubles life; for it brings a man again upon its stage with all those who have made their exits.

When a personage becomes formidable to his competitors, or subordinates, they generally seek to deceive or destroy him.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

Fools line the hedges which bound the road of life—what can the wise man do but smile as he passes along it?

To do good to our enemies, is to resemble the incense whose aroma perfumes the fire by which it is consumed.

The apostles of error are never so dangerous as when they appear in the guise of grey-headed old men.

In the conception of Mahomet's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

Men are like weathercocks, which are never constant or fixed, but when they are worn out or rusty.

If you have received an injury from any one, wash it out, not in blood, but in the waters of Lethe.

To act upon a determination made in anger, is like embarking in a vessel during a storm.

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility, is like striking a harpsichord with your fists.

Religion and medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of their doctors.

A true believer, when blessed with a smiling imagination, is the happiest of mankind.

Ink is a caustic which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everybody can peruse.

The river of time has its cataracts and falls—and these are revolutions.

Ladies and sovereigns enchain their admirers with smiles and ribands.

The only really bitter tears are those which are shed in solitude.

An historian should be without passion and without pension.

Faith spans the gulf of death with the bridge of hope.—*New York Mirror.*

CASE OF FAUNTLEROY, THE BANKER.

By the Author of Old Bailey Experience.

THE case of Fauntleroy, the Berner's Street banker, is of comparatively recent date, and claims some notice. Firstly, because he was a member of a superior class in society to

offenders in general. Secondly, because his practice of committing forgery commenced much earlier in life than is generally known; and lastly, because the mode was novel, and of considerable extent in its mischievous effects.

Fauntleroy said while in Newgate, that after he became of age, and was admitted a partner into the banking-house, he found it in a state of bankruptcy, (these were his own words to one who attended on him.) As the active management of the concern shortly afterwards devolved upon him, his pride, interest, and more than all, his partiality and liberality for the fair sex, prompted him to make the most desperate struggles to maintain his station in life, and with it the means of indulging his passions. It may be, however, that the recklessness of his situation, known only to himself, throughout his miraculous long run, might have impelled him to the gratification of passions, which a more regular course would have taught him the propriety of restraining. If this be a doctrine unintelligible to the generality of my readers, I can only reply, that it is one verified and proved by my own experience. I feel even now, had I been born to know my patents, and by them taught to fill any regular station in life when young—even that of a chimney-sweeper—that I should have gone through life's probation without being troubled with any unruly or inordinate desires, more than those to which all humanity is subjected, and which would not have seduced me from the path of honesty. To make a man or woman honest, we must give them a motive to its practice in early days; the possession of property, the acquirement of honour, fame, health, and long life, must be placed in their view, when the aid of religion will come in to teach, that the welfare of the soul hereafter, as well as the body here, dictates and points out to man the direct and straight high road of probity, as the only one of safety to travel on. Fauntleroy, unlike me, had a prize to win; but then, unfortunately for him, he did not in time see that the honest would have answered his purpose better than a contrary course. He was well-educated, and, moreover, was not driven by hunger and nakedness to the commission of crime, but was tempted to it by pride, and a false notion of station; as if a less elevated post in society than a principal in a failing banking-house, could not be one of happiness. His crime is ascribable to the self-determination of a strong will acting upon the accidents of individual destiny: he found the affairs of the house embarrassed; putting himself forward to pilot the ship through the breakers, his vanity and sanguine temperament, we may suppose, led him to persuade himself, when he committed the first crime that he was

only borrowing the money. But it did not occur to him, that when he was once naturalized and enrolled as a subject of the prince of darkness, there was no rebelling against his authority. Having by the means of forgery sold out, and appropriated the stock of one individual to his own use, when that money was called for, he was constrained to have recourse to the same dishonest means to make up the amount, to prevent the discovery of his practice, until he was involved in a labyrinth, and had committed a series of forgeries which were too overwhelming for reflection.

There is, perhaps, no instance on record, of a man situated as Fauntleroy was; well educated, and possessing a sensitive mind, enduring for so long a period a state of peril and danger, yet keeping up all the external appearances of gaiety and self-possession; though his acquaintance now say, that it was evident he laboured to be at ease. There could be no doubt but that the latter part of his career was spent in making efforts to disengage himself from his own thoughts, one of the hardest tasks for man to accomplish; and it is highly probable, had his detection been protracted much longer, that his mind would have broken down under the energies his unhappy situation called upon him to exert.

The force of a fall is always in proportion to the height from which we are hurled; the truth of this aphorism was illustrated in this case: he had no hope from the moment of his apprehension; his depression was complete, and but the work of an instant. The sight of Plank, the Marlborough-street police officer, whom he knew, when he came into his presence operated upon him like a *coup de soleil*, and he never afterwards rallied; his heart, indeed, must always have been like a watch, which never knows repose until it ceases to beat. As regards money, for several years he appears to have been reckless of consequences, his habits being of the most expensive nature.

A troubled mind ever shows itself in inconsistencies of character; he was a liberal subscriber to many public charities, and frequently gave a sovereign when asked for alms by casual beggars in the streets; at other times he either was, or affected to be, extremely parsimonious. He, however, was subjected to many more fits of extravagance than saving, many of which, without doubt, he plunged into whilst in a confused or perturbed state of mind; they were efforts to gild a rotten heart, to paint in gaudy colours the exterior of a charnel-house, or whiten the outside of the sepulchre. Knowing his own hollowness, he on every side endeavoured to intrench himself with splendid artificials, to divert the eye from penetrating his internal condition. As he advanced, he said, "in

life, he became more subject to paroxysms of despair, and at times wildly looked round for a gap through which he might make his escape, but there was no hope left for him; in vain, then, would he call for *mandragora*, or pray for a plunge in Lethæ's stream." These were his own words when giving some particulars of his life and feelings to a friend whilst in Newgate. "I could," said he, "any day have left the country with money sufficient to insure me a retreat in safety to some remote part of the world; this alternative often presented itself to my mind, but I wanted the resolution to dismount my fancied pedestal of consequence; the dread of the world discovering what I was, spell-bound me to the spot, and kept me waiting a ready victim to the offended laws of my country." False pride, and the idea that he was in some way a man of consequence, possessed his mind to the last. "Alas!" exclaimed he one evening, after his condemnation, while looking in the glass, and picking a bunch of grapes, a fruit of which he was remarkably fond, "is this all that is left of the once spoken of Henry Fauntleroy? It was not long since I had wealth, fame, and friends. What am I now? A man without estimation of any kind—a condemned, disgraced felon." He then dropped into a chair, burying his face between his hands, resting them upon his elevated knees, in which position he would often remain for hours together. Rising suddenly up, and pacing the room, he muttered to himself, yet loud enough to be heard by the person who attended him, "It was natural for me to wish to pass through life with honour, and to maintain the position of my father; but I sought the honour of men, and a poor, unsatisfactory bauble it is: to acquire estimation and reputation here, we must become subservient, and conform to a world wholly made up of error. The pride of winning a few little months' esteem from mortals has overthrown me." Casting his eyes upwards, the person who was in the room with him took the opportunity to point to a Bible which was lying on the table. "True," he continued, "I thank you. Time is rapidly on the wing, and I imagine that I shall have none to spare. Oh! had I but reflected that it must have come to this, I might have avoided the ignominy and disgrace, but,

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who could suffer being here below?"

—*The Metropolitan.*

Scape-goat is a harsh term for a wild fellow: it originates in the *goazazel*, (a supposed type of Satan,) or the *scape-goat* of the Jewish sacrifice on the great fast of Expiation.

The Sketch-Book.

THE BLACK HOLE AT CALCUTTA.

DURING the contest, by which the vast country of India became annexed to the British Empire, there were many scenes of horrible torture and bloodthirsty vengeance. A striking example occurred at the siege of Calcutta, in the year 1756, when, on June 18, Surajud Dowla, a tyrannical Indian prince, advanced upon the city, and so terrified the governor and other authorities, that they cowardly fled, and left the citizens to their fate. Mr. Holwell, an English merchant, was then chosen governor; but, in such confusion were his troops, that he saw no alternative but to open a negotiation for surrender; and, in the morning, a letter was thrown over the ramparts, which was answered in the afternoon by a flag of truce. The enemy, discovering how matters stood, stepped into the fort, and took possession of it without resistance.

The Indian army, at first, did not commit any outrage; but when the nabob, Suraja, entered, accompanied by his general, Meer Jaffier, he sent for Mr. Holwell, and violently reproached him with having attempted to defend the place against the ruler of Bengal; he was also much mortified at finding in the treasury only the small sum of 50,000 rupees. Yet, after three interviews, the nabob dismissed Mr. Holwell with assurances, on the word of a soldier, that no harm should be done to him. Mr. Holwell then returned to his companions, and found them surrounded by soldiers, who led them into a veranda, or arched gallery, which excluded the chambers behind it from light and air. A place of confinement was next sought for them, and a chamber was pitched upon, which was employed as the common dungeon of the garrison, and was called the *Black Hole*: it consisted of a space eighteen feet square, with only two small windows barred with iron, opening into the close veranda, and scarcely admitting a breath of air. Into this narrow receptacle, Mr. Holwell, and the whole of the British officers and troops, one hundred and forty-six in number, were compelled to enter; and, on their venturing to remonstrate, the commander ordered every one who should hesitate, to be instantly cut down. Thus were they thrust into this fearful dungeon, in which each individual had not much above two square feet and a half to stand upon, or somewhat less than the space covered by a chess-board; the door was then fast barred from without.

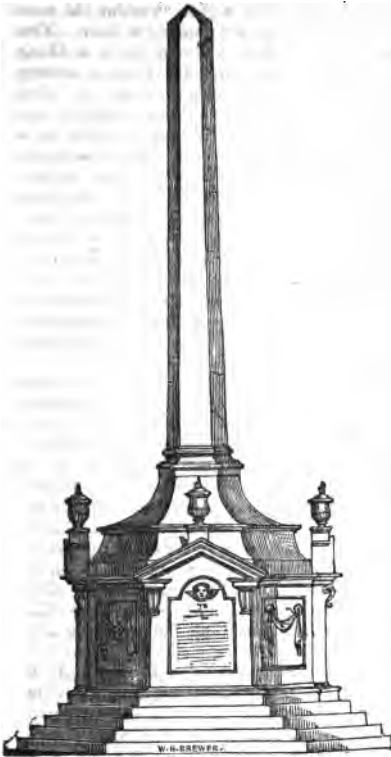
It was in the hottest month of the year, and the night also happened to be particularly sultry. The excessive pressure of the bodies of the prisoners soon convinced them that it would be impossible for many of them

to live through the night. Violent but vain attempts were made to force the door. The jemandars, or Indian guards, were walking before the window, and Mr. Holwell seeing one who bore on his face a more than usual expression of humanity, induced him by the promise of a thousand rupees, to apply for a separation of the prisoners. The man went away—but returned, saying it was impossible. The prisoners, thinking the offer had been too low, tendered two thousand rupees. The man went again, but returned with the fatal sentence, that no relief could be expected, as the nabob was asleep, and no one durst awake him. The lives of one hundred and forty-six men were nothing in comparison with disturbing for a moment the slumbers of a tyrant.

Mr. Holwell has described the horrors of that fatal night, which are scarcely equalled in the records of human suffering. Every moment added to the distress of the prisoners. All attempts to obtain relief by a change of posture, from the painful pressure to which it gave rise, only aggravated their sufferings. The air soon became pestilential; the perspiration flowed in streams, and they were tormented with burning thirst, and difficulty of breathing, little short of suffocation. Unfortunately, the stations at or near the windows being decidedly the best, violent struggles were made to reach them. Loud cries being raised of "water," some skins filled with it were pushed through the bars of the window; but, as no one could wait to be regularly served, furious and fatal contests took place, during which the water was thrown uselessly over their heads. The soldiers from without found a savage sport in witnessing these struggles, and even brought lights to the windows to see them to greater advantage.

About eleven o'clock, the prisoners began to die fast; six of Mr. Holwell's intimate friends expired at his feet, and were trampled upon by the survivors. Of those still alive, the greater portion were raving or delirious; some uttered prayers, others the most frightful blasphemies. They endeavoured to aggravate the guards to fire into the prison, and end their miseries, but without effect.

At two o'clock in the morning, not more than fifty of the prisoners remained alive. Mr. Holwell had sunk apparently dead in the heap when daylight broke; but, as it was thought he might have more influence than the others at the window, he was drawn up, and a fresh air place was resigned to him. Mr. Holwell had scarcely begun to recover his senses, when, at about six o'clock, the nabob awoke; on hearing of the events of the night, he merely sent to know if the chief of the English was alive; when, being told that he might recover, the prison door was unlocked. But, even then, the dead were so



(Monument at Calcutta.)

piled one upon another, and the survivors had so little strength remaining, that they were employed nearly half an hour in removing the bodies which lay against the door, before they could open a passage to go out one at a time. It was then found, that of the 146 persons who had been imprisoned, there breathed only 23!

Mr. Holwell, being revived by the fresh air, was immediately supported into the presence of the nabob, who, on his beginning the dismal tale, ordered for him a seat and a draught of water, but showed no other mark of compassion. He immediately began to question him strictly about the money, which he supposed to belong to the treasury, and discredited the assertion that it did not exist. Being able, however, to gain nothing on this subject, the nabob sent Mr. Holwell and three other gentlemen prisoners to a place at some distance. In their voyage thither, they suffered severely, their bodies being covered with boils that had broken out in consequence of their confinement. The other survivors were set free, while the dead bodies were, without any ceremony, thrown into a ditch.

Calcutta was retaken by the English in the following year, and Mr. Holwell and his companions were released from captivity. He then erected at Calcutta, a handsome monument, (see the Engraving,) to the sufferers in the Black Hole Prison. On the front are inscribed the names of the prisoners, and a statement that the monument is erected "by their surviving fellow-sufferer, J. Z. Holwell." On the reverse of the monument is written:—"This horrid act of violence was as amply as deservedly revenged on Surajud Dowla, by His Majesty's Arms, under the conduct of Vice-Admiral Watson and Colonel Clive, Anno 1757." The monument is of octagonal form, and is about forty-eight feet in height.

Mr. Holwell afterwards published a narrative of his sufferings in this dreadful affair. He does not think that the nabob had any actual intention of causing so much misery, but that some inferior officers had seized this opportunity of gratifying their revenge. The want of feeling displayed by the nabob, however, seems to fix thoroughly upon him the guilt of this fruitful transaction.

New Books.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS,

(Concluded from page 319.)

[THESE extracts carry with them much of that *personal* interest which we have mentioned as the characteristic of the Recollections: they are as sensible as they are entertaining; and, what is better, they are free from party spirit or ill-nature.]

Lord Lyndhurst.

Perhaps few men have more suddenly raised themselves from the depths of obscurity to the heights of distinction, than the noble Lord. In 1813, he was made Sergeant-at-Law. In 1818, he was raised to the office of Chief Justice of Chester. On the first day of Hilary Term in the following year, he took his seat within the Bar as one of his Majesty's Counsel. His great talents and extensive legal knowledge were perceived and duly appreciated by the Judges and the Bar in the Courts of Law in which he practised; but he was comparatively unknown to the public, until, in conjunction with Sir Charles, then Mr. Wetherell, he made his memorable and successful defence in the case of the elder Watson, arraigned for high treason. Hitherto his practice had been but limited: after that time, briefs poured in on him from every class of litigants, and from all parts of the country. The Radicals of that day contributed in no small degree to keep up the reputation which, by that great effort, he had acquired; for many weeks after, the

walls of the metropolis, and all large towns, were placarded with his name as the triumphant counsel of Watson; and his health was drunk with rapturous applause at every public dinner at which the Reformers of that period met to advance their principles. In the year last mentioned, 1819, Mr. Copley was appointed Solicitor-General, in which capacity he had, a few months afterwards, to appear for the Government in the prosecution against Queen Caroline. He was created Attorney-General in 1824. In 1826, he succeeded Lord Gifford as Master of the Rolls; and in 1827, he was raised to the highest elevation a subject can attain: he was appointed Lord Chancellor.

In height, he is rather above the usual size, and is of a handsome make. His countenance, like his manner of addressing the House, is open and winning: he always looks cheerful and good-natured. Those who did not know his character, would infer from the expression of his face, that he was soft and modest to such an extent as to trench on energy and decision of mind. His forehead is high and well-developed, and his mouth is full of character; his eye is quick and piercing, and his nose has a good deal of the aquiline conformation. His complexion is dark, and his face inclines to the oval form. What the colour of his hair is, I do not know, as he wears a wig. He is apparently of a sound and healthy constitution, and looks much younger than he is. No one, to see him in the House of Lords, would suppose him to be in his sixty-fourth year. When he used to sit in a court of law, clothed in the habiliments of a judge, he looked, perhaps, as old as he is.

Of late, he has always occupied a part of the House remotest from the Woolsack and the Throne. He sits immediately close to the bar. Unlike most of the other Peers, he seldom carries on private conversation with any one: he is most carefully attentive to every thing that passes around him, though often sitting in an easy, thoughtless sort of position, as if he were paying no attention to any thing saying or doing in the House. His favourite position, when listening to any thing to which he means to reply, is, to sit with his left leg over his right, while the latter is gently patting the floor. I have also repeatedly seen him, in his most attentive moments, amusing himself by striking his boot with his cane.

Lord Melbourne.

His action generally is plain and unpretending; in that, any more than in his language or delivery, he does not aim at oratorical effect. On ordinary occasions he uses his right arm moderately, while he holds his hat and walking-stick—the latter he always takes with him to the House—in his

left hand. When the question is one of importance, or he expects to address their lordships at some length, he lays his hat and walking-stick on the bench on which he was sitting, as soon as he rises. If he rise with his hat and cane in his left hand, as just stated, under the impression that he will be brief and cool in the observations he is about to make, but finds himself wax warm, and get more lengthened in his remarks as he proceeds, he pauses for a moment till he has disburthened his left hand of the cane and hat, and then becomes violent in his gesture. You then see his face colour; you hear him, as before observed, repeatedly, and to an extent sometimes painful to all present, stutter; you hear, at intervals, his hasty knocks on the table; and you observe an excitement in his whole appearance, which often causes him to draw hastily backwards as far as the bench from which he has arisen will allow, and then rush forward again with equal precipitation, till prevented from advancing further by the table of the House.

Lord Melbourne's voice is not good; it wants flexibility; he has little or no control over it, neither is it pleasant; it has something hard and husky about it. He speaks with some rapidity, always the more rapidly as he becomes excited. He usually speaks in a sufficiently audible, though not in a loud tone.

Lord Melbourne, though not old, has passed the prime of life. He is in his fifty-seventh year. He is apparently in excellent health, and full of spirits. The anxieties and responsibilities of office have not, as yet, made any visible impression on his countenance, which is much more open and cheerful than the countenances of statesmen usually are. His hair is of a dark brown colour, and his complexion is ruddy. His face is round, and his features are rather large and marked. His general appearance inclines to plainness, and in his manners; there is a simplicity approaching to bluntness. No one who sees him would think that he had ever breathed the atmosphere of a Court. He has the aspect of a man of decision and firmness, which his conduct proves him to be. In height, he is about the usual size, with a strong, compact frame inclining to stoutness, which is evidently capable of enduring great fatigue. He usually sits in an easy, careless posture, with one leg thrown over the other, and with his hat, which in the summer season is always a white one, sitting so loosely on the back of his head, that you think every moment it will fall off.

The Duke of Sussex.

Every one is struck, wherever he is seen, with the personal appearance of the illustrious Duke. He is one of the tallest and stoutest

men, not merely in the House of Lords, but in the country; he is corpulent and pot-bellied. Neither in his appearance nor in his manners is there anything courtly; indeed, though brother of George the Fourth and of William the Fourth, and though residing in this country during the entire regency and reign of the one, and the reign of the other so far as it is passed,—he has hardly ever breathed for one little moment the atmosphere of a court. You see dignity in his appearance; but it is rather the dignity of a noble mind than that of mere birth. He dresses plainly. Usually he wears a blue coat, light waistcoat, and light knee inexpressibles.

There is something remarkably easy and affable in his manner. I saw him two years ago distributing the prizes at the London University,—after a public examination, in the presence of more than a thousand persons,—awarded to the most distinguished scholars at that institution; and the mildness and affability he evinced on the occasion were the admiration of all present. He cordially shook hands with each of the successful competitors for the prizes, congratulated them on their literary and scientific acquisitions, and encouraged them to prosecute their studies with unwearied ardour, both because of the gratification they would derive from such studies themselves, and the benefits they would thereby be enabled to confer on society. His countenance beams with good-nature, and with simplicity and sincerity of mind. There is something peculiarly “jolly” in his appearance. The word is a homely one, but I know of none so expressive of the impression which is made on every one’s mind whenever he sees his Royal Highness. His face, like his person, is large and full; his cheeks are particularly prominent, and he has what is called a double chin. His complexion is something between dark and sallow, and his hair is of a brown colour. He has not, so far as I could perceive, a single wrinkle in his face, though now in the sixty-third year of his age.

The Marquis of Westminster.

The personal appearance of the noble Marquis cannot be called superior. He is tall and slenderly made. His face is of an oblong conformation. His features have something of harshness about them. His complexion is sallow, and his hair of a darkish hue. He is very careless in his dress; sometimes his negligence in this respect verges on the slovenly.

The noble Marquis is the richest individual in the empire. His annual income is little short of that of the Sovereign. It is supposed to be about 1,000*l.* a day; or upwards, speaking in round numbers, of 350,000*l.*; and it is increasing so rapidly,

owing to the growing value of his houses in Piccadilly, that it is supposed it will, in a few years, be 500,000*l.* per annum,—being considerably above that of Royalty itself.

Earl Grey.

With the dignified expression of his countenance, there was blended a deep-seated, habitual gravity, and a profoundly thoughtful air. He scarcely ever—and never except in very peculiar circumstances—spoke on any other than questions of the deepest importance. When he began his speech, he usually did so in so low a tone as to be hardly audible twelve or fourteen yards distant. His utterance in the outset was slow, and his manner partook a good deal of the gravity of his appearance. As he advanced, his voice gradually rose in the distinctness of its tones, till he became perfectly audible in all parts of the House, including the space outside the bar, and the space behind the Throne, set apart for members of the other House. But though thus sufficiently audible when he got into the midst of his subject, he never spoke in what could be called a loud tone. His voice was soft and pleasant, and his articulation clear. He could moderate his voice at pleasure, and generally did so with great judgment and effect. He was not a showy speaker: there was nothing of a clap-trap character in his oratory; but he was always graceful and correct, as well as dignified. The tones of his voice often indicated strong feeling and considerable animation; his action hardly ever. He seldom made any use of his arms when speaking. His usual practice was to join his hands, and then allow them to repose on his person for eight or ten minutes. He would then separate them, and after suffering them to hang loose by his side, would put both to his back, where he would again join them, and continue in that attitude for other eight or ten minutes. Beyond this, he seldom made any use of his arms when addressing the House. In his person, otherwise, he made a good many movements. When speaking with unwonted warmth or energy, he seldom stood many seconds on the same spot, or presented to the house the same attitude. He would first advance two or three steps towards the centre of the House, and then retrace them. At one time, he turned his face in the direction of the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack immediately before the throne; at another, you saw his back to the Woolsack, and his face towards the bar. When addressing their lordships, he never looked any of them in the face; his eyes were usually fixed on the floor, or on some of the benches, a few feet from where he stood.

Lord Grey is somewhat above the middle size, and of slender form for one of his

advanced age. Of late, his accumulated years have given him a crouching appearance; but he walks with a tolerably quick and firm step. His countenance, as I have already intimated, indicates deep thought, mingled with an expression of melancholy. His eyes are small, but beam with intelligence. In the latter respect, they harmonize with his finely-developed, ample forehead. His features are small and regular, and the wrinkles the finger of time has left on his face are neither so numerous nor deep as might be expected in one who has not only seen so many years pass over his head, but of whose protracted existence so large a part has been occupied with matters of the deepest importance, and which must of necessity have been the source of the deepest anxiety to his mind. His complexion presents a mixture of ruddiness and paleness. What the original colour of his hair may have been, I know not; now it is of a light grey, made so by the number of years which have stolen over his head.

Lord Brougham.

He never studies his speeches beforehand. This is evident from the allusions which he makes to every thing of importance which transpires in the House respecting the question before it. These allusions are not slight or few; but often form the very staple of his speeches. Yet, though an extempore speaker, he never betrays the least difficulty, or shows the slightest symptoms of being at a loss, as to how he should proceed. His mind is so fertile; his resources in argument, illustration, sarcasm, denunciation, invective, abuse, are so ample, that the only difficulty he feels is, to select the best matter which presents itself, and to know when he ought to stop. The readiness and fertility of his mind often lead him to overlay the side of the question which he espouses, with arguments and illustrations. He is never at a loss for words; they flow on him as copiously as do his ideas; they seem to come, like Shakspeare's spirits, from the vasty deep,—without being called.

But though the noble Lord does not prepare his speeches beforehand, he does, on some great and particular occasions, carefully study some parts of them. In such a case, his taste is remarkably fastidious. It is almost impossible for him to please himself with any thing he does. A singular instance of this was afforded in his speech on the conclusion of Queen Caroline's trial. The peroration of that speech, which is, undoubtedly, one of the most splendid specimens of eloquence which modern times can produce, was written and re-written no fewer than fourteen times.

His voice possesses great flexibility. In its more usual tones there is something ap-

proaching to harshness; but in all his important speeches he varies it to such an extent as to touch on almost every conceivable key. In its lower tones it is soft and sweet, and often when pitched on a higher key, it has much of music in its intonations. Few men have an equal command over their voice. He raises and lowers it at pleasure. In his more indignant moods, it has uncommon power and compass, and admirably suits the bold, impetuous character of his manner and eloquence.

His gesture is as varied as his voice. On ordinary subjects he is calm and gentle in his manner; but when he becomes excited—on which occasions, as before mentioned, he throws his whole soul into his speeches—his action becomes violent in no ordinary degree. His arms are put into such requisition, that it were very unsafe for any noble Lord to be, as the phrase is, within arm's length of him. He has no favourite system or fashion—if either term be a correct one—of gesture.

I have said that his speeches never cost him a mental effort; neither does the delivery seem to require any physical exertion. I never saw him, even after his longest and most energetically delivered speeches, exhibiting symptoms of exhaustion: I have seen him sit down, after the delivery of speeches which occupied the attention of the House for three or four hours, during which time he may be said to have been speaking in a voice of thunder, and with a corresponding violence of action, and yet appear as fresh and vigorous in body as well as in mind, as when he rose to address their lordships. A few years since, when a member of the other House, he spoke for nearly seven hours, without intermission, on the subject of a reform in our courts of law, and yet so little appearance of fatigue was there in his manner, that any one who had entered the House ten or fifteen minutes before he resumed his seat, might have inferred he had only just commenced. Speaking seems, in a physical as well as mental sense, to be a sort of pastime to him; it certainly is not a task.

The Lord Chancellor.

Lord Cottenham, the present Lord Chancellor, has only as yet been two months in the House. Short, however, as is that time, he has not been a silent member. It is true that the elevated office he fills imposes on him the necessity of speaking on certain occasions; but from the notices he has given of motions, and the speeches I have repeatedly seen him volunteer, my impression is, that he will be a member of some activity from inclination.

Lord Cottenham is not a showy speaker. He speaks with some rapidity, and his elocution is not always sufficiently full and

distinct. His voice has something in it which I cannot better characterize than by applying to it the term heavy: some would call it gruff. His utterance is easy: he never seems at a loss for ideas; nor does it seem to require an effort to find suitable phraseology wherewith to express them. He always retains the most entire self-possession. I should take him to be constitutionally cool and composed. His action is moderate. It invariably consists, when he uses any at all—for he often stands stock still—of a slight movement of his right hand, usually with the cap of office in it, with an occasional movement of his face from one part of the House to the other. His language is correct, but not polished: it has a good deal of the conciseness and force of the judge in it. He is not a man of an original or vigorous mind; but you see in every thing he says the man of sound judgment. Whatever he says, too, has always the merit of being strictly to the point at issue.

He is considerably advanced in life, being in his fifty-fifth year. Time has left its traces, in the shape of wrinkles on his face. His features are large and strongly marked. His face is round, and his cheeks are very prominent in consequence of their fullness. His complexion is ruddy, and his hair is of a dark colour. His eye has something quick and piercing about it, considering his age. On his brow there is an expression of gravity, which some persons would confound with sternness. He is tall and stout. His shoulders have great breadth, and there is much fullness about his chest.

SKETCHES OF GERMANY AND THE GERMANS.

(Concluded from page 334.)

[We resume our lively extracts, which have been so numerous that the second volume remains untouched. It will, therefore, supply some choice *bites* for the SUPPLEMENT of Book Novelties to be published with the next Number.]

Silesian Graves.

The word beautiful is peculiarly applicable to the Silesian cemeteries, which I have never seen exceeded in neatness. The Germans, who are generally fond of flowers, have adopted them as symbols of affection for their departed friends; and every grave is planted with clusters of lilies, primroses, violets, and forget-me-nots, with here and there an evergreen. This method of cherishing the memory of those we love, is at once simple and touching; the hand of the mourner rears its fragile emblems of human life, mingles her tears on the leaves with the dew of heaven, and, when the blossoms wither and die, remembers the resurrection, of which all nature is a type, and is comforted.

In some parts of Silesia, I found the commendable custom prevailed of having what is termed a dead-house attached to each cemetery, in which every person who dies, is deposited till signs are exhibited of decomposition. The deceased is laid upon a bier, with the hand attached to a bell-rope in such a manner, that, in the event of returning animation, the slightest motion is sufficient to alarm the attendant, who resides in an adjoining apartment, when the physician is sent for belonging to the establishment, and every means adopted for complete resuscitation that science can suggest. I wish I could add, that this practice was general throughout Germany; but, in the greatest part of this extensive empire, forty-eight hours is the longest period allowed by the authorities for the dead to remain above ground; and I have repeatedly been informed of facts, which induced the horrible suspicion that premature interment too frequently occurs. They have also another singular practice in Germany, that of burying the dead, not in a winding sheet, or grave-clothes, but in dresses similar to those worn during life; thus, the citizen is attired in a suit of mourning, the military man in his uniform, and the prince and the noble in state dresses, decorated with orders.

The Ex-Royal Family of France.

One wing of the Hradschin Palace at Prague, is occupied by the ex-king Charles X. and his suite; the remainder is appropriated to the service of the different departments of the government. The illustrious exile lives in the most unostentatious manner, and is still the same hospitable, good-natured man that he has ever been in public and private life, and quite as popular with the good people of Prague as he was at Edinburgh. He was looking extremely well for his age, and if we might judge from the tranquil smile that played around his mouth, is perfectly happy in his retirement. The Duke of Bordeaux has grown up a handsome boy, but rather short for his age, and his form, which is robust, exhibits more of strength than gracefulness; his complexion is ruddy, with light eyes, Grecian nose, and a very expressive mouth. He is said to possess an extraordinary capacity for learning, and altogether promises to be a most accomplished prince; for which he is much indebted to the tuition of his governor, the Duke de Blacas, who is acknowledged, even by his opponents in politics, to be one of the most intellectual men of his day. There is hardly any restraint imposed upon the young Prince, who is seen, every other day, riding on his little pony, or sauntering through the shops or public places in Prague, and is not only the idol of the court, but of the citizens, who are loud in his praise; and if we only credit

one half of the thousand anecdotes related of the fine qualities of his head and heart, France will have no cause to be discontented, should it be the will of fate to elevate him to the throne of his ancestors.

His sister, *Mademoiselle*, is equally popular; her countenance is interesting and expressive, but she appears very delicate; I scarcely observed any alteration in the appearance of the Duc d'Angouleme, but in that of the Duchess grief has anticipated age, and she appears to exist merely for the sake of her youthful relatives. However, in none of the royal party are the ravages of time and adversity more distinctly perceptible than in the Duchess de Berri; her restless, ambitious mind has not adapted itself to the severe reverses her fortunes have sustained. At the time I visited Prague, she occupied a small villa a few leagues distant from the town.

Poniatowsky.

The Faubourgs of Leipsick form, with the glacis, (which is prettily laid out as a pleasure ground,) a great ornament to the town; these, with the many charming gardens in its vicinity, are a great source of enjoyment to the inhabitants. M. Gerhard's garden is much visited by travellers, for the Elster runs through it, whose waves were fatal to the brave Poniatowsky: a monument on the bank marks the precise spot where the hero was engulfed. The proprietor, who is a vinegar merchant, said to be very wealthy, extends his spirit of speculation even to the garden, for he compels every visitor to pay him six groschens (eight-pence) for admittance.

A singular anecdote, I believe not generally known in England, is connected with the premature death of this heroic Pole, and, although partaking of the marvellous, has been implicitly credited by many of the wonder-loving Germans:—It appears, when Prince Poniatowsky was a boy, his mother, who probably entertained a passion for the science of divination, availed herself of the prophetic powers of a celebrated deaf and dumb Bohemian gipsy, who recorded on a slip of paper the following laconic prediction:

"Hüte dich vor einer Elster!"

"Beware of the Magpie!"

This augury was not only disregarded, but nearly forgotten, until its remarkable fulfilment, by his meeting with death in the river Elster (Magpie). This happened during the retreat of the French army, after the battle of Leipsick, in 1813, when Napoleon caused the bridge to be destroyed, in order to secure his own safety.

Bells in Hotels.

As bells are a very rare appendage to the hotels of Germany, I was much surprised to find them at Baireuth, in Franconia, not only in every room, but suspended in the

centre of every one of the twelve brass candlesticks that adorned the supper table, with little chains attached to them. How fervently I wish, for the sake of my travelling compatriots, that all hotel-keepers on the continent entertained a similar predilection with that of mine host of the Sun. How often have I heard them, while the wintry wind was rushing up the staircase, and through the comfortless passages, calling first in gentlemanly recitative, and then in the most stentorian altissimo, at the top of the stairs; some who are unable to stay exposed to the chill blast, or to bridle their impatience, set out upon a voyage of discovery to the kitchen. The expedients resorted to by the gentry on the continent, in the absence of bells, are perfectly ludicrous—whistling or clapping the hands is the usual mode; and I have known more than one gentleman who kept a silver whistle on the table for that purpose; the instrument, however, of an old hussar officer, whom I was acquainted with in Silesia, was somewhat more noisy, for he summoned his domestics by sound of trumpet!

Watch Dogs.

Upon attempting to enter a small village inn, near Baireuth, a large mastiff flew at us from behind the door, but we escaped his fury by speedily retreating beyond the reach of the massive iron chain to which he was secured, the other end being attached, by means of a strong ring, either to an iron or a wooden rod, that passed around the house immediately beneath the roof. By this simple plan, the animal was enabled to protect every part of the building, as the ring slips along the rod like that of a bed curtain; he is, moreover, prevented deserting his post, or injuring those who may happen to arrive on business, provided they keep at a respectful distance. All our attempts to gain admittance were ineffectual, till one of the family made his appearance from the field. This is, undoubtedly, the very best method I have observed in any country, of calling into action the trust-worthy qualities of dogs, who are thus rendered the most efficient guardians against strolling vagabonds and nightly predators; add to which, the poor animals themselves are afforded sufficient space to take exercise. My travelling companions expressed their intention to introduce it among their tenants on their return home; and my object in giving it a place in these volumes, is also to recommend its adoption to my compatriots. Speaking of these very useful animals, we cannot forbear alluding to the rare occurrence, in Germany, compared with England, of that horrible malady hydrophobia, and this notwithstanding the number of dogs constantly prowling the streets, and the heat of the climate, which, in summer, is considerably more oppressive

than our own: the disease is probably prevented by the facility with which the poor animals can procure water; for every town and village is furnished with ever-streaming public fountains, of which they invariably avail themselves.

Germany.

We fear that German prosperity will be of short duration; for, situated in the centre of Europe, she has been, in every period of her history, the arena of war—the theatre of devastating armies;—and is not futurity fraught with perils, having restless France on one side, and ambitious Russia on the other? This insecurity may account, in some measure, for the want of enterprise in the Germans, who, when possessed of a small capital, feel little inclination to risk it in a country where, at the first sound of a hostile bugle, legions of foreign foes overspread the land, and, like a swarm of locusts, devour its wealth; nor is their fate much better, when bands of their own soldiers are scattered over the country. Wanton desolation may then, perhaps, be spared, but spoliation is still the doom of the unhappy German; hence, we cannot feel surprised that he prefers his trifling independence to the uncertainty of commercial speculation.

Antiquariana.

ANCIENT ENGLISH PALACE.

UNREFLECTING persons may be indifferent to the structure of a Royal Palace five centuries and a half since; but, such as delight in contrasting the simplicity of past ages with the luxurious refinement of our own times, will be gratified with the following remarks upon a survey of the Palace of Clarendon, Wiltshire, in 1272; communicated by Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., to the Society of Antiquaries, in the year 1831. This palace was merely a country-seat of Edward I.; and does not appear to have been habitable in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

One of the most obvious inferences to be drawn from this survey is, that all the rooms were on the ground-floor, and that the whole palace was only one story high. We know that kitchens formerly extended to the roof, some of which exist to this day, as at Buckland, in Gloucestershire.

Another fact observable is that the roofs were covered with shingles, (probably, a corruption of the word *shindles*;) which were thin tiles of wood, called, in Latin, *scindulæ*, from *scindo*.

Thirdly, it appears that there were two kitchens, one for the King, the other for the family; the best illustration of which may, perhaps, be drawn from the still existing custom of colleges at the Universities, where the master or president has his separate

kitchen, but all the other members have only one in common.

The mention of the wheel well marks the simplicity of those times, when the king himself possessed no method of raising water more conveniently than the poorest cottager of the present day.

It appears that the King and Queen had separate chapels; and, probably, this may be illustrated by the ancient custom which is still retained in some village churches, where the men sit on one side of the church, and the women on the other.

The painting of the chapel, perhaps, alludes to the story of some saint depicted on the walls, which was a common custom until Queen Elizabeth gave orders to have such representations destroyed or covered with white-wash.

It is, perhaps, worth noticing that the King and Queen had separate chambers, with a private passage leading from one to the other.

Another chamber is noticed by the surveyor as possessing a chimney; at least, such is understood by the word "*Camino*." It is remarkable, if this should have been the only chimney in the palace; but, probably, this alone is mentioned, because it was ruinous.

Salsaria, mentioned in the survey, are considered to have been the salting-houses, where was salted venison and other meat, which was formerly much used by the gentry when they travelled.

The Almonry was an appendage to all royal, baronial, and abbatial mansions; where the poor of the surrounding neighbourhood might come for their daily alms, and the passing stranger might put up his horse, and take his meal at the expense of the lord.

The Chandlery was an office in the royal household until a late period. It managed other provisions beyond the candles; as did the other offices control other things besides those from which they received their name. The tapers used for the service of the chapel formed an important article in this office.

That the King sometimes brought his family to Clarendon Palace, we may infer from two rooms appointed for the young princes.

It seems also, that the royal falconer and the King's barber were necessary appendages to the sovereign's household establishment; but no mention is made of the venator, or royal huntsman; by which we may conjecture that he formed no part of the household, but, probably, had his constant residence in the lodges of the forest.

The Gatherer.

New-York Theatricals.—The following account of a ludicrous scene, which took place at the Bowery, appeared a short time since, in a New-York newspaper:—Booth

played *Richard the Third*, and the house was crammed to such an extent, that an avalanche of spectators broke from the pit, and covered the orchestra and the greatest part of the stage. By reasonable computation, there were about 330 persons on the stage and wings: consisting of soldiers in fatigue dresses; officers with side-arms; a few jolly tars; and a number of apple-munching urchins. The scene was indescribably ludicrous. Booth played in his best style, and was really anxious to make a hit, but the confusion incidental to such a crowd on the stage, occasioned constant and most humorous interruptions. It was everything or anything but a tragedy. In the scene with Lady Anne, a scene so much admired for its address, the gallery spectators amused themselves by throwing money on the stage, which occasioned an immense scramble among the boys, and they frequently ran between Richard and Lady Anne, to snatch a stray copper. In the tent scene, so solemn and impressive, several curious amateurs went up to the table, took up the crown, poised the heavy sword, and examined all the regalia with great care, while Richard was in agony from the terrible dream; and when the scene changed, discovering the ghosts of King Henry, Lady Anne, and children, it was difficult to select them from the crowd who thrust their faces and persons among the royal shadows. The battle of Bosworth Field was the climax: the audience mingled with the soldiers, and raced across the stage, to the shouts of the people, the roll of the drums, and the bellowing of the trumpets; and when the fight between Richard and Richmond came on, they made a ring round the combatants to see fair play, and kept them at it for nearly a quarter of an hour. This was all done in perfect good humour, and with no intention to make a disturbance. When Mr. Rice came on to sing his celebrated song of Jim Crow, they not only made him repeat it twenty times, but hemmed him in so that he had no room to perform the little dancing or turning about, appertaining to the song; and in the afterpiece, when a supper table is spread, some among the most hungry, very leisurely helped themselves to the viands.

W. G. C.

In the Churchwardens' Book at Nevendon, Essex, is the following entry:—"Gave Geakup Kollins for his Gall too shelins and six pens. Also his close for the insewing yere."

The Creation.—Chronologists assign the 14th of September as the first day of the Universal Creation.

Stourbridge Fair, near Cambridge, is one of our oldest festivals; it having been instituted by Carausius, a maritime adventurer of the third century. (See *Mirror*, vol. xxi., p. 169.)

Heavy Horse.—When Charles II., disguised as a miller, rode with Humphry Pendrill, he complained of the heavy, jolting pace of his horse: "My liege," replied Humphry, "you do not recollect that he carries the weight of three kingdoms on his back."

The Restoration.—There is a tradition in Scotland, that a dram of brandy produced the restoration of Charles II. The messenger from the Parliament of England had brought letters to Monk whilst he remained at Edinburgh. This messenger was, at length, intrusted with despatches to the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, a circumstance which he mentioned to one of Monk's servants while on his journey. The man, (a sergeant,) saw something unusual in this, and prevailed upon his fellow-traveller to drink a dram of brandy with him at a neighbouring alehouse, where the messenger became ultimately so drunk, that the sergeant was enabled to take the papers from his custody without detection. This done, he posted to his general with the packet, who, on perusing its contents, found an order for his arrest and detention at the Castle. Policy and resentment at once directed the eyes of Monk to Charles Stuart, and his restoration succeeded.

G. H.

Wisdom of our Ancestors.—During the reign of Charles II., of Spain, a company of Dutch contractors offered to render the Man-canars navigable from Madrid to where it falls into the Tagus, and the latter from that point to Lisbon; provided they were allowed to levy a duty for a certain number of years on the goods conveyed by this channel. The Council of Castile took the proposal into their serious consideration, and after maturely weighing it, pronounced the following singular decision: "That if it had pleased God that these two rivers should have been navigable, he would not have wanted human assistance to have made them such; but, as he had not done it, it was plain he did not think it proper that it should be done. To attempt it, therefore, would be to violate the decrees of his providence, and to mend the imperfections which he designedly left in his works."

W. G. C.

NEW BOOKS.

With the next Number,

A SUPPLEMENTARY SHEET

OR

Unique Extracts,

From Books very recently published;
With a Fine Engraving.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Bookellers and News-men.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

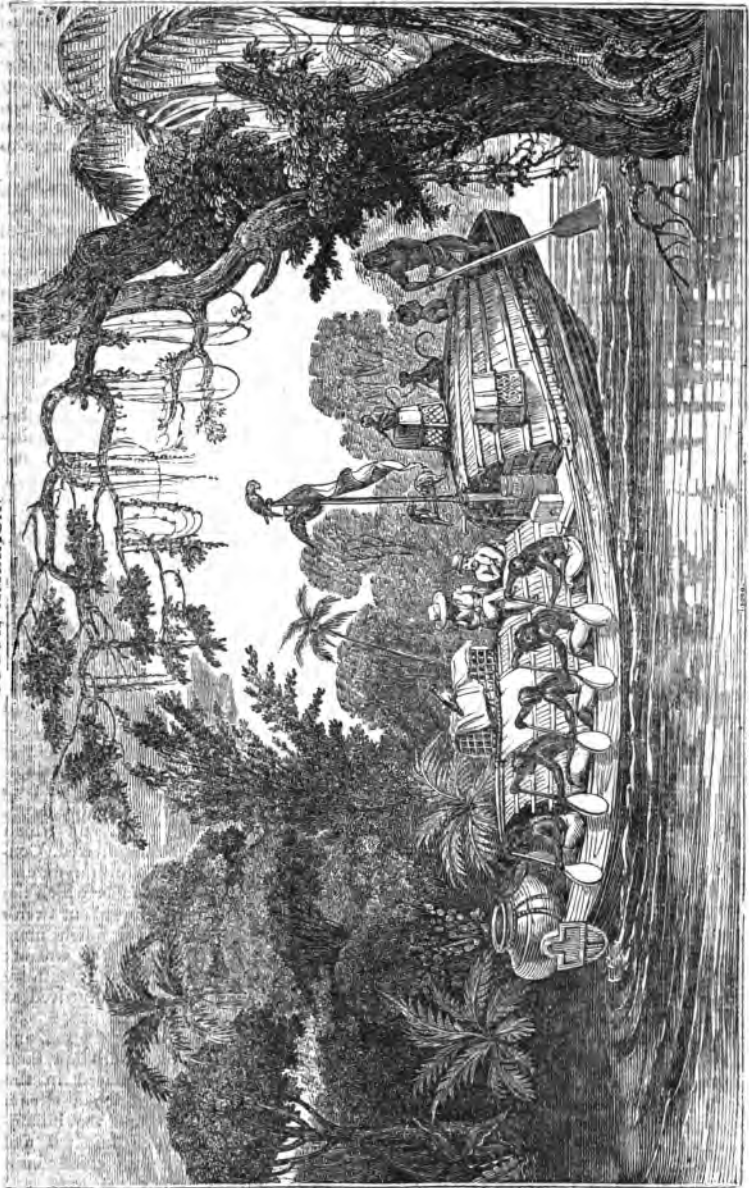
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 779.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d.]

SOUTH AMERICA.



PASSAGE OF THE RIVER AMAZON.

(From the Narrative of a Journey from Lima to Para.)

SCENES AND INCIDENTS FROM RECENT TRAVELS AND TOURS.

South America.

Narrative of a Journey from Lima to Para.
By Lieutenant W. Smyth and Mr. F. Lowe, late of H. M. S. Samarang.

[THE object of this adventurous journey, across the Andes and down the Amazon River, was to ascertain the practicability of a navigable communication with the Atlantic, by the Rivers Pachitea, Ucayali, and Amazon. The Expedition occupied eight months and ten days, and failed in its object; but the authors collected sufficient information in their journey to make their Narrative one of the most interesting books of the season. It is brim-full of entertaining enterprise and hair-breadth escape, and peril upon peril in mountain ascents and passages, through luxuriant forest-lands, and on rapid rivers. Thus, we have a storm-fraught journey across the Andes; a visit to the principal silver-mines of Peru; river journeys in canoes; and descriptions of Indian tribes and towns, sublime scenery, with animated pictures from the wide-spreading pampas of the New World. From such a mine of a book we must extract a few gems: first the subject of our Engraving; the Travellers on

An Island Passage of the Amazon.

The period for our departure at length arrived; the Padre had completed the cargoes of sarsaparilla, tucuya, and manteca, or turtle-oil, which he was about to send to San Pablo, and we gave him almost all the trinkets and articles of barter which we had brought, in exchange for sarsaparilla and tucuya, which, he said, we should find a more general medium of exchange on the Marañon. We thought he made rather a hard bargain with us; but we had no great reason to complain.

Our stores were all stowed on board our garrete, which was forty-five feet long, and six feet wide in the broadest part, and narrowed more towards the stern than towards the bow; the bottom was of one piece, scooped out from the trunk of a large tree; it had no keel, and the sides were each of one piece, nailed to the bottom, and caulked with the bark of a tree, over which black bees-wax was smeared. The luggage and the arms of the Indians were stowed in the forepart of the vessel, under a low covering, or armayari, on each side of which were six seats for the paddlers, and under their seats were stowed ten large jars of masata belonging to them; in the centre was a small space left open for the well, and immediately abaft that was the cabin, formed by a pamarí. The steersman stood upon a projection at the stern, and steered the vessel very dex-

terously with a paddle. We hoisted our flag upon a pole in front of the cabin; and when we and our stores were all on board, our gunwale was within six inches of the water. Our crew consisted of eleven men and a boy, and the Padre's nephew accompanied us as interpreter, and as supercargo of his uncle's consignments. We purchased from the Padre the provisions which were thought necessary to take us to San Pablo, such as fowls, turtle, plantains, dried fish, and some cakes made from Indian corn: our rowers were to provide for themselves.

At half-past ten we embarked; crowds of Indians sat upon the banks, watching our motions in silence, and probably wondering what could possibly have brought us amongst them, or to what part of the world we could be going. Our canoemen were in high spirits, and, upon our getting under weigh, were cheered by a general shout from the whole of the Indians on shore.

Scene in the Andes.

The ravine, as we ascended, gradually became more contracted, and the mountains again assumed a more rugged aspect, and rose to stupendous heights; the river rushing in small falls at our feet added very much to the wildness of the scene. The road then led along a level valley for about a league to a place called Pucahaca, when it again entered a narrow defile, and we passed over a bridge to the right bank of the stream. At this bridge there was a volume of water issuing with great force from the base of the rock: the cleft through which it rushed was in breadth about three or four feet. The air now felt very cold, and although we had put on warmer clothing on leaving Obragillo, yet still we felt the change sharply, and experienced what is vulgarly called the veta or marea, (sea-sickness), which is an acute pain passing through the temples to the lower part of the back of the head, and which completely disables the person affected. Continuing our course, we passed over a natural bridge formed by the rock, under which the stream runs through an aperture about twelve feet wide; the surface is not much more than a foot above the level of the stream; soon after, on passing a high, bluff point, we opened the valley of Culluay, and arrived at the town at half-past three, P.M.

Culluay is 11,991 feet above the sea, and is still more inclosed by mountains than Obragillo, and, as it were, placed in the bottom of a basin through which a stream runs: it is a small village, and the inhabitants may amount to three hundred and fifty at most. The cottages are chiefly built with stone, though a few are mud and

thatched; most of the natives spoke only the Indian language: there are a few white inhabitants, who seemed a short, sturdy race.

Our mules having strayed during the night, it was late in the morning before we could start: just as we were setting off, we were joined by Colonel Althaus and his companions; thus the whole party were assembled for the first time since leaving Lima, and we continued our route, in high spirits, towards the chain of those sublime and awful works of the Creator, the Andes!

Leaving the little valley of Culluay, our road, still ascending, kept close to the river, and, after passing the second bridge, we opened the view of the Cordillera, or highest chain of the Andes. The view was most magnificent; the mountain called La Viuda appeared, between the nearer mountains, covered with snow. We now ascended far above the bed of the river, and directed our steps towards the summit of the mountain range. We felt the cold severely, the thermometer varying from 64° to 54° , and in a hailstorm down to 39° . We were now fast approaching the summit, and our road became very steep, rocky, and bad. We crossed several streams, and worked our way up to the top by zigzag paths, covered with large blocks of granite. After an hour's hard toil for the mules, we, at a quarter before three, gained the top or pass, called the Portachuelo de la Viuda, (or the little gate of the Viuda,) at an elevation of about 15,500 feet above the sea, the highest part of the mountain being 15,968. Here we saw beneath us mountains surrounding a beautifully transparent lake, over which a violent wind was driving huge masses of cloud. The scene was inexpressibly grand, and the words of Campbell flashed across our minds, most beautifully verified,—

Where Andes, giant of the western star,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

We stopped a short time to admire the splendid scene, and give rest to our beasts, as well as take our luncheon of bread and cheese, for which the keenness of the air had given us a great relish, and we sat down sheltered by a rock.

Vast Forests.

The forests, (or Montana, as they are called by the natives,) are composed of large trees of nearly all descriptions, with underwood of various kinds growing between; but not so impervious as to prevent their being easily penetrated in any direction with the assistance of a large knife, which we generally kept suspended from our waists. Some of these trees measured as much as four feet in diameter, and grew to the height of about fifty feet, perfectly straight, and without a branch, the top spreading out very thick and close. The Iqueros, or Matapalo,

as it is called in Spanish, from its destroying the trees to which it attaches itself, was frequent. It is a large creeper, which twines round the trunks and branches of trees; one species drops its branches to the ground and takes root, and throws up fresh shoots like the Indian Banyan, and from its resembling the pipes of an organ, is called the Organuyo. The thickness of the foliage affords at all times of the day a very agreeable shade: it protects the sportsman or traveller from the burning heat of a tropical sun, though it is often an impediment to the pursuits of the former.

Domestic Life at Sarayacu.

The entire domestic management is left to the women. The furniture and utensils consist of a considerable number of earthen jars, containing from twenty to thirty gallons each, in which water, chicha, and young turtle, are kept; several bowls made from calabashes; an axe, and two or three knives; bows, arrows, spears, lances, and cerbatanas, or blow-pipes; a few blocks of wood, a little hollowed out, to serve for seats; a piece of beaten bark for bedding, which is laid upon the platform, and a mosquito curtain of home-made tucuya, sufficiently large to inclose the whole family; a few earthen pots for cooking, and a large wooden trough which they call a canoe, in which masata is made; a ladder to get at the plantains, which are suspended from the roof, and a few baskets to hold the raw and spun cotton. In some houses we saw a loom of a rude make, and a few cane boxes containing the trinkets and little implements of the lady of the house—such as beads, needles, thread, &c.

The articles of furniture are generally thrown about in the greatest disorder possible. The people have no conception of cleanliness or order, although in their persons they are cleanly from the constant habit of bathing. Labour falls to the lot of the wife alone, and she is kept in a state of constant drudgery, whilst her husband is hunting, or, if at home, idling away his time, half drunk, and swinging in a hammock.

When a marriage takes place, the husband clears a sufficient space of ground for a plantation of plantains; which is not, however, all his own work, for he gives an invitation to a party of his friends, who meet, and, over a jar of masata or chicha, decide on the place of the plantation; and on the following day they all assemble and clear it. When cleared, it is made over to the care of the woman, who, from that time, has the whole management of it. On the husband's return from hunting or fishing, his wife prepares his supper, which usually consists of boiled or broiled fish or turtle, with plantains dressed in the same way. The family all eat together, squatted on the ground, and dip in the

same dish with their fingers, or with the shell of a large oyster found in the lakes, which they use as a spoon, and for which it is a very good substitute; they have also a rude sort of wooden spoon. Their meals last but a short time. The children, when old enough, assist their mother in the work of the house; and the boys, when they have attained sufficient strength, accompany their father in hunting and fishing.

In the morning the woman rises first, and makes a hot mess of Indian corn for her husband's breakfast; and the rest of her day is fully occupied in preparing the food for the family, and in spinning and weaving the cloth for their clothes: a married woman has very little idle time on her hands. As they have no nightly employments, they retire to rest soon after sunset, having first sat a little while on a mat outside the house to cool themselves.

The most tedious occupation of the husband is the making his canoes, which are commonly from thirty to forty feet long, and from three to five feet wide. It used formerly to take near a year to make one; but since the missionaries have introduced the use of iron, the work is accomplished in a much shorter space of time: this, and thatching and repairing his house, constitute the whole of his employment when at home.

There were no artisans, except a couple of blacksmiths, who worked for the padre, and a carpenter or two who could caulk a canoe, or repair it in a clumsy way. Tailors and shoemakers are unnecessary where almost all the people are nearly naked. Most families manufacture their own earthen vessels; in doing which they mix a bark, called *apacarama*, with the clay, which, when exposed to a strong heat, hardens it: the bark is first charred.

[The work is illustrated with several effective prints, a map and plan of the route, and clever wood-cuts.]

The Arctic Regions.

Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition, to the Mouth of the Great Fish River, and along the Shores of the Arctic Ocean, in the years 1833, 1834, and 1835. By Captain Back, R. N.

[THIS is the plain, unvarnished narrative of the most interesting of the recent expeditions of discovery. It originated in a generous sympathy for the author's comrades in the boundless fields of enterprise, seconded by the noble desire of extending our acquaintance with the face of nature in the drear and inhospitable regions of the Arctic world. With the outline of the Expedition, the reader must already be acquainted;

but, it may here be mentioned, that the main object was the safety of Captain Ross and his companions; and in the event of that being rendered nugatory by the almost unlooked-for return of the voyagers, it was thought, "in our uncertainty of the precise place where the Thlew-ee-chohdeseeth, (or Great Fish River,) might fall into the sea, that the coast-line between Point Turnagain and the known land to the eastward might be satisfactorily ascertained; and thus, another step be made towards the determination of that interesting problem—the northern limits of America." Rather than, with our narrow limits, attempt the filling-in of the outline, (already given in our twenty-sixth volume, page 206,) we shall convey to the reader some idea of the intense interest of Captain Back's Journal, by a few quotations of the perils and main incidents of his adventurous journey.]

Story of a Rat and Beaver.

When we got to a long and rounded mound, about half a mile from the western side, I observed that both the Indians assumed a look of superstitious awe, and maintained a determined silence. I inquired the reason of this reverential demeanour; when Maufelly, after some hesitation, with a face of great seriousness, informed us, that the small island we were passing was called the Rat's Lodge, from an enormous musk-rat which once inhabited it. "But what you see there," said he, pointing to a rock on the opposite shore, with a conical summit, "that is the Beaver's Lodge; and lucky shall we be if we are not visited with a gale of wind, or something worse. The chief would perhaps laugh at the story which our old men tell, and we believe, about that spot." He then proceeded to narrate, with great earnestness and solemnity of manner, a traditional tale, which, as illustrative of Indian notions, may not be uninteresting to the reader. It was in substance as follows: "In that lodge there dwelt, in ancient times, a beaver as large as a buffalo; and, as it committed great depredations, sometimes alone, and sometimes with the aid of its neighbour, the rat, whom it had enticed into a league, the bordering tribes, who suffered from these marauding expeditions, resolved upon its destruction. Accordingly, having consulted together on the best mode of executing their design, and arranged a combined attack—not, however, unknown to the wary beaver, which, it seems, had a spy in the enemy's quarters—they set out one morning before the sun rose, and, under cover of a dense vapour which hung upon the lake, approached, with noiseless paddle, the shore of the solitary lodge. Not a whisper was heard, as each Indian cautiously took his station, and stood with bow or spear in act to strike. One, the 'Eagle,

of his tribe, advanced before the rest, and with light steps drew near a cavern in the rock; where, placing his head to the ground, he listened anxiously for some moments, scarcely seeming to breathe; then, with a slight motion of his hand, he gave the welcome sign that the enemy was within. A shower of arrows was poured into the chasm; and the long shrill whoop that accompanied the volley had just died away in its caverns, when a heavy splash was heard, which, for a time, suspended further operations. The attacking party gazed on one another in mute and vacant surprise; for they had not suspected the subterranean passage, and felt that they were baffled. The chief, after creeping into the cavern to explore, directed them to embark; and, having formed a crescent with their canoes at intervals of a hundred yards from each other, they paddled towards the Rat's Lodge, under the idea that the enemy might have retreated thither; if not, it was agreed that the rat, though upon the whole comparatively harmless, should pay the penalty of his untoward alliance, and suffer a vicarious punishment, for the sins of his friend and the gratification of the disappointed pursuers. The rat, however, fortunately for himself, had that instinctive foresight of approaching ruin which proverbially belongs to his race; and, however ready to assist his neighbour when matters went well with him, and something was to be gained by the co-operation, he watched with a prudent jealousy the conduct and fortunes of one so obnoxious to hatred, and was ready, on the first appearance of danger, to stand aloof and disclaim him. Accordingly, when the beaver presented himself at the lodge of his friend, to crave a temporary asylum from his pursuers, the rat, with many protestations of esteem and regret, civilly declined to admit him, and recommended him to make the most of his time by swimming to some rocks to the south, where he would be safe from his enemies. The beaver, though stunned for a time by this unexpected repulse, soon recovered his wonted spirit, and, feeling his situation to be hopeless, threw himself on the rat, and began a desperate struggle. How the contest might have ended, it was difficult to conjecture; but the whoop of the Indians arrested the combatants, and, darting a look of vengeance at the rat, the beaver plunged once more into the water. The chase was long, and many were the hair-breadth escapes of the resolute beaver: but the ardour of the hunters was not to be quenched; and, tracked to the end of the lake, and thence down the cataracts and rapids which mark its course to the next, the exhausted animal yielded its life just as its feet touched the distant rocks of the Taltel-leh. But its spirit," said Maufelly, in a low and subdued tone, "still lingers about its old haunt, the

waters of which obey its will; and ill fares the Indian who attempts to pass it in his canoe without muttering a prayer for safety: many have perished, some bold men have escaped, but none have been found so rash as to venture a second time within its power." Whatever may be thought of this strange story, Maufelly related it with so serious an air as to leave no doubt of his own entire and unqualified faith; and the minute circumstantiality of the detail showed with what a religious care he had treasured every particular.

Winter Dwelling and Observatory, Slave Lake.

The site of our intended dwelling was a level bank of gravel and sand, covered with reindeer moss, shrubs, and trees, and looking more like a park than part of an American forest. It formed the northern extremity of a bay, from twelve to fifteen miles long, and of a breadth varying from three to five miles.

The men were divided into parties, and appointed to regular tasks: some to the felling of trees, and squaring them into beams or rafters; others, to the sawing of slabs and planks: here was a group awkwardly chipping the shapeless granite into something like form; and there a party in a boat in search of mud and grass for mortar. It was an animated scene; and, set off as it was by the white tents and smoky, leather lodges, contrasting with the mountains and green woods, it was picturesque as well as interesting.

In a few days, the framework of the house and the observatory were up; but, in consequence of the smallness of the trees, and the distance from which they were carried, our progress in filling up the walls was necessarily slow.

* * * * *

The work of building went on briskly, though our substitute for mortar, clay, and sand, froze as fast as it was laid on. The observatory was soon completed; it was a square building twelve feet inside, having a porch at the west with double doors, the outer one of which opened south. The roof was angular, and covered with rough slabs of wood having the flat side down, and the hollows on the outside were filled up with a mixture of clay, sand, and dry grass. It had four windows of moose-skin parchment, with a small pane of glass in each, facing respectively north, south, east, and west. The space within was carefully cleared of all stones, and a thoroughly dried trunk of a tree, seven feet long, and two feet and a half in diameter, was let down into a hole three feet deep in the centre, and then rammed tight by successive layers of clay and sand. This part was cased in a square framework of three feet, grooved and mortised; and the interior spaces were gradually filled up with the same composition as was used to plaster

the walls. When the plaster was quite dry, a square, thick board was mortised on the post, and the whole fabric was as firm as a rock. The floor was planked, and when the doors were closed, the difference of temperature between the out and inside was 14° . There was not a nail or the smallest particle of iron in the building; and to guard against the accidental approach of any person with a gun, an axe, or the like, I had it inclosed with a ring fence of seventy feet diameter. It was situated on a gentle rise, two hundred yards from the lake, and about one hundred from the east end of the house. A strong staff, fifteen feet high, was fixed on the northern extremity of the ridge-pole, on the spindle of which was a vane; and besides white poles, placed in the direction of the true and magnetic meridian, I had a horizontal cross at the north side of the observatory, within the fence, to enable us to take the bearings of phenomena with greater accuracy than can be attained by the mere guess of the eye. The angular heights of the surrounding mountains were also ascertained.

* * * * *

On the 5th of November, we had the pleasure of changing our cold tents for the comparative comfort of the house, which, like most of those in this country, was constructed of a framework, filled up with logs let into grooves, and closely plastered with a cement composed of common clay and sand. The roof was formed of a number of single slabs, extending slantingly from the ridge-pole to the eaves; and the whole was rendered tolerably tight by a mixture of dry grass, clay, and sand, which was beat down between the slabs, and subsequently coated over with a thin layer of mud. The house was fifty feet long and thirty broad; having four separate rooms, with a spacious hall in the centre for the reception and accommodation of the Indians. Each of the rooms had a fireplace and a rude chimney, which, save that it suffered a fair proportion of the smoke to descend into the room, answered tolerably well. A diminutive apology for a room, neither wind nor water tight, was attached to the hall, and dignified with the name of a kitchen. The men's houses, forming the western side of what was intended to be a square, but which, like many other squares, was never finished, completed our building. As every post in the country is distinguished by a name, I gave to ours that of Fort Reliance, in token of our trust in that merciful Providence, whose protection, we humbly hoped, would be extended to us in the many difficulties and dangers to which these services are exposed. The exact site is in latitude $62^{\circ} 46' 29''$ N., longitude $109^{\circ} 0' 38.9''$ W.; the variation, $35^{\circ} 19'$ east, and dip, $84^{\circ} 44'$. About a mile from the house was

a tree which had been struck by lightning, and splintered twenty feet down the trunk, the pieces being thrown thirty or forty paces away. I do not recollect to have seen a similar instance.

Famine among the Indians.

The interpreter came from one of the fishing stations with an account of the loss of some nets, and the inadequacy of their means of support. They seldom took more than thirteen small fish in a day, and the Indians, now reduced to a state of great weakness, crowded round them for a portion of what they could ill afford. It was the same with us; for those who happened to be within a moderate distance fell back on the Fort, as the only chance of prolonging their existence; and we freely imparted the utmost we could spare. In vain did we endeavour to revive their drooping spirits, and to excite them to action; the scourge was too heavy, and their exertions were entirely paralyzed. No sooner had one party closed the door, than another, still more languid and distressed, feebly opened it, and confirmed by their half-famished looks and sunken eyes their heart-rending tale of suffering. They spoke little, but crowded in silence round the fire, as if eager to enjoy the only comfort remaining to them. A handful of mouldy, pounded meat, which had been originally reserved for our dogs, was the most liberal allowance we could make to each; and this meal, unpalatable and unwholesome as it was, together with the customary presentation of the friendly pipe, was sufficient to efface for a moment the recollection of their sorrows, and even to light up their faces with a smile of hope.—“We know,” they said, “that you are as much distressed as ourselves, and you are very good.” Afflicting as it was to behold such scenes of suffering, it was at the same time gratifying to observe the resignation with which they were met. There were no impious upbraidings of Providence, nor any of those revolting acts, too frequent within late years, which have cast a darker shade over the character of the savage Indian. While the party thus scantily relieved were expressing their gratitude, one of their companions arrived, and, after a short pause, announced that a child was dying for want of food, close at hand. The father instantly jumped up, and having been supplied with some pemmican, for we had no other meat, hurried away, and happily arrived in time to save its life.

Like all other barbarous nations, these people are naturally prone to superstition; and many of their legends, whatever may be thought of them in these enlightened days, are quite as reasonable as the traditionary tales which in other states of society dimly reveal the past, and serve to amuse the pre-

sent age. They have their good and evil spirits, haunting the waters, the woods, and the mountains; their giants, and confabulating animals, "animali parlanti;" their Pucks, and a host of other mischief-loving gentry. I allude to these superstitions here, by way of preface to a story related by one of our unhappy guests, respecting the conduct of a Chipewyan, whom he and many others held responsible for the absence of the deer.

"We might have known," said a young but emaciated hunter, as he ejected large volumes of smoke from his nostrils,—"we might have known that this winter would be marked by something uncommon. The Chipewyans have always been unfriendly to, if not secret enemies of, the Yellow-knives, and would feast and rejoice at our misfortunes. Why did he come among us? Was he not cautioned by our old men to desist from his rash purpose, and listen to the words of wisdom founded on experience? But no; he had often; he said, been told, that if a solitary deer were beaten, the whole herd would at once abandon that part of the country where the deed was done: as if thousands of animals feeding at places far distant could possibly know what he might do at any particular spot to one of their kind. He did not believe it; some people had bad tongues, and, at the first opportunity, he would put the matter to proof. Accordingly, in the spring of the year, when a little crust was formed on the snow by the effect of the heat of the day followed by the cold of the night, he sallied out on his long snow shoes of six feet; and skimming lightly over the bright surface, soon discovered eight or ten deer feeding on a frozen swamp.

"Making a circuit behind them, he approached with the greatest caution; yet even his almost noiseless tread scared these timid and watchful creatures. As he had expected, they ran upon the lake, using every exertion to escape; but their hoofs, though remarkably broad, were unequal to their support, and at each plunge they sank to their haunches in the snow, and became an easy prey to the hunter, who, borne up by his long snow shoes, got close to and killed them all except one. This he beat in the most wanton and merciless manner, and then drove it, stupefied and spent with fatigue, to his lodge, where, amidst the laughter of himself and his kindred, its miseries were at last ended. 'Now,' said he, 'I shall know if there be any truth in your sayings; and, whether there be or not, I am a Chipewyan, and shall return to my lands, which are far away, and better than your swampy and barren country.' Did we speak the truth? the deer know it and will not come."—He ceased speaking, and a deep, guttural "whew, whew!" showed the interest with which the recital had been heard.

Extreme Cold.

[We had seen the thermometer at 70° below zero, at which time the aurora was bright. We now made a few experiments on the effect and intensity of the cold, the results of which were as follow:—With the thermometer at 62° minus, a square six-ounce bottle of sulphuric ether with a ground stopper, was taken out of the medicine chest, exactly in the same state as it had been packed at Apothecaries' Hall, viz., with the stopper down, and exposed immediately below the registering thermometer on the snow. In fifteen minutes, the interior upper surface of the sides of the bottle was coated with ice, and a thick, efflorescent sediment covered the bottom, while the ether generally appeared viscous and opaque. After having remained an hour, during which the temperature rose to 60° minus, it had scarcely changed, or, perhaps, as Mr. King agreed with me in thinking, it was more opaque. The bottle was then carefully brought into the house, and placed on a table, within four feet and a half of the fire; and though so near, and with a temperature of 32° plus, it did not recover its former clearness or purity under forty-two minutes.

A bottle of nitric ether, similar in dimensions to the sulphuric, was not changed in the same time; but after two hours' exposure, it also became viscid, the temperature in the mean time having varied from 60° to 56° minus. A fluid drachm and a half of sulphuric ether was put into an ounce and a half bottle with a glass stopper; and when it had become viscous the stopper was withdrawn, and a lighted paper applied to the mouth, when it ignited with an explosion and an escape of gas. On repeating the experiment, the ignition did not take place until the light was brought into contact with the liquid; but it was accompanied by a similar explosion.

A small bottle of pyroligneous acid froze in less than 30 minutes, at a temperature of 57° minus: as did also the same quantity of 1 part of rectified spirit and 2 of water, 1 part of the same and 1 of water. Leeward Island rum became thick in a few minutes, but did not freeze.

A mixture of 2 parts pure spirit and 1 water froze into ice in three hours, with a temperature from 65° to 61° minus. Another mixture of 4 parts spirit and 1 water became viscid in the same time.

A bottle of nitric ether having been out all night was thick, and the bubbles of air rose slowly and with difficulty; the mean temperature at 6 A. M., January 17th, being 70° minus.

A surface of 4 inches of mercury, exposed in a common saucer, became solid in two hours, with a temperature of 57° minus.

On the 4th of February, the temperature was 60° minus, and there being at the same time a fresh breeze, was nearly insupportable. Such, indeed, was the abstraction of heat, that, with eight large logs of dry wood in the fireplace of a small room, I could not get the thermometer higher than 12° plus. Ink and paint froze. I made an attempt to finish a sketch, by placing the table as near the fire as I could bear the heat; but a scratchy mark, and small, shining particles at the point of the sable, convinced me that it was useless. The sextant cases, and boxes of seasoned wood, principally fir, all split. Nor was the sensation particularly agreeable to our persons; the skin of the hands especially became dry, cracked, and opened into unsightly and smarting gashes, which we were obliged to anoint with grease. On one occasion, after washing my face within three feet of the fire, my hair was actually clotted with ice, before I had time to dry it. From these facts, some idea may, perhaps, be formed of the excessive cold. It seemed to have driven all living things from us: we had been accustomed to see a few white partridges about; but even these, hardy as they are, had disappeared. Once, indeed, a solitary raven, whose croak made me run out to look at him, swept round the house, but immediately winged his flight to the westward. Nothing but the passing wind broke the awful solitude of this barren and desolate spot.

[The Appendix of upwards of 150 pages of zoological, geological, and meteorological information, will, doubtless, be a valuable acquisition to science. It ought to be mentioned that the work is produced in handsome though not extravagant style. The maps and plates are well executed.]

Turkey.

A Residence in Constantinople. By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D.

[THE author of this work needs not a line of introduction, his name being already prefixed to several works of high merit, as *A Journey from Constantinople, Notices of Brazil, &c.* All his writings are in a kindly spirit, and full of intelligent observation, with pictures of life and manners too characteristic to be forgotten. The work before us relates to a period including the commencement, progress, and termination of the Greek and Turkish Revolutions. Dr. Walsh, in 1820, went as chaplain to the British embassy under Lord Strangford to the Porte: his stay there, and his subsequent return to Constantinople, furnished opportunities for collecting information of the most entertaining kind, which forms the staple of these

volumes: they likewise comprise the author's travels in Greece. Our extracts are at "random strung."]

Atrocious Piracy.

We were entering the port of Valetta, and the first objects that presented themselves were the fortress of Ricasoli, with four men hanging in chains on a bastion. At first it was rumoured that they were so executed for breaking the quarantine laws, which at Malta are exercised with the strictest severity; I found afterwards that it was for piracy, under the most atrocious circumstances, which, perhaps, you have never heard of. A man of the name of Delano, an Anglo-American, commanded the William, bound from Liverpool to Smyrna. While taking in his cargo, he lay outside the Helen, bound to the same place, commanded by Captain Cornish, an elderly, respectable man; and as he had occasion to pass through his ship on his way to his own, they became acquainted. Delano was a man of very plausible manners, and the other confided to him all his affairs. Delano sailed first, but fell in with the Helen off Cape de Gata, on the coast of Spain, and having spoken, they again parted company, wishing each other a good voyage. During the night, Delano disguised the hull of his ship, by drawing a strip of tanned canvass along his gunwale, mounted a false gun, called a quaker, and the next morning brought the Helen to, and ordered the captain and his boat on board. While he was obeying this order, Delano's boat was pushed from the opposite side, and, rowing suddenly out, took possession of the Helen, and when the captain returned, he was seized, and confined with his crew, in the fore-castle. There were three Irish gentlemen, G. Brophy, W. Magennis, and J. Fitzpatrick, passengers, going to Rome to be educated for the priesthood. They, too, were shut up with the captain. The pirates placed a sentinel over their prisoners, and then proceeded to open the hatches and plunder the ship, with all the particulars of whose cargo they were already acquainted. It happened that one of the prisoners looked through the bull's eye, which had been opened for air, and saw on the sail of Delano's ship the maker's name at Liverpool. This he incautiously communicated in the hearing of the sentinel, and it was immediately determined by the pirates to destroy them all. For this purpose they scuttled the Helen in several places, and, after taking out every thing that was valuable, returned to their own ship. The last person who departed was the sentinel. He told his prisoners he was going aft to sleep; and if they continued quiet he would return in an hour and release them. The pirates remained alongside till they saw the vessel sinking; they then made sail from her—

they perceived her going down fast—the evening closed, and they saw her no more.

They now removed the disguise from their hull, and proceeded to Malta as if nothing had happened. They sold some of the goods which they had brought from Liverpool, on account of the owners, according to regular invoice: the plundered goods, consisting principally of bales of cloth, Delano said was the property of a friend in distress, and shipped on his own account the night before his departure. The William was a frequent trader to the port, and Delano her captain, a well-known and respectable man; so these goods were purchased also without suspicion or inquiry, and the vessel departed with the perfect confidence and goodwill of every one in the island. At Smyrna, what remained was disposed of in the same manner, a division quietly made of the proceeds of the plundered property, and they lay in perfect security in the harbour waiting for a return cargo.

But the watchful eye of Providence was over the innocent to preserve them as instruments to punish the guilty. The crew confined on board the Helen having waited a considerable time for the return of the sentinel, and finding every thing still and quiet on board, began to suppose that the pirates had left the vessel; but having listened attentively to catch any sound, and hearing the water distinctly rushing into the hold, they found the ship was fast settling to sink, and the awful state in which they were suddenly rushed upon their minds. The hatchways, they knew, had been battened down, but providentially finding an axe below, and desperation giving them additional strength, they burst them open. Having proceeded cautiously on deck, they saw the pirate at some distance. They found that every precaution had been taken to insure their destruction; the pump-gear destroyed, to prevent their lightening the ship, the rigging cut to prevent their sailing, and the boat stove in to prevent their escaping. The gunwale of the ship was now at the water's edge, and they had not a moment to lose, so hastily wrapping a tarpaulin round the boat, they launched her at the off side, and kept the hull between them and the pirate as long as she remained afloat; by the time she went down it was dark, and they made their way for Malaga, where they almost miraculously arrived in their crazy boat.

From hence some of them embarked in the Spey frigate, which happened to touch there, and proceeded to Malta, where they landed a few days only after the pirates had left; and having told the story of the piracy, and the Liverpool mark on the sail, suspicion immediately fell upon Delano. Lieutenant Hobson of the Spey was, therefore, sent in a hired vessel, with an armed crew

and the sailors of the Helen, and when they arrived, they recognised the William lying in perfect security among the other traders. A boat was procured, in which the armed men, covered with a tarpaulin, were rowed alongside, and, jumping suddenly on board, the pirates were seized without resistance, in the moment of their fancied security. They were brought back to Malta, and after a patient hearing of three days, they were convicted on the clearest evidence, and the captain, mate, cook, and smith, were hung in chains on the bastion of Ricasoli, where I saw them. Others were executed and buried; one only was not taken—he had been on shore buying provisions previous to their departure from Smyrna. It was remarkable that all the persons concerned in this atrocious transaction had been persons of excellent character, up to the moment when it was perpetrated. Delano had been for eight years well and intimately known, and much respected by his employers. He was led to engage in some smuggling transactions, and was exchequered, by which he lost a large sum of money. From that time he said he determined to remunerate his losses by any means in his power, and he thought the act of piracy "neither a shame nor a sin."

The Dardanelles.

The Dardanelles is a Turkish town, supposed to be built on the site of the ancient Dardanus, and so corrupted into its present name, which it gives to the straits. Here stand the famous castles which protect the passage to the capital, one on each side the Hellespont, where there are still to be seen those immense pieces of ordnance which discharge masses of granite pillars instead of balls of metal. The Turks are alone, I believe, in the use of these unmanageable instruments of destruction, and they originated in the following circumstance: When Mahomed II. laid siege to Constantinople, an Hungarian armoured, who had been in the service of the Greeks, in consequence of some ill usage deserted to the Turks, and was brought before the Sultan. He asked him if he could cast a cannon, that would batter a breach in the walls of the city, and the Hungarian undertook to do so. A foundry was established at Adrianople for the purpose, and in three months the artist produced one of stupendous size. The bore, as described by historians, was twelve palms, or three feet; it projected a granite ball of six hundred pounds weight, the explosion was felt in a circumference of thirteen miles, and the ball was sent a mile, and bedded itself two yards deep in a mound of earth. In the reign of Amurath, another was cast of a still more extraordinary kind; it was composed of two parts, united like a screw-barrel pistol. The difficulty of loading it

rendered it nearly useless, till Baron de Tott undertook to discharge it. The ball weighed eleven hundred pounds, and it required thirty-three pounds of powder. He felt the shock, he said, at eight hundred fathoms' distance, like an earthquake; the ball, divided into three pieces, struck the opposite side of the strait, and rebounded on the mountains, to the great terror of the Turks.

When Admiral Duckworth repassed the Dardanelles, after his fruitless attempt on the capital, his fleet were greatly shattered by these tremendous engines. The Royal George was nearly sunk by one ball, which destroyed her cutwater. The mainmast of the Windsor Castle was almost cut in two, and the Repulse had her wheel shot away, and seventeen men killed or wounded by a single shot. The largest ball that struck our ships was one of granite, of eight hundred pounds weight, and two feet two inches in diameter. It stove in the whole larboard bow of the Active, and having crushed this immense mass of solid timber like so much paper, the shot rolled ponderously aft along the orlop deck, and stopped near the main hatchway, an object of wonder to the crew, who made a lane for it to pass. But the most extraordinary effect was told me by an officer in one of the ships of the fleet, I think he said the Standard. The ball passed in on her larboard quarter, between decks, and meeting with the stem of the mizen, which was encased with iron, it made a sort of gyration round it, during which the friction elicited from the iron a stream of scintillating sparks, which communicated to some powder lying about it. An immediate explosion took place, which nearly rent the decks asunder, and forty persons were more or less injured by the effects of this one ball. He gave me a fragment of granite, which, he said, was part of this ball; it abounded with grains of quartz, which acted on the iron of the mast like flint on steel, and so caused the ignition of the powder.

I found these immense pieces of ordnance lying on the ground without carriages, and apparently in very awkward and unmanageable situations, so that they can only be discharged from one position at objects just before them. A short time after, I was coming up the Dardanelles on board an English merchant-man. She was armed against the pirates of the Archipelago, and had a few real and more false guns, so that she had much the appearance of a ship of war. She had been waiting for a wind at the mouth of the Straits, and when a strong and favourable breeze sprang up, she hastened to take every advantage of it. We were sweeping along at the rate of ten knots by the Castles, when we were hailed by the sentinel to bring-to; but the captain

was a stout, sturdy man, and he swore he would not stop and lose the wind, for the Sultan himself; so we took no notice. Presently the alarm was given, the guard turned out, and just as we were opposite a great gun, an artilleryman applied a match. My mind was filled with the accounts I had heard, and what I had seen myself of these engines, and when I was now at no great distance actually looking into the enormous mouth, and saw a lighted match applied at the other end, I thought in one moment it was all over with us. Providentially it burnt priming, and before the tardy Turks could replace the powder, we had passed beyond the range of the shot. When they saw this, they were exceedingly angry—they shouted with menacing attitudes; but all the artilleryman could now do was to shake his lighted linstock at us.

Opium-eating.

I had a strong curiosity to try on myself the effect of this drug as used by the Turks: a gentleman who had used it stayed with me, so we entered a kiosk, and our party left us and went on. The coffee-house keeper brought us pipes and coffee; but we called for *afiou*, opium. The man looked surprised and shocked, and seriously expostulated with our janissary, who gave us to understand we were about to do a very dangerous thing. He told us, however, that the *afiou*gee, or opium-man, went round and supplied all the kiosks, and would soon appear in his vocation: presently he came with a small case, and held it to us like a snuff-box, to help ourselves to what quantity we pleased. It was not in pills, stamped with *mashalla*, "the work of God," but an unbroken mass. In order to direct us, he pointed to the janissary's cap, which was fastened with rows of large pins, and he intimated to us that the quantity usually taken was the size of the head of one of those pins, not so large as a pea. We had the Baron's account in our recollection, who affirms that they take "*jusqu'à quatre pillules plus grosses que des olives*;" we broke off a portion therefore, much larger than the man pointed out, which my friend knew by experience we might take, and put it in our mouths: it had neither the odour nor bitter flavour of genuine opium, and seemed either very impure, or mixed with *eyrup*, or other ingredients. The *afiou*gee, the coffee-house keeper, and the janissary, seemed quite shocked and alarmed at our imprudence, and warned us of the consequence that would ensue in an hour or two. We called, however, for water to wash down our pills, and here again we found that the usages and opinions were much altered since the time of De Tott. They refused us the water, affirming that whoever drank after the drug

would swell and burst. They motioned us, however, to lay our heads on the pillow of the divan, and repose for a short time, and we should make kef. This is a term by which the Turks express any festivity, but particularly exhilarating effects of the drug; so we lay down to give it fair play. We continued for some time in this position, with the Turks looking on: no effect supervened but a slight drowsiness, so we got up and walked away.

It is highly probable that the accounts of the Turkish use of this drug have been much exaggerated, both as to its extent and its effects. It is certain, however, that the ill consequences of chewing it were so serious, that firmans were often issued, prohibiting its public use; and to promote their observance, alarming accounts were circulated of its deleterious qualities, of which we had an example. The number of coffee-houses where it was used, with their kiosks still standing, attest that it was once a general enjoyment practised in public, like any other recreation; while the aged appearance and decayed state of the edifices at the present day indicate the disuse into which it has fallen. The Turks were formerly much more rigid observers of the laws of temperance inculcated by the Koran than they are now. The use of wines and intoxicating liquors was strictly prohibited, while that of opium was not; so they naturally fell into an allowed indulgence, till its excess caused an interdiction to be laid on it also. As its use, however, declined, that of other stimulants increased; and intoxicated Turks are now frequently met with. One of the janissaries of our palace was a very intemperate fellow, and made no scruple of taking wine or spirits whenever he could get them. In fact, the use of opium as a recreation is now principally confined to the district where it is grown. I had afterwards occasion to pass through it just as they were gathering it. Making kef was pretty general among the peasantry, who, in getting in their crop, made merry with the produce of their fields, as those of England do at harvest-home. It is but a temporary gratification with them, and they are as ruddy and healthy as any other people.

The Temple of Diana of the Ephesians.

This was built, as Pliny says, on a soft foundation, to guard against the shocks of earthquakes. The foundation, therefore, was laid in a swamp; wool and charcoal were interposed to absorb the wet, and the arches form a subterranean labyrinth, in which water stagnates; all which is so at the present day. The superstructure bears all the evidence of an edifice which was destroyed eight times, and took two hundred and eighty years in building and re-

building. It now consists of several walls of immense blocks of marble, the fronts of which are perforated with small cavities, into which were sunk the shanks of the brass and silver plates with which the walls were faced. In several places where the walls have fallen, they have exposed cornices and mouldings of a former edifice, against which the newer walls had been built up. Some of the vast porphyry pillars which formed the front portico still lie prostrate before it; but others, as you know, or, perhaps, do not know, were brought by Constantine to his new city of Constantinople. The heathen temple was dilapidated to build the Christian church of Santa Sophio, in which these pillars are again become the great support of an anti-Christian edifice.

But the most interesting circumstance of this building to me is the great illustration it gives to the Acts of the Apostles. Here is the place where St. Paul excited the commotion among the silver and brass smiths who worked for the temple; and over the way was the Theatre into which the people rushed, carrying with them Caius and Aristarchus, Paul's companions. Hence they had a full view of the magnificent front of the temple, which they pointed out as that "which all Asia worshippeth," and in their enthusiasm they cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" to whom such a temple belonged.

Flower Bazaar.

The Turks are remarkably fond of flowers, and their poets sometimes assume the name of a favourite one as their designation. Wehbi, "the gifted," is better known by the name Sunbulisade, "Child of a Hyacinth," from his admiration of that flower. This taste originated with Kara Mustapha, the Vizir of Mahomet IV. The Sultan was a man of retired habits, fond of the country and all its pleasures. This propensity the Vizir encouraged, and among other rural pursuits, he endeavoured to inspire him with a love of flowers and their culture. To this end he sent to all the Pashas of the empire to search for whatever was rare and beautiful in their pashalics. They collected, therefore, the seeds and roots of all the most beautiful flowers of the islands and continent of the Turkish empire, and sent them to Constantinople, where, by careful culture, they produced those fine specimens which individuals of the different European missions have, at different times, sent to their respective countries.

One of the most interesting places in Constantinople is the Flower Bazaar. It is held every Monday morning for trees, roots, and plants, in a long street beside the Drug Bazaar, which in fact opens into it; so that

the vegetable kingdom is here displayed in all its stages. I was fond of visiting this place, and was as much pleased with the magnificent specimens there exhibited, as surprised that so coarse and ignorant a people could cultivate so elegant a pursuit, and with so much skill. Not only the ranunculus, anemone, and tulip, were superior to anything I had ever seen; but the habitats of all that were rare and curious in their native plants were searched out; and the ophrys, the orchis, and all that curious tribe, were collected there in great variety. Whenever I visited it, I met crowds of Turks returning, loaded with the produce of this bazaar. This taste seems to pervade all classes. The Tchiraghan, or "Festival of Illuminated Tulips," is among the high enjoyments of the Seraglio; the various characters of blossoms afford to the lover and the poet the most expressive emblems; and the rude and brutal janissaries and trombagees seemed to receive from them uncommon gratification. In every coffee-house, I have seen pots of fragrant herbs, which a Turk sits beside, and while he holds his chibouque with one hand, he passes the other over the plant, and applies it to his nose, so as to enjoy at once the scent of the flower and the flavour of the tobacco. The trombagees stick them in their fire-engines; and I have seen them sitting quietly beside them, and enjoying the smell, in the midst of the most fearful conflagrations.

Germany.

*Sketches of Germany and the Germans.—
By an English Resident in Germany.*

[As our readers are already acquainted with this entertaining work, we merely resume our quotations,—from page 351.]

Residence in Germany.

It cannot be denied that a tour on the continent during the summer months possesses great attractions, particularly in Germany, where the beauties of nature may be enjoyed alternately with those of art in her fine old cities, to which the intellectual converse of her well-educated children will impart an increased charm; but no Englishman that values health will long reside there, for it certainly is not a climate in which a protracted sojourn is favourable to the English constitution, owing probably to the want of the bracing sea-breezes which blow over the whole of our island. My long familiarity with the country, and my intercourse with thousands of English residents, justify me in making the assertion. Dyspepsia, with its long train of stomach complaints, is generally caused by a long residence; and the nervenfieber (nervous fervour) prevails to an extent unknown in England. The mortality occa-

sioned by the malady is frightful. Although it is possible that adults may escape both these diseases, yet there are two others prevalent, which are nearly certain to attack every child,—the goitre, and worms. The former is peculiar to the mountainous districts, and comes on gradually and insidiously, so that it has commonly made considerable progress before it is observed; and I have known some families, who found, to their astonishment and mortification, that the necks of their children were very much enlarged. The latter is so universal, that the Germans regard it with the same indifference that we do a cut finger; and yet I have seen English children, pale, emaciated, and apparently sinking rapidly to their graves, before the cause of their illness was discovered; for, if not extirpated, these vermin breed with a rapidity perfectly incredible: and I have known more than one instance in which consumption and death ensued, when the parents were ignorant of the disorder.

I would also impress upon such of my countrymen as may be determined, in opposition to my friendly hints, to take up a lengthened abode in Germany, to beware, for the sake of obtaining cheap houses, of residing at the baths during the winter; these are generally situated in deep valleys, almost closed in by mountains, damp, and without a free circulation of air; how, then, can they be healthy? The Germans are quite as partial to good apartments for the price of bad ones, as the English; but, on the first appearance of the autumnal rains, they invariably fly from these establishments, as if the cholera had made its appearance.

Plain of the Rhine.

After passing the small town of Offenburg, in the vicinity of the bath, we enter what is, indeed, the Campagna d'oro of the duchy of Baden. The road is carried along the base of a chain of hills, which form the outposts of the Hercynian, or Black Forest. These are covered with every species of foliage, from the creeping vine to the majestic oak, and diversified with picturesque ruins, pinnacled on beetling crags, crumbling convents, and castellated châteaux. On the other side, we have a continuation of the same extensive plain, which we have before alluded to, at Frankfort; but here more contracted, and occasionally rising into an eminence, with a distinct view of the Vosges mountains, the Rhine, and the beautiful spire of Strasburg's cathedral, which continues our companions to Basle, in Switzerland. The towns and villages are populous, and the soil extremely fertile; producing not only every species of grain, but hops, tobacco, flax, and hemp, to which we may add wine and oil. The former is a red wine (the Mar-graver), held in high repute; and the latter

is extracted from the Mohnkopfen (poppy heads), and used very generally in Germany as a substitute for olive oil. The walnuts, appropriated to the same purpose, yield half their own weight in oil, whose flavour is considered equal to that of the finest Lucca oil; under which name, I was assured, it is often exported. This very fruitful tree, which we see flourishing along the high road, and in the orchards of the peasants, is one of great utility to the German: his furniture is made from it, the leaves dye a good black and brown, and he feeds his cattle with the shells of the nuts that have supplied his oil. The beautiful plain itself is classic land to the warrior, and ought to be fruitful; for it has been saturated, from time immemorial, with the blood of Europe's bravest sons. Here the Romans and Allemagnians disputed the ground, inch by inch; here Turenne met with his death wound; and here the armies of Napoleon, by their repeated victories, annihilated German independence.

Vienna.

Although this was not the first time I had visited Vienna, yet I found the town so much improved during my absence, that I now enjoyed its charms with the vivacity of first impressions. The extensive esplanade and bastei, that separate the city from the faubourgs, was completely finished, and prettily laid out as a pleasure-ground; to which the gay throng, some promenading, and others taking refreshment under the marquees and awnings of the coffee-houses, imparted an air of cheerfulness and variety. The noble Prater, the finest public park in Europe, was still more attractive, crowded as it then was with splendid equipages and numerous equestrians and pedestrians; indeed, the whole population seemed in search of enjoyment. In vain I sought for that abject misery and squalid wretchedness so usually attendant on populous cities; wherever I bent my steps, my ears were agreeably entertained with the variety of languages, and my eyes equally amused by the variety of national costume, for, mingled with the pleasure-seeking multitude, were Armenians, Persians, Turks, Grecians, Hungarians, &c. What a contrast did all this evident prosperity present to the appearance exhibited by Vienna at the peace of 1815!

The town was even still more improved by the addition of a very splendid portal, the Burg-thor, together with an elegant chain bridge, the Sophien-brücke, thrown across an arm of the Danube; and the streets, particularly those of the faubourgs, were better paved: the material for doing this, an excellent species of granite, is found in great abundance in the neighbourhood. Although Vienna was always remarkable for the number of its handsome palaces, yet several new

edifices have recently been erected; not the lath and plaster structures we see in Berlin, but exhibiting a character at once massive and imposing, and if not calculated to command the entire admiration of the critic for their classic architecture, they are at least exempt from any display of gew-gaw finery, or of that barbarous mixture of poverty and grandeur, which so often obtrudes on the observation in other cities of Germany. These buildings in general display a sober, solid, stateliness, rising to four or five floors, in the form of a square.

We find in Vienna some of the largest houses in Europe; that called the Stahrmbergische-haus is computed to be inhabited by two thousand persons, and produces a revenue of a hundred and ninety thousand florins. The Burgher-spital, six stories high, has ten courts, and twenty separate staircases; besides several others, whose dimensions are equally colossal. That man is indeed to be pitied, who should arrive here in search of a friend, unless he is provided, in addition to the street and number of the house, with the name of the court, staircase, floor, even the number of the door.

Public Amusements at Vienna.

Next to music, dancing is the amusement most sedulously followed at Vienna, especially during the Carnival, when there are masked and unmasked balls for the whole population, from the emperor and empress, to the woodcutter and blanchichause. The principal is held in the Redoutensaal, where there are frequently assembled between five and six thousand persons, including the emperor and his family, the ministers, foreign ambassadors, in short all the rank and beauty of Vienna. The Apollo Saal, also dedicated to the divinity of dancing, is unequalled in splendour, affording sufficient space for ten thousand persons to waltz at ease. It presents a most imposing spectacle, when lighted up and ornamented with festoons of flowers, and filled by vast multitudes, whose dancing figures are multiplied a thousand-fold by the numerous, brilliant mirrors.

The numerous promenades that surround Vienna constitute another recreation of these pleasure-loving people; the principal is the Prater. This splendid park, unequalled in any country for extent and the beauty of its situation, being nearly encircled by the Danube, was only accessible to the nobility previous to the reign of the reforming emperor, Joseph II. On Sunday and holidays, it is filled with tens of thousands of the citizens, among whom are to be seen the emperor and his family, who partake of this as they do of all popular amusement. The Prater is distinguished from our English parks by having coffee-houses, restaurateurs, billiard-rooms, &c. Here we may see the richer citizens

listlessly sipping their ices, and their humbler brethren resting from their labours by the most vigorous waltzing, or by playing the darling game of the Germans, nine-pins. The Prater is also the theatre for the display of fire-works; from the immense concourse of people, a stranger might be inclined to suppose that the whole population of Vienna were assembled on these occasions. When the evening closes, the report of a cannon announces they are about to commence, when simultaneously the vast multitude is seen rushing to one spot. A second cannon, accompanied by a rocket, is succeeded by a most splendid display of fireworks, in every form and colour, which continues for about half an hour, terminating by a deafening explosion. This being the enterprise of a private individual, he is remunerated by the seats let out in a wooden amphitheatre, at twenty-four kreutzers each, little more than sixpence. The gayest scene, however, exhibited on the Prater is the Schlitten-Fahrt (sledge-driving), and for brilliancy of effect it is, I should think, unequalled in any country. The splendour of the equipages, the beauty of the Hungarian horses, and the fine park, then covered with its snowy mantle, of which pageant it is the arena, then crowded with tens of thousands of pedestrians wrapped in fur, renders the Schlitten-Fahrt at Vienna, a very imposing spectacle. The fantastic form of the sledge generally originates in the whim of the proprietor; swans, griffins, dragons, eagles, and a thousand others afford an endless variety; many of the nobles adopt the form of the supporters of their armorial bearings. They are usually drawn by two horses; but on state occasions, by four, decorated with bells, ribands, and most gaudy trappings, while the airy vehicle itself, which contains a seat for two persons, is painted with the brightest colours, and richly gilded; for fashion places no bounds to the display of finery in the Schlitten and its appendages. It is always attended by either two or four outriders in the livery of the proprietor. The spectator has the advantage, while seated in one of the coffee-houses of the Prater, of contemplating without exposure to the wintry wind, the whole gorgeous cavalcade, which, headed by the sledges of the emperor and the nobility, is followed by hundreds of those of the citizens.

England.

A Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England. By Sir George Head.

[THE circumstance of our possessing two lively tourists of this name, Sir Francis, the "Old Man" of the Brunns, and Sir George, author of rambles in the Wilds of North America,—illustrates the proverb that "two

Heads are better than one." Both are skilful, yet unprejudiced, observers, and clever, pleasant writers: their humour is ready at points, and they find "good in everything;" Sir George is as entertaining in the "wilds" as on the railways, and he treats as lightly the perils of an American forest as the social nuisance of thirty-seven ill-fashioned chairs in the hotel public-room at Matlock. The present work has been written under the wholesome conviction that "no other country can yield to an Englishman more rational grounds of interest than the British dominions;" a point which we slightly illustrated on noticing Mr. Babbage's condensed volume on Machinery and Manufactures. Sir George Head's Home Tour combines the *utile* of Mr. Babbage's book with the *dulce* of the travelling knight's exhaustless talent and humour for observation, his originality and occasional quaint oddities of comparison and description; so as to render this volume the most instructive and entertaining of its kind. Better would it be for Englishmen and for the world, if such books—Home Tours, we mean—were more numerous than they are; for, hundreds of tourists would then become acquainted with the wealth and vast resources of their own country before they panted for the wonders of foreign travel: so true is it that in England we have more of the pride of superiority in the scale of nations than the knowledge of what constitutes such pre-eminence.*

Sir George Head characterizes his own book as the result of a desultory ramble through the manufacturing districts: now and then he stayed in a small country town, or in a sea-side village, a week—sometimes he flitted from a large city in a day: in the town of Newcastle, for instance, he tarried two days; he adds, "had I stayed long enough to give a detailed account, I might have been there still." The period of the tour is last summer; the mode on horseback, on canal, in coach, on railway, &c. The journey begins at Liverpool and ends at Preston, so as to include that portion of Lancashire, in which the progress of manufactures and public improvement is better shown than in any other district in England. The plan of the narrative is as attractive as the materials. At Liverpool, our tourist describes the canals, St. George's Dock, and the Great Tunnel; the rustic sports at Southport; the new Criminal Court and Gaol, at Chester; the Salt Mines, at Northwich; Wedding Parties and Packing, at Manchester; how Pins are made at Warrington, and Plate Glass at St. Helen's; the Caverns and Mines of Buxton and Matlock, and the rural sublimity of the district,

* To the reproach of our literati, be it said, that of the accounts yet written of the vast resources of Britain, the most valuable is by a Frenchman—Baron Charles Dupin.

by the way, a delightful alternation with the predigies of art and her elaborate works in the neighbouring counties; the Wisbey Iron Foundry, and the magnificent country near Halifax; the vast Tunnel at Huddersfield, and Rag-grinding at Dewsbury; a Visit to Mr. Waterton and Walton Hall, another pleasant alternation; Leeds, and its stores of stone, its Cloth and Worsted Mills, with a few pages of excellent remarks on Public Education; Selby and its Railway to Leeds; Goole, its canal and docks, which town is scarcely laid down in our maps, its rise having been so rapid that the very boys that play at marbles in the streets call to mind the digging of its foundations; Hull, and the Greenland Fishery; Holderness, and its remarkable coast; Scarborough and its Museum; Whitby, and its Alum Works; Stockton-upon-Tees, its Suspension Bridge and Coal-staiths; the Dinsdale Spa, the Salmon Leap, and the Stockton and Darlington Railway; Hartlepool, and its projected asylum coast harbour; Sunderland, its magnificent bridge, and busy river and basin; Newcastle, its railways and Coal-staiths; Carlisle and Annan Navigation Canal; Greenock, and Shaw's Waterworks; Altonby, and Greta Green; a Laking Chapter; Whitehaven, and its vast Coal Works; Preston, and Temperance Hotels, and its Canal to Kendal. Such are but a few of the main features of the Tour, with the details of which we shall endeavour to make our readers somewhat more at home.]

A Cargo of Pigs.

I went to the Clarence Dock, Liverpool, to see a cargo of pigs unladen, from Ireland. They had arrived on board the steamer *Drogheda*, from Belfast, together with a number of oxen, sheep, and geese. The pigs were, contrary to my expectation, persuaded to walk out without any difficulty, by means of planks placed zig-zag, and leading upwards all the way from the hold.

The service of attending a cargo of pigs, and remaining in their company below,—when it is considered that the flavour rising from their hides is so strong as to taint a column of air a mile long or more, and nobody knows exactly how broad,—must be really arduous. I have understood, however, that such attendance is absolutely necessary, and regularly performed, in order to stir them up, as the only means, the creatures being so closely packed, to prevent their suffocation. At all events, on the present occasion, men were doing duty below manfully, in a hot and corrupted atmosphere. As each pig walked up the platform, Paddy behind with a small switch, whenever the animal attempted to swerve, persuaded him with a delicate touch on the rump. The animal probably mistaking this

for the bite of a fly, gently placed one leg forward; this was no sooner set in its place, than another tickle of the switch on the other side caused him to advance the other. An Irishman can certainly, in common cases, do more with his pig than the native of any other country; and this is, no doubt, mainly owing to his treating the beast with kindness. A very short time ago I met a man leading a large boar in a string through the town of Litchfield. It was not necessary to inquire whither the latter and his gentleman usher were going, but I could not help stopping to have a little conversation with the man, to which the boar, with a playful glance of his eye, actually seemed to be listening. The creature followed his master as willingly as a dog, a leathern thong being tied loosely round his thick neck; and I was assured, that by kind treatment alone, he had been brought to such a state of discipline as to be thoroughly depended on. Once or twice during the time the man stopped, the boar seemed anxious to proceed; and though he did not put forth his strength, his weight alone called for a counteracting power. In order to stop him, the man placed one foot against his flank, as a purchase, and then, the other foot resting on the ground, he laid his shoulders to the draft, and pulled him off his centre.

The Huddersfield Tunnel.

The Huddersfield Tunnel is a most extraordinary work. Between Huddersfield and the village of Marsden, where it commences, there are on the canal forty-two locks, the turnpike-road leading by the side, along higher ground, through a romantic glen, which assumes gradually a more and more mountainous character. The mouth of the tunnel is about seven miles distant from Huddersfield, a little to the north of the canal. Here the Manchester road commences, a stupendous ascent, of a mile and a half in continuation, so that, were it not that the tunnel proclaims it own wonder, being in length three miles and a quarter, cut through the middle of a solid mountain,—the face of the country altogether would seem to bid defiance to such a work of art. The cost is said to have been 300,000*l.*, which brings the expense to 1*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* per inch; but, notwithstanding the line is regularly worked, the undertaking has failed to reimburse the original proprietors. As the dimensions are too small to admit of two boats passing each other during their passage through, strict regulations are enforced as to the times when they are permitted to enter at either end. Accordingly they adopt intervals of four hours, continually, during day and night: when the towing horses are sent over the hill in charge of a man, who receives sixpence for conducting each horse. The span of the circular aperture is about

ten feet; the height not sufficient to allow a man to stand upright in the boat,—those used in this navigation being of a narrow, compact build, suited to the service, and capable of carrying from twelve to twenty tons.

The operation of working the boats through is a singular one; and performed by a description of labourers adventitiously hired for the purpose. As there is generally work to be had, a sufficient number of these continually present themselves, who having remained a few days or a week, or as long as it suits them, receive their payment, pursue their march, and choose another occupation. These men, from the nature of their service, are called “leggers,” for they literally work the boat with their legs, or kick it from one end of the tunnel to the other; two “leggers,” in each boat lying on their sides back to back, derive a purchase from shoulder to shoulder, and use their feet against the opposite walls. It is a hard service, performed in total darkness, and not altogether void of danger, as the roof is composed of loose material, in some parts, continually breaking in. Two hours is the time occupied in legging a boat through, and a logger earns a shilling for a light boat; after twelve tons he receives one shilling and sixpence; and so on. Adjacent to the tunnel are considerable reservoirs of water on the higher ground; I saw one containing about twelve acres; another, considerably more elevated, is a great deal larger. This latter I did not see, but a miller, whose works receive the stream as it passes towards the lower reservoir, told me it enabled him, on its transit, to set on three pairs of stones of four feet ten inches diameter, for three weeks, day and night; he said it measured forty acres.

Gretna Green.

The old original marrying-house is in the village of Springfield, nearly a mile from Gretna Green, an exceedingly small public-house, kept at present by one John Sowerby, as notified by a square sign, nailed against the side of the house, over the door. The house, since the days of old David or Daniel Laing, the notorious blacksmith, has undergone no alteration, and the same business as formerly is transacted under its roof; but the matrimonial branch is now confined almost altogether to the poorer classes:—although the officiating clergymen are various, many is the epithalamium that in humble life still resounds within its walls. That the edifice, small as it is, is large enough for all reasonable purposes, is evident by the numerous scribblers in prose and in verse, who, in various ways, have been pleased on the windows and on the walls to bear testimony to hours passed agreeably, and express otherwise their en-

tire satisfaction. Among these I was informed (for the room in question, during my visit, was occupied by a newly married pair) may be seen the hand-writing of the late Lord E——.

Gretna Hall, a very respectable-looking country inn, is immediately contiguous to Gretna Green, which latter is, as many people know, a small rural common, nine miles from Carlisle. At this house, all the modern matrimonial affairs, among the higher classes, have of late years been conducted; and hither all inquiring strangers are directed point blank; besides, a painted board points out the way from the Green to lovers and travellers, along a wide, straight drive leading to the door. The establishment possesses considerable advantages over the old one—indeed the one is a comfortable country residence, whereas the other more resembles a pot-house, such as the “Jolly Sailor,” or “The Three Loggerheads,” in a seaport town. The new clergyman also, who may be said, phoenix-like, to have arisen from the ashes of the old one,—for whether or not the ancient Daniel or David departed in a fit of spontaneous combustion, is a point, I believe, hardly determined,—exists under terms of comparison with his predecessor equally favourable. He is not only clergyman, but landlord also—both persons in one; whence it arises, partly proceeding from his own moral qualities, and partly owing to his office of landlord, which confines him to the spot, that he possesses those qualifications that every Gretna Green clergyman ought to have,—namely, he is at all times to be found in a hurry: and, finally, when found, sober, and able to perform his duty. In person he is a slight, fair, good-looking man; in age about forty, of prepossessing manners, and mild and respectful in his demeanour; without bearing the mein of a dignitary of the church; he seems a person qualified to encourage a timid bride, or allay the scruples of any young lady his customer, provided she chanced to bring any so far along with her. On the present occasion, he was dressed in the style of a respectable layman or farmer,—altogether in the rural costume, namely, a clean, tidy, light-coloured, fustian shooting-jacket and shooting etceteras.

In case of emergencies a qualified deputy or sub-clergyman resides on the spot, in the person of a slim, civil, harmless-looking lad, his son, who, though he states his age to be two-and-twenty, he looks hardly out of his teens.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand. (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 780.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]



WHITTLESEA CHURCH, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

WHITTLESEA, in the hundred of Witchford, and deanery of Ely, lies on the borders of Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire, about five miles east of Peterborough. It contains two parishes, St. Mary and St. Andrew, but their respective boundaries cannot be ascertained; and, they are so far consolidated, that, although in distinct patronage, they are generally held by the same person, and only one register of births, &c. is kept for both.

The manor of Whittlesea St. Mary, with the advowson of that church, belonged to the abbot and convent of Thorney: the estate has been for a considerable time in the Waldegrave family.

VOL. XXVII.

The manor of Whittlesea St. Andrew, which had belonged to the prior and convent of Ely, and the impropriation of the parish of St. Mary, together with the patronage of that benefice, have long been held with the manor of Whittlesea St. Mary.*

St. Mary's ranks among the finest churches in the county, which is rich in ancient architecture. Its style is that of the latter part of the fourteenth, and the fifteenth centuries. It is distinguished by a remarkably fine tower and spire of the latter period: this tower is in four stages, each filled with windows or

* Abridged from Lysous's *Magna Britannia*, vol. ii., part i. Cambridgeshire.

sunk panels; the buttresses are, in part, paneled, and run up above the battlemented parapet of the tower into crocketed pinnacles, from which spring pierced, flying buttresses against the beautiful stone spire. This has three tiers of windows in the alternate faces, and its bold ribs are crocketed. There are a fine south porch, and some decorated windows. The nave has four equilateral arches, with circular and octagonal piers. In the chancel are a water-drain, (*piscina*), and two enriched stalls. There are galleries in both aisles, a semicircular gallery at the west end, and above it a singing gallery. With great propriety, a long window has been introduced into the tower arch, affording a view from the nave of the beautiful stone groining of the tower.*

In this church are memorials of the families of Hake, Whitstone, and Underwood; in that of St. Andrew, memorials of the families of Stona, Moore, Read, and Underwood. The latter family had resided at Whittlesea many years before the civil war, at which time Hugh Underwood, Esq., was deputy-lieutenant of the Isle of Ely, and Governor of Whittlesea.

There are at Whittlesea, besides the churches of St. Mary and St. Andrew, a charity-school for the instruction of twenty-seven children, and some alms-houses supported by the parish.

Whittlesea, exclusively of the town, is divided into five districts, called Estry, Cotes, Eldernal, Willow-hall, and Glassmoor. At Eldernal was a chapel, consecrated in 1525, and long since dilapidated: at Glassmoor were found, about the year 1742, several Roman lamps made of the red ware. Whittlesea Mere is in the county of Huntingdon.†

The prefixed Engraving shows a North-west View of St. Mary's; the original being ably drawn by Lieutenant John Bradshaw, (Philhellene,) and as well lithographed by Mr. A. Picken.

THE STAR CHAMBER.

(To the Editor.)

I HAVE read, with much pleasure, your excellent account of the Star Chamber;‡ and I am happy to be able to contribute to it some additional information, viz. the identity of the late Chamber with the old "*Camera Stelcata*."

You quote correctly from Brayley and Britton, that the modern room could not have been the original one, the architecture being Elizabethan. Yet, the ceiling was evidently *not* Elizabethan, but Tudor Gothic; and this circumstance raised a dispute on the identity of the Chamber, which was set at rest on its

being taken down, by finding some of the enriched Gothic paneling of the old Chamber behind the Elizabethan paneling. There were also found four *arched* doorways of the Tudor style, buried within the modern *square headed* door frames. These discoveries prove that the ancient building was not destroyed, but was merely newly-fronted and fitted up, according to the style prevailing in the time of Elizabeth.

Perhaps, you are not aware that under the principal staircase was a wood-hole, with a stone Gothic entrance, having spandrels ornamented with roses, which confirms the originality of the building. Indeed, Gothic was too much despised about 1600 to be used in a new work.

I received some of the above information from the Honourable Sir Edward Cust, who is now having the Star Chamber restored at his seat of Leasowe Castle, and who kindly permitted me to take drawings of the newly discovered paneling.

The additional interest attached to the Star Chamber, on its being ascertained to be older than supposed, is my best excuse for troubling you with this communication.

JOHN J. COLE.

AUTOGRAPHS AND LOCALITIES.

WE notice, with pleasure, the third part of Mr. Smith's admirable fac-similes of *Autographical and Literary Curiosities*, inasmuch as the progress of the work testifies the rate of popular taste for such lore.

The fac-similes are—a letter of the celebrated Addison, respecting a passage in Statius; Dr. Beattie's letter to Garrick, presenting his beautiful production, *The Minstrel*; a letter in rhyme from Cowper the poet, to the Rev. J. Newton; De Lolme's agreement with his publisher, Robinson, respecting the copyright of his well known treatise on the English Constitution; verses by the Rev. Dr. Doddridge; a letter of John Dryden, under the cognomen of an Old Cripple, apprising his relation, Mrs. Stewart of Cotterstock, near Oundle, in Northamptonshire, that he and his son had taken places by the Oundle coach to wait on a fair lady, *i. e.* herself, on a particular day. This son was afterwards drowned at Rome, to the great grief of the poet.

Rev. James Granger, author of the Biographical History of England, a letter, in 1769, to Cole, deploring—"I find that the Icomania, a new disease, prevails much in London. One symptom of it, in which it differs from all other kinds of madness, is, that it delights in the maiming of old books; and what I am much concerned to hear is, that some of them are of such value, that none but an idiot was ever before known to have wilfully done them

* From Notes on the Cambridgeshire Churches. 1827.

† *Lysone's Mag. Brit.*

‡ *The Mirror*, Nos. 775 and 777.

* See page 163 of the present volume.

the least injury. I have great reason to believe that the rage of this distemper will soon be over." The original letter is in the Upcott Collection. The reverend writer was no diviner into after effects, for though a century has since nearly elapsed, the Icomania is as deadly in its contagion as ever.

A letter from Francis Grose, the antiquary, to Gough, soliciting information how Corfe Castle had descended from Lord Chief Justice Bankes to the present proprietor, and had become so ruinous.

The minister, Lord Halifax, letter, in 1709, to Dean Swift, declaring the solicitude of himself and Addison to serve him, and hinting a probability of Swift's being Dr. South's successor.—"Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal; the situation of his prebendary would make me doubly concerned in serving you."

Sir William Jones of immortal memory, a letter dated from University College, Oxford, Jan. 3, 1771, intimating, "I have just begun to contemplate the stately edifice of the laws of England—

'The gather'd wisdom of a thousand years.'"

Sir Isaac Newton's letter to the mathematician Briggs, dated Trinity College, Cambridge, June 20, 1682, in eulogy of his ingenious theory of vision; and concurring in the assertion that we see with both eyes at once.

John Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery, a letter in 1746, explanatory of the failures of Voltaire, the Abbé Le Blanc, and others, in their characteristics of the English. Justly he observes, "We are a people, who are not immediately known; various, like our climate; reserved and stiff to foreigners; shy and distrustful even of ourselves. The eye must be very discerning that can see the beauties and defects of the English nation."

But more interesting than any of the preceding, is Graham of Claverhouse's letter to the Earl of Rothes, detailing the circumstances of the Fight of Drumclog, which the reader will recollect, forms so prominent a feature in Sir Walter Scott's tale of *Old Mortality*: the Fight of Drumclog is also mentioned in the memoirs of Captain Creighton, published by Dean Swift. Creighton says the leader of the Covenanters, or rebels, as he terms them, was Robert Hamilton, second brother of the Royal House of Preston; that the rebels were eight or nine thousand strong, and that Clavers' men did not exceed 180; but the letter which was despatched to the Earl, the moment after Claverhouse's arrival at Glasgow, unhurt, shows truly the effective strength of each. Creighton is also in error in the name of the cornet that was slain in the onset; he calls him Robert Graham; his name in the letter appears to have been Crafford, or Crawford; and he sadly misrepresents the fact connected with his death.

2 B z

He says, the rebels finding the cornet's body, and supposing it to be that of Clavers, because the name of Graham was wrought in the shirt-neck, treated it with the utmost inhumanity,—cutting off the nose, picking out the eyes, and stabbing it through in a hundred places. The circumstance, as related by Creighton, that Claverhouse's horse dragged his entrails along for two miles from the place of battle, is a flourish upon fancy—the letter says it was half a mile. This autograph was purchased by the Duke of Buckingham in Dec. 1824, for twelve guineas; and as a document of unusual historical interest, we avail ourselves of inserting it wholly. The Scotticisms with which it is fraught have induced the printing of it in modern orthography.

Glasgow, June 2, 1679.

My Lord, upon Saturday night, when my Lord Rosse came into this place, I marched out, and because of the insolence that had been done two nights before at Ruglen, [Rutherglen,] I went thither and inquired for their names; so soon as I got them, I sent out parties to seize on them, and found not only three of those rogues, but also one intercomend * minister, called King. We had them at Struan about six in the morning, yesterday, and resolving to convey them to this, I thought that we might make a little tour to see if we could fall upon a conventicle, which we did, little to our advantage; for when we came in sight of them, we found them drawn up in battle upon a most advantageous ground, to which there was no coming but through mosses and lithese.† They were not preaching, and had got away all their women and children; they consisted of four battalions of foot, all well armed with fuseses and pitchforks, and three squadrons of horse. We sent both parties to skirmish—they of foot, and we of dragoons: they ran for it, and sent down a battalion of foot. Against them we sent threescore of dragoons, who made them run again shamefully, but in the end, they perceiving that we had the better of them in skirmish, they resolved on a general engagement, and immediately advanced with their foot, the horse following. They came through the loch, and the greatest body of all made up against my troop; we kepted our fire till they were within ten paces of us: they received our fire and advanced to the shock. The first they gave us, brought down the cornet, Mr. Crawford, and Captain Bleith; besides that, with a pitchfork they made such an opening in my sorry horse's belly, that his guts hung out half an ell, and yet he carried me half a mile, which so discouraged our men, that they sustained not the shock, but fell into disorder; their horse took the occasion of this, and pursued us so hotly, that we got no time to rally. I saved the standard,

* Newly come.

† Lichens?

but lost on the place eight or ten men, besides wounded; but the dragoons lost many more. They are not come easily off on the other side, for I saw several of them fall before we came to the shock. I made the best retreat the confusion of our troops would suffer, and am now lying with my Lord Ross. The town of Struan drew up as we were making our retreat, and thought at a pass to cut us off, but we took courage, fell to them, and made them run, leaving a dozen on the place. What these rogues will do next, I know not, but the country was flocking to them from all hands. This may be counted the beginning of the rebellion, in my opinion.

My Lord, I am so weary and so sleepy, that I have written this very confusedly.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble servant,

J. GRAHAME.

Graham of Claverhouse, the staunch adherent of the house of Stuart, was afterwards enrolled by James II. as Earl of Dundee, and killed in the Fight of Killicrankey, in Aug. 1689.

The Localities engraved are the Birth-places of Addison and Granger, one of which we purpose to transfer to our little Gallery of Natal Houses of Genius.

SACRIFICES.

THE following extracts are placed together for the sake of contrast: they tend to show under what very different forms and circumstances a principle, remaining essentially the same, has operated.

*A Child's Offering.**

Being unable to form an idea of the Supreme Being, I sought him in his works, and resolved to erect an altar to him after the manner of the patriarchs. Certain productions of nature were to represent the world, and a flame was to arise, figurative of the human soul ascending to its Creator. I, therefore, chose the most valuable articles in the collection of natural curiosities which I had at hand. The difficulty was to arrange them in such a manner as to compose a little edifice. My father had a handsome music-desk of red lacker, adorned with golden flowers, in form of a four-sided pyramid, with ledges to execute quartetts. This desk had not been used for some time. I took possession of it, and laid my specimens of natural history upon it in gradation, some above others in regular and significant order. I wished to offer my first act of adoration at sunrise. I had not yet determined on the manner in which I should produce the symbolical flame, which I intended, at the same time, to emit a fragrant odour. At length, I

succeeded in securing these two conditions of my sacrifice. I had in my possession a few grains of incense: if they would not produce a flame, they might, at least, give light, and spread an agreeable odour while burning. This mild light shed by burning perfumes expresses what passes in our mind at such a moment even more perfectly than a flame. The sun had long risen above the horizon, but the neighbouring houses still intercepted his rays. At length, he rose high enough to allow me, by means of a burning-glass, to light my grains of incense, scientifically arranged in a fine porcelain cup. Everything succeeded according to my wishes: my piety was satisfied. My altar became the principal ornament of the apartment in which it stood. Others perceived in it nothing but a collection of natural curiosities distributed with regularity and elegance: I alone knew its real intention. I wished to repeat my pious ceremony. Unluckily, when the sun appeared, I had no porcelain cup at hand. I placed my grains of incense on the top of the desk: I lighted them; but I was so absorbed in my pious contemplations, that I did not perceive the mischief my sacrifice had done until it was too late to remedy it. The grains of incense, in burning, had covered the fine red lacker and the gold flowers with black spots; as if the evil one, driven away by my prayers, had left the indelible traces of his feet on the desk. The young pontiff now found himself in sad perplexity: he succeeded in concealing the damage by means of his pile of natural curiosities; but he never afterwards had the courage to repeat his sacrifice; and he thought he saw in this accident a warning of the danger of attempting to approach the Deity in any manner whatsoever.

Self-sacrifice of an Old Man.

Calanus was a Hindoo philosopher, of great age, and highly venerated in his own country, who was induced by Alexander the Great to accompany him in returning from his Indian expedition. The dying scene of Calanus is thus described by the historian:

"According to the Brahman doctrine, death is but a parting of the immortal soul from an unworthy associate—the mortal body—which every one might choose for himself, regardless of further duties among men. Of his faith in this doctrine, and of his contempt for whatever enjoyments might be reserved for him in this world, Calanus resolved to show an example, ordinary in his own country, but which, where he now was, would be striking and memorable. Accordingly, he made known to Alexander his desire to die by fire on a funeral pile, pursuant to the practice of his sect. The prince kindly remonstrated, and, at first, refused permission. But Calanus persevering against all solicitation and argument, and declaring that he

* From the Life of Goethe, by Himself—a translation of his *Aus mein Leben*.

would use his right of choosing death for himself, and if denied the more honourable mode warranted by the practice of his sect, still he would die, Alexander at length reluctantly yielded.

"Avoiding to be present at the mournful exhibition, he would otherwise do his wilful parting friend the utmost honour. The whole army was ordered out under the command of the historian, Ptolemy, son of Lagus. Calanus, so weak from sickness as to be unable, if not rather unwilling, to walk, was provided with a horse. A company preceded him, carrying offerings of vessels of gold and silver, and royal robes. He was crowned in the Indian manner, and sang as he went. At the foot of the pile, he was taken on a couch, perhaps a palanquin, and carried by men to the top. The decent gracefulness and apparent composure with which he placed himself there, were remarked by the beholders. While the flames approached, he continued, to the admiration of all, motionless, till, with the smoke, they hid him from the sight."*

In passing judgment on these efforts to obtain communion of something better than what this world supplies, we should not forget that, crude and erroneous as they may have been, they were prompted by the indignance of our nature,—

"And that, unless above himself he can
Erect himself,—how poor a thing is man!"

* Mitford's History of Greece. — This subject affords, also, the following coincidence:—"This is reported," says Arrian, "of the Indian philosopher Calanus.—On leaving the palace to proceed to the funeral pile, having saluted the rest of his friends, he avoided that ceremony to Alexander, saying he would salute him at Babylon." [At Babylon, shortly after, Alexander died, but of the salutation nothing is recorded.]

Anecdote Gallery.

BUONAPARTIANA.

NAPOLÉON was accustomed, (says a recent writer,) to wear a coat of mail under his clothes, and which he very rarely went without. On his departure for Belgium, he thought it best to guard against those dangers with which he was threatened, having all Europe leagued against him, by every means in his power. He, accordingly, sent for a clever workman, and asked him if he thought himself competent to make a coat of mail of such a texture that no weapons whatever could penetrate. On the artificer answering in the affirmative, Buonaparte agreed to give him 18,000 francs, the sum asked. On the day fixed, the man brought his work to the palace. Napoleon quickly examined it, and ordered the workman to put it on himself. The man obeyed. Napoleon then took two pistols, saying, "We shall now see if this coat of mail is of the texture you pro-

mised me." He fired the first at his breast: the cuirass resisted. "Turn round." The man obeyed; the second ball struck his back, and with the same result. The poor artificer, half dead with fright, thought these trials would be sufficient, but he was mistaken in his calculation. Buonaparte next armed himself with a long fowling-piece, and made the same experiment on the shoulders, back, and breast of the poor, trembling patient. Happily, the cuirass resisted, and saved the inventor from so cruel a trial. "How much am I to pay you," said Napoleon, "after this noble exploit?" — "Eighteen thousand francs," stammered out the frightened artificer, almost deprived of his senses.—"No such thing, sir," replied Napoleon, "I shall give you thirty-six thousand;" and gave an order on his treasurer for that amount.

One of Buonaparte's greatest misfortunes, (says M. de Bourrienne,) consisted in his not believing in friendship, and not feeling the necessity of loving. How often has he exclaimed in my hearing, "Friendship is but a word: I love no one: no; not even my brothers: Joseph, perhaps, a little; still, if I do love him, it is from habit, because he is the eldest of us.—Duroc! yes; him I certainly love. But, why? his character suits me. He is cold, severe, unfeeling; and then—Duroc never weeps! As for me, it is all one; I well know that I have no true friends. While I remain what I am, I can make as many of them as I like, in appearance. Look ye, Bourrienne, we must leave tender-heartedness to the women—that is their affair; but no sensibility for me! it is necessary to be firm—to have the heart of adamant; otherwise let no one meddle with war or politics!"

When Napoleon was in Egypt, and inspecting the country, he took advantage of a low tide, traversed the Red Sea, and gained the opposite side; but on his return, night overtook him, and he ran the greatest danger of perishing, precisely in the same manner as Pharaoh.

Napoleon, in his campaign against Prussia, having found at Potsdam the sword of Frederic the Great, the belt which this monarch wore during the seven years' war, and the grand insignia of his orders, exclaimed, on taking possession of these trophies, "I prefer them to all the treasures of the King of Prussia—I will send them to my veterans of the campaigns of Hanover; the governor of the Invalides will guard them as a certificate of the victories of the grand army, and of the revenge which was taken for the disasters at Rosbach."

Among the other costly relics belonging to one of the richest convents in Valladolid, there was a brick of massive gold, of nearly one foot in length by an inch thick, which contained a thorn, said to be from the crown

which Christ wore on the cross. It was presented to Napoleon by one of his generals, and he received it; but, taking out the thorn, "There," said he, "give that back to the monks—I keep the brick."

On a complaint being made to Napoleon respecting the inferior quality of some saddles and harness, the Emperor said to General Bessieres, "If the commissary thought those articles bad, he had a right to reject them."—"That is not the question," said Bessieres, "it is mere malignity on the commissary's part; the articles are good, and the contractors only desire to prove it; they are honest people of my country, and I interest myself for them; if their demand was not just, I should be the first to object to it." This defence of the contractors was uttered by Bessieres with some warmth, when the Emperor replied, smiling, "Do not repeat the same to others, or it will be said that your *protégés*, as an inducement to you to make their saddles pass, have presented you with a golden one."

When Jerome Buonaparte, King of Westphalia, passed through Warsaw, on his way to Moscow, in the campaign of 1812, he gave a dinner, at which he had soldiers holding upright, round the table, branches of cherry-trees laden with fruit; these formed a sort of grove, which extended over the heads of himself and guests, from which they gathered the fruit for their dessert.

At the time when private letters were opened by the orders of Napoleon, a packet was stopped at Trieste, which proved to be written in Hebrew. The clerks having no knowledge of this ancient language, a Jew was sent for to interpret it. On reading the letter, he betrayed great embarrassment, and wished to be excused the translation, but the secretaries were determined. The Jew, who shook with fear, then read the following translation:—"Blackguards that you are; do you suppose that if I were fool enough to conspire against you and your paltry town, I should hazard my plots in a letter. No; while the present apt apostrophe is being poured into your ears, know that I am laughing in my sleeve at your having exposed yourselves to the ridicule of seeking a translation for my rubbish. May the lesson prove useful, and deter you in future from prying into the secrets of families, and violating the bond of confidence."

During the reign of Napoleon, an article was written in an English Journal, stating, when the troops heard it reported that the French had landed at Dover, they gave three *hurrahs*! and were in hopes of giving a good account of the invaders. This notice appeared in the *Publiciste*, in the form of a faithful translation. The following day, an

article was inserted in the *Gazette de France*, accusing the editor of the *Publiciste* of disaffection in translating the hurra of the English troops in the sense of *vivat*! which, it asserted, was not the true meaning; but, on the contrary, that *hurza* implied an appeal to the mercy of a conqueror, and might be rendered better by the interjection *helas*! Next day, the *Publiciste* exposed the ignorance of the *Gazette de France*, and, in proof of it, quoted the meaning of the disputed word as given in *Boyer's Dictionary*. On this, Buonaparte interfered, and sent an article to be inserted in the *Moniteur*, saying, that the editor of the *Publiciste* was an ignorant fool, for he ought to have known that a word might have two meanings, but that his malevolence was well known, as well as his attachment to the corrupting gold of England. This article the *Publiciste* was obliged to copy the following day.

In 1815, the French newspapers announced the departure of Buonaparte from Elba, his progress through France, and his entry into Paris, in the following ingenious manner:—"March 9. The Anthropophagus has quitted his den.—March 10. The Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan.—March 11. The Tiger has arrived at Gap.—March 12. The Monster slept at Grenoble.—March 13. The Tyrant has passed through Lyons.—March 14. The Usurper is directing his steps towards Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen *en masse* and surrounded him on all sides.—March 18. Buonaparte is only sixty leagues from the capital: he has been fortunate enough to escape the hands of his pursuers.—March 19. Buonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris.—March 20. Napoleon will, to-morrow, be under our ramparts.—March 21. The Emperor is at Fontainebleau.—March 22. His Imperial and Royal Majesty yesterday evening arrived at the Tuileries, amidst the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects." W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

KEEPING FLIES OUT OF HOUSES.

OF Mr. Spence's paper on this subject we some time ago wrote a notice, (*Mirror*, vol. xxiv., p. 72.); but, as it is more minutely reported, we are induced once more to bring the subject under the attention of our readers; and somewhat because just at this season, flies become troublesome pests, and many are the inquiries for the best means of getting rid of the annoyance. The following is somewhat abridged from the valuable *Transactions of the Entomological Society*.

In this country, the common house-flies, (*Musca domestica*,) often become a great nuisance, both from their numbers, and the

pertinacious curiosity with which every individual of the race seems resolved, for its own satisfaction, to taste, see, and touch every object around it, even perching upon and exploring the "human face divine," as if in mockery of our boasted supremacy, and to humble us by the conviction that the equanimity of the philosopher, as well as the comfort of the suffering invalid, is often at the mercy of a fly. But it is to more southern and hotter climes that we must direct our view if we would form a correct idea of the real pest which these little restless intruders become in the warm months, when they literally almost fill the apartments. Every traveller in the south of Europe during the hot months will confirm the assertion of Arthur Young, that "they are the first torments in Spain, Italy, and the olive districts of France. It is not that they bite, sting, or hurt; but they buzz, tease, and worry: your mouth, eyes, ears, and nose, are full of them; they swarm on every eatable, and if they are not incessantly driven away, by a person who has nothing else to do, to eat a meal is impossible."* And it is evident from the journals of travellers, that they are as great a plague in the hot climates of other portions of the globe. To omit other instances too tedious to cite, Mr. Stuart, in his work on North America, thrice speaks of the annoyance which he suffered from flies, which he seems to have found a worse torment than the mosquitoes.†

Such being the serious and extensive drawback on the comfort of existence caused by the house-fly in the hot months over a large portion of the globe, my curiosity was strongly excited on being told, when at Florence last spring, by a gentleman who has long resided in the neighbourhood of that city, that, for two or three years past, he had so entirely succeeded in excluding these intruders from his apartments, though allowing the windows to be wide open, that while the rooms of his neighbours swarmed with them, in his a strict search would be necessary to detect even two or three; his plan thus superseding all the former modes of removing this plague by poisoning the flies with sweetened infusions of green tea, quassia, &c., which were liable to this great and fatal objection, that unless the windows were closed, or covered with gauze, (which necessarily excludes the free entrance of the air,) fresh hosts of tormenters were constantly entering to replace those destroyed.

My surprise was not lessened by being told, in explanation of the apparent impossibility of thus excluding flies from a room with unclosed windows, that the openings of the windows were covered with a net made of white or light-coloured thread, with meshes

an inch or more in diameter; so that there was no physical obstacle whatever to the entrance of the flies, every separate mesh being not merely large enough to admit one fly, but several, even with expanded wings, to pass through at the same moment, and that, consequently, both as to the free admission of air, and of the flies, there was, practically, no greater impediment than if the windows were entirely open, the flies being excluded simply from some dread of venturing across this thread-work.

My friend did not profess to have discovered this plan of excluding flies: he first saw it adopted either in the monastery of Camaldoli, or La Verna, near Florence, the monks of which assured him of its efficacy; and afterwards by an artist at Rome, who expatiated on the advantage it conferred on him of being able to work in his studio with open windows, free from the personal annoyance of flies, and the equally great one of their settling on his newly-painted pictures.

Furnished with these hints, my friend lost no time in having thread nets made, and adapting them to his windows, (which, as in Italy generally, are what we call French windows, opening interiorly, so as, when thrown back, to leave the whole space free,) with the satisfactory result already mentioned; and this with the least possible expense, trouble, or inconvenience, the cost of a thread net being a mere trifle. All that is necessary being to fix it as soon as the flies are troublesome, across the outside opening of the window, where it neither intercepts the air nor view, and is suffered to remain until the approach of winter, and the disappearance of the flies. It is not even necessary to be at the expense of a net, for if small nails be fixed round the window-frame, at the distance of about an inch from each other, and threads be then stretched across both vertically and horizontally, the apparatus will be equally effectual.

Here it is necessary to state the remarkable fact, that for this plan of excluding flies to succeed, it is essential that the light enter the room on *one side only*; for if there be a *thorough* light from an opposite window, the flies pass through the net. This circumstance, though not at all lessening the value of the practice, as rooms are usually, (or may be,) lighted from one side only, must be borne in mind in investigating the subject.

Not only did the result of numerous minute inquiries which I made of my informant, a very careful observer, convince me of the correctness of his statements, but they have since been amply confirmed by other intelligent friends resident in Italy, who inform me that they have repeatedly seen this mode of excluding flies adopted with perfect success. One added that it is not even necessary to have a net, or threads arranged both

* Travels in France, i., 298.

† Vol. i.—29, 195, 405.

vertically and horizontally so as to resemble one; but that if threads be stretched in a horizontal direction only, across the openings of the windows, at the distance of about an inch from each other, this is sufficient to keep out the flies. This gentleman also confirmed my previous impression, that this mode of excluding flies has not been long practiced in Italy, and is still little known there; while, as far as I could learn, it is entirely unknown in France.

The next point to be considered is as to the cause of so unexpected a result; in other words—what is it that gives to these thread-nets so terrific an aspect in the imagination of the house-fly, as to deter it as if spell-bound, from ever venturing to penetrate through their meshes, though so much wider than its size demands?—and to this query I have no satisfactory answer to offer.

The most plausible supposition stated has been, that the flies take the thread-nets for spiders' nets or webs, and as they are led by their instinct to avoid the latter, they equally avoid the former. Several objections may be urged against this explanation. Judging from the number of flies which are caught in spiders' nets and webs, it may be doubted whether they are endowed with any peculiar instinct to avoid these snares; but, supposing the existence of such an instinct, this feeling should lead the common house-fly chiefly to avoid the horizontal webs of the house-spider, (*Aranea domestica*, Linn.) to which the thread-nets have no resemblance; and, supposing its instinct to be equally directed against the concentric circled nets of the garden-spider, (*Epeira diadema*), to which the thread-nets have a greater, though still but a remote similarity, it is unaccountable how the having of a thorough light in the room should dispel the apprehension of the fly; since this very circumstance would make the thread nets more closely to resemble the spiders' concentric nets, which are usually fixed in open places with a free admission of light on each side.

But, in truth, it is premature to speculate as to the motives of the actions of the flies, until the facts have been, with this view, more carefully observed by professed entomologists. The points to which it is most important to advert seem to be, the thickness and colour of the threads, whether those of a dark are as effectual as those of a light colour, and the result of substituting thick cord or worsted; the size of the meshes, and the ascertaining of the extreme width at which they cease to have effect; how far mere horizontal threads are as effectual as a network of both vertical and horizontal ones, &c.; and by observations on these points and various others which will suggest themselves, and especially by carefully watching the motions of the flies on the outside of the

windows, as to their approaching or avoiding the net, and their different conduct when a thorough light is admitted,—there can be little doubt that some approach may be made to a solution of the question,—whether their movements in this case are influenced by pure instinct or by reason and calculation; and thus some valuable addition may be made to the metaphysics of entomology, that branch of the sciences which has been hitherto so much neglected, but is so highly interesting.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Antiquariana.

KING ALFRED'S TOWER.

ONE of the most celebrated retreats in picturesque Wiltshire is Stourhead, the seat of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., a munificent patron of the arts. The estate, for many generations, was in the family of the Lords Stourton, from one of whom it was purchased by Henry Hoare, Esq., in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Upon taking possession of the property, that gentleman named it Stourhead, from its being the source of the river Stour. It may be characterized as a fine specimen of a country residence of the old school of modern gardening. It is, however, more to be admired from having been one of the first places laid out in this style; and designed by a country gentleman, unassisted by any landscape gardener: for, "Mr. Hoare, at an advanced age, had the heartfelt satisfaction to hear a place of his own creation universally admired, and to see a barren waste covered with the most luxuriant woods."

The mansion at Stourhead was built from the designs of Colin Campbell, the architect of Wanstead House; it contains a fine collection of pictures. There is a good deal of formality and quaintness, mixed with fine natural features, in the grounds. They are embellished with a handsome stone bridge, numerous temples and statues, a monastery, with a spire-like chimney-top; and an obelisk, with a gilt sun. The drive is said to be six miles in extent, and displays some fine woods and extensive prospects. There is, likewise, a terrace-drive, which is three miles in length, nearly level, and covered with soft turf, and is one of the finest things of the kind in the kingdom.*

By this drive, you reach a fine piece of table-land, whereon stands the subject of the Engraving, Alfred's Tower, a memorial of considerable historical interest. This building is of triangular form, with round towers

* Mr. Loudon, in one of his clever Gardening Tours, suggests, that with a few alterations, Stourhead might still hold its rank as one of the first places in the island.—See Gardener's Magazine, No. 64.



(Alfred's Tower, at Stourhead, Wilts.)

at each angle. It is built with red brick, and was erected by Mr. Henry Hoare, to commemorate a signal victory which Alfred obtained over the Danes near this spot.

One of Alfred's officers, whose name was Stourton, so greatly signalized himself in this battle that the King made him Baron of Stourton, and gave him the privilege of fishing in the river Stour, from its head down three leagues below Christ Church, which right has since been appurtenant to the manor of Stourton.*

Tradition says, there was so much blood shed in the abovementioned battle at Stourhead, that the river was stained therewith three leagues below Christ Church.

The tower is 160 feet in height. A flight of 222 steps leads to the summit, whence the prospect is grand and diversified; overlooking great part of Somerset, Wilts, and Dorset, which counties unite near this place. It is distinctly seen from Shaftesbury, and, indeed, from the rising grounds for twenty miles round on every side.

In a pointed niche over the door of the tower is a stone figure of the great and good

* The present Sir Richard Hoare's great-grandfather attended fishing the whole extent, about the year 1790. The people of Christchurch formerly sent every year, a salmon, or a brace of salmon-pel, to the Lords of the manor of Stourton, as an acknowledgment of this prerogative. — Britton's *Beauties of Wiltshire*, vol. ii., p. 23.

Alfred, under which is the following inscription :

Alfred the Great,
A. D. 879, on this summit
Erected his Standard
Against Danish Invaders.
To him we owe the origin of Juries;
The establishment of a Militia;
The creation of a naval force;—
Alfred, the light of a benighted age,
was a philosopher and a Christian;
The Father of his people,
The Founder of the English
Monarchy and Liberty.

Our acknowledgment for these details is due to Mr. Britton's interesting *Beauties of Wiltshire*.

Useful Arts.

CUTTING VENEERS.

By A. Atkins, Esq., Secretary to the Society of Arts.

IN a large veneer-mill which I had an opportunity of visiting, there are five circular saws. Each consists of a strong, stiff, circular framework, of the shape of a plano-convex lens, or rather a low hollow cone, tapering gradually to the edge, from which projects a ring of soft steel a few inches broad, pierced with many holes. The saw is a plate, or rather a flat ring, of well-tempered steel, about twelve inches broad, pierced with as many holes as the former ring, and firmly secured to it by

means of screws : a band over the axis of the saw communicates motion to it, by connecting it with the first mover, which is a steam-engine. The wood to be cut is laid on the cross-bars of a frame, which are previously covered with glue, and remains in a horizontal position, loaded with heavy weights, till the glue has become dry. The frame, with the log, or *ritch*, as it is technically called, adhering to it, is then fixed sideways in a carriage which traverses backwards and forwards, the frame itself being likewise capable of motion at right angles to the run of the carriage, in order to project the log sufficiently to bring it within the action of the saw. The quantity of the latter motion is regulated by a screw, one turn of which throws forward the frame, and, consequently, the log, about 1·50 of an inch. The saw being put in motion, the workman first turns the regulating screw more or less, according to the required thickness of the veneer; he then, by pulling a lever, throws the apparatus into gear, which gives motion to the carriage, and takes his seat by the inner, or convex, side of the saw. As soon as the log comes up to the saw, he directs the head of the veneer into a curved frame, which it readily enters, on account of its flexibility, being so very thin, and then employs himself in holding in each hand a chip of wood obliquely against the teeth of the screw, in order to clear them of the particles of sawdust which otherwise would more or less clog them up. In a minute or two the log has passed the saw, the motion of the carriage is reversed, and it is brought back to the point from which it first started. Being then thrown out of gear, the regulating screw is again turned, to project the log as much as the intended thickness of the next veneer; and then all those motions are repeated which I have already described. The usual thickness of a veneer is about 1·12 of an inch; but some kinds of wood may be cut as thin as about 1·16 of an inch. About half the wood is converted into sawdust.

Of the fine saws employed at these mills, the largest is eighteen feet in diameter, and makes thirty revolutions in a minute. Three are each ten feet in diameter, with a speed of about sixty revolutions in a minute; the small saw is six feet in diameter, with a speed of eighty revolutions in a minute, which is sometimes increased to one hundred, or even one hundred and twenty revolutions. The teeth of the saws are nearly a quarter of an inch deep. A saw lasts about a year; for the first six months it is employed in coarse work, and afterwards, till worn out, in fine work.

The veneer is necessarily split, for an inch or two at its head, in getting it on the curved frame; and as it is likewise liable to split in drying, a thin strip of linen is glued along

the two cross edges of each veneer, which prevents this accident: the holes, at least those of an inch or more across, are also covered in the same manner.

The general method of laying down veneers is very simple, although to do this well and correctly requires, as everything else does, practice, attention, and patience. The under side of the veneer, if previously smooth, must be scored by means of a toothing plane; but if cut by a circular saw, it generally acquires a sufficient tooth by that operation. The surface to be veneered is covered over with strong glue, and before it chills or gelatinizes, the veneer, previously prepared and cut to the shape required, is laid down upon it, care being taken, in doing so, to inclose as little air as possible. When it has been pressed down to its proper bearing in every part, the compound piece is inclosed between two hot boards, secured at the edges by thumb-screws, or, which is still better, is put into a press between two hot plates, where it remains till perfectly dry.

The next process is to give a smooth surface to the veneer, which is effected by first filling up any holes by plugs of the same kind of wood cut to fit them, or by making a paste of fine sawdust and glue, and pressing it into the holes by hand, and then by the successive use of small planes, scrapers, files, glass paper, Dutch rushes, and fish skin. Lastly, a varnish is added, which has the effect of bringing up the colour and lustre of the wood, and protecting it from the action of the air. If the colour of the wood is itself unexceptionable, the varnish should be as colourless as possible; but if a little mellowness or warmth is required, a varnish coloured accordingly must be applied. The so-called French varnish has within the last few years almost entirely superseded the oil varnishes, as being more quickly applied, possessing more lustre and hardness, being much less liable to be injured by any common liquid spilled upon it, and not requiring to be renewed or refreshed except at long intervals. It is made by dissolving lac in spirits of wine, and then shaking it up with olive-oil to the consistence of an emulsion, in which state it must be used. It is fixed on the surface of the wood by means of a linen rubber, applied with a circular or spiral motion. — *Transactions of the Society of Arts*, vol. i., part ii.

Manners and Customs.

NEAPOLITAN FUNERAL.

THE following account of the ceremonies observed at the funeral of the late Queen of Naples, appeared a short time since in the *Morning Chronicle*:—From the day of the Queen's death, February 3, 1836, to that of

her burial, the singular Neapolitan custom was observed, of laying before the deceased each meal, served up in the most splendid style; which after lying on the table a few minutes, one of the ladies in waiting said,—"The queen will not eat," when the servants instantly removed every dish.

It is the custom at Naples, whenever a person is considered in the last agony, for every friend or relation, whether husband or wife, father or mother, to leave the house, to which they do not return again until eight days after the funeral; neither do they attend the funeral. But as every person belongs to a burial club, the members of that society attend, dressed in white, and the expenses are paid out of the fund of the club, which, as most persons are buried without a coffin, does not cost the society much money. It is 216 years since a queen was buried at Naples. The Queen's dying request was, that she should not be publicly exposed, as is customary, which was complied with; and although on the sixth, seventh, and eighth of February, the customary ceremony of lying in state was gone through, yet, on the bed of crimson velvet, on which the Queen was supposed to be lying, covered over with a white crape veil, there was nothing beneath but a figure, which, to the eyes of the majority, passed for the deceased Queen. On the morning of the eighth, the public were again admitted until twelve, to see the lying in state; the room, as on the previous days, was hung with grey and black cloth, with gold borders; on each side of the room were Latin inscriptions, supported by angels; the throne was at the farther end of the room; it was, as well as the bed beneath it, made of crimson velvet with gold borders; two large statues of Hope and Religion were placed on each side of the throne; on each side of the bed were two of the body-guards; at a short distance from them were the statues of two angels, pointing to the throne and the bed on which lay the deceased: this part of the room was raised on a platform, beneath the steps of which sat ladies in waiting, cardinals, lords in waiting, guard of honour, the lord chamberlain, and the other officers of state. The room was well lighted with wax candles. The public entered at one end, passed round, and left the room at an opposite door. The apartment had several altars round it, at which, during the morning, the Capuchin friars said mass. At two o'clock, the procession began to move to the church of St. Chiara, belonging to the Capuchin monastery. First in the procession came the Queen's private carriage, hung with black crape, and drawn by twelve horses; then followed yeomen in mourning, heralds, marshals, &c.: afterwards came detachments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, each detachment followed by its own band of music,

playing the *Libera anima*, &c., the music by Mozart; afterwards came a great number of ecclesiastics, walking two and two, and singing the *Miserere*; between each party of about twenty was borne a silver cross, with thurifers on each side; next to them came pages in court mourning; afterwards came heralds, marshals, &c.; then came the coffin of the Queen, in a black, gilded car drawn by eight horses; afterwards walked the ladies of honour; then followed on foot, the ambassadors in court mourning; after them, pages and guards of honour; then several companies of infantry, and eighteen or twenty royal carriages, (in which the ambassadors, ladies of honour, and military commanders returned,) each drawn by six horses, closed the procession. The coffin was made of satin-wood, covered with cloth of gold inside; it was sheathed with lead, and lined with white satin; it was fastened with three locks; it was very large, and of a square shape. On one side of it, in the car, sat the Pope's Legate, and on the other, the Archbishop of Naples. Not any of the royal family attended, as it is not customary, neither were they in Naples; for they all left Naples for the Palace of Portici immediately after the Queen's death.

On arriving at the church of St. Chiara, the Lord Chamberlain in a loud voice asked three times of the ladies of honour: "Is this the body of Mary Ann Christina, Queen of the Two Sicilies?" to which they replied, "Yes." After the burial service had been said, the coffin was placed on a platform, splendidly decorated, and ordered by the Lord Chamberlain to be guarded all night by the body guard and the ladies of honour; the company then departed. During the afternoon, two-minute guns were fired from every battery in Naples. On the ninth, at nine in the morning, the ceremony of interment commenced, in the presence of the officers and ministers of state, ambassadors, cardinals, and all the persons who had attended the funeral to the church on the previous evening; the church was splendidly hung with black cloth, with gold borders having inscriptions, supported by angels, relating to the virtues of the deceased queen; and on the platform, lay the coffin, and a great assemblage of ornaments, which derived additional grandeur from the splendour of the company present. After the Lord Chamberlain had, as on the previous evening, asked in a loud voice, "Is this the body of Mary Ann Christina, Queen of the Two Sicilies?" and the ladies in waiting having answered, "Yes," the coffin was opened, and the persons around it having looked at the Queen, made an affidavit that it was her body; the coffin was then locked with the keys of the three different locks; one of which was given to the Corporation of Naples, another to the Lord Chamberlain,

and the third was sent to the King. After high mass, and the funeral oration had been pronounced by the Queen's chaplain, the funeral service was again sung: the body was then taken to the vault, and having been placed in the receptacle for it, the mouth was sealed up by the lords in waiting, after which the ceremony finished.

REGISTER OF FLEET MARRIAGES.

THE earliest Fleet register in the London Registry, (says Mr. J. H. Burn,) is dated in 1674; but there is evidence of a Fleet marriage in 1613, among the Lansdowne manuscripts. With a single exception, all the Fleet registers commence about the period of the order of the ecclesiastical commissioners against clandestine marriages, in 1686, which checked the celebration of such marriages at Duke's Place, and Trinity Minories, when it was taken up by certain real and pretended clergymen in and about the prisons; not, however, on account of any real privilege or exemption attached to these prisons, but, because the persons, being generally prisoners, had nothing to lose by ecclesiastical proceedings against them. The infamous character of these men, their employers and plyers, and the class of people who usually resorted to their aid, are plainly developed in the entries, comments, and memoranda contained in the registers. The parsons took the fees, allowing a portion to the plyers; and the tavern-keepers, besides sharing in the fees, derived a profit from the sale of liquors drank at the wedding. In some instances, they kept a parson on their establishment at a salary of twenty shillings a week: the fee, of course, varied in amount; the parsons got as much, and the parties as little, as they could; five or six shillings seems to have been about the ordinary fee; and Parson Ashwell, described as a most notorious rogue and impostor, who flourished between 1734 and 1743, gives, in a memorandum, the following account of its distribution:—Turnkey, 1s.; Boyce, clerk, 1s.; the plyer, 1s.; and Ashwell, 3s. 8d. It appears, by a memorandum in a pocket-book belonging to Parson Wyatt, who had a great deal of business in this way, that in October, 1748, marriages were celebrated by him every day, at home and abroad, and his total receipts for that month amounted to 57*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* The same parson, in another pocket-book, confesses, that he extorted money from silly and unwary people, by lying, bullying, and swearing. The following description of these marriages is given in the *Grub-street Journal*, of January, 1735:—"There are a set of drunken, swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, who wear black coats, and pretend to be clerks and registers of the Fleet, and who ply about Ludgate-hill, pulling and forcing people to some peddling alehouse or

brandy-shop to be married, even on a Sunday, stopping them as they go to church, and almost tearing their clothes off their backs. The indecency of these practices, and the facility they afforded for accomplishing forced and fraudulent marriages, were not the only evils attending this state of the law. Marriages could be antedated, without limit, on payment of a fee, or not entered at all. Parties could be married, without declaring their names. It was a common practice for women to hire temporary husbands, at the Fleet, in order that they might be able to plead coverture to an action for debt, or to produce a certificate in case of their being *enciente*. These hired husbands were provided by the parson for five shillings each; sometimes they were women. It appears, that for half-a-guinea, a marriage might be registered and certified that never took place. The marriage of the Hon. H. Fox, son of the first Lord Holland, to the daughter of the Duke of Richmond, at the Fleet, in 1744, and the increase of these irregular practices, led to the introduction of the Marriage Act, which was passed with great difficulty. The interval between the passing of the bill, and its coming into operation, afforded a rich harvest to the parsons of the Fleet and May Fair. In one register-book, there are entered 217 marriages which took place at the Fleet on the 25th of March, 1754, the day previous to the act coming into force. Clandestine marriages continued at the Savoy till 1756, when a minister and his curate being transported under the act, an effectual stop was put to them."

W. G. C.

FOOT-BALL IN SCOTLAND.

THE following account of a game of foot-ball is given by Sir F. M. Eden, in his *Statistical Account of Scotland*:—"At the parish of Scone, county of Perth, every year on Shrove Tuesday, the bachelors and married men drew themselves up at the cross of Scone, on opposite sides; a ball was then thrown up, and they played from two o'clock till sunset. The game was this: he who at any time got the ball into his hands, ran with it till overtaken by one of the opposite party; and then, if he could shake himself loose from those on the opposite side who seized him, he ran on; if not, he threw the ball from him, unless it was wrested from him by the other party, but no person was allowed to kick it. The object of the married men was to *hang* it, that is, to put it three times into a small hole in the moor, which was the *dool*, or limit, on the one hand; that of the bachelors was to *drown* it, or dip it three times in a deep place in the river, the limit on the other: the party who could effect either of these objects, won the game; if neither won, the ball was cut into equal parts at sunset. In

the course of the play, there was usually some violence between the parties; but it is a proverb in this part of the country, that all is fair at the ball of Scone. This custom is supposed to have had its origin in the days of chivalry, when an Italian is reported to have come into this part of the country, challenging all the parishes, under a certain penalty in case of declining his challenge. All the parishes declined this challenge except Scone, which beat the foreigner, and in commemoration of this gallant action, the game was instituted. Whilst the custom continued, every man in the parish, the gentry not excepted, was obliged to turn out and support the side to which he belonged, and the person who neglected to do his part on that occasion, was fined; but the custom being attended with certain inconveniences, was, a few years since, abolished.—W. G. C.

New Books.

INKLINGS OF ADVENTURE.

By the Author of Pencilings by the Way.

[HERE are three volumes of sketches by Mr. N. P. Willis, the American poet. They teem with animated descriptive writing, and a certain airiness which prevents their becoming tiresome. The majority of them have been already transferred into the *New Monthly Magazine* from the *New York Mirror*, in which pleasant periodical they originally appeared. Not so, however, the slight paper we are about to quote, which is a fair specimen of the humour of the writer.]

Mrs. Captain Thompson.

The last of August came sweltering in, hot, dusty, and faint, and the most indefatigable belles of Saratoga began to show symptoms of weariness. The stars disappeared gradually from the ball-room; the bar-keeper grew thin under the thickening accounts for lemonades; the fat fellow in the black band, who "vexed" the bassoon, had blown himself from the girth of Falstaff to an "eagle's talon in the waist." The vocation of tin tumblers and water-dippers was gone. The fashionable world (*brazers* in its general habit) had drunk its fill of the ferruginous waters. Mammas thanked Heaven for the conclusion of the chaperon's summer solstice; and those who came to bet, and those who came to marry, "made up their books," and walked off (if they had won) with their winnings.

I followed my baggage to the door, where that small epitome of the inheritance of the Prince of Darkness, an American stage-coach, awaited me as its ninth inside passenger. As the last person picked up, I knew very well the seat to which I was destined, and drawing a final cool breath in

the breezy colonnade, I summoned resolution and abandoned myself to the tender mercies of the driver.

The "ray of contempt" that "will pierce through the shell of the tortoise," is a shaft from the horn of a new moon in comparison with the beating of an American sun through the top of a stage-coach. This "accommodation," as it is sometimes bitterly called, not being intended to carry outside passengers, has a top as thin as your grandmother's umbrella, black, porous, and cracked; and while intended for a protection from the heat, it just suffices to collect the sun's rays with an incredible power and sultriness, and exclude the air that makes it sufferable to the beasts of the field. Of the nine places inside this "dilly," the four seats in the corners are so far preferable that the occupant has the outer side of his body exempt from a perspirative application of human flesh, (the thermometer at 100° Fahrenheit,) while, of the three middle places on the three seats, the man in the centre of the coach, with no support for his back, yet buried to the chin in men, women, and children, is at the ninth and lowest degree of human suffering. I left Saratoga in such a state of happiness as you might suppose for a gentleman, who, besides fulfilling this latter category, had been previously unhappy in his love.

I was dressed in a white roundabout and trousers of the same, a straw hat, thread stockings, and pumps, and was so far a blessing to my neighbours that I *looked* cool. Directly behind me, occupying the middle of the back seat, sat a young woman with a *gratis* passenger in her lap, (who, of course, did not count among the nine,) in the shape of a fat, and a very hot child of three years of age, whom she called John, Jacky, Johnny, Jocket, Jacket, and the other endearing diminutives of the namesakes of the great apostle. Like the saint who had been selected for his patron, he was a "voice crying in the wilderness." This little gentleman was exceedingly unpopular with his two neighbours at the windows, and his incursions upon their legs and shoulders in his occasional forays for fresh air, ended in his being forbidden to look out at either window, and plied largely with gingerbread to content him with the warm lap of his mother. Though I had no eyes in the back of my straw hat, I conceived very well the state in which a compost of soft gingerbread, tears, and perspiration, would soon leave the two unscrupulous hands behind me, and as the jolts of the coach frequently threw me back upon the knees of his mother, I could not consistently complain of the familiar use made of my roundabout and shoulders in Master John's constant changes of position. I vowed my jacket to the first river, the moment that I

could make sure that the soft gingerbread was exhausted—but I kept my temper.

How an American Jehu gets his team over ten miles in the hour, through all the variety of sand, ruts, clay-pits, and stump-thickets, is a problem that can only be resolved by riding beside him on the box. In the usual time we arrived at the pretty village of Troy, some thirty miles from Saratoga, and here, having exchanged my be-daubed jacket for a clean one, I freely forgave little Pickle his freedoms, for I hoped never to set eyes on him again during his natural life. I was going eastward by another coach.

Having eaten a salad for my dinner, and drank a bottle of iced claret, I stepped forth in my "blanched and lavendered" jacket to take my place in the other coach, trusting Providence not to afflict me twice in the same day with the evil I had just escaped, and feeling, on the whole, reconciled to my troubled dividend of eternity. I got up the steps of the coach with as much alacrity as the state of the thermometer would permit, and was about drawing my legs after me upon the forward seat, when a clammy hand caught me unceremoniously by the shirt-collar, and the voice I was just beginning to forget cried out, with a chuckle, "*dada!*"

"Madam!" I said, picking off the gingerbread from my shirt as the coach rolled down the street, "I had hoped that your infernal child—"

I stopped in the middle of the sentence, for a pair of large blue eyes were looking wonderingly into mine, and for the first time I observed that the mother of this familiar nuisance was one of the prettiest women I had seen since I had become susceptible to the charms of the sex.

"Are you going to Boston, sir?" she inquired, with a half-timid smile, as if, in that case, she appealed to me for my protection on the road.

"Yes, madam!" I answered, taking little Jocket's pasty hand into mine, affectionately, as I returned her hesitating look; "may I hope for your society so far?"

My fresh white waistcoat was soon embossed with a dingy yellow, where my enterprising fellow-passenger had thrust his sticky fist into the pockets, and my sham shirt-bosom was reduced incontinently to the complexion of a painter's rag after doing a sunset in gamboge. I saw everything, however, through the blue eyes of his mother, and was soon on such pleasant terms with Master John, that, at one of the stopping-places, I inveigled him out of the coach and dropped him accidentally into the horse-trough, contriving to scrub him passably clean before he could recover breath enough for an outcry. I had already thrown the residuum of his gingerbread out of the window, so that his familiarities for

the rest of the day were, at least, less adhesive.

We dropped one or two way-passengers at Lebanon, and I was left in the coach with Mrs. Captain and Master John Thompson, in both whose favours I made a progress that, (I may as well depone,) considerably restored my spirits—laid flat by my unthrif wooing at Saratoga. If a fly hath but alit on my nose when my self-esteem hath been thus at a discount, I have soothed myself with the fancy that it preferred me—a drowning vanity will so catch at a straw!

As we bowled along through some of the loveliest scenery of Massachusetts, my companion, (now become my charge,) let me a little into her history, and at the same time, by those shades of insinuation of which women so instinctively know the uses, gave me perfectly to comprehend that I might as well economize my tenderness. The father of the riotous young gentleman, who had made so free with my valencia waistcoat and linen roundabouts, had the exclusive copyhold of her affections. He had been three years at sea, and she was hastening to show him the pledge of their affections,—come into the world since the good brig Dolly made her last clearance from Boston Bay.

I was equally attentive to Mrs. Thompson after this illumination, though I was, perhaps, a shade less enamoured of the interesting freedoms of Master John. One's taste for children depends so much upon one's love for their mothers!

It was twelve o'clock at night when the coach rattled in upon the pavements of Boston. Mrs. Thompson had expressed so much impatience during the last few miles, and seemed to shrink so sensitively from being left to herself in a strange city, that I offered my services till she should find herself in better hands, and, as a briefer way of disposing of her, had bribed the coachman, who was in a hurry with the mail, to turn a little out of his way, and leave her at her husband's hotel.

We drew up with a prodigious clatter, accordingly, at the Marlborough Hotel, where, no coach being expected, the boots and bar-keeper were not immediately forthcoming. After a rap "to wake the dead," I set about assisting the impatient driver in getting off the lady's trunks and boxes, and they stood in a large pyramid on the sidewalk when the door was opened. A man in his shirt, three parts asleep, held a flaring candle over his head, and looked through the half-opened door.

"Is Captain Thompson up?" I asked rather brusquely, irritated at the sour visage of the bar-keeper.

"Captain Thompson, sir?"

"Captain Thompson, sir!" I repeated my words with a voice that sent him three paces back into the hall.

"No, sir," he said at last, slipping one leg into his trousers, which had hitherto been under his arm.

"Then wake him immediately, and tell him Mrs. Thompson is arrived." Here's a husband, thought I, as I heard something between a sob and a complaint issue from the coach window at the bar-keeper's intelligence. To go to bed when he expected his wife and child, and after three years' separation! She might as well have made a parenthesis in her constancy!

"Have you called the captain?" I asked, as I set Master John upon the steps, and observed the man still standing with the candle in his hand, and grinning from ear to ear.

"No, sir," said the man.

"No!" I thundered, "and what in the devil's name is the reason?"

"Boots!" he cried out in reply, "show this gentleman 'forty-one.' Them may wake Captain Thompson as likes! I never hearz of no Mrs. Thompson!"

Rejecting an ungenerous suspicion that flashed across my mind, and informing the bar-keeper *en passant*, that he was a brute and a donkey, I sprang up the staircase after the boy, and, quite out of breath, arrived at a long gallery of bachelors' rooms on the fifth floor. The boy pointed to a door at the end of the gallery, and retreated to the bannisters as if to escape the blowing-up of a petard.

Rat-a-tat-tat!

"Come in!" thundered a voice like a hailing trumpet.

I took the lamp from the boy, and opened the door. On a narrow bed, well tucked up, lay a most formidable-looking individual, with a face glowing with carbuncles, a pair of deep-set eyes inflamed and fiery, and hair and eyebrows of glaring red, mixed slightly with grey; while outside the bed lay a hairy arm, with a fist like the end of the club of Hercules. His head was tied loosely in a black silk handkerchief, and on the light-stand stood a tumbler of brandy-and-water.

"What do you want?" he thundered again, as I stepped over a threshold and lifted my hat, struck speechless for a moment with this unexpected apparition.

"Have I the pleasure," I asked, in a hesitating voice, "to address Captain Thompson?"

"That's my name!"

"Ah! then, captain, I have the pleasure to inform you that Mrs. Thompson and little John have arrived. They are at the door at this moment."

A change in the expression of Captain Thompson's face checked my information in the middle, and as I took a step backward, he raised himself on his elbow, and looked at me in a way that did not diminish my embarrassment.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Milk-and-

water," said he, with an emphasis on every word like the descent of a sledge hammer; "if you're not out of this room in two seconds with your 'Mrs. Thompson and little John,' I'll slam you through that window, or the devil take me!"

I reflected, as I took another step backward, that if I were thrown down to Mrs. Thompson from a fifth story window, I should not be in a state to render her the assistance she required; and remarking with an ill-feigned guile to Captain Thompson that so decided a measure would not be necessary, I backed expeditiously over the threshold. As I was closing his door, I heard the gulp of his brandy-and-water, and the next instant the empty glass whizzed past my retreating head, and was shattered to pieces on the wall behind me.

I gave the "boots" a cuff for an untimely roar of laughter as I reached the staircase, and descended, very much discomfited and embarrassed, to Mrs. Thompson. My delay had thrown that lady into a very moving state of unhappiness. Her tears were glistening in the light of the street lamp, and Master John was pulling away unheeded at her stomach, and crying as if he would split his diaphragm. What to do? I would have offered to take her to my paternal roof till the mystery could be cleared up—but I had been absent two years, and to arrive at midnight with a woman and a young child, and such an improbable story—I did not think my reputation at home would bear me out. The coachman, too, began to swear and make demonstrations of leaving us in the street, and it was necessary to decide.

"Shove the baggage inside the coach," I said at last, "and drive on. Don't be unhappy, Mrs. Thompson! Jocket, stop crying, you villain! I'll see that you are comfortably disposed for the night where the coach stops, madam, and to-morrow I'll try a little reason with Captain Thompson.—How the devil she can love such a volcanic specimen!" I muttered to myself, dodging instinctively at the bare remembrance of the glass of brandy-and-water.

The coachman made up for lost time, and we rattled over the pavements at a rate that made Jacket's hullybaloo quite inaudible. As we passed the door of my own home, I wondered what would be the impression of my respectable parent, could he see me whisking by, after midnight, with a rejected woman and her progeny upon my hands; but, smothering the unworthy doubt that re-rose in my mind, touching the legitimacy of Master John, I inwardly vowed that I would see Mrs. Thompson, at all risks, fairly out of her *imbroglio*.

We pulled up with a noise like the discharge of a load of paving-stones, and I was about saying something both affectionate and consolatory to my weeping

charge, when a tall, handsome fellow, with a face as brown as a berry, sprang to the coach-door, and seized her in his arms! A shower of kisses and tender epithets left me not a moment in doubt. There was *another Captain Thompson!*

He had not been able to get rooms at the Marlborough, as he had anticipated when he wrote, and presuming that the mail would come first to the Post Office, he had waited for her there.

As I was passing the Marlborough a week or two afterwards, I stopped to inquire about Captain Thompson. I found he was an old West India captain, who had lived there between his cruises for twenty years, more or less, and had generally been supposed a bachelor. He had suddenly gone to sea, the landlord told me, smiling at the same time, as if thereby hung a tale if he chose to tell it.

"The fact is," said Boniface, when I pushed him a little on the subject, "he was *sheared off.*"

"What scared him?" I asked very innocently.

"A wife and child from some foreign port!" he answered, laughing as if he would burst his waistband, and taking me into the back parlour to tell me the particulars.

The Gatherer.

Windsor.—Not long since, the peaceable folks of Windsor were promised a mimic siege in the Home Park; the idea of which was taken from the mock-siege of Maestricht, represented at the foot of Windsor Castle Terrace, in 1674.—"It was attacked by the Duke of Monmouth, (newly come from the real siege,) and the Duke of York, with a little army, to show their skill in tactics; in short, all the circumstances of a formal siege. Being night, it made a formidable show."

The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, who died a few days since, was the only child of James, third duke of Chandos, who was himself the first lineal descendant of Mary, Queen of France, second daughter of Henry VII. The late Duchess was consequently, the representative of the eldest branch of the Royal Family of England, except that which possesses the Crown.

Gigantic Web.—Lieutenant Smyth, during his recent journey in South America, saw a gigantic spider's web suspended to some trees; it was about 25 feet in height, and near 50 in length; the threads were very strong, and it had the empty sloughs of thousands of insects hanging in it. It appeared to be the habitation of a great number of spiders of a larger size than are ever seen in England.

Turtle Oil.—The eggs of the turtle are a

very valuable production to the Indians of South America; for, from them they make an oil which supplies them with light at night, and they mix it with their food. The oil is made in the following manner: a large number of eggs are thrown into a canoe, and smashed with a sort of four-pronged fork; the skins are then cleared out and thrown away, and the canoe is filled with water to within three or four inches of the gunwale: it is left half a day exposed to the heat of the sun, which separates the oil, when it floats on the water, is skimmed off with shells, put into jars, and carried to a cauldron, where it is boiled till it acquires a bright clear yellow colour; it is then poured back, and is ready for use.—*Smyth's Travels.*

Bequest to Pedestrians.—In Wiltshire, is a causey, or causeway, that extends from a place called Chippenham Wick to Wick Hill, a distance of about four miles. At the first mentioned place is the following couplet, inscribed on a large upright stone:

Hither extendeth Maud Heath's gift.
For where I stand is Chippenham Clift.
Erected in 1698, and given in 1474.

At Wick Hill is a stone with another couplet:

From this Wick Hill begins the praise
Of Maud Heath's gift to these highways.

Some account of the charity, and the time when it was given, are recorded on another stone pillar at Calloways, near the further end of the causey, from Chippenham:

To the memory of the worthy Maud Heath, of Langley Burrell, Spinster, who, in the year of Grace, 1474, for the good of Travellers, did in charity bestow, in land and houses, about eight pounds a year, for ever, to be laid out on the highway and causey, leading from Wick Hill to Chippenham Clift.

This pillar was set up by the Feoffees in 1698.

Injure me not.

Britton's Beauties of Wiltshire.

Small Village.—Lieutenant Smyth, in his passage down the Amazon, slept one night at Atrumposa, where he had difficulty in getting any room, for the village consisted but of two houses, and contained 50 or 60 inhabitants; and, as the part of the house commonly used as a dormitory was full, our traveller and his comrade slept in the middle, which was a burial-ground; and their blankets were spread upon the grave of a man who had been buried about ten days.

NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

With the present Number,
A SUPPLEMENTARY SHEET

OR
Entertaining Nobelties,

From Books very recently published:
With a fine, large Engraving.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris.—In FRANKFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

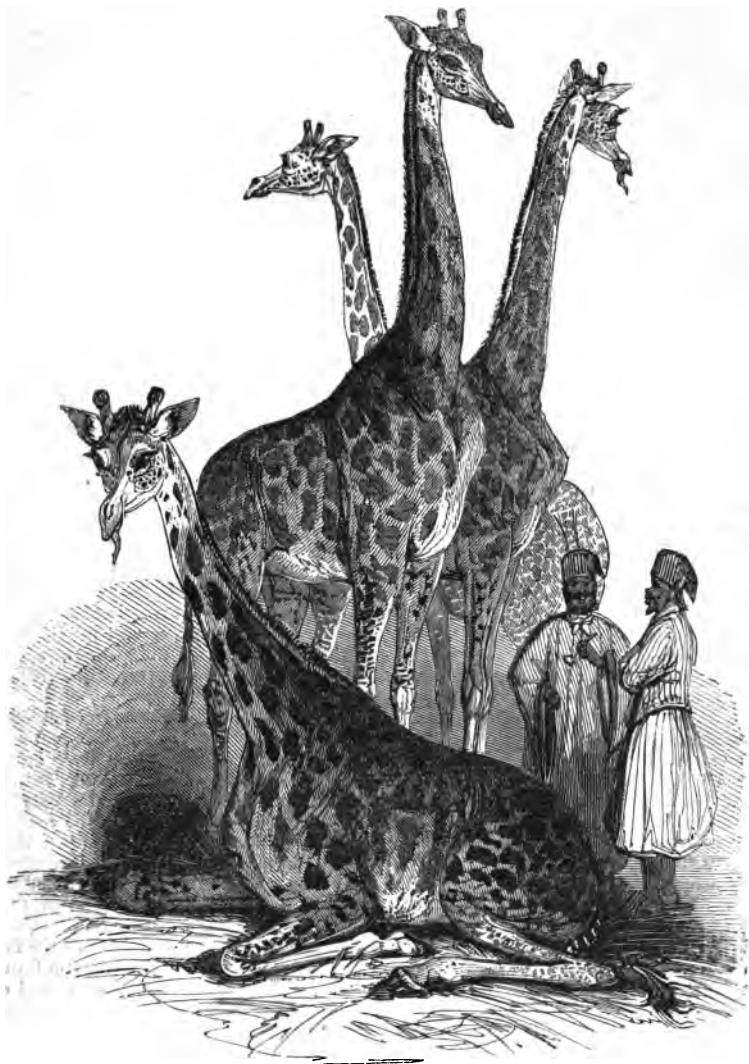
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 781.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.



THE GIRAFFES, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

THE GIRAFFES,

AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

THE addition of four living giraffes to this already numerous menagerie must prove a great attraction for several months to come. The Society have long been anxious to possess specimens of that rare and beautiful animal, the giraffe, and, some years since, the Council even named a price which would be paid for them. In 1833, this offer was again made; and an arrangement was agreed upon towards the end of the year with M. Thibaut, then at Cairo, who undertook to proceed to Nubia to procure giraffes on the Society's account. M. Thibaut was to be at the whole risk, and was not, until the delivery of the animals at Malta, to receive the stipulated price, which was fixed at a rate for each individual, diminishing in proportion to the number that he should succeed in bringing with him. M. Thibaut reached Malta in safety, with four giraffes, three males and one female, on the 21st November last; when he received the stipulated remuneration, 700*l.*, from the Zoological Society. The Council next arranged with M. Thibaut to accompany the giraffes until their arrival in England. They were shipped at Malta, in the *Manchester*, a vessel of great size and power; they bore the voyage remarkably well, and were landed at Blackwall, on Tuesday, May 24. On the following morning, at three o'clock, the giraffes were removed to the Zoological Gardens; preceded by Mr. Bennett, the able Secretary, a few Members of the Council, and M. Thibaut, attended by three Nubians and one Maltese in their native costumes. The whole party arrived safely at the Gardens at six o'clock; the giraffes were placed in the new elephant house, and did not appear in any respect inconvenienced at their novel situation.

From a communication made by M. Thibaut to the Zoological Society, which was read at their meeting on February 9th last, we gather some interesting particulars of the capture of these giraffes; for which undertaking M. Thibaut was qualified by the experience of twelve years' travel in the interior of Africa. He left Cairo on the 15th of April, 1834. Having sailed up the Nile as far as Wadi Haffa, (the second cataract,) he took camels, and proceeded to Debbut, a province of Dongolah; whence, on the 14th of July, he started for the desert of Kordofan. Being well acquainted with the country, and on friendly terms with the native Arabs, by the promise of profit, he secured their services in pursuit of the giraffes, which, up to that time, they had solely hunted for the sake of the flesh as food, and the skin, from which they make bucklers and sandals. As the season was far advanced and favourable,

M. Thibaut and his party proceeded immediately to the south-west of Kordofan: on August 15th, he saw the first two giraffes, the largest of which he secured, after three hours' rapid chase, upon horses accustomed to the fatigues of the desert. This giraffe was the mother of one of the young ones now at the Gardens. Unable to take her alive, the Arabs killed her with blows of the sabre, and having cut her to pieces, they carried the meat to the head-quarters, which the party had established in a well-wooded situation. Here they cut the meat into steaks, which they broiled upon live embers; M. Thibaut partook of it, and reports it to have been "excellent eating."

On the morning, August 16th, at daybreak, the Arabs started in search of the young giraffe, of which they had lost sight, not far from their camp. The sandy soil is well adapted to afford indications to the hunter, and, in a very short time, the party were on the track of the animal, which they traced rapidly, yet silently lest they should alarm it. M. Thibaut followed the Arabs, and at nine o'clock in the morning, in his own words, "had the happiness to find himself in possession of the giraffe." A premium was given to the hunter whose horse first came up with the animal; a merited distinction, as the laborious chase lay through brambles and thorny trees.

M. Thibaut now halted three or four days, to tame the young giraffe. During this period, an Arab constantly held it at the end of a long cord. By degrees, it became accustomed to the presence of man, and took a little nourishment from the milk of the female camels which M. Thibaut had brought with him. The animal became gradually reconciled to its captivity, and was soon willing to follow, in easy stages, the route of the caravan.

Subsequently, the party captured four other giraffes; these were killed by the cold weather of December, 1834, in the desert on the route to Dongolah, which place M. Thibaut reached on January 6, 1835, with only the first animal taken alive. Here he resolved on resuming the search: he continued three months in the desert, and with trustworthy Arabs, traversed it in all directions, till he had obtained three young giraffes, smaller than the one he already possessed. Satisfied with this result, M. Thibaut accompanied the four animals by bark from Wadi Haffa to Cairo, Alexandria, and Malta, where he arrived on November 21. During the passage, which lasted twenty-four days, the animals suffered much at sea, the weather being very tempestuous. At Malta, they were detained in quarantine for twenty-five days, after which the valuable animals were comfortably provided for.

Of the growth and habits of the giraffe, M. Thibaut observed some traits in the first

specimen captured alive. At first, it was requisite to insert a finger into its mouth, in order to deceive it into a belief that the nipple of its dam was there; when it sucked freely. The Arabs judged the animal to have been not more than nineteen months old at its capture; from which time to November 23rd, or in 100 days, its size had fully doubled.

The first run of the giraffe is exceedingly rapid; and the swiftest horse, if not accustomed to the desert, could scarcely come up with it. The Arabs habituate their coursers to hunger and to fatigue; milk is their general food, and gives them power to protract their exertions during a very long run. "If the giraffe reaches a mountain, it passes the heights with great rapidity; its feet are like those of the goat, and it has much of the dexterity of that animal: it bounds over ravines with surprising power, and horses cannot, in such cases, compete with it."

The giraffes at the Zoological Gardens are three males and one female. The oldest is about twenty months; neither of them has attained its full height, which is upwards of twenty feet. The first specimen which was killed by M. Thibaut's Arabs, measured twenty-one French feet in height from the ears to the hoofs.

We have already described the location of the animals in the Gardens. They are fed the same as horses, with beans and hay, although they are more fond of green food and grass: when the latter is cut for them, they bite off the upper part, and chew it only until they perceive the stalk to be too coarse. Great care and cleanliness are requisite for their preservation. They are extremely fond of society; and M. Thibaut has observed one of them shed tears when it no longer saw its companions, or the persons who were in the habit of attending to it.* Whether they will bear the variable climate of this country remains to be proved. Their present accommodation is excellent, and plans have been proposed for heating their apartments. Of their condition, the report of the Society on Thursday, June 2nd, spoke very favourably. The prefixed Engraving of them is from a sketch made in the Gardens in the course of last week.

We have abridged and condensed many of these details from a well-timed pamphlet, which has been published within these few days.† Besides the description of the capture of the animals in the Regent's Park, this little book contains much information

* The appearance of M. Thibaut and the Nubian attendants is very picturesque. The former, although a Frenchman, has the dress of an Arab. The three Nubians wear their native dresses, and, although all of the class of peasants, two are, evidently of superior caste, from linear gashes on the face, a description of tattooing.

† A Popular History and Description of the Giraffes, &c. With an Engraving. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

respecting the giraffe, generally. The best popular description of the animal will be found in the first volume of the *Menageries*, in the excellent *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. We are glad to perceive that the compiler of the above pamphlet has not overlooked Burchell and other modern travellers, the giraffe at Windsor a few years since, and that at the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris. Opportunely enough, we had, a few days since, marked for extract some very interesting passages relating to the giraffe at Constantinople, from Dr. Walsh's pleasant *Residence*, lately published.

"A slave in Egypt, having committed an offence, escaped to the desert; and after wandering about for some time, took refuge in a thicket. Here he discovered the haunt of an immense animal, which greatly terrified him; but finding the creature more timid than himself, he followed it for some time, till he came upon its den, and there he found two young ones, with which he soon became familiar. Supposing he had now obtained the means of his pardon, he contrived to entice them after him, and finally presented them to his master as an atonement for his offence. He was forgiven; and his master, who had incurred the anger of Ali Pasha, presented them to him from the same motive. Ali, who had begun to excite the suspicion of the Sultan by his equivocal conduct, determined also to make them a propitiatory gift. One of them died, but the other was taken care of, and in due time despatched to Constantinople. It was embarked at Alexandria, but the vessel ran a ground on the coast of Asia Minor, where the animal was landed and walked to Scutari, from whence it was conveyed to the Seraglio. On its arrival it was found to be a giraffe or cameleopard.

"The Turks, whose curiosity, like that of children, is strongly excited by anything unusual, were greatly delighted with this creature. On the day of its arrival, no business was done at the Porte, for all the ministers had gone to see it. It was then sent to visit the people of rank at Constantinople, and after being paraded about the streets for some weeks, the British Ambassador and other foreign Ministers received a notification that it would be sent over to Pera to visit them, on any day which they appointed. A day was fixed, and the animal arrived and proceeded to the Galata Serai, close by the English palace. In walking up the narrow Pera street, the windows were crowded with people, who held in their hands various confections, and such things as they thought the animal would like. It was exceedingly curious to see it turning its head from side to side to the people in the upper windows, and gently taking from them whatever they offered him. When arrived at the place of his des-

tination, the whole of the *corps diplomatique*, with all their suites, went in a kind of state to visit him. We were first entertained with refreshments, and then proceeded to the courtyard, to a platform erected for the purpose, where the animal was brought into the area below. He was led round by two grooms, who held a collar on each side, so he moved majestically between them. Nothing could be more curious or strange than his first appearance; the smallness of his head, the astonishing length of his neck, the rotundity of his body, the height of his fore-quarter, and the shortness of his hinder parts, giving an extraordinary slope and descent to its back, but, above all, the loose and awkward motions of its limbs, not diagonally, but those on the same side at the same time, made it exactly resemble men clothed in skins to represent a camel on the stage. In fact, it looked like some artificial thing dressed up for exhibition.

"But its most extraordinary attitude was when it attempted to eat. Some plates of rice and raisins were presented to it, of which it only tasted. It was more attracted by an acacia which happened to be growing in the area. It threw up and back its head; then, taking the pinnate leaves in the curl of its tongue, it stripped the branches bare in a moment. It was then invited by some grass growing out of the interstices of the stones, but seemed greatly distressed to get at it. It made several attempts, but the height of its fore-quarters was too great even for its long neck; it continued to persevere, however, stretching out its limbs wider and wider after every effort, till its chest seemed so strained as to be in danger of splitting open; but it could not succeed in cropping the grass, notwithstanding the most extravagant expansion of its legs. The position, which seemed to be the most painful and awkward, nature probably never intended it should be placed in. Its residence being a sandy soil, where there is no grass, and its food being the leaves of trees, it is formed to stretch up to their branches. When it drinks in its native state, it is probable it wades into the water, so as to bring the surface within an accessible distance of its mouth; the keepers always lifted up the vessel to accommodate it. The shape of the animal seemed altogether to accord with this opinion. I measured its dimensions; from the hoof of the fore foot to the tip of the ear was eleven feet nine inches, while from the hoof of the hind leg to the insertion of the tail was not four. The splendid body cloths, when thrown over its back, immediately slipped off behind, till fastened on by bandages round the neck. The head was profusely decorated with amulets of blue beads, to protect it against the influence of an evil eye. The gentleness, familiarity, and docility of this immense

creature were quite delightful. It recognised its Arab attendants with great affection, and it came among us like a spaniel, put out its head to be caressed, and seemed quite pleased with being stroked and patted. Its nature is so very mild, that when one was shot by Mr. Gordon, in Africa, it died in the act of licking his hand."

Of the history of the giraffe, Dr. Walsh adds these neatly written details:—

"The appearance of an animal of this kind is of rare occurrence in Europe. Pliny says it was first seen at the Circensian games exhibited by Cæsar.* In the time of Horace, it was publicly exhibited on the theatre, where it appears to have attracted great applause.† It is described by Dion, who mentions it as being shown about,‡ and by Varro, who says its name was derived from having the form of a camel and the spots of a panther.§ But the figures represented on the Prænestine pavement leave no doubt that it was the same animal as that now called a giraffe; and it became so common at Rome, that a herd of ten of them were exhibited together in the reign of the Emperor Philip: though it afterwards became so scarce in modern times, that when Le Vaillant, about half a century ago, sent the skin of one of them from South Africa, the naturalists of France believed it to be a fabrication till they examined its texture with a magnifying glass.

"Much has been said of its being the animal mentioned in the Bible. The learned Bockhart affirms that it is not; while Shaw has assigned good reasons for supposing that it is. The Septuagint and the Vulgate translate it *cameleopardalis*; but our version has it *chamois*, though such an animal is not a native of either Egypt or Syria. He thinks that the Israelites, while in Egypt, had many opportunities of being acquainted with the animal, and certainly the translators who so rendered the word had also; further, that it is a clean animal according to the Levitical law; and above all, that it is rendered *zuffa*, or *zeraffa*, in the Arabic version, from whence it is now called giraffe. Though considered at Constantinople the first of the kind that ever was seen there, yet it appears from Busbequius that, shortly before his arrival, one had been exhibited, but had died, and was buried. He had the bones taken up and examined, and from these he gives an accurate description of the animal.|| It appears also to have been an instrument of propitiation on other occasions besides the present. When Tamerlane, or Timour, conceived the project of annexing Africa to his empire, and from thence invading Europe, by

* Plin. Hist. Nat., lib. viii. c. 28.

† Hor. Epist., lib. ii. l. 1, 198.

‡ Dion, lib. xliii.

§ Varro de Ling. Lat., lib. iv.

|| Ossa tamen quæ sub terra condehantur cruesda curavi ut inspicerem.—Busb. Ep. l. 71.

the straits of Gibraltar, his design was averted by a giraffe. The sultan of Egypt obtained one of these animals, which was found in the interior of the country, and sent it to Samarcand as a present to the Tartar. He received it as a great curiosity, and was so gratified by the gift that he suspended his intention.”*

* Gibbon, chap. lxx.

Manners and Customs.

CHURCH ALES.

THOMAS WARTON, in a note to his *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii., pp. 412—414, edition of 1824, has contended that the word *ale*, in old English, signifies properly a feast or merry-making, supporting his opinion by referring to the compounds leet-ale, lamb-ale, Whitsun-ale, clerk-ale, church-ale, &c., by which our ancestors designated certain festivals they were in the habit of holding. For instance, “Church-ale,” he observes, “was a feast established for the repair of the church, or in honour of the church saint, &c. In Dods-worth’s Manuscripts, there is an old indenture, made before the Reformation, which not only shows the design of the church-ale, but explains this particular use and application of the word ale. The parishioners of Elveston and Okebrook, in Derbyshire, agree jointly to brew four ales, and every ale of one quarter of malt, betwixt this and the feast of St. John Baptist next coming; and that every inhabitant of the said town of Okebrook shall be at the several ales. And every husband and his wife shall pay twopence, every stranger one penny; and all the inhabitants of Elveston shall have and receive all the profits and advantages coming of the said ales, to the use and behoof of the said church of Elveston. And the inhabitants of Elveston shall brew eight ales, betwixt this and the feast of St. John Baptist, at which ales the inhabitants of Okebrook shall come and pay as before rehearsed.” In this way he explains the not yet altogether disused *bridal*, that is *bride-ale*, meaning a marriage-feast, and its more forgotten synonyme, *wedding-ale*.

There can be no question, however, that these festivals were called ales only by a natural transfer of that term from its original meaning, which was, not the feast itself, but the particular kind of liquor drunk at it; that which, in the estimation of the guests, no doubt, principally constituted it a feast. — *Companion to the Newspaper*.

EJECTION LAW.

In the Island of Sicily, (says Count Stolberg,) is the following singular custom:—If any man buy an estate, be it house, land, or vineyard, the neighbour of the purchaser, for an entire year afterwards, may eject him by an

advance of price. In vain would the first purchaser give more to the original owner. This singular law is generally evaded by the purchase-money being stated in the articles of agreement at a higher sum than has been agreed upon in the presence of four witnesses. There is another no less singular law in Sicily, according to which, any man can oblige his neighbour to sell his house, if he will pay him three times its value. The intention of this law was the improvement of the towns. It was to encourage the possessors of large houses to purchase the humble abodes of the poor. W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

KEEPING FLIES OUT OF HOUSES.

(Concluded from page 376.)

ANOTHER point to which it seems desirable to pay attention is, as to the precise species of flies which have this dread of passing through a net. It seems probable, from the facts stated, that not merely the common house-fly, (*Musca domestica*), which chiefly swarms in our apartments, but the other species of the same genus, which, in smaller numbers, intermingle with them, as well as *Stomotys calcitrans*, which, from its attacks on our legs, is often a greater pest, and, indeed, the dipterous [two-winged] tribes in general, are all equally deterred from traversing this imaginary boundary. But, before this supposition can be fully adopted, more exact observations require to be instituted; and it would also be desirable to have similar experiments made as to the house-flies of America, and other hot countries, in which it is probable that the prevalent house-fly may be a species nearly allied to our *Musca domestica*, but distinct from it.

On mentioning the above facts to my family circle, my eldest son observed, that he recollected a passage in Herodotus in which a similar statement was made as to gnats; and he pointed out the chapter in which the father of history distinctly says, that certain fishermen defended themselves at night from the gnats by covering their beds with their fishing-nets, through which these insects, though they bit through linen or woollen, did not even attempt to bite.

Of this passage, the following is a translation, as literal as possible; but, that there may be no doubt of its accuracy, compared with the translations of Schweighæuser, Larcher, and Beloe, with which, in substance, it exactly agrees:—

“But against the gnats, being in great numbers, these are the means they have invented: the towers are of service to those who inhabit the upper parts of the marshes, and ascending into them, they sleep there; for the gnats, on account of the winds, are

not able to fly high. But those who live around the marshes have invented other means instead of towers. Every man of them possesses a casting-net, with which, during the day, he catches fish, and at night he makes use of it in the bed where he reposes, round which he places the net, and then, having crept under it, he sleeps. But the gnats, if he sleeps wrapped up in a woollen or linen garment, bite through these, but through the net they do not even attempt to bite." (Herodotus, book ii., chap. 95.)

From this passage, then, it is clear, says Mr. Spence, junior, that Herodotus affirms the same fact with regard to the Egyptian *Conopes*, (which, from what he says of their frequenting marshes, biting by night, and the received interpretation of the word, there can be no doubt were one or more species of gnat, mosquito, or *Culex*), as has been observed of the house-fly; namely, that they will not pass through the meshes of a net although the space be sufficiently large to admit them. If Herodotus had mentioned merely a net, one might have supposed he meant some very thin gauze, or other net-like substance, such as the gnat-curtains are made of at the present day; but he says it was a casting-net used by fishermen, and must have had meshes much wider than sufficient to admit a gnat; nor, I think, can there be a doubt on this head, when we consider that he adds that they bite through linen and woollen coverings, and yet do not even attempt to bite through the net: this circumstance seems to prove that he was struck with this as a curious fact, which he imparts to his readers in his usual, concise manner. It will also be seen, that the net was not merely laid on the bed as a covering, but sustained by some support, (as a pole or bedstead,) so as to form a kind of tent, into which form the casting-net, from its shape, could be easily arranged, and under which the fishermen then crept, and thus slept secure from their formidable assailants. This is also the meaning attributed to the passage by Schweighæuser, who says, "lecto circumponit rete, deinde subrepens sub illo dormit,"—(he lays his net round his bed, and then creeps under, and sleeps under it.) Thus it would seem that the beds so covered, agreed in all essential points with the Florentine rooms, of which the open windows had nets stretched across them; the gnats in the one case being asserted by Herodotus to be kept out under nearly the same circumstances as the flies are known to be excluded in the other. But here an objection may arise: may not the coincidence be accidental? Can we be sure that if flies are excluded by nets, gnats will be so also? In short, can we warrant the conclusion, that the assertion of Herodotus is correct? And, until the experiment has been fairly made,

we cannot be certain that gnats will be excluded from beds as flies are from rooms. But at the same time, judging from analogy, and the great improbability that so unusual a mode of defence, and one so unlike at first view to be effectual, should have been a mere fiction without a foundation of truth, there seem strong grounds for believing the fact to be as stated by Herodotus; and that though, as is well known to persons who live in hot climates, gnats soon find their way through holes in gauze curtains, yet it is very probable that they may be afraid of venturing through a net, just as this last is sufficient to keep out flies, though we know that they will creep through the linen sides of a meat-safe. And thus Herodotus may be found as correct in this passage, as Geoffroy de St. Hilaire has shown him to be in the history of a bird, (*Charadrius Egyptianus* of Hasselquist,) taking the gnats out of the mouth of the crocodile, which was deemed a mere fable until confirmed by the evidence of this naturalist when in Egypt.*

If it shall be proved, as seems not unlikely, that a person in bed may protect himself against gnats merely by stretching a wide-meshed net over the place where he lies, it may be regretted that this simple fact, related by Herodotus as known to the Egyptian fishermen 2300 years ago, has been so long overlooked, and remained in reality quite unknown. Adopting this simple mode of protection, a traveller in marshy districts would have only to provide himself with a piece of netting three yards long and a yard wide, not taking up, when rolled, more than a few square inches of his trunk, and throwing this over a slight support of a few pieces of cane or whalebone equally portable, he would be secure from attack, though the net were but a few inches above his body, and the width of the meshes would not offer the slightest impediment to respiration and the free circulation of the air; whereas it is almost out of the question to use a piece of muslin or gauze in the same manner, at a slight elevation above the body, on account of the suffocating heat that would ensue; and if, in order to obviate this, the traveller were to carry with him common gauze curtains as now in use, sufficiently spacious to inclose the whole bed, the time and trouble required in arranging and applying them, would often be such as even to deter him from making use of them, and to lead him to prefer taking his chance without any defence.

If there is thus cause for regret that a fact so important should have been so long and completely overlooked, it seems not less to be wondered at, that the passage in Herodotus announcing it should have been so little noticed by commentators, not one of

* See Description de l'Égypte, Histoire Naturelle, tom. i., p. 198-205.

whom seems to have been struck with the singularity of his statement, which, whether correct or not, equally required observation. One would think that in reading this passage, it must have seemed to them rather strange that a casting-net, whose meshes must have been wide enough to admit several gnats at a time, should be asserted by Herodotus to be a sufficient defence from them, though they bit through either linen or woollen; and one may well be surprised that, whilst they have spent pages on passages far less curious, they should pass this over with a mere reference to Juvenal or Horace, where these authors allude to the *conopeum*, or gnat-curtain.

It seems that the commentators have been led astray by the word *conopeum*, confounding the casting-net of the Egyptian fishermen with the gnat-curtain of the Romans, which, both from the definition given of it, "*linum tenuissimis maculis nectum*," (thread knitted together in very fine meshes,) and from the use as banners to which Horace supposed it applied,—

"Interque signa (turpe!) militaria
Sol aspiciet conopeum."—(Epid. lib. ix., ode ix.)

was evidently of a texture resembling our muslin or gauze. If, therefore, they had been duly struck by the passage, they ought either to have shown how it was that a casting-net could exclude gnats as effectually as gauze; or else, that, in point of fact, the texture of both was the same, the casting-net having, notwithstanding the apparent absurdity of the supposition, meshes so small as to prevent gnats from coming through them, or, on the other hand, the *conopeum*, though applicable for a banner, having meshes as large as a casting-net. But nothing of this kind has been attempted in the way of explanation by Schweighæuser, Larcher, Baehr, or any of the commentators I have consulted, who all seem to regard the *conopeum*, or gnat-curtain, to be the same as the *amphiblestron* of Herodotus, when, in fact, except in the advantages derived from each, they have no more similarity than the paper-bags used for covering grapes have with a cherry-tree net.*

* "In a curious poetical tract, entitled 'An Epistle from the Pens to Mr. ***** at Rome,' dated May 1, 1727, the author falls into the same error with all the commentators in referring, in the following lines to the passage of Herodotus in question, which he quotes:—

'See with delight the great relief appears,
Known by the fame of twice a thousand years;
See the close net of size immense and deep,
Flows round the bed and guards the dome of sleep.
What though the gnats incessant wave their wings,
Vain their efforts, and harmless are their stings.
Soon as their swarms the adverse bound beset,
Checked they retire, nor pass the impervious net.'

He here, like the commentators, regards the modern gnat-curtain as precisely identical with the *amphi-*

I hope, in order to put beyond question the accuracy, or the contrary, of Herodotus's statement, that entomologists will make experiments as to the efficacy of nets in excluding gnats from beds, noticing particularly whether the result be affected by the circumstance of the room being light or dark, or by the colour of the threads, or the size of the meshes; and I trust also, that such as may travel in Egypt will direct their attention to the exact species of gnats which may abound there, and as to the fact whether the fishermen still defend themselves from them in the mode pointed out by Herodotus.—*Transactions of the Entomological Society*, part i., pp. 2—11.

[Since the above interesting papers were read before the Entomological Society, others of less length on the matter have been read before the same body; but we defer the republication of them here, until we have written certain observations on them which they seem to suggest.—J. H. F.]

blestron of Herodotus, without giving himself the trouble to point out how his epithets 'close' and 'impervious' could be applicable to a casting-net."

Antiquariana.

THE ABBEY, READING, BERKSHIRE.

READING is a borough and market-town in Berkshire, situate in a valley, near the confluence of the rivers Thames and Kennet, at the distance of thirty-nine miles from London. It contained, according to the last census, upwards of 16,000 inhabitants, and returns two members to Parliament. It is chiefly celebrated for the remains of a magnificent Abbey, built by Henry I. in the year 1121; who endowed it with the lands of Cholsey, in Berkshire, of Leominster, in Herefordshire, and Reading itself; with all their appendages, lands, churches, chapels, tithes, &c., and a mint, and one mintmaster. The Monastery was also free from all taxes and tolls throughout England and Wales; and the Abbot was a mixed Abbot, and a Peer of Parliament, and ranked next to the Abbots of Glastonbury and St. Albans. It was dissolved, and laid in ruins at the general suppression of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII.; when Hugh Farringdon, the last Abbot, was, by order of the King, hanged, drawn, and quartered, together with two of his monks, in front of the Abbey, and the lands alienated to the Crown. Several Parliaments were held at Reading, probably in the Refectory of the Abbey; one in 1191, in the second year of the reign of Richard I., and another in 1213, in the fourteenth of John. The arms of the Abbey, which are still to be seen, though much defaced, at the west end of St. Lawrence's



(The Abbey-Gate, Reading.)

Church, in the town, were—azure, three escallop shells, or.

The ruins are situated near the County Jail, in a piece of ground called the Forbury, on entering which from the market-place of the town, the first object that strikes the eye is the Great Gate, which still remains almost entire. It appears to have been built in a Semi-Saxon style, (which prevails likewise in other parts of the building,) with pointed windows, all the arches of the Gate are round, save one, and that very obtuse. About seventy years since, the battlements were removed, and their place supplied by layers of bricks and mortar, which form a very injudicious contrast to the rest of the architecture. A short distance further, are two immense masses of wall, pitched endwise into the ground, as if by the force of gunpowder. This is the site of the Church, of which, it is to be regretted, there are now very few remains. From what there are, however, it may safely be stated, that the extreme length of the Church was about 415 feet, and the breadth, exclusive of the transept, 90 feet. By this measure, the west front of the Church was brought to range with the Cloisters, which it usually does. Near where the northern transept and the nave met, a hollow remains in the earth, where a mine was sprung, which reduced the Church to a heap of ruins, and pitched those two enormous fragments of wall in the situation in which they now are. The western side of the Church is entirely destroyed, and in its place a large and high rampart, (which is

supposed to have been thrown up, during the siege of Reading, in the civil wars,) crosses the whole ruin through the Cloister Court.

Advancing further, you discern the north side of the Cloister, and east of that, the remains of a semicircular bow, supposed to have been a Chapel in the south transept. South of that, is a passage originally arched two stories high, the principal entrance to the Cloister Court, which is about 148 feet square, and open to the Great Hall, or Chapter House, by three semicircular arches, with a window over each. The Hall, though 42 feet by 79, was vaulted with one semicircular arch from wall to wall.

On the south side of the Cloisters are the remains of a large room, probably the Refectory, 38 feet wide by, at least, 72 long, ornamented with a row of arches, and above those, a sort of arcade. This is, next to the Gateway, the most perfect part of the building. The Dormitory, or sleeping apartment, of which there are now hardly any relics, was situated at the south end of the Cloisters. It now remains only to notice the outer wall, which is very inferior in strength to the other parts of the building, and generally supposed to be of a more recent date. Altogether, I think it may be correctly stated, that the whole Abbey could not have covered a space less than twenty-five acres.

J. N. B. Y.

Grayling.—St. Ambrose was so fond of the grayling that he named it *the flower of fishes*.

Spirit of Disobbery.

THE LATE ECLIPSE.

MUCH disappointment appears to have been generally felt from the late eclipse not having been attended by a greater degree of darkness. Had the journalists really examined the question before they raised an exaggerated expectation in the public mind, they would have found that a total eclipse, during which the fixed stars may become visible, is a phenomenon that passes over so comparatively narrow a band of the earth's surface, that ages may elapse without its being seen in any particular place. The last which occurred in London was as far back as on the 22nd of April, 1715, o. s.; and Dr. Halley, who gives an account of it in the *Philosophical Transactions*, observes, "Though it be certain, from the principles of astronomy, that there necessarily happens a central eclipse of the sun in some part or other of the terraqueous globe about 28 times in each period of 18 years; and that of these no less than 8 pass over the parallel of London; 3 of which 8 are total, with continuance; yet, from the great variety of the elements of which the calculus of eclipses consists, it has so happened that since the 20th of March, 1140, I cannot find that there has been such a thing as a total eclipse of the sun seen in London, though in the mean time the shade of the moon has often passed over other parts of Great Britain." Now, even during the total absence of the sun's light, Dr. Halley says that he did "not hear that any one in town saw more than Capella and Aldebaran, of the fixed stars." How could it, therefore, be reasonably expected that any of them should appear, when so much of the sun's disc was really left unobscured? There has, indeed, been a common oversight on this subject. The *Nautical Almanac* tells us that the magnitude of the eclipse was calculated to be 0.868; but although it is specifically mentioned that this refers to "sun's diameter = 1," still it has been misunderstood. These numbers strictly state (as every one acquainted with the subject is well aware) how far the obscuration would extend on a straight line drawn across the sun's centre: the portion of the surface obscured under these circumstances would be about 0.806 of the whole disc. Now every one knows that the sun must be some time entirely below the horizon before the fixed stars can be seen, and no one would expect to be able to distinguish them when a fifth part of the sun's disc had not yet set.

The difference between the linear and superficial measures of the obscuration may be easily understood. Let any one take two nearly equal circular pieces of paper, and move the less gradually over the larger: the

parts by which they will overlap will at first be small, but the quantity will increase more rapidly when only a crescent is left uncovered, because the advance then takes off so much larger a space by the longer part of the circumference in which the circles cut each other. It was for this reason that the diminution of light was most strongly perceptible when the late eclipse was near its height, and that the return of the sun's brilliancy was so remarkably rapid.

In truth, such darkness as was anticipated, could hardly occur in an annular eclipse; and as the mean apparent diameter of the moon is less than that of the sun, the chances are, upon the whole, against any particular eclipse being total. This is a circumstance which at one time seems to have escaped attention. Maclaurin mentions, in the 40th vol. of the *Philosophical Transactions*, that some astronomers had even doubted of the existence of annular eclipses, and that he could, at that time, meet with no precise account of the observation of such a phenomenon. The paper in which he makes this remark recalls to recollection how fortunate the inhabitants of our northern metropolis have been in this respect. The notice occurs in the beginning of the description of the eclipse of Feb. 18-28, 1737, which was annular at Edinburgh; in 1748, Le Monnier came over from Paris, and accompanied the Earl of Morton to the same place, in order to observe the eclipse of July 14-24, which was very nearly under the same circumstances; and every one knows that it was the case on the late occasion.

The great eclipse of Sept. 7, 1820, has been imagined by some who remember it, to have been attended by greater darkness than that of the present year; but this impression must have been occasioned by imperfect recollection, or by accidental circumstances of the weather at the places where individuals observed it. By reference to the *Nautical Almanac* of the year, it may be seen that its magnitude was 10 digits $27\frac{1}{2}$, which reduced to decimals will be 0.870, a quantity which exceeds the late occurrence by only 0.007, and could scarcely have made any perceptible difference. The great expectation also will account for their underrating the present instance; and their present disappointment may, on the contrary, increase their estimate in the next great eclipses of the sun, which will occur in July 1842, and October 1847.—*Nautical Magazine*.

New Books.

CAPTAIN BACK'S JOURNAL.

(Concluded from page 356.)

[ALTHOUGH in the SUPPLEMENT, published with our last Number, we quoted somewhat

copiously from this work, its popular interest induces us to conclude the passages marked for extract, exhibiting as they do the most interesting traits of character, scenery, and peril, told in a straightforward and manly style.]

Rapids and Cascades.

The night was squally; but the wind having somewhat moderated, we got away at five o'clock on the following morning, July 15th, the thermometer then standing at 38°. The stream still carried us to the south-east, and though the different bays and openings to the westward were anxiously examined, in the hope that a passage might be found through one of them, the land was found continuous, and still bore to the eastward. By 10 A. M. the mountains had dwindled to hills, which soon gave place to sand-banks, especially to the right; an ominous indication of the future course of the stream. The lake, which I have named after my friend Captain Beechey, visibly decreased in breadth; and at length discharged itself by what, from the loud roar that was heard long before we got to it, was conjectured to be a fall, but which was found to be in fact an awful series of cascades, nearly two miles in length, and making, in the whole, a descent of about sixty feet. The right bank was the most favourable for a portage, which we commenced without loss of time, while the two steersmen were despatched to examine the falls. Their report was, "that it was possible the boat might be got down, but they did not see how she ever could be got up again;" a consideration of no great moment yet, when we were not out of walking distance from the house, whatever it might become afterwards. Accordingly, having completed the portage, and made another cache of pemmican and fat, to which was added a spare oar, the trial was made with the boat. She was first lifted over some obstacles, and then lowered cautiously down the different descents; and so alternately lifted, launched, and lowered, until she was safely brought to the eddy below, which being also rough, she was finally hauled on the gravel.

The country was still composed of the same variety of rocky hills and swampy prairies, though the latter were far more extensive, and, near the cascades, might be called plains, all thickly inhabited by deer.

A loud roar of rushing water, heard for the distance of about a mile, had prepared us for a long line of rapids, which now appeared breaking their furious way through mounds and ranges of precipitous sand-hills of the most fantastic outline. Some of them resembled parts of old ruins or turrets, and would have offered pleasing subjects for sketching. The course of the river became afterwards

more tortuous, and its clear blue tint yielded to an olive green, more or less dark according to the character of the muddy tributaries which poured in their contents from both sides. As we drew away from the influence of the cold winds coming from Bathurst's Inlet, a proportionate and most agreeable change took place in the weather; and at 2 P. M. of this day the thermometer stood at 68° in the shade, and 84° in the sun. We glided quickly along with the strong current, passing by peaked sand-hills, which rose like artificial structures amidst low shelving prairies, covered with deer to the amount of many thousands. After crossing a small lake, where the current could just be distinguished in the centre, the stream again contracted to about three hundred yards, and precipitated itself over a bed of rocks, forming rapids and cascades, which compelled us to carry the principal baggage; a precaution, indeed, never omitted when there was the least appearance of danger.

Esquimaux.

I went with them to their tents, which were three in number, one single and two joined together, constructed in the usual manner with poles and skins. On our arrival, I was struck with the sight of a sort of circumvallation of piled stones, precisely similar to those which we had passed, and arranged, as I conjectured, to serve for shields against the missiles of their enemies; as, besides the bow, arrow, and spear, these people make a most effective use of the sling. Many dogs, of an inferior size, were basking in the sunshine, and thousands of fish lay all around, split, and exposed to dry on the rocks, the roes appearing to be particularly prized. These, which were white fish and small trout, had been caught in the eddy below the fall, and kept alive in pools constructed for the purpose. The women and children, about a dozen in number, came out of the tents to see me; and the men pointed out their own helpmates and offspring with apparent fondness. Beads were soon distributed to both the women and children, and in return they gave me some trifles of their own rude manufacture.

While the crew were occupied, I took upon me the part of amusing the Esquimaux, by sketching their likenesses and writing down their names. This gratified them exceedingly; but their merriment knew no bounds when I attempted, what was really no easy task, to pronounce what I had written. There might have been about thirty-five altogether; and, as far as I could make out, they had never seen "Kabloonds" before. They had a cast of countenance superior to that of such of their nation as I had hitherto seen, indicating less of low cunning than is generally stamped on their features; though, in most

other respects, sufficiently resembling them. The men were of the average stature, well knit, and athletic. They were not tattooed, neither did their vanity incommode them with the lip and nose ornaments of those farther west; but, had they been disciples of the ancient fathers, who considered "the practice of shaving as a lie against our own faces," they could not have nurtured a more luxuriant growth of beard, or cultivated more flowing mustachoes. In the former they yielded the palm only to that of Master George Killingworth, "which was not only thick, broad, and yellow-coloured, but in length five feet and two inches of assize."*

The women were much tattooed about the face and the middle and fourth fingers. The only lady whose portrait was sketched was so flattered at being selected for the distinction, that in her fear lest I should not sufficiently see every grace of her good-tempered countenance, she intently watched my eye; and, according to her notion of the part, I was pencilling, protruded it, or turned it so as to leave me no excuse for not delineating it in the full proportion of its beauty. Thus, seeing me look at her head, she immediately bent it down; stared portentously when I sketched her eyes; puffed out her cheeks when their turn arrived; and, finally, perceiving that I was touching in the mouth, opened it to the full extent of her jaws, and thrust out the whole length of her tongue. She had six tattooed lines drawn obliquely from the nostrils across each cheek; eighteen from her mouth across her chin and the lower part of the face; ten small ones, branching like a larch tree from the corner of each eye; and eight from the forehead to the centre of the nose between the eyebrows. But what was most remarkable in her appearance was the oblique position of the eyes; the inner portion of which was considerably depressed, whilst the other was proportionately elevated. The nostrils were a good deal expanded, and the mouth large. Her hair, was jet black, and simply parted in front into two large curls, or rather festoons, which were secured in their places by a fillet of white deer skin twined round the head, whilst the remainder hung loose behind the ears, or flowed not ungracefully over her neck and shoulders. She was the most conspicuous, though they were all of the same family; they were singularly clean in their persons and garments; and, notwithstanding the linear embellishments of their faces, in whose mysterious figures a mathematician might perhaps have found something to solve or perplex, they possessed a sprightliness which gave them favour in the eyes of my crew, who declared "they were a set of bonnie-looking creatures."

There was no other peculiarity to distin-

* Barrow's Chron. Hist. of Voyages, c. Hakluyt.

guish the tribe from those portrayed by Parry and Franklin; except in one wild-looking man, who having on a pair of musk-ox skin breeches, with all the honours of the shaggy mane outside, reminded me strongly of the fabled satyrs of the olden time. But he was a character even among Esquimaux.

They had only five keiyaks or canoes; and the few implements they possessed were merely such as were indispensable for the procuring of food; viz. knives, spears, and arrows. The blades of the first and the heads of the last were sometimes horn, but oftener rough iron, and had probably been obtained by barter from their eastern neighbours; a conjecture to which I am inclined to attach the more weight from the fact that the models of some of their little presents resembled the Indian daggers disposed of at the Company's posts throughout the country.

The Yellow Knives.

The Yellow Knives have drawn vengeance on themselves by their wanton and oppressive conduct towards their neighbours, the Siave Indians; an inoffensive race, whom they plundered of their peltries and women on the most trifling occasions of dispute, and too often out of mere insolence, and the assertion of that superiority with which the fears of the Slaves invested them. At last, after submitting to every scourge that the ingenuity of barbarism could inflict—after beholding their wives and daughters torn from their lodges, and their young men branded with the badge of slavery, they were suddenly animated with a spirit of revenge; and, in one season, partly by treachery and partly by valour, annihilated the boasted ascendancy of their tyrants. From this contest dates the downfall of the Yellow Knives: their well-known chiefs, and the flower of their youth—all who had strength or ability were massacred; and the wretched remnant were driven from the rich hunting grounds about the Yellow Knife River to the comparatively barren hills bordering on Great Slave Lake. This revolution in their fortunes, followed as it was by suspicion, fear, and discontent, has sensibly affected the race itself, and entailed a degeneracy from which they will probably never recover. There cannot now be more than seventy families remaining; and these comprise few able men, the greater proportion being aged, infirm, and decrepit, who are regarded as burthens upon the more active and working portion of the community. To complete their calamities, they have been visited by a contagious disease, which is fatally prevalent: slowly, but surely, this is consigning them to death, and, without such assistance as it is feared cannot be rendered, must eventually sweep them away from among the tribes of the north.

Their speculations regarding the creation,

&c. are dwelt on at length in Franklin's Journey to the Polar Sea; but most of them are either forgotten, or strangely distorted by the present generation, who content themselves with a simple belief in the existence of One Great Spirit, who rewards the good and punishes the evil-doer. I was once speaking to the Camarade de Mandeville, a Chipewyan chief, on this subject, and was endeavouring to impress on his mind a few moral precepts for his future guidance, to which he listened with the most profound gravity and attention. When I had concluded, he raised his head a little, and, with eyes fixed on the floor, said, in a low and solemn tone, "The chief's words have sunk deep into my heart; and I shall often think of them when I am alone. It is true that I am ignorant; but I never lie down at night in my lodge without whispering to the Great Spirit a prayer for forgiveness, if I have done anything wrong that day."

Visit from Wolves.

Our visitors were of a lean and hungry kind, being a troop of eighteen white wolves, which obliged us to secure the dogs by keeping them within the house during the night. They would come when everything was quiet, prowling about the door; and frequently as we went to observe the needle at midnight, they were within sixty paces of us on the border of the lake, or sneaking about the woods, but always retreated to a short distance when they saw any one move. Two were caught in traps, and one was shot by a spring gun, but they were immediately devoured by the others, the only remains found in the morning being the heads and legs. One of their decoys was as follows: two or three would lie down on the ice a few hundred yards in front of the house, in order to entice the dogs, which sometimes ventured a little way towards them; and on one occasion when two of them were thus lying in wait, my little terrier, which had been bitten in the neck only two nights before, ran with other five dogs to within about fifty paces of them, when the larger of the two instantly singled it out, and after twice missing, finally seized it by the neck, and carried it deliberately away. By mere accident I happened to be looking through a pane of glass in that direction just as the poor little thing was in its jaws. An alarm was instantly given to the people, who hounded on the dogs, and a general chase was given. The wolves contented themselves with trotting until we were gaining on them, when the one which had the little dog put it down, and seizing it afresh by the back, increased its speed, and took to the woods. Here, after a long run, the interpreter and Taylor came up as it was taking its first bite, quite heedless of the dogs, which had not the courage to attack it.

The interpreter's gun missed fire; but the wolf was frightened and ran away, leaving its victim still alive, though it died soon after from its wounds. During the winter we caught five more, among which was the delinquent, and the rest finding nothing to live upon went away.

SIR GEORGE HEAD'S HOME TOUR.

(Concluded from page 368.)

[OUR SUPPLEMENT left this humourous tourist in pleasant quarters, at Gretna, and, though to discontinue our extracts here might be "to let well alone," a second sight of the volume has so raised our opinion of its merits, that without being tired we are tempted to begin again.]

Sawing Stone.

Within a building at the water's edge, close to the banks of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, I saw a machine at work for the purpose of sawing blocks of stone. It was driven by a steam-engine, apparently of small power, although by it were set in motion upwards of three dozen saws. The block to be cut was placed in a frame and moved horizontally, stone, frame, and all, backwards and forwards by castors on iron rails. The saws, the ordinary iron plates without teeth, such as are used in common by stone-masons, were fixed immovably above the block. Four of these frames were within the building, each containing eleven saws, dividing each block into twelve paving stones. One boy attended all the saws with sand and water, adjusting, at the same time, by a screw-purchase, their contact and pressure on the stone.

It was agreeable to see, in this instance above all others, the steam-engine substituted for human labour. Nothing can be less gratifying to the mind than to watch the patient endurance and almost imperceptible progress of a mason employed in cutting through a large stone;—cast a glance on him as you pass, sitting in his comfortable sentry-box, the mighty mass before him, his toil seems incessant, and his attitude as if chained to the galleys. Pass on—ride—walk—wander "over the hills and far away,"—in three, or four, or five hours, return to the same spot, and there appears the same man and the same stone; the former, poor fellow, enduring the labour of Sisyphus without its variety, or other relief from its monotony, than merely to halt now and then for a few moments at a time, to regulate the nozzle of his watering-pot.

Even in the present instance, with the power of steam in action, although forty-four saws were moving together, the progress of each, as it made its way through the block appeared no less tardy than if worked by hand.

Worsted Mill at Leeds.

In a large worsted-spinning establishment I saw machines for combing the wool, consisting of wheels four or five feet in diameter, through the hollow radii and fellies of which heat was communicated by steam; their revolution was vertical, the teeth placed on the circumference, at right angles with the plane of the motion. I observed the vast power by which the water is squeezed out of the wool, after the latter is washed in a large vessel: this is done so effectually, that merely by passing the wet wool once between a pair of heavy iron cylinders, it is rendered nearly dry. In addition to the weight of the upper cylinder, both are pressed together by a compound lever, one arm of which appeared to be about a couple of feet in length, and was acted upon by a second of five feet or thereabouts; the weight at the extremity of the latter, two hundred pounds. The Continent chiefly furnishes the wool for broad-cloth, England that for the worsted manufacture, a longer thread being spun from the latter. The degree of fineness already attained in spinning worsted by machinery is such, that a pound of wool furnishes one hundred and twenty hanks, each hank containing five hundred and sixty yards in length,—equal to thirty-eight miles and two-eleventh parts.

Leeds and Selby Railroad.

The completion of the Leeds and Selby railroad in 1834, has confirmed, beyond all manner of doubt, the probability of a continuation of the line entirely across the country from sea to sea; even at the present moment it may be considered as forming, combined with that from Liverpool to Manchester, both together leading in the same direction, the longest in the kingdom; and a railroad from Selby to Hull having been also determined on, which latter, there is every reason to believe will, ere a long period, be taken in hand, it follows, I think, as a matter of course, that energies sufficient to complete the diameter of the country over the intermediate space from Leeds to Manchester will not be wanting.

The sensation created by our transit, at this early stage of affairs, was particularly striking. Had the double-tailed comet passed that way, the country-people would hardly have been more interested by the spectacle; the men at work in the fields and quarries stood like statues, their pickaxes in their hands, in attitudes of fixed attention, and immovable as if turned by the wand of a magician into blocks of stone; and women in troops, in their best gowns and bonnets, fled from the villages, and congregated at the corner of every intersecting lane. Neither were the brute creation less animated on the occasion;—on the Liverpool and Manchester line, the cattle, accustomed to such pheno-

mena of sight and sound, become apathetic, and hardly lift their noses from the pasture, quietly minding their own business, in spite of roaring, whizzing, and smoking;—here, on the contrary, every horse was on the alert, viewing the huge moving body as it approached with a mixture of fear and surprise, stamping, pointing forwards his ears, snorting, and evincing a degree of curiosity so intense, that it appeared as if to the instinctive faculty was added reason and the desire of knowledge:—even the cows, as they cocked and twisted their tails, spit out mouthfuls of unchewed grass, and tried to gallop.

A Diving-Bell.

The service of a diving-bell is frequently put in requisition within the Hull docks. As the workmen happened to be raising it at the time I was passing by, I stepped into the lighter, in order to observe the state of the labourers on their return from below. I had a remarkably good view of their features, at a time when they had no reason to expect any one was looking at them, for, as the bell was raised very slowly, I had an opportunity of seeing within it by stooping, the moment its side was above the gunwale of the lighter. A pair of easy-going, careless fellows, each with a red nightcap on his head, sat opposite one another, by no means overheated or exhausted, and apparently with no other want in the world than that of "summut to drink;" they had then been under water exactly two hours. I asked them what were their sensations on going down. They said that, before a man was used to it, it produced a feeling as if the ears were bursting; that, on the bell first dipping, they were in the habit of holding their noses, at the same time of breathing as gently as possible, and that thus they prevented any disagreeable effect: they added, the air below was hot, and made a man thirsty;—the latter observation, though, as in duty bound, I received it as a hint, I believe to be true; nevertheless, the service cannot be very formidable, as the extra pay is only one shilling a day. Had there been anything extraordinary to see below, I should have asked permission to go down, but the water was by no means clear, and the muddy bottom of the docks not a sufficient recompense for the disagreeable sensation. Two men descend at a time, and four pump the air into the bell through a leathern hose; the bell is nearly a square, or rather an oblong vessel of cast-iron, with ten bull's-eye lights at the top, which lights are fortified within by a lattice covering of strong iron wire, sufficient to resist an accidental blow of a crow-bar, or other casualty. When the men work hard at the pump, the water in the bell rises about eighteen inches.

The Public Journals.

BURNS.

By Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymor.

THAT Heaven's beloved die early,
Prophetic pity mourns;
But old as Truth, although in youth,
Died giant-hearted BURNS.

Oh, that I were the Daisy,
That sauk beneath his plough,
Or, "neighbour meet," that "Skylark sweet!"
—Say, are they nothing now?

That Mouse, "our fellow mortal,"
Lives deep in Nature's heart,
Like earth and sky, and cannot die,
Till earth and sky depart.

Thy BURNS, child-honoured Seotland,
Is many minds in one;
With thought on thought the name is fraught
Of Glory's Peasant-son,

Thy CHAUCER is thy MILTON,
And might have been thy TELL;
As HAMFREN fought, thy SIDNEY wrote,
And would have fought as well,
Be proud, Man-childed Scotland,
Of Earth's unpolished gem,
And "Bonny Doon," and "Heaven aboon,"
For BURNS hath hallowed them.

Be proud, though sin dishonour'd,
And grief baptiz'd thy child,
As rivers run in shade and sun,
He ran his courses wild.

Grieve not, though savage forests
Looked grimly on the wave,
Where dim-eyed flowers and shaded bowers
Seemed living in the grave.

Grieve not though by the torrent
Its headlong course was riven,
When o'er it came, in clouds and flame,
Niagara from heaven!

For sometimes gently flowing,
And sometimes chased to foam,
O'er slack and deep, by wood and steep,
He sought his heavenly home.

Tell's Magazine.

FIELD-PATHS.—BY RICHARD HOWITT.

"LET us go forth into the fields—let us lodge in the villages," said King Solomon. And a wise and healthful desire it was. He forgot the monarch in the strong feelings of the lover, the naturalist, and the poet. David had not kept "those few sheep in the wilderness" for nothing. Solomon inherited more than crowns and realms, in the warm, poetical temperament, the richness of his imagination, and in the healthful perception of all natural objects.

He went forth into the fields amongst the pleasant villages and farms; but it was in the high and felicitous days of the beautiful city—of the glorious Jerusalem. Happy King Solomon! happy lover! happy poet! and most happy and most enviable naturalist! Surely, there were in those days no field-paths "stopped by order of sessions." There were, surely, in those days no "Trespass Acts;" no shrivelled, hawk-eyed, little baronets, peering, on Sundays, about their broad and sunny domains, with note-book and pencil, inquiring and putting down the names

of intruders—men too much annoyed by the dread of the enjoyment of others to taste the delights of their own sylvan paradises. Alas! for us, who are "fallen on evil days and on evil men"—we who must be content to wander along dusty highways, until we are happy enough to find some yet unmacadamized shady and solitary, old English lane!

Burke complained that the age of chivalry was gone; and the booksellers say that the age of poetry has followed it; and truly it seems so—for,

"These brown old lines of rural liberty,"

the field-paths—those outlets to the poetry of the country, almost by association poetry themselves—are fast disappearing. And it is now more than ever requisite that they *should not* disappear; with an enormously increased and increasing population, when many a pleasant village-green has been appropriated, moors and commons inclosed, and even the ancient forests contracted to the narrowest dimensions. Sir Thomas More, I believe, in his Utopia, describes a plot of land, in his imaginary region, in the neighbourhood of towns, set apart solely for the healthful sports, athletic exercises, and pastimes of the people—a project lately resuscitated by Lord Brougham, not unwisely. Yet, after all, there is nothing so pleasant as foot-paths, leading on from village to village, through all the fair variety of fields; in spring, through scenes wrought as by enchantment, to the most tender, vivid, and delicious greenness and floweriness; in summer, through hayfields, with their picturesque groups of haymakers and merry-makers; in autumn, to the golden cornfields, where the partridge chirps in the twilight, and the rook is seen daskily winging its flight to the distant woods. Over breezy hills do you pass, with the fairest of prospects; through woodlands, with their cool shades, in the sound of rippling brooks; over rustic bridges, in pleasant glooms where the "chil-chal's" notes make felt the soothing solitude; and on by old farm-houses, brimful of health, wealth, and quiet.

A stile seems to me the key of fairy-land—the entrance to that "unsubstantial fairy-place," the home of the cuckoo and the nightingale; and no less the home of all whose senses are awake, who have their eyes and their hearts open to participate in its delights. You enter, and if care goes not with you, the town, with its sights and sounds, is soon forgotten, or brought back only for the pleasant contrast. You there meet your own infancy, there your youth is restored to you—more especially if you were born and brought up in the country. The dryness as of dust which seems in the very heart, the thirst for something long delayed or undefined, the unsatisfied feeling of those whose golden age has

passed by, is, for the time, soothed or intermitted. You feel that the scent and aspect of flowers died not upon the senses, that they entered your soul, and woven with your being, became a part of your existence. O delightful field-paths! sacred to memory and to love, to health, and unto hope!—"Stopped by an order of sessions!"—verdict, "Died of apoplexy." Awful are sudden deaths. These veins of the public health are closed up at once. Would man suffer nature to record a natural death it were better. Did they miss the accustomed tread of human feet, it were well that nature should erase the traces of past intercourse, all remembrance of pleasant communion. But man loves to play the tyrant with his fellow-man and with nature. He loves to rend asunder the wedded bands of "the soul" and of "this goodly universe," linked together "in love and holy passion." If you are a poet, build castles in the clouds which you *know* will pass away—admire, be delighted with whatsoever you please, but enter into no pact of the heart or of the soul; love nothing that you see, suffer not those enchanters, love and memory, to hallow any thing peculiarly unto you; for pain and sorrow are shadowed in the distance. The yew-trees, which adorned, with a solemn gracefulness, the churchyard of my native place, are cut down; the foot-paths across it are closed; the walls are raised; for stiles, there are gates locked and topped with iron spikes. *A wider barrier than death is interposed betwixt the living and the dead.* I must confess that I like it not. Why should man destroy the sanctities of time and nature? Beautiful is the picture drawn by Crabbe—

"Yes! there are real mourners. I have seen
A fair, sad, girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention (through the day) her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed.
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But, when her wearied parents sank to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep.

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms in long, abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found."

Where is now the free and uninterrupted admission for such mourners? Grief is a retiring creature, who "would not be found," and will not knock at the door of the constituted authorities for the keys; she will look lingeringly at the impassable barrier, and retire. Easy of access were churchyards until lately, with their pleasant foot-paths, lying, with the tranquillity of moonlight, in the bosom of towns and villages; old, simple, and venerable—trodden, it may be, too fre-

quently by unthinking feet—but able, at all times, to impress a feeling of sacredness—fraught as they were with the solemnities of life and death—on bosoms not over-religious; and now, to a fanciful view, they seem more the prisons than the resting-places of the dead.

Oh, for an act of the legislature to throw open once more to the public, all the foot-paths that have been closed within the memory of the living! Their disappearance is keenly regretted by thousands. Hear what a mechanic sings on this subject.

SONNET ON FOOT-PATHS.

With pain and indignation we behold
Paths intersecting wood and flowery lea,
The old brown lines of rural liberty,
Ta'en one by one away: where, uncontrolled,
Enjoying friendly converse, on we strolled
Through scenes and haunts in which we loved to be;
Fearless of lurking menial, and as free
As is the wind. But now, oppressious bold
With avarice leagued, upon our birthrights lay
Their grasping hands, shielded by laws severe.
These wrongs are ours, and much we think and
fear
The time may come, nor distant far the day,
When all these pleasant paths may disappear,
And none be left us but a bare highway. S. P.

Clare, in his "Village Minstrel," has also entered his poetical protest, and the author of the "Book of the Seasons," has an article on this subject. To these the reader is referred. Curious it would be to know into what dilemmas our great poets have got by out-of-the-way rambling—whether Keats was ever caught "ankle-deep in lilies of the vale," or Wordsworth "stepping westward" a little too far. Bloomfield, the unoffending, was reproofed, and required the reproof by a gentle epigram.—*Tait's Magazine.*

A GOVERNESS WANTED.

By Mrs. Abdy.

"Our governess left us, dear brother,
Last night, in a strange fit of pique,
Will you kindly seek out for another?
We want her at latest next week:
But I'll give you a few plain credentials,
The bargain with speed to complete;
Take a pen—just set down the essentials,
And begin at the top of the sheet!
With easy and modest decision,
She ever must move, act, and speak,
She must understand French with precision,
Italian, and Latin, and Greek:
She must play the piano divinely,
Excel on the harp and the lute,
Do all sorts of needlework finely,
And make feather-flowers and wax-fruit.
She must answer all queries directly,
And all sciences well understand,
Paint in oils, sketch from nature correctly,
And write German text and short-hand:
She must sing with power, science, and sweetness
Yet for concerts must not sigh at all,
She must dance with ethereal fleetness,
Yet never must go to a ball.
She must not have needy relations,
Her dress must be tasteful, yet plain,
Her discourse must abound in quotations,
Her memory all dates must retain:

She must point out each author's chief beauties,
 She must manage dull natures with skill,
 Her pleasures must lie in her duties,
 She must never be nervous or ill!

If she write essays, odes, themes, and sonnets,
 Yet be not pedantic or pert,
 If she wear nouse but deep cottage bonnets,
 If she deem it high treason to flirt,
 If to mildness she add sense and spirit,
 Engage her at once without fear,
 I love to reward modest merit,
 And I give—forty guinea a-year!"

"I accept, my good sister, your mission,
 To-morrow, my search I'll begin,
 In all circles, in every condition,
 I'll strive such a treasure to win;
 And if, after years of probation,
 My eyes on the wonder should rest,
 I'll engage her without hesitation,
 But not on the terms you suggest.

Of a bride I have ne'er made selection.
 For my bachelor thoughts would still dwell
 On an object so near to perfection,
 That I blushed half my fancies to tell;
 Now this list that you kindly have granted,
 I'll quote and refer to through life,
 But just blot out—'A Governess Wanted,'
 And head it with—'Wanted a Wife!'"

Metropolitan.

The Gatherer.

Coffee and Sugar.—The following account of the quantity of coffee and sugar imported into Europe in 1835, appeared a short time since in a German journal:—

Coffee, 217,600,000 lbs.; namely,—

Hamburg	-	-	41,000,000 lbs.
Amsterdam	-	-	36,000,000
Rotterdam	-	-	28,600,000
Great Britain	-	-	28,000,000
Antwerp	-	-	22,000,000
Trieste	-	-	19,900,000
Havre	-	-	15,400,000
Marseilles	-	-	9,600,000
Bremen	-	-	9,300,000
Bordeaux	-	-	4,100,000
Genoa	-	-	2,000,000
Leghorn	-	-	1,700,000

Sugar, 913,300,000 lbs.; namely,—

Great Britain	-	-	440,400,000 lbs.
Hamburg	-	-	79,500,000
Havre	-	-	73,000,000
Amsterdam	-	-	70,100,000
Trieste	-	-	56,800,000
Marseilles	-	-	55,300,000
Antwerp	-	-	41,700,000
Rotterdam	-	-	34,000,000
Genoa	-	-	21,500,000
Bordeaux	-	-	18,200,000
Bremen	-	-	13,000,000
Leghorn	-	-	9,700,000

W. G. C.

Cutting Iron.—The stupendous power of shears in cutting iron is very wonderful. In our large iron works, a bar, an inch and three quarters in thickness is cut asunder in an instant, with as much ease as a ploughman would bite off the end of a carrot.

Port Wine.—There are some curious statements in Mr. C. Redding's *History and Description of Modern Wines*, (second edition,) which are well worth attention. The exports from Oporto to the Channel Islands, con-

trasted with the imports from the Channel Islands to London, are rather startling; they run thus—

	Pipes exported from Oporto to the Channel Islands.	Pipes imported from the Channel Islands to London.
1896	- 38	- 293
1897	- 99	- 99
1898	- 74	- 75
1899	- 0	- 90
1830	- 0	- 147
1831	- 0	- 143
1832	- 0	- 263
1833	- 0	- 863
	210	2,072

So that while the wines exported from Oporto to the Channel Islands during that period were but 210 pipes, the wines imported into London from the Channel Islands were 2,072 pipes. It therefore appears clear that cheap French wines are greatly substituted for Port wines. We are then led to ask, "Why should not these French wines be sold under their right names?"

Surrey Zoological Gardens.—Mr. Warwick has shipped at Alexandria, without any accident, four giraffes, one thirteen feet high, and called in Cairo, "La Belle Giraffe;" four jerboas; eighteen demoiselles or Numidian cranes; one camel; five ostriches; three Egyptian foxes, &c. A building has been already commenced for these interesting additions to the Surrey menagerie.

Burial.—Among the Indian tribes on the Amazon, on the death of a husband or wife, it is the custom for the survivor to cry now and then during the space of one year, but not after that time; and when it thunders they imagine they hear the voice of the deceased. Interment takes place soon after death, as soon as the goods of the deceased, which it is thought may be useful to him in another world, can be scraped together: his canoe forms his coffin, being cut to the proper length, and hoarded up at the ends and at top: in this the deceased and his goods are placed, and he is buried as near the centre of the house, at the depth of six or seven feet, as the previous interment of other bodies will permit.—*Smyth's Travels.*

Aged Horse.—In the museum of the Manchester Natural History Society, are the stuffed skin of the head, and the skull of Old Billy, a horse who worked all his life on the towing-path of one of the canals adjoining Manchester, and died on Nov. 27, 1822, at an age, testified beyond all doubt, to have been 62 years! The head is well shaped, bearing the Norman character; the ears crouped, and the hair of the main and fore-top particularly fine, but bushy.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JÜGEL.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 782.]

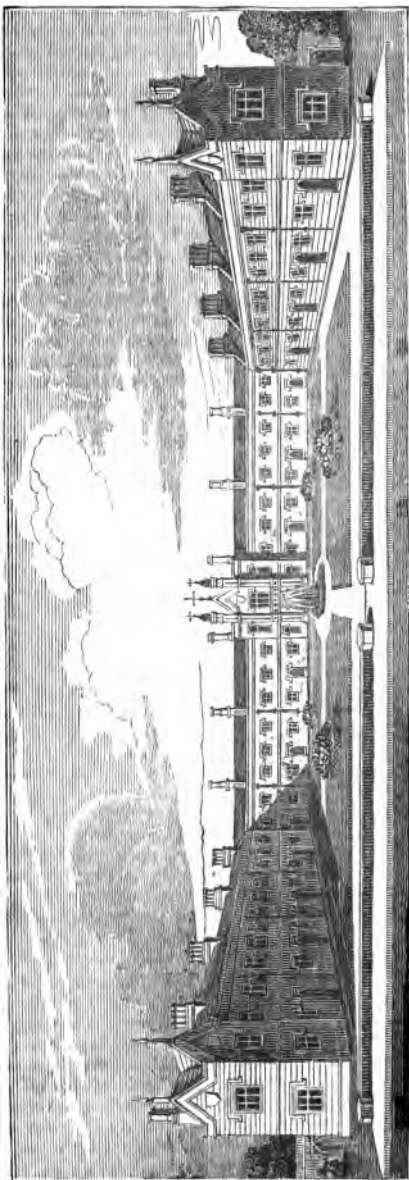
SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE MARYLEBONE ALMS-HOUSES.

THIS philanthropic design is, indeed, worthy of the opulent parish of Marylebone. It originated in the munificent legacy of five hundred pounds, bequeathed to the parish by Count Woronzow, long ambassador of Russia to this country. With this sum, a subscription was commenced for erecting an asylum for the aged and unfortunate, and endowing the establishment with appropriate funds. The contributions already amount to 2,200*l.*, to which is added the Woronzow legacy of 500*l.*, making a total of 2,700*l.*

The building of the alms-houses being determined on by the managing Committee, the ground was taken in the Circus Road, & Regent's Park, as already stated at page 308 of the present volume. The Committee then addressed a circular to the several architects resident within the parish. Numerous plans and estimates were, accordingly, submitted to the Sub-Committee, who selected the design furnished by Messrs. Pink and Kram, No. 29, Upper Seymour street, Portman square; which choice has been approved and adopted by the



Committee, and the Subscribers.

The ground is nearly 200 feet in length, and 150 feet in depth. The foundation has just been commenced. The buildings will consist of a centre, with a chapel, and two wings, in the old English domestic style of architecture. The central chapel will be ornamented with octagonal towers and pinnacles. The remainder of the centre and the wings will be divided into fourteen houses, with offices in the rear; affording houses for 58 persons. The building will be of brick, and the front finished with imitative stone; the gables throughout being ornamented with finials. The area will be neatly disposed, with a basin and jet of water in the centre. The amount of the building contract is about 3,500*l.* When completed, the Marylebone Alms-houses will bear comparison with any similar foundation in the suburbs; and to a well-regulated mind, this building and its associations of benevolence, will afford equal satisfaction with the prospect of any palatial mansion in its vicinity.

THE CASTLE AT NEWCASTLE.

(To the Editor.)

As a constant reader of the *Mirror*, I beg to call your attention to a mistake which occurred in No. 778. The account of the Castle of Newcastle states that "nothing remains of the outer wall but the main entrance or Black Gate." Being a native of the town, and having resided, until lately, within ten yards of the spot, I am enabled to correct this error. The nearest way from the Castle to the Tyne Bridge is by a long flight of steps, called the Castle Garth Stairs, and forms a part of the Rag Fair of the town, leading from within twenty yards of the Castle down into a street called the Close, at the end of the Bridge. About one-third of the way down is an arch, that belonged to the outer wall of the Castle; and I am more surprised that it escaped observation, as it is so low, or rather the pavement has been so often raised, that a person of common height cannot pass under it without stooping. There is, likewise, another archway, standing as an entrance to a public house at the end of Bailif Gate, which, I think, also belonged to the outer wall.

J. J.

[The authority for our statement was Sykes's *Local Records*, published at Newcastle in 1833—Ed.]

Anecdote Gallery.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES.

Happy the man, who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that checkers life.

COWPER.

THE following authentic anecdotes, will, we are persuaded, be read with pleasure by every sincere Christian, as illustrating the consoling doctrine of a special Providence, how much soever the unbeliever may deride it.

A lady had a very studious son, who was in the habit of sitting up for hours to read, after his family had retired to rest; to this, as he sat in the drawing-room, not practising the dangerous custom of reading in bed, his mother did not particularly object; the young man, too, was careful, and up to a certain period she had no apprehensions for the safety of the house. One night, however, her spirits became much depressed,—a strong conviction possessed her mind, that her son had gone to bed, leaving the candles burning on the drawing-room table; and though she had long retired to her chamber, a something irresistibly impelled her to go down stairs and see: and, she had no sooner opened the drawing-room door, than she beheld to her utmost horror and alarm, a great body of fire occupying the centre of the room! She summoned assistance, and, thus detected in its earliest stage, the conflagration was happily extinguished, ere much mischief had been done; but, it had indeed arisen from the

young student having left the candles lighted, whose long, blazing, and tallow-saturated wicks had dropped down the sides of the candlesticks, and fired the books and papers which lay on the table: now, the house must have been burnt down, had not the threatened danger been discovered in time; but who, we ask, prompted the lady to do that this night, which confiding in her son's carefulness, she had never done before?

A young lady, a near relation, lay down in her bed one night, leaving her candle burning on the drawers, in expectation of a servant coming to extinguish it; she fell asleep, but was awakened after awhile, by, as she fancied, a mouse running over her face; she started up, a great light filled the room, and she beheld, to her extreme consternation, some linen on fire which lay near the candle on the drawers. The maid-servant, had not been, as expected, to put out the light; which, as in the former instance, had burnt down and communicated with things around it; and the young lady, her family, and probably her neighbours, (for this incident happened in London,) were saved from mischief incalculable, by the apparently trivial circumstance, imaginary or real, of a mouse running over her face!

Mrs. T——, the amiable principal of an esteemed Ladies' College in the immediate environs of London, relates, that one night, her mind became strangely possessed with, and disturbed by, the idea that — House would shortly be robbed, and that she had better place in security the pocket-money of her numerous pupils as soon as possible. Haunted by this thought, which the morning light did not banish, she caused each *demi-selle* under her care, to confide to the guardianship of herself, or teachers, all her money, save a few shillings for immediate use, in a small packet, ticketed with name, date, and the amount of the sum therein contained. This money, of which we believe 113*l.* was thus collected, was usually taken care of by its young possessors in keyless drawers, and lockers never locked, so that it lay particularly open to the tender mercies of thieves; and, upon this occasion, one girl only, the happy mistress of four or five bright sovereigns, either furtively kept them back, or boldly refused to resign them into safer custody. Two or three nights afterwards, — House, was actually broken into; and the object of the robbers appears to have been the children's money, since every box, drawer, and locker, belonging to them was opened, ransacked, its contents strewed on the ground, and the sovereigns of the unsubmitive school-girl carried off.

Mr. B—— a very clever and much esteemed country practitioner, calling one day at a cottage in S——, (Norfolk), beard with concern that his patient, a poor labourer, was

no more. Instead of fleeing from "the house of mourning," the humane gentleman entered it, to give what consolation he could to a distressed widow and her children, and to inquire into the particulars of the poor man's death. The family were urgent that Mr. B— should see him, which he at first refused, but afterwards (remembering, perhaps, that the poorer classes of society esteem a visit to their deceased friends a compliment,) altered his mind, and would not deny them so slight a favour. Upon being led into the upper room where the poor man lay,—sitting down by the bed and conversing upon him, he happened to partly turn the sheet down, and place his hand on the body:—"How is this?" then exclaimed Mr. B—; "he is yet warm! And if he really died so many hours ago, 'tis strange,—very strange—that he should be so." The family assured their kind medical friend that they were correct in their statement, and Mr. B—, after a little further examination of the corpse, called for brandy. Some hours spent, in forcing at intervals a tea-spoonful of this veritable *aqua vite* down the poor man's throat, were followed by the happiest results: the supposed dead man was restored to life, and is living at this period, or at least was, when we saw him not long since at S—, in Norfolk. Mr. B— may, perhaps, be induced to give the public, hereafter, a detailed account of this curious case, which we have merely slightly noted, as another instance of "God's good providence" in the preservation of his creatures; though, doubtlessly, those there are, who will not scruple to term the accident of a medical man calling in upon a patient just in time to rescue him from being buried alive, "a lucky hit."

Some years since, the following singular accident and providential escape from death, occurred to a lady, a member of a well-known baronet's family:—Mrs. — had been extremely ill of a nervous disorder, which rendered perfect quiet essential to the preservation of her existence. It happened that she had a great antipathy to monkeys, and the sight of one of these animals failed not to throw her into a dangerous state of tremor. Still confined to a sick room, she was standing one day before an open window in her chamber, when the monkey of a man who was at the instant exhibiting a show in the street, darted up a lamp-post with the agility peculiar to his race, and seemed in the act of throwing himself through the open window, into the invalid's chamber.

So terrified was Mrs. — by the creature's movements and grimaces, that falling into a succession of extremely dangerous fits, it became necessary to send for her physician. He arrived,—looked at his unfortunate patient,—

"Shook his head in sign of sorrow—
Despairing of his fee to-morrow,"

2 D 2

wrote a prescription, which he begged might be immediately made up and taken; he then departed. The sufferer's grieved and alarmed husband, hastened with this himself, instantly, to a chemist, desiring him to make up directly the medicine ordered on that paper. The chemist, upon reading the prescription, appeared disquieted, and seemed to demand whether he would comply with the order or not: "Why this delay?" cried the gentleman; "for Heaven's sake give me the medicine quickly, for my wife suffers every minute until it be taken."

"Excuse me, sir; but is the lady indeed so seriously ill?"

"Yes,—no; she has received a fright, which has thrown her, being in a delicate and highly nervous state of health, into strong and repeated fits. But why do you ask?"

"Pardon me, sir, for inquiring further, if she be really past recovery?"

"God forbid!" cried the astonished husband; "I hope—I believe—not; I never anticipated such a thing!"

"And you are perfectly ignorant, then, of the nature of the remedy prescribed?"

"Perfectly; except that I imagine it to be a composing draught."

"It is, sir, indeed," gravely and kindly answered the humane chemist; "and so composing, that it is merely calculated to make your lady die easier than her physician, who considers her past recovery, thinks she would otherwise do; perhaps you will favour me with the particulars of her case?"

"These, the terrified Mr. — detailed, when the chemist replied:

"In my humble opinion, sir, your lady's situation is by no means desperate; at least, I cannot conscientiously make up for her a death-draught like this, till other remedies have been tried and failed; so that you will perhaps allow me, simply, to substitute for it a composing draught, and let us see the effect."

Joyfully did Mr. — accede to this proposal; the safe medicine was successfully administered, and the lady lived fifty years after this providential deliverance from imminent peril and certain death.

Mrs. Graham, a well-known Scottish authoress, was, in the October of 1825, about to take her passage in a steam-boat, for a short jaunt from "her own people, and her own place," when, for two or three nights previously to her intended departure, she was haunted by a dream respecting the vessel which much disturbed her, though in waking hours she could only recollect, that she was on board it, in company with a gentleman, in an officer's undress—a blue, braided military coat and shako,—and who was attended by a fine Newfoundland dog. The recurrence of this dream was singular, but how startling

to Mrs. Graham was the actual appearance of the officer and his dog on board the packet, when she reached the place of embarkation. Nay, so singular did the coincidence appear to her, that she relinquished the opportunity of proceeding by this vessel, and thereby saved her life; for the steamboat in question was the unfortunate *Comet*, which, subsequently, on that very day, Friday, October 21st, 1825, whilst pursuing her passage, was struck, and run down by the *Ayr* steamer, when every soul on board perished. Perhaps the officer, the subject of Mrs. Graham's dream, was the identical Captain Sutherland, of the 33rd regiment, whose melancholy fate, with that of his young bride, excited such deep and universal sympathy.—Mysterious indeed, are His ways, "whose paths are in the deep waters!" M. L. B.

Retrospective Gleanings.

SOLITARINESS AND COMPANIONSHIP.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—Retirement from the world is properest when it is in a tempest; but if it should be in our power to allay it, we ought even then to immerse our private in the public safety. He may be wise to himself, that can sleep away a storm in a cabin. I deny not but a man may be good in retirement; especially when the world swarms with vice. One would not travel but upon necessity, when he must be either wetted with the rain of slander, or battered with the hail of injury: it would be uncharitable to condemn, in general, all the monastics that have cloistered up themselves from the world: nor, are they purely to be reckoned among such as are shut out from commerce: they are not alone, that have books and company within their own walls. He is properly to be accounted alone, that is illiterate, and inactively lives in a hamlet of some untravelling village of the duller country; yet we see in the general election of men, a companionable life is preferred before those cells that give them ease and leisure. It is not one of a million that habits himself for a monk out of choice and natural liking; and if we look at those that do it, we shall find that either want, vexation, crosses, or contingencies, have sent them unto places nature never intended them for. The soul of man is as well active as contemplative. Certainly, an operative rest is acceptable to man; but, an ineffectual laziness is the seminary both of vice and infamy: it clouds the mind and senses; and, at last, transmits a man to the darkness and oblivion of the grave. When Domitian was alone, he caught only flies; but, it is recorded of the wise and prudent Augustus, that he slept but little, and was so far from loving to be alone, that he had alternate watchers to discourse with him in the

night when he awoke. Was not Scipio more glorious, fighting in Africa, than Servilius Vacca, sleeping in his noiseless country? Certainly, the inculture of the world would perish it into a wilderness, should not the activeness of commerce make it a universal city. Though solitude may keep a mind from being tempted with the frequencies of vice, or the splendour of wealth and greatness, and give it more leisure to study virtue, and to think on heaven; yet when man shall be overawayed by the pondure of his own corruptions, may not time administer thoughts that are evil, as soon as those that are good? The caution was seasonable, that Cleanthes gave to him that he found alone, and talking to himself. Take heed (said he) you speak not with an evil man. There is this to be said against solitude: temptations may approach more freely to him that is alone, than to him that has the benefit of a companion. A man need be a great master of his affections, that will live sequestered from the world and company. He is little acceptable that does never quit the tiring-room; but he that can help, when need requires, in the senate or the field; and, when he hath leisure, can make a happy use of it, and give himself employment to his benefit, hath doubtless the greatest pleasure, and husbands his life to the best of uses; for, by being abroad, he suffers others to reap the advantage of his parts and piety: and, by looking sometimes inward, he enjoys himself with ease and contentment.

W. G. C.

The Sketch-Book.

THE DEAN OF BADAJOZ.

(From the *German of Langbein*.)

A FEW centuries ago, the cathedral church of Badajoz, in Spain, boasted a dean of wonderful learning, who, on account of the extent of his wisdom, and the splendour of his eloquence, had acquired the nickname of Gold-mouth. But the praises which flattery and fame were perpetually ringing in his ears, so bewildered him, and elevated him to such a height in his own esteem, that he, at length, grew discontented with his humble deanery. He considered himself deserving of an archbishopric, or even of the triple crown itself; but, as he saw no possibility of ever arriving at either of those dignities, he was tormented night and day.

While his discontented mind was in this state of agitation, he chanced to hear that a certain magician dwelt in the neighbourhood of Toledo, named Mendoza, who had performed unheard-of miracles.—"Ah!" said Gold-mouth to himself in ecstasy, "he can, perhaps, even raise a dean to a bishopric. It does not, indeed, become one of my order to have dealings with such suspicious charac-

ters, but having received ambition from the Devil, I am compelled to seek the aid of one of his agents."

No sooner said than done; he saddled his mule, and set out instantly on his way to Toledo. Mendoza lived in an adjacent village. His habitation was easily discovered by the immense throng of cripples and invalids of all sorts who were congregated round the door, in the expectation of being cured by this far-famed magician. The dean, however, rushed past them, fastened his mule outside, and entered the house, with the conceited strut of pride and self-importance. Mendoza, a silver-haired old man, received him with an air of gravity and marked respect. His dress was of coarse, black cloth, and he had a long, shaggy beard, which, at that time, was deemed a mark of wisdom, but now-a-days is considered by most people a never-failing proof of ignorance.—"Senhor," said Gold-mouth, "it is almost superfluous for me to inform your omniscience of my name. I am the Dean of Badajoz, universally known for my learning and skill in the sciences; yet am I come to be a pupil of yours. Instruct me in that knowledge which gives you power over the world of spirits, and enables you to subdue even the fickle goddess Fortune to your bidding. I burn with the desire of mounting on the wings of magic to the highest ecclesiastical dignities; effect but that, Senhor, and I will never cease to be grateful for it."—"Grateful," echoed Mendoza with an incredulous smile; "man, friend dean is an ungrateful being. That is a truth which a priest should be the last person to question."—"What do I hear?" said Gold-mouth; "do you accuse the order to which I belong of having a larger share of ingratitude than any other class of mankind? Well then, put me to the test; I will be the means of redeeming my brotherhood from the imputation of such a glaring stain upon their character."—"I will take you at your word," rejoined Mendoza; "on the faith of this promise will I risk my instruction."—He then opened a door which communicated with the kitchen, and called out in a loud voice to his cook—"Anna! put two partridges upon the spit: the Dean of Badajoz dines here to-day."

When he had given this order, he conducted his guest into a smoke-discoloured apartment, called his workshop; the floor of which was covered with ponderous volumes upon the black art, and various implements of alchemy lay scattered around. But the most remarkable objects were several small imps in glass bottles, who, bowing with mock solemnity, and leaping with astonishing dexterity, greeted the entrance of the stranger with every demonstration of joy.—"Be seated, friend dean," said Mendoza; "my studies being of a dry nature, suppose we moisten

them with a little wine." Raising a trap-door from the ground, he descended to a vault below, and returned with a stone pitcher. He then filled two glasses with wine, took down a crystal phial from a shelf above him, and muttering, at the same time, some unintelligible spell, poured out two drops of a purple-coloured liquid into one of the glasses, which he handed to the dean with a friendly invitation to drink. Gold-mouth drank it. How long they sat drinking together, and what topics they discussed over their cups, I have no means of knowing; besides, such a relation would be a digression from our tale.

Soon afterwards, the Bishop of Badajoz died, and the vacant mitre was conferred upon our friend the Dean. Good wishes for his future happiness flowed in from all quarters. Mendoza waited upon him in person, and commended himself to his favour and his gratitude; for, it was through his instrumentality that he obtained the bishopric. His reverence thanked his patron in the smoothest language, but entreated pardon for not being able immediately to evince his gratitude and desire to serve him by any substantial mark of favour.—"I must get a step higher yet," said he; "and the expenses attending my sudden elevation have nearly drained my purse. Do not on this account, my dear friend, withdraw your helping hand from me; but rather devote your whole exertions to procure my promotion, and rest assured that the delayed payment of the debt of gratitude I owe you shall then be discharged with triple interest."

Mendoza made a low bow, and put up with the promise of future reward, without a word of expostulation. He carried his condescension still further, for he took up his residence in Badajoz, and always advised and assisted the bishop in matters connected with his office; so that the devil himself might be said in some measure to occupy the episcopal chair. But he acted his part without discovery, and played the cards so well, that the fame of the Bishop of Badajoz soon filled the whole of Spain; and, in a short time, he was nominated to the archbishopric of Seville. On his journey to assume the functions of his new office, the lips of thousands greeted him with the welcome of the ancient Spanish proverb, "Whosoever has the love of God with him is permitted to visit Seville."

Thither also Mendoza followed him, and took the liberty of waiting upon him soon after his arrival, humbly to request the reward which he had promised him.—"It is not gold I seek," said he, addressing him mildly; "all I ask is a small benefice for my son, who has just completed his course of studies at the high school of Toledo."—"I will do the best I can for him," replied the

Archbishop; let us only wait till there is a favourable opportunity. I must first provide for several others, who have the interest and recommendation of persons in high authority. As soon as I have dismissed these importunate suitors, I will exert myself to the utmost to procure something handsome for your son. He cannot be a loser by the delay; for it is probable that in the mean time I may rise another step nearer to the Vatican; and the higher I ascend, the greater will be my power of doing good to my friends."

The magician quietly endured this second repulse, and went away without being in the least disconcerted, resolving to employ all the engines of magic over which he had power for the benefit of his patron. His zeal in his service soon had the desired result; for his holiness the Pope sent a Cardinal's red hat to the Archbishop, and invited him to Rome, there to enjoy, like the other heads of the Church, his seat and voice in the assembly of the Cardinals. Every body was amazed at the upstart's sudden elevation, except himself; for he considered that it had been only in proportion to his great merit, and that Fortune, who had so wonderfully attended him throughout, was merely an idle slave, who did no more than she could help.

Mendoza accompanied the Cardinal to Rome. His eminence treated him as before, with overflowing kindness of manner; but never made any allusion to benefices or other rewards. He was at length obliged to drop a gentle hint:—"Patience, old man!" said the Cardinal; the time is now fast approaching when we shall settle our account. I am like a man on a journey, who is only one short stage distant from the place of his destination. He has then no time for delay; he postpones all business for the repose and leisure of his journey's end. Thus it is with me. My object is the papal throne. Your efforts and good fortune combined will soon place me there. The holy father is old and infirm; even now he totters on the brink of the grave; he cannot reign much longer; and there is no doubt that with the same aid which has hitherto befriended me, I shall be elected his successor. Then, my friend, then shalt thou behold the accusation of ingratitude, with which you once stigmatized the members of the Church, nobly disproved in the generous conduct of their chief.

What happened?—The Pope died; the Cardinals assembled in the chamber of election in the Vatican; and Mendoza caused himself to be admitted into Gold-mouth's stall as his secretary. But the *soi-disant* secretary, summoning the powers of enchantment to his aid, exercised a secret influence over the whole body of electors, and thus succeeded in placing the papal crown upon the head of our Spanish Cardinal.

The new representative of the Church had now the keys, not only of heaven, but also of an immense treasury; and, by dipping into it, he could easily satisfy the demands of the author of his power and greatness. But he now lost all esteem for the magician. The only use which the holy father made of his new treasure, was, like his predecessor, to enrich his kinsmen, who flocked into Rome from all parts of Spain, like a swarm of locusts.

For some time, Mendoza remained a patient spectator of the scene. As the Pope, however, seemed to regard him merely as useless lumber in the Vatican, now that his assistance was no longer available, he determined upon reminding the ungrateful man of the specious promises which he had successively made when Dean, Bishop, Archbishop, and Cardinal. He did so with unassuming humility; but the holy father surveyed him with a look of scorn, and replied in a tone of menace, "How canst thou presume to ascribe to thy aid the honours and the power which, partly by the grace of God, I now enjoy! Thy own admission, that thou art in league with the powers of darkness would justify my pronouncing sentence of death upon thee; but, as an act of special mercy, I will mitigate the just punishment of thy offence to perpetual banishment. Depart from my sight! Quit Rome immediately, and, in three days, the papal dominions. If thou art found within my territories after the expiration of that time, thy life shall be the forfeit of thy disobedience."

Unmoved, without a word of defence or reproach, Mendoza suffered sentence of excommunication to be thundered against him; and, coolly rising, he called out—"Anna! take the partridges off the spit. The Dean does not dine here to-day."

The holy father gave an involuntary shudder on hearing these words; he rubbed his eyes, and with a loud shriek, he found himself transported from the splendid palace of the Vatican to the smoky workshop of the magician, where he had been dreaming upon an old arm-chair this fairy dream of life. As in some of the plays of Shakspeare,* the events of a series of years are represented in three hours upon the stage: so Gold-mouth, under the influence of an enchanted potion, had, in a still shorter period, been a Bishop, an Archbishop, a Cardinal, and a Pope; and now, lolling in a crazy arm-chair, he relapsed once more into plain Dean of Badajoz. Mendoza, the architect of all these castles in the air, gave him a searching look: the little imps, "grinning ghastly smiles," leaped up and down in their glass prison-houses, and

* It is hardly necessary to observe that the allusions to Shakspeare are as frequent and familiar in German writers as in those of his native land; and that he is not more devoutly studied nor more passionately admired in this country than in Germany.

clapped their hands with delight. The dethroned Dean durst not raise his eyes from the ground; ashamed that in the appointed trial of his heart, it had proved so "rotten at the core." Without uttering a syllable, he rushed towards the door, found his mule as he had left it, mounted, and disregarding night and mist, resolved on instantly returning to his deanery.

He had hardly proceeded the distance of a gunshot, when somebody very unceremoniously sprang up behind him, with such force as nearly to jerk him off the mule. Breathing vengeance, the Dean turned round; when, heavens! he beheld a gaunt, black, horned fiend, whose fiery eyes glared like lanterns through the dark. With horror, he started up in the saddle, and was in the act of dismounting to surrender it to this dreadful intruder, when he laid his dragon-claws upon his shoulders, and addressing him in a tone of familiarity, said, "Stay, friend priest, stay, I only wished to give you a piece of advice, which you will find useful to you in your journey through life; it is that Ingratitude is a detestable vice even in the eyes of the Devil."

C. S.

The Naturalist.

ICEBERGS.

AMONG the prodigies of nature, few objects are more calculated to attract our attention than icebergs,—by their stupendous size, and variety of forms.

Professor Leslie has thus explained the formation of these gigantic wonders of the arctic seas. The snow on the islands or continents being melted in summer, forms collections of fresh water, which freezes, and increases yearly, until the mass becomes mountainous, and rises to the elevation of the surrounding cliffs. The melting of the snow, which is afterwards deposited on these enormous blocks, likewise contributes to their growth, and by filling up the holes and crevices renders the whole solid. When such a mass has reached the height of 1,000 or 2,000 feet, the accumulated weight, assisted by the action of the ocean at its base, plunges it into the sea, and it is driven southward by the winds and currents, and known to mariners under the name of *iceberg*. It consists of clear, compact, solid ice, generally with a bluish green tint. From the cavities in it the northern whalers fill their casks with pure, fresh water.

The journals of modern navigators in the arctic seas present many interesting details of icebergs—their perils and beauties. Captain Ross' first *Voyage of Discovery* has supplied the annexed representation of a remarkable iceberg, which he saw in July, 1818, lat. 47° and long. 65° W. Its form is

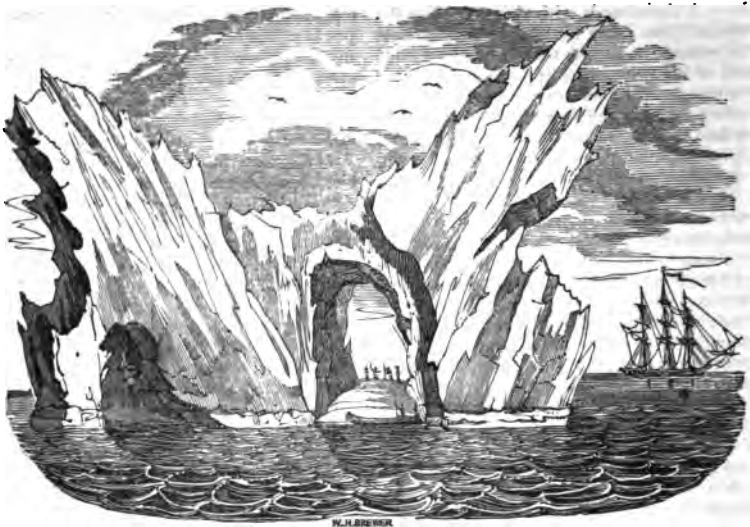
one of the most peculiar yet described by the pencil of the artist. Sometimes these huge mountains stand in majestic solitude; at other times they float in widely spread groups or extensive chains.

Mr. William Scoresby, junior, in his *Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale Fishery*, thus describes a vast chain of icebergs lying off Cape Brewster. He says:—

"The sea, throughout an area of almost twenty miles in diameter, was almost covered with these prodigious floating bodies. At one time, I counted above 500 from the mast-head, of which scarcely any was less than the hull of a ship. About a hundred of them appeared to be as high as our mast-head. Some were certainly twice this height, or 200 feet above the surface of the sea, and several hundreds of yards in extent. One, which I had a good opportunity of estimating, was at least a mile in circumference, and 100 feet in height; three others were about 1,800 feet in circumference, and 150 feet in height; and another was about 1,000 feet in circumference, and 200 feet in height. They assumed a great variety of forms, and some difference of tints; but the prevailing appearance was that of cliffs or islands of chalk. In recent fractures, however, the colour is a fine emerald green; and, in cavities, where the light is transmitted through a portion of the ice, it is a brilliant blue. Many of the icebergs contained strata of earth and stones, and some were loaded with beds of rock of great thickness, and weighing, by calculation, from 50,000 to 100,000 tons. One, in particular, was observed, (if it was indeed an iceberg,) that was loaded to the height of a ship's mast-head with such piles of rock, that only a very few specks of ice were visible. I obtained specimens of rocks from several of these, which consisted of gneiss, basaltic greenstone, some of it strongly magnetic, granular felspar, transition clay-slate, hornblende mica-slate, a kind of granite, &c.

"The weight of some of the icebergs is enormous. One of those above mentioned was a mile in circumference, or 1,500 feet square, and a hundred feet above the level of the sea. As it was nearly a parallelepipedon, its weight may easily be determined. Had its upper surface been exactly horizontal, the quantity of the mass below, to that above the level of the water, would have been in the proportion of 8:2 to 1;* but, as there were some irregularities, the quantity of ice below in this berg may be considered as seven times greater than the quantity floating above the surface of the sea. Hence its weight must have been equivalent to a mass of sea-water 1,500 feet square, and 700 feet thick, being the quantity that it displaced. The solid content of the water displaced,

* Account of the Arctic Regions, vol. i., p. 234.



(Remarkable Iceberg : from Ross' First Voyage.)

equal 1,575,000,000 cubic feet, divided by 35, the number of cubic feet of water of the Greenland sea, in a ton weight, affords a quotient of forty-five millions of tons for the weight of the iceberg."

CRANES AND CRABS.

On the coast of Chili, innumerable small crabs live in cylindrical excavations in the sand, and, as the tide approaches, watch for their share of the booty brought by the waves, while they themselves are threatened by the long-legged cranes, which pursue with extraordinary eagerness the crustacea, and in general all marine animals. But the bird cannot get one of these crabs except by rapid flight, and even the diligent naturalist does not obtain them without digging in the sand; for the smallest trembling of the ground under the foot, even the shadow of a person approaching, warns the little animal of its danger, and with the rapidity of lightning it retreats into its hole. Swarms of little fish purposely suffer themselves to be brought by every wave far upon the beach, and seem to take pleasure in the sport, for they are so quick and so attentive, that you may attempt in vain to catch a single one, or to intercept a number in their retreat with the receding wave. The grave herons alone contrive to deceive them by their fixed attitude, which, at a favourable moment, is interrupted by an almost convulsive motion, and brings death to one of the poor dupes.—*Poeppig's Travels.*

New Books.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF MY OWN TIME.

By Sir N. W. Wraxall, Bart.

[THE lovers of light literature may recollect Sir Nathaniel Wraxall as one of the most entertaining anecdotists of the latter part of the last century. Engaged in public life from the age of twenty, and before the world, as the phrase is, till within a few years of his death, Sir Nathaniel was, undoubtedly, a man of extensive intelligence upon subjects of contemporary history. He had travelled well and widely on the Continent, visiting almost every country from Lapland to Lisbon, carrying with him a lively talent for observation and record. By excellent introductions, he gleaned much of the secret histories of the principal Courts of Europe, especially of France, Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna. He sat in three sessions of Parliament, and obtained a baronetcy, though he was not uniform in supporting the darling minister of the day. After publishing his travels, he gave to the world the *Historical Memoirs of his own Time*, in which "the premature disclosures of historical truth" brought upon the author the prosecutions and threats of certain parties concerning whom there might be unpalatable facts. The Royal Family were dissatisfied with Sir Nathaniel's portrait of George the Third; it had too few courtly touches; the writer had not a "caudied tongue." He offended the admirers or followers of Pitt, Fox, and North; and he was coarsely abused

by the two opposing political reviews; their unanimity on Sir Nathaniel's veracity being truly surprising. The Baronet stood the brunt of all parties unhurt, till some unlucky mention of the Count Woronzow brought upon him the prosecution of that nobleman; though, to his honour, be it said, he made every effort to prevent the execution of the judgment. Profiting by experience during nearly six months' sojourn, or mild confinement, in the King's Bench, Sir Nathaniel resolved not to let the present memoirs see the light till he should have been removed from the scene. The preface of the present work is, accordingly, dated 1825, though it has only just been printed. We ought to mention that Sir Nathaniel found consolation amidst all the calumny and clamour against him, in the testimony of the late Sir George Osborn, a near relative of Lord North, and one of the grooms of the bedchamber to George the Third during nearly forty years. Sir George pledged his name to the truth of nine out of ten of Sir Nathaniel's anecdotes, adding that he, Sir N., was imprisoned for giving to future ages a perfect picture of his time, as interesting as Clarendon.

The present work commences with the general election of April, 1784. Its amusing character will be best attested by quotations, which will make up a very feast of anecdote and flow of wit.]

The Duchess of Devonshire.

The Duchess of Devonshire was one of the most distinguished females of high rank whom the last century produced. Her personal charms constituted her smallest pretension to universal admiration; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunninges, in regularity of features and faultless formation of limbs and shape: it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment, in her irresistible manners, and the seduction of her society. Her hair was not without a tinge of red; and her face, though pleasing, yet had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered as an ordinary countenance. Descended in the fourth degree lineally from Sarah Jennings, the wife of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, she resembled the portraits of that celebrated woman. In addition to the external advantages which she had received from nature and fortune, she possessed an ardent temper, susceptible of deep as well as strong impressions; a cultivated understanding, illuminated by a taste for poetry and the fine arts; much sensibility, not exempt, perhaps, from vanity and coquetry. Her heart might be considered as the seat of those emotions which sweeten human life, adorn our nature, and diffuse a nameless charm over existence.

Lady Duncannon, however inferior to the duchess in elegance of mind and in personal

beauty, equalled her in sisterly love. During the month of July, 1811, a very short time before the decease of the late Duke of Devonshire, I visited the vault in the principal church of Derby, where repose the remains of the Cavendish family. As I stood contemplating the coffin, which contained the ashes of that admired female, the woman who accompanied me pointed out the relics of a *bouquet* which lay upon the lid, nearly collapsed into dust. "That nosegay," said she, "was brought here by the Countess of Beesborough, who had designed to place it with her own hands on her sister's coffin. But, overcome by her emotions on approaching the spot, she found herself unable to descend the steps conducting to the vault. In an agony of grief, she knelt down on the stones, as nearly over the place occupied by the corpse as I could direct, and there deposited the flowers, enjoining me the performance of an office to which she was unequal. I fulfilled her wishes."

The late Duke of Norfolk.

At the head of the adherents of Fox might be placed the Earl of Surrey, whom we have since seen during thirty years exhibiting a spectacle new to the house of peers;—namely, a protestant Duke of Norfolk, taking an active part in all the legislative proceedings of that body. Nature, which cast him in her coarsest mould, had not bestowed on him any of the external insignia of high descent. His person, large, muscular, and clumsy, was destitute of grace or dignity, though he possessed much activity. He might, indeed, have been mistaken for a grazier or a butcher, by his dress and appearance; but intelligence was marked in his features, which were likewise expressive of frankness and sincerity.

At a time when men of every description wore hair-powder and a queue, he had the courage to cut his hair short, and to renounce powder, which he never used except when going to court. In the session of 1785, he proposed to Pitt to lay a tax on the use of hair-powder, as a substitute for one of the ministers projected taxes on female servants. This hint, though not improved at the time, was adopted by him some years afterwards. Pitt, in reply to Lord Surrey, observed, that "the noble lord, from his rank, and the office which he held, (deputy earl-marshal of England,) might dispense, as he did, with powder; but there were many individuals whose situation compelled them to go powdered. Indeed, few gentlemen permitted their servants to appear before them unpowdered."

Strong natural sense supplied in Lord Surrey the neglect of education; and he displayed a sort of rude eloquence, whenever he rose to address the house, analogous to his

formation of mind and body. In his youth, —six, at the time of which I speak, he had attained his thirty-eighth year,—he led a most licentious life, having frequently passed the whole night in excesses of every kind, and even lain down, when intoxicated, occasionally to sleep in the streets, or on a block of wood. At the "Beef-steak Club," where I have dined with him, he seemed to be in his proper element. But few individuals of that society could sustain a contest with such an antagonist, when the cloth was removed. In cleanliness he was negligent to so great a degree, that he rarely made use of water for purposes of bodily refreshment and comfort. He even carried the neglect of his person so far, that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of his fits of intoxication, for the purpose of washing him. On those occasions, being wholly insensible to all that passed about him, they stripped him as they would have done a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Nor did he change his linen more frequently than he washed himself. Complaining, one day, to Dudley North that he was a martyr to the rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, "Pray, my lord," said he, "did you ever try a clean shirt?"

Drunkenness was in him an hereditary vice, transmitted down, probably, by his ancestors from the Plantagenet times, and inherent in his formation. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, indulged equally in it; but he did not manifest the same capacities as the son, in resisting the effects of wine. It is a fact that Lord Surrey, after laying his father and all the guests under the table at the Thatched House tavern in St. James's street, has left the room, repaired to another festive party in the vicinity, and there recommenced the unfinished convivial rites; realizing Thomson's description of the parson in his "Autumn," who, after the fox-chase, survives his company in the celebration of these orgies.

Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch,
Awful and vast, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock,
Returning late with ruminations sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

His very dress, which was most singular, and always the same, except when he went to St. James's,—namely, a plain, blue coat of a peculiar dye, approaching to purple,—was said to be imposed on him by his priest or confessor, as a penance. The late Earl of Sandwich so assured me; but I always believed Lord Surrey to possess a mind superior to the terrors of superstition. Though twice married while a very young man, he left no issue by either of his wives. The second still survives, in a state of disordered

intellect, residing at Holme Lacy in the county of Hereford.

As he advanced in age, he increased in bulk; and the last time that I saw him, (which happened to be at the levee at Carlton House, when I had some conversation with him,) not more than a year before his decease, such was his size and breadth, that he seemed incapable of passing through a door of ordinary dimensions. Yet he had neither lost the activity of his mind nor that of his body. Regardless of seasons, or impediments of any kind, he traversed the kingdom in all directions, from Greystock in Cumberland, to Holme Lacy and Arundel Castle, with the rapidity of a young man. Indeed, though of enormous proportions, he had not a projecting belly, as Ptolemy Phyccon is depicted in antiquity; or like the late King of Wirtemberg, who resembled in his person our popular ideas of *Punch*, and might have asserted with Falstaff, that "he was unable to get sight of his own knee." In the deliberations of the House of Peers, the Duke of Norfolk maintained the manly independence of his character, and frequently spoke with ability, as well as with information. His talents were neither impaired by years, nor obscured by the Bacchanalian festivities of Norfolk House, which continued to the latest period of his life; but he became somnolent and lethargic before his decease.

Sheridan.

Sheridan combined in himself the talents of Terence and of Cicero, the powers of Demosthenes and of Menander. In the capital of Great Britain, on one and the same day, he has spoken for several hours in Westminster Hall, during the course of Hastings's trial, to a most brilliant and highly informed audience of both sexes, in a manner so impressive, no less than eloquent, as to extort admiration even from his greatest enemies. Then repairing to the House of Commons, he has exhibited specimens of oratory before that assembly, equalling those which he had displayed in the morning, when addressing the Peers, as one of Hastings's accusers; while, on the same evening, "The Duenna" has been performed at one theatre, and "The School for Scandal" at the other, to crowded audiences, who received them with unbounded applause. This is a species of double triumph, of the tongue and of the pen, to which antiquity, Athenian or Roman, can lay no claim, and which has not any parallel in our own history. Lord Bolingbroke may, perhaps, form the nearest approach, as he was both an orator and a writer. So was Burke. Fox himself, after a life passed in the House of Commons, aspired to instruct and to delight by his compositions. But not one of the three can sustain a comparison

with Sheridan, who may be considered, in a comprehensive view, as the most highly endowed man whom we have beheld in our time.

* * * * *

Few men of genius since Sir Richard Steele's time have undergone greater difficulties; and none have had recourse to more extraordinary modes for the purpose of raising money, or obtaining credit, than Sheridan. Some were so ludicrous as to excite mirth, and can hardly obtain belief. He resided during several years in Bruton street, Berkeley square, where the house was frequently so beset with duns or bailiffs, that even the provisions requisite for his family were introduced over the iron railing down the area. In the course of the year 1786, while living there, he entertained at dinner a number of the opposition leaders, though he laboured at that time under almost insurmountable pecuniary embarrassments. All his plate, as well as his books, were lodged in pawn. Having, nevertheless, procured from the pawnbroker an assurance of the liberation of his plate for the day, he applied to Beckett, the celebrated bookseller in Pall Mall, to fill his empty bookcases. Beckett not only agreed to the proposition, but promised to ornament the vacant shelves with some of the most expensive and splendid productions of the British press, provided that two men, expressly sent for the purpose by himself, should be present to superintend their immediate restoration. It was settled finally that these librarians of Beckett's appointment should put on liveries for the occasion, and wait at table. The company having assembled, were shown into an apartment, where the bookcases being opened for the purpose, they had leisure, before dinner was served, to admire the elegance of Sheridan's literary taste, and the magnificence of his collection. But as all machinery is liable to accidents, so, in this instance, a failure had nearly taken place, which must have proved fatal to the entertainment. When every thing was ready for serving the dinner, it happened that, either from the pawnbroker's distrust, or from some unforeseen delay on his part, the spoons and forks had not arrived. Repeated messages were dispatched to hasten them, and they at last made their appearance; but so critically and so late, that there not being time left to clean them, they were thrown into hot water, wiped, and instantly laid on the table. The evening then passed in the most joyous and festive manner. Beckett himself related these circumstances to Sir John Marshpherson.

* * * * *

This extraordinary man, as he approached the confines of old age, sank with every successive year in general estimation. Admitting that his faculties remained perfect, as I believe they did, they nevertheless became

overcast from the effects of intoxication, licentiousness, and habits of dissipation. How different, we must own, was the tenor of Fox's life, after the period of his retreat to St. Anne's Hill! Divided during many months of the year between rustic occupations, elegant literature, and the company of a few friends, Fox, (a green apron frequently fastened round his waist,) amused and employed himself in pruning, or nailing up his own fruit-trees. But Fox outlived his vices; those of Sheridan accompanied him to the tomb. Such was the characteristic and inherent difference between these two illustrious men.

The last time that I was in Sheridan's society, we dined together at the late Duke of Queensberry's, in 1807. We formed a small, select company; and he displayed his usual, convivial talents, which never forsook him at table: but the duke, who was above eighty, and had become deaf, did not allow Sheridan to sit long enough, or to swallow sufficient wine, for fully expanding his powers of colloquial entertainment.

At the dissolution of Parliament in 1812, having failed to secure his re-election at Stafford, he ceased to sit in the House of Commons; a circumstance most inconvenient to him, as his person was no longer protected from arrest, while his debts accumulated. I have been assured from good authority, that the Prince of Wales, (or, more properly to speak, the Regent,) transmitted him the sum of three thousand pounds, in order to enable him to procure his election for some other borough; but Sheridan, pressed by domestic exigencies, devoted the money to his own private necessities. From that period, during the four or five concluding years of his life, he, who had so long attracted the attention of an admiring public, insensibly became, if I may so express myself, half-eclipsed, and in a manner forgotten while still alive. Incapable of extricating himself by any efforts of genius or application, (such was his habitual indolence,) from his pecuniary embarrassments, he could no longer defy a host of importunate tradesmen, who clamorously demanded payment. Like *Jaffier*, he might say that his doors were

"Barred and dammed up by gaping creditors."

A friend of mine, a young man, having been arrested in August, 1815, for a debt, and carried to a spunging-house in Fetter-lane, there found himself detained in a large apartment with Sheridan and Sir Watkin Lewes. The latter had been lord-mayor of London, as well as one of the members for that city in successive parliaments. They remained shut up together for three days, at the end of which time Sheridan procured his liberation. He was morose, taciturn, and gloomy before dinner—for they all ate and

slept in the same room;—but when he had drunk nearly two bottles of wine, as he regularly did, after dinner, he became comparatively cheerful and communicative. Sir Watkin, at near fourscore, exhibited equal good-humour and equanimity of mind.

Declining gradually under the attack of chronic diseases aggravated by excess, Sheridan's last scene holds up an affecting and painful subject of contemplation. A privy-councillor, the ornament of his age and nation, caressed by princes, and dreaded by ministers; whose orations and whose dramatic works rank him among the most distinguished men of his own or of any period, expired, though not in a state of destitution, like Spenser, like Otway, or like Chatterton, yet under humiliating circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment. His house in Saville-row was besieged by bailiffs; one of whom pressing to obtain entrance, and availing himself of the moment when the front-door was opened by a servant, in order to admit the visit of Dr. Baillie, who attended Sheridan during the progress of his last illness, that eminent physician, assisted by the footman, repulsed him, and shut the door in his face.

Dr. Baillie, I have been assured, refused to accept any fee for his advice; and Earl Grey, who had so long acted in political union with Sheridan as a member of opposition, supplied him with every article for his comfort, prepared from his own kitchen. Nor, as I have heard, did the Regent forsake him in his last moments. If my information is correct, his Royal Highness sent him two hundred pounds; but Sheridan declined its acceptance, and returned the money.

Franking Letters.

Among the abuses that, in 1784, loudly demanded correction, was the privilege of franking letters; and Pitt judiciously selected it for an object of taxation. As neither the *date* of the letter, nor the *place* from which it was sent, was then necessary to be inserted, in order to render it free of postage, when directed by a member of either house of parliament; the number of franks exacted, and the improper use made of those vehicles of intelligence or correspondence, required ministerial interposition. Not only were covers transmitted by hundreds, packed in boxes, from one part of the kingdom to another, and laid up as a magazine for future expenditure; far greater perversions of the original principle, for purposes very injurious to the revenue, took place. I was acquainted with a member of the House of Commons, a native of Scotland, decorated with the order of the Bath, who sent up to London from Edinburgh, by one post, thirty-three covers, addressed to an eminent banking-house in the Strand, many or most of which contained, not letters, but garden-seeds. So scanda-

lous a violation of the right claimed and exercised under the privilege of parliament, induced the postmasters-general of that time to order the covers, instead of being delivered according to the address, to be instantly carried up to the Speaker's chair, as a fit subject for public notice and animadversion. Timely application having, however, been made to Lord North, then first minister, by the friends of the gentleman who had so acted, and who was a steady supporter of Government, the business never came before the House, or acquired publicity. In 1784, it was thought sufficient to enact that the *place, day, month, and year* where and when the frank was dated, should be henceforward written on the cover: but subsequent regulations have still further reduced the privilege, by diminishing to one-half the *weight* antecedently allowed, namely, to one ounce, instead of two; and by restricting the *number* which can be issued, or received, free of postage, on the same day: thus very properly contracting to narrow limits the facility of sending letters many hundred miles, without paying for their transport, in this commercial and corresponding country. It still constitutes, nevertheless, a distinction to the members of the legislature, though now diminished to the shadow of its pristine usage; for I am old enough to remember the time when only the *name* of the member, with the word *free*, written on the outside of a letter, constituted a frank. I have indeed heard, that they were then sold by the waiters of coffee-houses, and exposed for sale in the windows. Such abuses, which were dishonouring to the two legislative assemblies, have happily produced, though slowly, their own remedy.

George III.

October, 1784.—A singular accident befell the king soon after my return from Paris to London, which, however, was happily unattended with any injurious consequences. It happened in the following manner. Towards the beginning of October, his Majesty, whose punctuality in holding his levees was almost proverbial, leaving Windsor, set out on horseback from the Queen's Lodge, at half-past eight on a Wednesday morning, notwithstanding the very threatening aspect of the weather. He was only attended by Major Manners, (now the general of that name,) who happened to be his equerry in waiting, and a groom. Before they reached Colnbrook, it began to rain with violence; but the King, wrapping himself in his great coat, pushed on at greater speed. As he passed over Turnham Green, a countryman, dressed in a common smock-frock, mounted on a sort of cart-horse, and advancing at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, encountered him. His Majesty attempting to pass between him and a loaded wagon going towards London;

received a blow on one of his knees from the man, and had nearly been thrown upon the wagon. Major Manners, who was close behind, and who saw the accident without being able to prevent it, riding up to the fellow, while he doubled his horse-ship, after some execrations, exclaimed, "You scoundrel! don't you see it is the King?" The unfortunate countryman, thus rudely accosted, remaining motionless and speechless, while Manners and the servant both seemed about to inflict chastisement on him; the King instantly interposed.—"Don't strike him on any account," said his Majesty; "he has hurt my knee; but it was altogether an accident. I shall receive no injury from it." So saying, he continued his journey towards London. General Manners assured me, that on looking back, so long as he could perceive the man, he remained still nearly in the same attitude and posture, like a person overcome with amazement, in the middle of the high road. Before noon, his Majesty arrived at the Queen's house, and his first endeavour was exerted to procure some arquebuse; but, in consequence of the violence of the rain, all the domestics assuming as certain that he would come in a carriage, and would drive straight to St. James's, scarcely any person could be found in attendance. A maid-servant having at length brought him the arquebuse, his Majesty pulled down his stocking; and while Manners held the bottle, the King rubbed his knee, which was black, and had received a great contusion. But, after having plentifully bathed the part affected, he immediately got into his sedan-chair, repaired to St. James's, dressed himself, and held his levee, precisely as though no misadventure had befallen him.

(To be continued.)

The Public Journals.

AN APRIL EVENING.

WITH what serene tranquillity pale Eve
O'er-mantles Earth, embathing all around
In purple beauty! and as if by spell
Of unseen magic, tempering every sound
And sight to an harmonious unison,
Soft and Elysian. O'er the Grampian peaks
Of the far west—where on the horizon's verge
Earth blends with Heaven—a dazzling glory tells
Yet of the new-set sun, tinging a ring
Of clouds, his bright retainers, with the hues
Of Juno's bird:—the sky all else is clear,
A stainless arch, through which the approaching
stars,

By Vesper heralded, just show themselves.

How speaks this April twilight to the heart!
Silence seems brooding o'er the vernal elms,
That, like a diadem, encircle thee

White Oamat, viewed in exquisite relief
Against the Pentland's gulfy depths of blue,
In the south-west afar; and, from thy knoll,

With bastions flanked, and gnarly trees bestrewn,
Deserted Craigmillar, thy days of war,
And festal nights o'erpast, thou lookest down—

A spectral emblem of departed times—

Mournfully solemn on the fields around,
Green with the promise of another year.

And, Ocean, thou art waveless; not a sound
Comes from thy shore—a sullen yellow line,
Far stretching, in its utter loneliness,
Through the dim east. The duck, in halcyon calm,
Slumbers upon thy bosom; and the gull,
That, with its veering wing, and restless shriek,
Seemed like the haunting spectre of the bay,
Hath winged to its island cliff—round which remote
Lie anchored ships, dim seen. Yes! thou art still,
Thou changeful element, whose ebb and flow
Seem like the pulses of the natural world—
A measurement by which the lapse of time
To man is noted;—and thy slumberous breath
Floats landward; even like zephyr on my cheek
I feel it; and the lilac boughs, o'erhead,
Just stirred, from every tuft of richest bloom
Shake down sweet incense. In the Northern sky,
Twilight bath spread her dusky mantle blue,
O'er the coned Lomonds, down to where the May,
On this side views the Forth, on that the plain
Of the broad German sea. Thy nearer crest,
Inchkeith, yet shows of green;—and, lo! thy light,
Well-loved by mariners—to wandering hearts
Speaking of home-delights—'tis now a speck,
And now a flaring meteor.

Hark the note
Of the near blackbird from the greening bough
Of yon broad chestnut—'tis a funeral hymn
O'er day departed! To the listening sky
'Tis sung, and to the gathering stars, the green
Of all the dewy pastures, and the blue
Of wandering rivulets that mirror heaven.

Pleasant it is, within this woven bower
Of wild rose, hop, and honeysuckle boughs,—
While perfume from the apple blossom breathes,
And Sky, Earth, Air, and Ocean, are at rest,
Lingering to listen. Father, which art in Heaven!
Thy works proclaim thee,—morn, and noon, and
night,

Are full of thee—Oh! were we wise to learn!

Blackwood's Magazine.

A SMOKER.

MY notions of the qualifications necessary to constitute a man a smoker of the first order, are, certainly, exclusive and aristocratic: the more expanded his intellect, the better; if he be a calm and even-tempered man, smoke will increase his stock of imperturbability; and if he be ardent, enthusiastic, and passionate, it will quietize the ebullitions of temper, while it refines and spiritualizes thought. In short, the test of a true smoker is how far the operation helps or enlivens his peculiar operation or favourite pursuit. Smoke will inspire a poem in a man of genius, or assist a mathematician in the solution of a problem. I was once almost of opinion that a finished education was an essential to the formation of a true smoker: but, no;—I subsequently met with a poor, uncultivated fellow, who had in him the right sort of stuff. He was a porter whom I employed to carry my portmanteau from a coach-office to the hotel where I was then staying. He was smoking from a short pipe the whole way, and I discerned such tokens of quiet complacency on his hard but good-natured physiognomy, over which every now and then a half-formed smile would steal, that I concluded he was either a smoker of the right

stamp, or nourished some happy conceit at the time in his noddle.

"You seem to enjoy your pipe, my friend," said I, for the purpose of drawing him out.

"Ay, sir, I like my pipe, as yer honour says. I likes to smoke when I've a load on my head; for a pipe o' 'bacco sets a man thinking, and the weight don't seem so heavy."

I was delighted. The man was a smoker, an humble member of the real fraternity; and, in the plenitude of my sympathy, I determined to administer to his gratification by a present of tobacco. I took him into a shop, and offered him a choice—"Will you have k'naster?" said I.

"Why, thanky, sir," replied the man, "since your honour's so good, I'd rather have shag or returns; for, if I was to get used to any of them fine 'baccas, I shouldn't relish the old stuff so well arter'ards, when I was obligated to go back to it; for I'm a poor man, your honour, and can't afford dear things."

Poor fellow! He was prudent, however, and I complied with his wish.

Many men that I know, though not actually practising smokers, have in them all the requisite qualifications—castle-builders particularly. Oh! if some of these knew the high enhancement which this grand adjunct to meditation is capable of imparting to the hazy dreams of an imaginative mind—the *crassemblance* to brain-created phantasma—how eagerly would they embrace it! What currie and cayenne are to the epicure, smoke is to the man of genius, the philosopher, the poet, and the *thinker*. But a man, however well qualified, cannot at once enter into all the mysteries of tobacco, nor be directly capable of enjoying, in the fullness of their fruition, all those exquisite delights which the herb is capable of at last imparting. No; Nicotiana is coy, and requires a probation previous to admission into her *sanctum sanctorum*. *Nemo repente fuit smokeissimus!* I therefore recommend the neophyte to be chary in the use of the fragrant herb, and woo her favours by modest and respectful advances; not, emulative of equality with a practised smoker, endeavour to accomplish the consumption of a greater proportion than may be physically grateful or desirable. Gradually the beauties and advantages of smoke will be unfolded; and, provided he be at first temperate, he will, with each gentle suspiration, become more and more sensible of its balmy luxury.

Of the times, modes of smoking, &c., I shall say little. For myself, I generally consider quiet essential to the due enjoyment and appreciation of the operation. I therefore eschew all crowded and fashionable promenades. But I have another reason for that. It is vulgar to smoke in the streets or

parcs, (unless in a very secluded part of the latter,) and, for the time, degrades a smoker to the level of a puffer. The linen-draper's shopmen, *et id genus omne*, delight in strutting with segars in Regent-street; and what gentleman smoker wishes to be identified with such? *But!* After all, smokers can scarcely marvel at the abuse heaped upon them, when they consider how their luxury has been vulgarized and desecrated by animals usurping their name.

I have no regulated periods for indulging in the fumous joy; but smoke when the "vein" is on me. I, however, especially revel in a segar before breakfast. I think I see many noses turned up by the anti-smoke-ites; but I can't help it. Generally, I prefer a segar or cheroot in the open air, and a pipe within doors. Oh! the ecstatic luxury of rustication with a rich, full-flavoured roll of leaf, on an elevated and velvet greenward—a wide expanse of landscape before you—the perfume of your exotic mingling with the refreshing and balmy sweets of native vegetation—and the clear, blue exhalations floating in fantastic wreaths between your vision and the azure atmosphere of distance! At such a moment, all ruder passions are hushed, while the sublimer and more etherialized portions of the soul seem separated from the grosser dross of humanity, and to live for the time in their own undebased beauty.

Then, "a neat, snug study, on a winter night," your favourite author, and a meerschaum or chibouque, to heighten the zest with which you devour his pages! Is it not delightful? With what complacency can you listen to the roaring of wind without, or the pitiless pelting of rain against your window, as you emit the graceful clouds of light-vapour, and occasionally sip a temperate glass of mulled claret, or a cup of mocha!

But these, you will say, are solitary pleasures. Perhaps, the purest mental enjoyments are so. Nevertheless, our complaisant herb is equally capable of being rendered subservient to the delights of social intercourse—particularly, if I may so express myself, the sociality of *dualism*. A segar or pipe with a friend who is a smoker, may be reckoned among the brightest of those gleams of sunny happiness which illumine life, and expand the heart with kindness and good feeling; which attach us to the world, and put us in good humour with our species; causing us to forget awhile the duller and darker parts of life, and exploding our distrusts and misanthropy. After all, this quietism of the mind is its happiest mood;—freed from the turmoils and cares of life, the whispers of ambition, the absorbing thoughts of self-interest, from suspicion, from forebodings, it breathes a purer and holier atmosphere; and the concentrated but placid happiness of such a moment proves to us

there are Elysian spots, even in this world of care and sorrow.

I do not intend to discuss the comparative merits of various tobaccos, nor the modes by which the pleasures of smoking may be enhanced. These are matters of taste. One man prefers his *meerschaum* or *chibouque*, or even his pipe of common clay; whilst another argues for the superiority of a segar. I love them all. But, by the by, I have not much sympathy with a hookah; its monotonous gurgling disturbs my equanimity, and breaks upon that intense calm which, with me, is the soul of smoking, if I smoke solus. Not that I would undervalue the hookah. It is merely an individual preference.

The enemies of Nicotiana may abuse it as hard as they like; but they may be assured, had any man communicated the knowledge of that glorious herb to the old Greeks and Romans, he would inevitably have been deified. What capital smokers some of the ancients would have made! The peripatetic lectures of Aristotle would have been tenfold more brilliant, had they been delivered under the influence of a pipe; and the thunders of Demosthenes grown into something more than mortal with the adjuncts of fire and smoke. Horace and Juvenal would have imparted a sting to their satires, which, like that of the *tarantula*, would have set every body mad, had they been assisted by the potent weed. How philosophical would have been the measured suspirations of Plato! Anacreon would have been more jolly and bacchanalian, and Epicurus more refined. As to the Iliad! I dare not imagine the superhuman height of magnificence to which that poem might have arisen, had old Homer occasionally assisted his inspiration with a segar. But, alas! there is no convincing the obstinacy of dogmatism. The anti-tobacconists will not believe a word, whilst my brethren of the pipe will feel that I discourse most veraciously.—*Tait's Magazine*.

SONNETS.—BY THE SKETCHER, IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

GENIUS.

GENIUS lay folded long in slumber deep,
And idle phantasies amuse'd his brain.
Though Duty call'd him up, she call'd in vain,
Till Love she asked one day to break his sleep.
Love came. "Rise up," quoth he, "be quick, boy,
Leap."

With that he pricked his heart with so sweet pain,
That up he started both to joy and weep;
And thenceforth never slept so sound again;
For Love brought Beauty to his wondering gaze,
And bad him shake off sloth, and win the prize.
Then Genius burst forth into sudden blaze;
Soon Duty bless'd his home and enterprise;
Th' old housewife Penury packed her niggard stores,
And the steward Hymen turned her out of doors.

GENIUS.

Quoth Fame to Genius, "Who's to blame! thy
sons
Lie slumbering upon earth. It moves our ire

That thus they sleep away thy heavenly fire."—
Quoth Genius, "Penury! she brings them duns
To vex them up; so they lie close as nuns,
And hide themselves; and further, their attire
(Not having wherewithal to buy or hire)
Bears not the scrutiny of mid-day suns."
"Is't so?" quoth Fame; "then, Genius, take thou
Love."

'Tis done; they go. Whomever Genius touches
Love goads their hearts, and up they start and above
Old Penury packing, with her rags and crutches;
And off they set, like racers for the prize
That fleeting Love still holds before their eyes.

STEAM-VESSEL.

I saw her when her smoky volumes curl'd
Over the woods. She paw'd the river tide,
And dash'd the flaky waters far and wide;
And as she pass'd her frightful hissing hurl'd
Like some vast monster of a former world,
Rent by convulsion from a mountain's side
(Its stony sinews with new life supplied),
Amid a new creation wondering whirl'd.
The woods are mute; and the late leafy stems
Are hid as with a murky veil of death.
But now, the paintress Nature all re-gems,
And paints with golden tint the monster's breath;
The reign of beauty may not suffer wrong;
So the sweet birds resume their cheerful song.

STEAM-VESSEL.

Old Homer says that the Phæacian bark
The aim and purpose of its owner knows,
And self-moved to all parts and havens goes;
Nor steer'd, nor tack'd, as arrow to its mark,
Cover'd with cloud and vapour; so the lark
Straight to heaven's gate soars upward, and then
throws

Herself unheeding through the vapours dark
That 'twixt her homeward pathway interpose.
What means the bard? Did his sagacious mind,
With faculty inventive rarely fraught,
Leaving all present things as past behind,
Pierce to the future reach of human thought?
Or were Phæacian ships impelled by steam?
Truth ever gilds the poet's pageant dream.

FAME.

And what is Fame? what to the passing day?
A charm that gilds a melancholy hour,
And breaks into pure light through clouds that
lower,
And fain would chill the soul in mortal clay.
But if sweet beauty lists the poet's lay,
And with her eye benignant guard the flower,
A mortal plant, touched by celestial ray,
Then Fame hath wedded Love, and rich the dower.
Fame, for the future what? The thought that
reacheth
From earth to heaven, and quitting worldly throng,
Bears with it life's affections warm, and teacheth,
For them it lives for ever fresh and strong;
The friend's approval, and the children's tear;
The hope that all shall meet that once were dear.

FAME.

And what is Fame? when the closed eye is dead
To sight of pageantry; when the cold ear
Receives no sound, though loud the trumpet clear,
Is't like the passing wind in sunshine sped,
Leaving still bleak, and bare, the mountain's head;
An idle 'scutcheon o'er a lonely bier;
The rose wherein the cankerworm is bred—
Is Fame no more? It is. The dead shall hear.
Our Saviour's promise, if aright I read,
That whosoever the gospel should be preach'd,
There should recorded be one gracious deed;
Fame as the soul's inheritance hath reach'd
Heaven with it, still enjoy'd—in earth, in heaven,
Immortal as the soul to which 'tis given.

THE BELFRY.

From an old Belfry Tower I looked down
Upon a churchyard, and a new dug grave,

O'er which the rank grass with the wind did wave,
And show the scatter'd bones and relics brown,
And round about did rosy childhood play
At the grave's brink, and breathe the early breath
Of pure life in the precincts of decay;
So "in the midst of life we are in death."
A text; the comment—Lo! athwart the rust
Of the barr'd casement old had spiders spread
Their web, with dried flies matted, and thin dust
Of generations of the withering dead.
Still insects sport where ruin oft hath been,
Because the spoiler lurks within unseen.

BEAUTY—NATURE—WINTER.

Beauty and Nature quarrell'd on a day—
Twin sisters they. Beauty went off with Art,
And wondrous things they did in town and mart,
Till Art grew vain. Then at the proud display,
Shock'd with her sanction, Beauty stole away—
To Nature came; she press'd her to her heart
Warmly, though in her wounded friendship's smart
Cold Winter she had begg'd with her to stay.
The sisters now, loath to dismiss a guest
That merry was withal, Employment found,
And taught him how to smile and look his best,
And made him dresser of their forest ground,
To clear the paths, and sweep them with his storms.
Since then this annual duty he performs.

The Gatherer.

Infernal Machine.—The following account of an infernal machine, in 1587, is given by an old French writer. In the reign of Henry III., M. Malabre invented an infernal machine, and caused it to be conveyed to the Seigneur de Millan d'Allegre. It was a box containing thirty-six pistol barrels, each of them loaded with a couple of bullets. This box was so contrived, that, on opening it, each of these barrels was to discharge its contents, at the same moment firing off seventy-two balls. It was sent with a forged letter, as from his sister, signifying that she desired his acceptance of a curiosity, which the bearer would instruct him how to open. This bearer was the inventor's servant, who had been taught the manner of opening the box, but was a stranger to what it contained. Accordingly, it was opened by the direction and in the presence of M. de Millan d'Allegre, when the pistols were all discharged, but the gentleman and the servant were only slightly wounded. The inventor, M. Malabre, was instantly apprehended, and executed in the latter end of September, 1587.—W. G. C.

We may take Faucy for our companion,
but must follow Reason as our guide.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Potatoes in Prussia.—I have frequently seen them served in six different forms: the bread was made from them, the soup thickened with them, there were fried potatoes, potato salad, and potato dumplings; to which may be added potato cheese, which, by the by, is one of its best preparations, and will keep many years, for which we are indebted to Prussian ingenuity.—*Sketches of Germany and the Germans.*

Epigram, on a deformed, but most amiable, female, of whom "a lady" spoke unfeelingly, and with derision:—
In body—crooked! but, in mind—erect!
Scoffer! reverse the case—you'll see your own defect.
J. J.

Marriages at Manchester.—Sir George Head, when at the Old Church, heard the banns on one Sunday proclaimed as follow:—for the first time of asking, 65: for the second time, 72: for the third time, 60: total, 197.

Curious Epitaphs.—(From a Correspondent.)—I have been furnished with the following quaint memorials of the "unhonoured dead" by the minister of the small and retired village of Waddingham. They have, at all events, the charm of originality, and were long ago inscribed in that quiet nook, where "many a holy text around is strewn, teaching the rustic moralist to die."

In love we liv'd, in peace did part,
All tho' it cot us to the Heart.
O dear—what thoughts whē two had
To get for our 12 Children Bread:
Lord! send her health them to maintain:—
I hope to meet my love again.

O angry death yt would not be deny'd,
But break ye bonds of love so firmly ty'd!
She was a loving wife, a tender nurse,
And a faithful friend in Every case.

On one stone, exhibiting a copy of that very rare inscription beginning with, "Afflictions sore," the second line affords the following choice specimen of orthography:—"Physitions where in vain."

Think nothing strange,
Chance happens unto all;
My lot's to-day,
To-morrow yours may fall.
Great afflictions I have had,
Which wore my strength away;
Then I was willing to submit
Unto this bed of clay.

ANNE R.—

Fox.—In 1785, Fox, whose pecuniary embarrassments were universally recognised, being attacked by a severe indisposition, which confined him to his apartment, Dudley Long frequently visited him. In the course of conversation, Fox alluding to his complaints, remarked that he was compelled to observe much regularity in his diet and hours; adding, "I live by rule, like clock-work."—"Yes," replied Dudley, "I suppose you mean that you go tick, tick, tick."

Clary is the name of several species of sage, and is corrupted from clear-eye; because the seeds, powdered and mixed with honey, were supposed to clear the sight.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and News-men.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

The Mirror

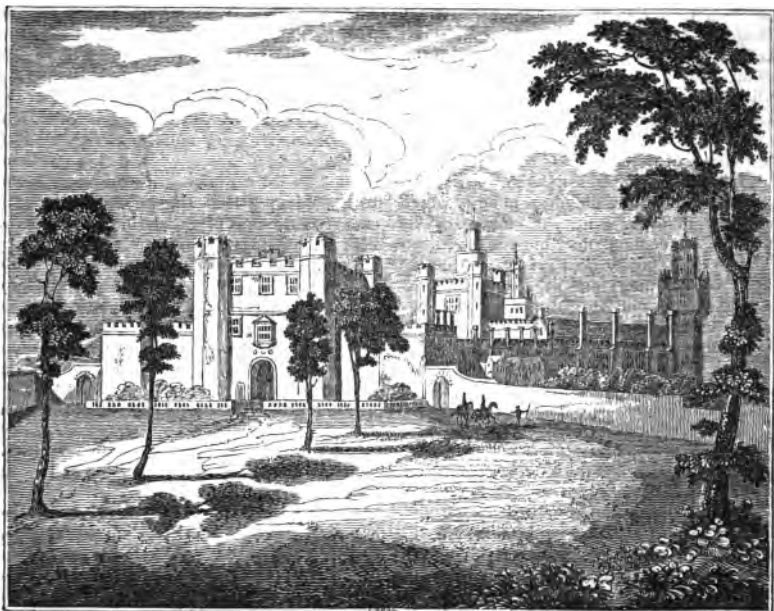
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 783.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.



THEOBALDS PALACE, HERTS.

The house itself doth shew the owner's wit,
And may for bewtie, state, and every thing,
Compared be with most within the land.—*Old Poet.*

THIS sumptuous palace rose and disappeared within a protracted life-time—four-score years and ten. It was built by a favourite minister, ostensibly as a home for his son, though its splendour made it resemble the lure of a courtier; it became the resort of a gay queen, and the abode of two kings, whence it fell into the hands of crafty men, who levelled its magnificence, and scattered its treasures to aid them in carrying on their scheme of desolation, and to furnish them with the sinews of civil war.

Hence, Theobalds has for many years been known but by name; for, as if to erase its existence, representations of it have been desiderata among the collectors of such records. When Mr. Lysons wrote his *Environs of London*, he lamented that he "had not been able to find any print or painting which conveys any adequate idea of this Palace."*

* The above view is derived from a drawing in the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, and was engraved in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February last; whence we have transferred it, with the substance of the accompanying interesting details.

We have participated in his regret, seeing that Theobalds was a fair specimen of a style of architecture again become popular; and the gardens, though quaint and odd in their way were designed by one of the earliest patrons of botany in this country. Besides, the mansion was the home of that good and great man, Lord Burghley, who here closed his brilliant and useful career. The history of the whole place, too, is pointed with a moral, presenting as it does a memorial of the instability of kingly state, and the vanity of human grandeur.

This magnificent palace, stood in the parish of Cheshunt, at the distance of twelve miles from London, and a little to the north of the road to Ware. The origin of the name is uncertain; but, it is probable that Theobald was the name of an owner, though at what period earlier than the reign of Henry VI. does not appear.

The manor, probably, reverted to the Crown at the suppression of religious foundations; and, after passing through the families of Bedyll, Burbage, and Elliott, on June 10,

1563, it was purchased by Sir William Cecil, afterwards the great Lord Burghley.

The original manor-house is supposed to have been on a small moated site, which is to be traced to this day. In 1570, Sir William increased the estate by an important addition, which is thus mentioned in his *Diary*: "May 15, I purchased Chestnut Park of Mr. Harryngton." Cecil now, if not before, must have been proceeding in earnest with his new mansion, as in September of the following year, Queen Elizabeth honoured it with a visit; when she was presented with "a portrait of the house."

"Lord Burghley was not the least sumptuous in architecture among a nobility which produced many magnificent palaces. The author of his contemporary biography, (printed in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*), says, 'He buylt three houses: one in London, for necessity; another at Burghley, of competency for the mansion of his Barony; and another at Waltham, [this of Theobalds,] for his younger sonne; which, at the first, he meant but for a little pile, as I have hard him saie, but, after he came to enterneyne the Queene so often there, he was inforced to enlarge it, rather for the Queene and her greates traine, and to sett poore on worke, than for pompe or glory; for he ever said it wold be to big for the small living he cold leave his sonne. The other two are but convenient, and no bigger than will serve for a nobleman; all of them perfected, convenient, and to better purpose for habitation than many others buylt by greates noblemen; being all bewtiful, uniform, necessary, and well seated; which are greates arguments of his wisdom and judgment. He greatly delighted in making gardens, fountains, and walkes; which at Theobalds were perfected most costly, bewtifully, and pleasantly; where one might walk twoe myle in the walks before he came to their ends.'

"As Lord Burghley had built this mansion expressly for his younger son, he was evidently inclined, some years before his death, to give possession to Sir Robert Cecil; but some opposition was made to this proposal by the Queen, as appears from some humorous sallies both on the part of her Majesty and of her 'Hermit,' as the Secretary was pleased to style himself, and it is clear that the longer purse of the Lord Treasurer was requisite to maintain the house and the establishment, which had both been increased for her Majesty's pleasure.

"Just at the period of Lord Burghley's death, in 1598, Theobalds was visited by the tourist Hentzner, who thus describes it in his *Journey*, as translated by Horace Walpole:—

"Theobalds belongs to Lord Burghley, the Treasurer. In the Gallery is painted

the genealogy of the Kings of England. From this place one goes into the garden, encompassed with water, large enough for one to have the pleasure of going in a boat, and rowing between the shrubs. Here are a great variety of trees and plants, labyrinths made with a great deal of labour, a *jet d'eau*, with its basin of white marble, and columns and pyramids of wood and other materials up and down the garden. After seeing these, we are led by the gardener into the summer-house; in the lower part of which, built semicircularly, are the twelve Roman Emperors in white marble, and a table of touchstone; the upper part of it is set round with cisterns of lead, into which the water is conveyed through pipes, so that fish may be kept in them; and, in summer time, they are very convenient for bathing. In another room for entertainment, very near this, and joined to it by a little bridge, was a noble table of red marble. We were not admitted to see the apartments of this palace, there being nobody to show it, as the family was in town attending the funeral of their lord.*

"On the decease of Lord Burghley, August 4, 1598, his son, Sir Robert Cecil, became the possessor of Theobalds and the neighbouring estates, pursuant to indenture dated 16 June, 29 Eliz. (1577).†

The Earl of Salisbury, (as he shortly became after the accession of James I.,) having captivated his royal master with the charms of Theobalds, particularly in two sumptuous entertainments given to his majesty, on his first arrival in England, and on the visit of his brother-in-law the King of Denmark, was very shortly after the latter festivity, induced to exchange it for the palace of Hatfield; where, (being now himself Lord Treasurer, and thus in possession, like his father, of the strings of the royal purse,) he commenced building a mansion of perhaps still greater magnificence; and which has stood unaltered, except by the recent partial fire, to our own days.‡

"The Earl of Salisbury gave up possession on the 22nd of May, 1607, with a poetical entertainment written by Ben Jonson. In this, "the Queen" was supposed to receive the Palace, perhaps with the view of its becoming her dowager-house had she survived King James. However, Theobalds became his principal country residence throughout the whole of his reign, and it was here that he breathed his last, on the 27th of March, 1625. Windsor was at that period never visited except to hold the feasts of the Order of the Garter; Richmond,

* Translation of Paul Hentzner's *Journey*, Strawberry Hill, 1758, p. 54.

† Lord Burghley's Will, in Peck's *Desiderata*, p. 192.

‡ The particulars of this exchange have been already noticed in the present volume, in the description of Hatfield House. See page 19.

which had been a favourite palace of Elizabeth, was given up to the Prince of Wales; Hampton Court was occasionally resorted to; but the attractions of Waltham Forest gave Theobalds by far the preference in the eyes of the silvan monarch.

"After taking possession, King James enlarged the park, by inclosing part of the adjoining chase, and surrounded it with a wall of brick measuring ten miles in circumference; part of which, on the north, containing the eighth milestone, remains in the gardens of Albury House.

"King Charles the First continued to reside here; and there is an interesting picture, representing an interior view of the Gallery in perspective, into which the King and Henrietta Maria are entering at a door, ushered by the brother Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, each with his wand of office, the former as Lord Steward, and the latter as Lord Chamberlain, of the King's household. Waiting in the gallery, stands the dwarf Jeffery Hudson, with three of King Charles's favourite spaniels; and a parrot is perched on a balustrade."

"When the sale of Crown lands was in agitation in 1649, it was at first resolved that Theobalds should be excepted, but it was afterwards determined that it should be sold. In the following year, the surveyors reported that the palace was an excellent building, in very good repair, by no means fit to be demolished, and that it was worth 200*l.* per annum, exclusive of the park; yet, lest the Parliament should think proper to have it taken down, they had estimated the materials, and found them to be worth 8,275*l.* 11*s.* The calculations of the surveyors were more acceptable than their advice; and, consequently, the greater part of the Palace was taken down to the ground, and the money arising from the sale of the materials was divided among the army.

"The Survey affords a circumstantial description of the several portions and apartments of the Palace. It consisted of two principal quadrangles, besides the Dial-court, the Buttery-court, and the Dovehouse-court, in which the offices were situated. The Fountain-court, so called from a fountain of black and white marble in the centre, was a quadrangle of eighty-six feet square, on the east side of which was a cloister, eight feet wide, with seven arches. On the ground-floor of this quadrangle was a spacious hall, paved with Purbeck marble; the roof 'arched over

the top with carved timbers of curious workmanship, and of great worth, being a goodlie ornament to the same;' at the upper end was 'a very large picture of the bignesse of a paire of stagges horns seene in France.'

On the second floor was the Presence Chamber, with carved wainscot oak, richly gilt, the ceiling being enriched with gilt pendants; and coats of arms were set in the large windows. These windows opened south on the walk in the Great Garden, leading to the green gates into the Park, where was a double avenue of trees a mile long. On the same floor were also the Privy Chamber, the Withdrawing Chamber, the King's Bed-chamber, and a Gallery 123 feet by 21, wainscoted with oak; also with paintings of cities, a fretted ceiling, with pendants and flowers, richly painted and gilt; also large stags' heads: the windows of this Gallery looking north into the Park, and so to Cheshunt.

"On an upper floor were the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings, my Lord's Withdrawing Chamber, and several other apartments. Near the Chamberlain's lodgings on the east was a leaved walk, sixty-two feet in length, and eleven in breadth, with an arch of free-stone over it; 'which said arch and walk,' says the Survey, 'looking eastward into the middle court, and into the highway leading from London to Ware, standeth high, and may easily be discerned by passengers and travellers to their delight.' On the west of the Lord Chamberlain's lodgings was another walk of the same dimensions, looking westward into the Fountain-court." At each corner of these walks stood four lofty towers, with lions and vanes; and in the walk over the hall, in the midst of the four corners, was a lantern-tower, with pinnacles at each corner, wherein were twelve bells and a clock with chimies.

"The Park contained 2,508 acres, valued, together with six lodges, one of which was in the occupation of Colonel Cecil, at 1,545*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.* per annum. The deer were valued at 1,000*l.*; the rabbits at 15*l.*; the timber at 7,259*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.*; exclusive of 15,608 trees marked for the use of the Navy, and others already cut down for that purpose; the materials of the barns and walls were valued at 1,570*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*"

The gardens were large, and ornamented with labyrinths, canals, and fountains. The great garden contained several acres, and there was, besides, a pheasant, privy, and laundry garden. In the former were nine knots, artificially and exquisitely made, one of them in imitation of the king's arms.

"After the Restoration, the manor of Theobalds was granted, in 13 Car. II., to George Duke of Albemarle; and it subsequently descended to the late Oliver Cromwell, Esq. The park and ruins remained in the Crown, until granted in 1 and 2 William

* This curious picture is at Hinton St. George, the seat of Earl Poulett, in Somersetshire. Horace Walpole supposed the architecture to have been painted by Steenwyck, and the figures copied from Vandyck by Polenburg or Van Bassen. There is a folio engraving by S. Sparrow, jun., published by Edward Harding in 1800, and a small copy by Aug. Fox, in Pickering's edition of Walton and Cotton's Angler, p. 52.

and Mary, to William Duke of Portland, to whose heirs they descended, until sold in 1763 to George Prescott, Esq., the grandfather of the present Sir George Beeston Prescott, of Cheshunt Park.

"The last stages of the decay of Theobalds were recorded by Mr. Gough, first in his *Catalogue of British Topography*, and afterwards in his *Additions to Camden's Britannia*. The room said to have been that in which King James I. died, and the parlour under it, with a cloister or portico having the Cecil pedigree painted on the walls, were standing until 1765, when George Prescott, Esq., cleared out the site for building. 'It is now,' adds Mr. Gough, 'covered with gentlemen's houses; and the only remains of its ancient grandeur are a walk of arbels, between two walls, a circular summer-house, and the traces of the park wall, nine or ten miles round, built by James I.' Mr. Gough purchased so much of the chimney-piece of the parlour as had survived the demolition. It is two-thirds of a group of figures in alto relievo, representing in the centre Minerva, driving away Discord, overthrowing Idolatry, and restoring true Religion. The architecture is ornamented with garbs or wheat-sheaves, from the Cecil crest. It is carved in clunch, or soft stone, probably by Florentine artists. Mr. Gough placed it over the chimney-piece of his library at Fortyhill, Enfield, where it remained until 1834, and was then presented by his representative, John Farran, Esq., to J. B. Nichols, Esq., F.S.A., who removed it to his house, the Chancellor's, Hammersmith.

"The Stables of Theobalds stood on the opposite side of the road leading from Waltham Cross to Cheshunt: and adjoining to them was a large building called the Almshouse. It is mentioned in the Life of the Earl of Salisbury, printed on his death in 1612, that it was occupied by 'aged and overworn Captaines, gentlemen by birth and calling.' This building, which had the arms of Cecil in front, and was furnished with a hall and chapel, was standing till about the year 1812."

THE WANDERER IN THE EAST.

"For Jerusalem is ruined, and Judah is fallen; because their tongue and their doings are against the Lord.—*Isaiah*, 3rd ch., 8th v.—"Moab is laid waste, and brought to silence."—15th ch., 1st v.—"They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing."—34th ch., 13 v.—"Babylon is fallen—is fallen; and all the graven images of her gods, he hath broken unto the ground."—51st ch., 9th v.

WHAT didst thou find, lone pilgrim, say?
Thou wand'rest through a desert land:
Thickly the broken relics lay
Among the wastes of sand;
And resting in oblivion there,
Lay records of the things that were I

I sought fair Zion's fallen pride,
And thought memorials there to find;
The Roman's ploughshare far and wide,
Had left no trace behind!
Thy doom was heard from lips divine,—
No stone remains that once was thine.
Mournfully through the still air,
From dome and minaret ascends
The Moslem's far-heard call to pray'r,
That with the music sadly blends,
From temples where the Christian's hymn
Rises like voice of cherubim.
Remnants of Judah's fallen race
In Zion's ruins seek a home;
But find e'en there no resting place,
Doom'd evermore to roam:
Sad wanderers of the weary breast,
Earth has for them no place of rest.
I sought Philistia's desert strand,
Moab and Ammon's buried state;
'Tis now a wild, unpeopled land,
And all around is desolate;
I heard the jackal's shrilly cry,
And scorpions 'neath their altars lie.
Proud Babylon! I found thy place,
The giant temple is no more;
But wild beasts stalk with solemn pace
Along thy dreary shore:
Few vestiges remain of thee—
Of old 'twas said thus this should be.
On old Euphrates' reedy shore,
Still do the hoary willows wave;
The captives' harp they bear no more—
All silent as the grave;
The owls' and bitterns' notes alone
Are on the lonely echoes borne.
Still, as of yore, majestic tide!
Slow winding on thy devious way,
Like a sad pilgrim, thou dost glide
Where buried myriads lay:
Lone, grassy mounds now only tell
How low Chaldea's glory fell!
Hush'd is the viol's sound of joy,
The "pleasant palaces" are gone;
Swift judgment hastened to destroy
The golden idol's lofty throne—
The impious throne that mock'd the skies,
In one huge mass, a chaos lies.
The desert blast sweeps wildly there,
Where serpents hiss, and dragons dwell;
Ah! where are now thy gardens fair,
And thy broad walls invincible?
The gates of brass that scorn'd decay—
The princely towers in ruin lay.
"Sit in the dust," deserted queen!
The "worm is spread above thee" now;
Great thine iniquity has been,
And lasting is thy woe:
"Sit thou in silence," widowed one!
And mourn thy proud dominion gone.
In careless ease when thou wert dwelling,
Deep sunk in sin and pleasures vain,
The gifted seer thy doom foretelling,
Awoke a sad, prophetic strain;
Far in the future, to his eye,
Thy visioned downfall floated by.
Why is the glorious East bestrew'd
With mighty ruins grass-o'-ergrown—
An everlasting solitude
Amid the wreck of kingdoms gone—
The busy hum returns no more,
But silence broods that region o'er?
Because sin reign'd unchecked, unbounded,
O'er these dead empires in their pride;
The voice of warning vainly sounded
Their glittering palaces beside;
Long disregarded judgment came,
And left of all their splendour but the name!

Kirton-Lindsey.

ANN R—

Manners and Customs.

FUNERAL FLOWERS.

AMONG the beautiful and simple-hearted customs of rural life which still linger in some parts of England, (says Mr. Washington Irving,) are those of strewing flowers before the funerals, and planting them at the graves of departed friends. These, it is said, are the remains of some of the rites of the primitive church; but they are of still higher antiquity, having been observed among the Greeks and Romans, and frequently mentioned by their writers; and were, no doubt, the spontaneous tributes of unlettered affection, originating long before art had tasked itself to modulate sorrow into song, or story it on the monument. They are now only to be met with in the most distant and retired places of the kingdom, where fashion and innovation have not been able to throng in, and trample out all the curious and interesting traces of the olden time. There is a most delicate and beautiful rite observed in some of the remote villages of the south, where, at the funeral of a female who has died young and unmarried, a chaplet of white flowers is borne before the corpse by a young girl nearest in age, size, and resemblance; and is afterwards hung up in the church over the accustomed seat of the deceased. These chaplets are sometimes made of white paper, in imitation of flowers, and inside of them is generally a pair of white gloves. They are intended as emblems of the purity of the deceased, and the crown of glory which she has received in heaven. In some parts of the country, the dead are carried to the grave with the singing of psalms and hymns. This is observed in some of the northern counties, particularly in Northumberland; and it has a pleasant though melancholy effect, to hear, on a still evening, in some lonely country scene, the mournful melody of a funeral dirge swelling from a distance, and to see the train slowly moving along the landscape. The rich vein of melancholy which runs through the English character, and which gives it some of its most touching and ennobling graces, is finely evidenced in these pathetic customs, and in the solicitude shown by the common people for an honoured and a peaceful grave. The humblest peasant, whatever may be his lowly lot while living, is anxious that some little respect may be paid to his remains. The custom of decorating graves was once universally prevalent: osiers were carefully bent over them, to keep the turf uninjured, and about them were planted evergreens and flowers. The custom of adorning graves with flowers and redolent plants has now become extremely rare in England; but it may still be met with in the churchyards of retired villages among the Welsh mountains;

and I recollect an instance of it at the small town of Ruthen, which lies at the head of the beautiful vale of Clewyd. I have been told by a friend who was present at the funeral of a young girl in Glamorganshire, that the female attendants had their aprons full of flowers, which, as soon as the body was interred, they stuck about the grave. He also noticed several graves which had been decorated in the same manner; but, as the flowers had been merely stuck in the ground, and not planted, they had soon withered, and might be seen in various states of decay, some drooping, others quite perished. They were afterwards to be supplanted by holly, rosemary, and other evergreens, which, on some graves had grown to great luxuriance, and overshadowed the tombstones. There was, formerly, a melancholy fancifulness in the arrangement of these rustic offerings, that had something in it truly poetical: the rose was sometimes blended with the lily, to form a general emblem of frail mortality. The nature and colour of the flowers, and of the ribands with which they were tied, had often a particular reference to the qualities or story of the deceased, or were expressive of the feelings of the mourner. The white rose was planted at the grave of a virgin; her chaplet was tied with white ribands, in token of her spotless innocence; though sometimes, black ribands were intermingled to bespeak the grief of the survivors. The red rose was occasionally used in remembrance of such as had been remarkable for benevolence; but roses, in general, were appropriated to the graves of lovers. Evelyn tells us, that the custom was not altogether extinct in his time; near his dwelling in the county of Surrey, where the maidens yearly planted and decked the graves of their defunct sweethearts with rose-bushes. When the deceased had been unhappy in their loves, emblems of a more gloomy character were used, such as the yew and cypress; and if flowers were strewn, they were of the most melancholy colours. It is greatly to be regretted, that a custom so truly elegant and touching has disappeared from general use, and exists only in the most remote and insignificant villages. But it seems as if poetical customs always shun the walks of cultivated society: in proportion as people grow polite, they cease to be poetical. In North Wales, the peasantry kneel and pray over the graves of their deceased friends, for several Sundays after the interment; and where the tender rite of strewing and planting flowers is still practised, it is always renewed on Easter, Whitsuntide, and other festivals, when the season brings the companion of former festivity more vividly to mind. It is invariably performed by the nearest relatives and friends; neither menials nor hirelings are employed; and if a neighbour yields assistance, it would

be deemed an insult to offer compensation. There is, certainly, something more affecting in these prompt and spontaneous offerings of nature, than in the most costly monuments of art: the hand strews the flower while the heart is warm, and the tear falls on the grave as affection is binding the osier round the sod; but pathos expires under the slow labour of the chisel, and is chilled among the cold conceits of sculptured marble. W. G. C.

MIDSUMMER-EVE AT PENZANCE.

MIDSUMMER is a jubilee throughout Cornwall; but in no part of the country, (says Mr. Cook,) is it celebrated with more hilarity than at Penzance and its neighbourhood. In the evening, numbers of young men assemble in several parts of the town, drawing after them branches of trees and furze, which have been accumulating from the beginning of May. Tar-barrels are then raised on tall poles; some on the quay, others near the market, and one on a rock in the midst of the sea; after which, torches are brought, and the heaped-up wood and tar-barrels are set on fire. Female children are seen tripping up and down in their best attire, decorated with garlands, and hailing Midsummer-eve as the vigil of St. John. From the terrace that commands the bay may be seen the fishing towns, farms, and villas, vying with each other in the number and splendour of their bonfires. As soon as the torches are burnt out, the inhabitants of the quay quarter, male and female, young and old, take hands, and forming a long string, run violently through every street, lane, and alley, crying, "An eye! an eye!" but, at last, they stop suddenly, and an eye to this enormous needle being opened by the last two in the string, (whose hands are elevated and arched,) the thread of populace run under and through, and continue the same amusement, till, wearied with the sport, they retire to their homes. W. G. C.

ST. WILFRID'S FEAST.

A SINGULAR custom prevails at Ripon, Yorkshire, of carrying an effigy of Archbishop Wilfrid, the founder of Ripon Minster, on horseback through the town, for one day: this takes place annually in the month of August, on the first day of St. Wilfrid's feast, which lasts for four or five days.

W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

THE WELLINGTON SHIELD.

(From *Reminiscences of Stothard*.)

I do not remember the date of the year in which Stothard was employed to make his designs for the Wellington shield—they form

one of his great works. The merchants of London had, at a public meeting, agreed on presenting a silver-gilt shield to the Duke, as a mark of their sense of his merit as the greatest general of modern times. Messrs. Ward and Green of Ludgate Hill were the goldsmiths chosen to make the trophy. Artists were invited, without any restriction, to send in their designs for the compartments of the shield by a fixed day. The subjects were to be selected from the military career of the victorious general. Stothard, who did not, I believe, hear of it quite so soon as other artists, found he had exactly three weeks before him to read the history of the war, to make choice of his subjects, to execute all his designs, and to send them into the committee. To any other than genius of the highest order, perfected by long practice, by having gained a facility in embodying its conceptions, the task to be performed in so short a time would have been impossible. Stothard attempted and achieved it; and his drawings so infinitely surpassed all competition that they were chosen without a dissentient voice. Those who have never seen them can form no idea of the astonishing rapidity with which such a task must have been performed. When I first saw them, well knowing the circumstances under which they had been executed, I was struck dumb with amazement, though I had long known enough of the mind of the great painter to consider it equal to any object on which its energies might be turned.

The designs for the Wellington shield were rather large drawings, and executed in sepia. They commenced with the battle of Assaye in the East Indies, and conducted the gallant Duke through all his brilliant victories in the Peninsular War, and concluded with his receiving the ducal coronet from the hands of the Prince Regent after the battle of Waterloo. These subjects are ranged in compartments round the shield. In the centre, the general is seen seated on horseback, surrounded by the most eminent officers engaged in the war. Tyranny lies subdued and trampled under his horse's feet, whilst Victory, represented by a graceful female, is about to place a laurel crown upon his head. But the wonder of Stothard's talent concerning the Wellington shield was not confined to the manner in which he executed the designs. It was of course necessary that, before the chasing of the silver was commenced, an exact model of the drawings to be so chased should be executed as a guide to the persons who were to be employed on so nice a work. A Mr. Talmarsh was chosen, but he died suddenly soon after he was appointed to the task, and some difficulty arose as to who should succeed him, when, to the extreme surprise of all, Stothard offered to make the models himself from his own designs, and,

with a rapidity scarcely less extraordinary than his former exertions, and wholly unpractised as he was in this branch of art, he produced one of the most masterly models ever executed of its kind. He had now gone so far that he determined to superintend the whole work till the shield should be completed.

I used to hear him talk a great deal about it, and I know that he agreed in the opinion that a bronze shield, though less costly, would have been a richer and more classical material for his designs, and one the most likely to go down to posterity, since in times of tumult and civil strife (and who could say such would never occur again in England?) trophies of this nature, if they fall into the hands of the rude soldiery, or of the multitude, are less likely to escape pillage in silver than in bronze. Even a memorial to the Duke of Wellington might be consigned to the melting pot, if misrule or rebellion once more gained the mastery in our land; for the warlike achievements of Henry the Fifth could not save his head, formed of silver, from the plunder of the godly, who tore it from his tomb in the abbey of Westminster, when the iron rule of Cromwell had usurped that of a crowned king.

Whilst the shield was in progress the Duke and Duchess of Wellington honoured the venerable artist with a visit at his house in Newman-street. His son Charles was with him to receive them—they were both highly gratified with the interview, and spoke of the Duke as a man whose superiority was apparent in all he said. I asked Mr. Stothard what was the general impression the Duke had left on his mind. He replied, "That of strong sense—he looked attentively at my drawings, but I observed that every remark he made was decided—not as if he came to see his actions illustrated by my designs for them, but to see if I understood what he had been about. He was satisfied. He is a gentleman, but I will venture to say no courtier. The Duchess was very pleasing, and seemed a very gentle person, fond of the arts. She noticed my female figures, but the Duke was taken up with my soldiers."

The shield was finished and presented; and for some time before the ceremony of presentation took place, Messrs. Ward and Green very liberally and obligingly exhibited it by gratuitous tickets of admission at their house in Ludgate Hill, where it was seen by most persons of rank and talent of the day. It was indeed a gorgeous work, but I thought it dazzled the eyes too much, and wished again and again that it had been in bronze. Mr. Stothard afterwards executed, as an amusement of a winter's evening, his eight large and masterly etchings from his own designs for the shield. The last day I ever had the happiness of spending with him (it

was at his own house), he presented us with the whole series, proof impressions, of these beautiful etchings. It is needless to say how they are valued, as coming from such a hand, and as one of the last memorials of a connexion of years' standing, and one that now awakens the blended recollections of affection, reverence, and regret.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Fine Arts.

ENGRAVING.

AN engraver, at whatever eminence he may arrive in his profession, is rarely or ever able to realize more than from four to five hundred pounds a year by the labour of his own hands. There are, however, people who, without being able to engrave a plate that would not discredit the youngest of their pupils, contrive to realize as many thousands, by a very considerable improvement on the practice of Mr. Uwins's instructor. The plan of operation is simple, and demands little beyond an unusual share of confidence, and, in the first instance, a very moderate investment of capital. There are in this, as in every profession, a numerous class of persons, who are content to forego every contingent advantage, and to resign all hope of honourable distinction in the walks of art they have respectively chosen, for the sake of certain and regular employment; and who are willing to place at the disposal of their employers, not only the whole of their labour, but every chance of the reputation they might hope to achieve, were their own names attached to the productions of their burins. To such persons, the temptation of a regular, weekly stipend, and perfect freedom from the anxieties to which all pursuits demanding the exercise of mental energy are liable, is too strong to be resisted; and, after a few years' drudgery, they settle down to mere mechanics; without the prospect, and with scarcely the desire, of relieving themselves from their servitude;—unfitted, indeed, to take an independent position in their art, because their employer has taken care, by restricting them to a single department of their profession, to render their escape from his bondage neither prudent nor practicable. Should the victim be a man with a wife and family around him, his chains are still more closely riveted; whilst his master drives about the Parks in his carriage, assumes the dignified character of a patron of Modern Art; and receives from the public that meed of applause for the performances of his co-adjutors, which constitutes a part of the sacrifice they are called upon to make, in order to secure his countenance and support. An establishment of the class to which we allude, contains from ten to forty hands, who

are divided and subdivided with the most religious attention to their peculiar qualifications, into "Skies," "Draperies," "Landscapes," "Backgrounds," "Interiors," "Trees," "Water," "Flesh," "Etching," &c. No sooner, therefore, has the last mentioned process been accomplished, than the plate is handed, like the first instalment of a new pin, to the gentleman who, under "skye influences," happens to be the most dexterous "ruler in" skies: from him it passes successively through the hands of manufacturers of "Drapery," "Landscape," "Flesh," &c., as the case may require. Finally, it is referred to the *imprimatur* of the "finisher," who, after a few touches here and there, for the purpose of harmonizing its patchwork execution, sends it into the world spick and span, and as smooth as silk, with the name of his employer beneath it. By this process, the pockets of the manufacturer are continually replenished, and the names of many of the finest engravers in the country are never so much as whispered to the public.—*Watts's Cabinet of Modern Art.*

Antiquariana.

THE KING'S BOARD, GLOUCESTER.

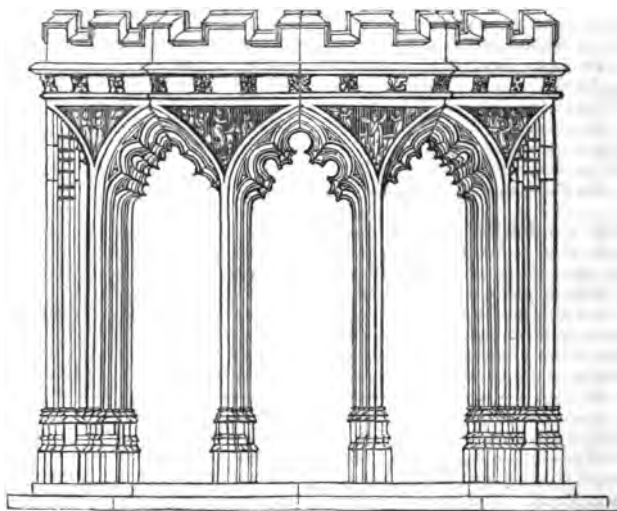
THE King's Board, in the city of Gloucester, was formerly assigned as the place of sale for butter and cheese. It stood in the middle of the Westgate-street, at the west end of Trinity Church, nearly opposite the College-court; and was built by Richard II., who held a parliament of twenty-eight days in this city, in the year 1378. The Board is

said by Doctor Stukeley to have been "a magnificent market-house of Gothic architecture, uncommon and ancient, but finely adorned." Martin, in his *Itinerary*, written in the year 1759, describes it as "a small market-house, over which was a cistern of Severn water. Over the arches and on the sides and ends of it were many historical parts of the Holy Scriptures curiously carved." At each corner was a large statue, and, on the upper part, a cross upon a pyramid, between four effigies with battlements around it.

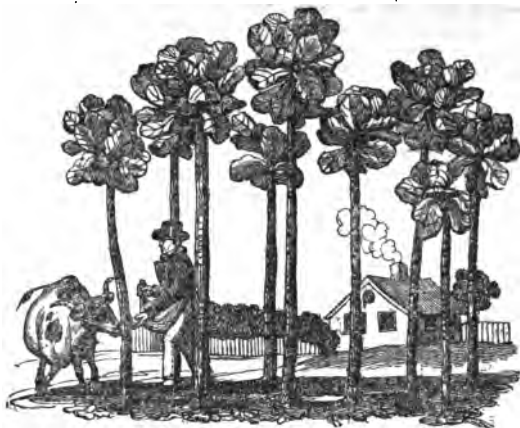
It was evident that Martin was unacquainted with the common terms of architecture; for, the carvings which he states to have been over the arches, and on the ends and sides of them, are in the spandrels and the ornamented cusps, where they appear in a more perfect state than might have been expected, after a lapse of nearly 500 years. The form of this beautiful structure is the frustum of a duodecagon, and is faithfully represented below, from a drawing, made by Mr. Fulk-james, an eminent architect and surveyor, of Gloucester.

In the year 1691, the Board was taken down, and purchased by Benjamin Hyett, Esq., who had it again set up on the east side of a vista in a grove adjoining his house in the Bear land. It remained here until the building of the County Prison, when it was purchased by the late Robert Smith, Esq., who erected it in the garden adjoining his house in Barton-street.

This interesting specimen of ancient architecture has again been taken down in making a new street: it has been purchased by John Chadborn, Esq., one of the aldermen of



(The King's Board, Gloucester.)



(Plot of Cow Cabbage, in Jersey.)

Gloucester, and is now placed in the pleasure-ground adjoining his residence, where it will be carefully preserved from desecration.

These details have been obligingly furnished by G. W. Counsel, Esq., author of a *History of Gloucester*, and well acquainted with the antiquities of that city.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE COW CABBAGE.

THE above is somewhat the appearance of a plot of a variety of cow cabbage growing in Jersey. It is much cultivated there, and attains the height of from 4 feet to 10 feet or 12 feet. The little farmers feed the cows with the leaves, plucking them from the stem as they grow, and leaving a bunch or head at the top. The stems are very strong, and used for roofing small out-buildings; and after this purpose is answered, and they are become dry, they are used for fuel. When the gathering of the leaves is finished at the end of the year, the terminating bud or head is boiled, and said to be particularly sweet.

The culture of the Cow Cabbage is thus stated by a nurseryman of Jersey:—The seed is sown, from about the 20th of August to the 1st of September, in a good soil, and planted out, from November to January and February, in succession, at from 20 to 30 inches distance, in a good, substantial, well-manured soil; as no plant is more exhausting or requires a better soil, but, perhaps, no one plant produces so large a quantity of nutriment during its period of vegetation. About the month of April they begin (from the first crop) to strip the under leaves, cut them in small pieces, mix them with sour milk, bran, and other farinaceous substances, and give them as food to ducks, geese, hogs, &c.

During the whole summer they continue stripping the plant as above stated, until it attains the height of from six to twelve feet; and, if a scarcity of herbage prevails, the green leaves form excellent food for cows and oxen, with alternate feeds of hay and straw. The tops and side shoots are excellent at table during winter and spring. The longest of the stalks are frequently used to support scarlet-runners and other French beans, and as cross rafters for farm buildings under thatch, and have been known to last more than half a century, when kept dry, for the latter purpose.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.

[We quote the following account of the process of manufacturing sugar from beet-root from the *Penny Cyclopædia*, the best as well as the cheapest work of its class.]

The white beet has been chiefly cultivated for the extraction of sugar from its juice. It is smaller than the mangel wurzel, and more compact, and appears in its texture to be more like the Swedish turnip. For the manufacture of sugar, the smaller beet, of which the roots weigh only one or two pounds, are preferred by Chaptal, who, besides being a celebrated chemist, was also a practical agriculturist, and a manufacturer of sugar from beet-root.*

This manufacture sprang up in France in consequence of Bonaparte's scheme for destroying the colonial prosperity of Great Britain by excluding British colonial produce. It having been found that from the juice of the beet-root a crystallizable sugar could be obtained, he encouraged the establishment of the manufacture by every advantage which

* See the Memoir of Chaptal, *Mirror*, vol. **xx.**, p. 88.

monopoly and premiums could give it. Colonial sugar was at the enormous price of four and five francs a pound, and the use of it had become so habitual, that no Frenchman could do without it. Several large manufactories of sugar from beet-root were established, some of which only served as pretexts for selling smuggled colonial sugar as the produce of their own works. Count Chaptal, however, established one on his own farm, raising the beet-root, as well as extracting the sugar. We here give a brief account of the process, taken chiefly from his own publications, especially the work entitled *La Chimie appliquée à l'Agriculture*, 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1829. The first operation is to clean the roots: some effect this by washing, but Chaptal prefers scraping and paring them with a knife, although by this means one-sixth part of the root is wasted, as the scrapings mixed with earth cannot be safely given to cattle, and even the pigs eat but little of it; but it adds to the manure, and is therefore not altogether lost. Six tons of beet-root are thus reduced to five, which are next to be rasped and reduced to a pulp. This is done by a machine consisting of a cylinder of tinned iron, two feet in diameter, and eighteen inches in the axis, on which it is turned by machinery. On the circumference of this cylinder are fixed, by means of screws, ninety narrow plates of iron, rising three-fourths of an inch from the surface and parallel to the axis, at equal distances all round; the outer or projecting edges of these plates are cut into teeth like a saw; a slanting box is fixed to the frame on which the axis of the cylinder turns, so that the roots may be pressed against these plates. The cylinder is made to revolve rapidly, and the roots are thus scraped, the pulp falling into a vessel, lined with lead, placed below. When two such cylinders are made to revolve 400 times in a minute by a sufficient power, whether water, wind, or horses, two and a half tons of roots are ground down in two hours. It is necessary that this operation should proceed rapidly, or else the pulp acquires a dark colour, and an incipient fermentation takes place, which greatly injures the future results. As the pulp is ground it is put into strong canvass bags, and placed under a powerful press to squeeze out the juice. The residue is stirred, and subjected to a second and third pressure, if necessary, till every particle of juice is extracted. As the liquor is pressed out, it runs into a copper, until it is two-thirds filled. The strength is ascertained by an instrument similar to the saccharometer used by brewers, called the *pèse-liqueur* of Beaumé,* which shows the

specific gravity of the liquid. The fire is now lighted, and by the time the copper is full the heat should be raised to 178° of Fahrenheit's thermometer (65° of Réaumur), but no higher.

In the meantime a mixture of lime and water has been prepared by gradually pouring as much water upon 10 lbs. of quick lime as will make the mixture of the consistency of cream. This is poured into the copper when the heat is steadily at 178°, and is well mixed with the juice by stirring it. The heat is then increased till the mixture boils, when a thick and glutinous scum rises to the surface. As soon as clear bubbles rise through this scum, the fire is suddenly put out by water poured on it or by a proper damper. The scum hardens as it cools, and the sediment being deposited the liquor becomes clear and of a light straw colour. The scum is then carefully taken off with a skimmer having holes in it, and is put into a vessel till such time as the liquor remaining in it can be pressed out. A cock is now opened about five inches above the bottom of the boiler, and all the clear liquor is drawn off. Another cock lower down lets out the remainder until it begins to appear cloudy; what still remains is afterwards boiled again with what is extracted by pressure from the scum. The clear liquor is now subjected to evaporation in another boiler, which is wide and shallow. The bottom is but slightly covered with the juice at first, and it boils rapidly. As the water evaporates, fresh juice is let in. When a certain degree of inspissation, or thickening, has taken place, so as to show five or six degrees of strength on the *pèse-liqueur*, animal charcoal is gradually added till the liquor arrives at 20°. One hundred weight of charcoal is required for the juice of two and a half tons of beet, which is now reduced to about 400 gallons. The evaporation by boiling continues till the saccharometer marks 25°, and a regular syrup is obtained. This is now strained through a linen bag, and the liquor is kept flowing by means of steam or hot air, and assisted by pressure. In two or three hours all the clear syrup will have run through.

There are many nice circumstances to be attended to, which can only be learned by experience, and an outline of the process is all that we undertake to give.

The syrup thus prepared is again boiled and skimmed until it is sufficiently concentrated, which is known in the following manner. The skimmer is dipped into the syrup and drawn out; some of the thick syrup which adheres to it is taken between the thumb and fore-finger and held there till the heat is reduced to that of the skin; the finger and thumb are separated, and if the syrup is of a proper strength, a thread will be drawn out, which snaps and has the transparency

* The *pèse-liqueur* of Beaumé here referred to is an hydrometer, of which 0 deg. corresponds to 1-000, the specific gravity of pure water at 55 deg. of Fahrenheit; and 25 deg. to about 1-215.

of horn or rather barley-sugar: this is called the *proof*. The fire is then put out and the syrup is carried to the cooler, which is a vessel capable of containing all the syrup produced by four operations or boilings. Here the sugar is to crystallize: as soon as this commences the whole is well mixed and stirred, and before it becomes too stiff, earthen moulds, of the well-known sugar-loaf shape, and of the size called *great bastards*, are filled with the crystallizing mass, of which a little at a time is poured into each. When they are full, they are carried to the coolest place on the premises. As the crystallization goes on, the crust formed on the top is repeatedly broken, and the whole is stirred till the crystals are collected in the centre; it is then allowed to go on without further disturbance. In three days it is so far advanced, that the pegs which were put into the holes at the point of the moulds may be taken out and the molasses allowed to run out. In a week this is mostly run off. White syrup is now poured on the top of the moulds, which filters through the mass and carries part of the colouring matter with it. The process that follows is exactly that in common use in refining West India sugars.

Although most of the operations are nearly the same as those by which the juice of the sugar-cane is prepared for use, much greater skill and nicety are required in rendering the juice of the beet-root crystallizable on account of its greater rawness, and the smaller quantity of sugar that it contains. But when this sugar is refined, it is impossible for the most experienced judge to distinguish it from the other, either by the taste or appearance; and from this arose the facility with which smuggled colonial sugar was sold in France, under the name of sugar from beet-root. Five tons of clean roots produce about $4\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of coarse sugar, which give about 160 lbs of double-refined sugar, and 60 lbs. of inferior lump-sugar. The rest is molasses, from which a good spirit is distilled. The dry residue of the roots, after expressing the juice, consists chiefly of fibre and mucilage, and amounts to about one-fourth of the weight of the clean roots used. It contains all the nutritive part of the root, with the exception of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of sugar, which has been extracted from the juice, the rest being water. Two pounds of this dry residue, and half a pound of good hay, are considered as sufficient food for a moderate-sized sheep for a day, and will keep it in good condition; and cattle in proportion.

As the expense of this manufacture greatly exceeds the value of the sugar produced, according to the price of colonial sugar, it is only by the artificial encouragement of a monopoly and premiums that it can ever be carried on to advantage.* The process is

* By the newspapers, we perceive that a Company is now forming for the manufacture of sugar from beet-root.—Ed. M.

one of mere curiosity as long as sugar from the sugar-cane can be obtained, and the import duties laid upon it are not so excessive as to amount to a prohibition; and in this case it is almost impossible to prevent its clandestine introduction.

By allowing the juice of the beet-root to undergo the vinous fermentation and by distilling it, a more profitable result will be obtained in a very good spirit. A kind of beer may also be made of it, which is said to be pleasant in warm weather and wholesome.

Another mode of making sugar from beet-root, practised in some parts of Germany, is as follows, and is said to make better sugar than the other process. The roots having been washed are sliced lengthways, strung on packthread and hung up to dry. The object of this is to let the watery juice evaporate, and the sweet juice, being concentrated, is taken up by macerating the dry slices in water. It is managed so that all the juice shall be extracted by a very small quantity of water, which saves much of the trouble of evaporation. Professor Lampadius obtained from 110 lbs. of roots 4 lbs. of well-grained white powder-sugar, and the residuum afforded 7 pints of spirit. Achard says that about a ton of roots produced 100 lbs. of raw sugar, which gave 55 lbs. of refined sugar, and 25 lbs. of treacle. This result is not very different from that of Chapal.

New Books.

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART, AND OTHER POEMS.

By Henry Alford.

MR. ALFORD, vicar of Wimeswold, Leicestershire, is a reverential admirer of Wordsworth, "the reverend Priest of Poesy," as he is characterized in these volumes. We are as yet but acquainted with them through *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which the following is one of the extracts quoted; the Editor premising that "the Poet who could write thus is privileged to call Wordsworth friend, and to walk with him in spirit through the 'Churchyard among the Mountains.'"

Stand by me here, Beloved, where thick crowd
On either side the path the headstones white:
How wonderful is death—how passing thought
That nearer than yon glorious group of hills—
Aye, but a scanty foot or two beneath
This pleasant, sunny mound, corruption teems;—
And that one sight of that which is so near,
Could turn the current of our joyful thoughts,
Which not e'en now disturbs them.

See this stone
Not, like the rest, full of the dazzling noon,
But sober brown—round which the ivy twines
Its searching tendrils, and the yew-tree shade
Just covers the short grave. He mourned not ill
Who graved the simple plate without a name:
"This grave's a cradle, where an infant lies,
Rockt fast asleep with Death's sad lullabies."
And yet methinks he did not care to wrong
The Genius of the place when he wrote "sad:"

The chime of hourly clock—the mountain-stream
That pends up ever to thy resting place
Its gush of many voices—and the crow
Of matin cock, faint it may be but shrill,
From elm-embowered farms among the dells,—
These, little slumberer, are thy lullabies:
Who would not sleep a sweet and peaceful sleep
Thus hush'd and sung to with all pleasant sounds?

And I can stand beside thy cradle, child,
And see you belt of clouds in silent pomp
Midway the mountain sailing slowly on,
Whose beacon top peers over on the vale;—
And upward narrowing in thick-timbered dells,
Dark solemn coombs, with wooded buttresses
Propping his mighty weight—each with its stream,
Now leaping sportfully from crag to crag,
Now smoothed in clear, black pools—then in the
vales,

Through lanes of bowering foliage glittering on
By cots, and farms, and quiet villages,
And meadows brightest green. Who would not sleep
Rocked in so fair a cradle?

But that word,
That one word—"death," comes over my sick brain
Wrapping my vision in a sudden swoon:
Blotting the gorgeous pomp of sun and shade,
Mountain, and wooded cliff, and sparkling stream,
In a thick, dazzling darkness. Who art thou
Under this hillock on the mountain side?
I love the like of thee with a deep love,
And therefore called thee dear—these who art now
A handful of dull earth. No lullabies
Hearst thou now, be they or sweet or sad—
Not revelry of streams, nor pomp of clouds,
Not the blue top of mountain—nor the woods
That clothe steepes have any joy for thee.

Go to then—tell me not of balmy rest,
In fairest cradle—for I never felt
One-half so keenly as I feel it now,
That not the promise of the sweetest sleep
Can make me smile on death. Our days and years
Pass onward—and the mighty of old time
Have put their glory by and laid them down
Undrest of all the attributes they wore,
In the dark sepulchre—strange preference
To fly from beds of down and softest strains
Of timbrel and of pipe, to the cold earth,
The silent chamber of unknown decay;
To yield the delicate flesh, so loved of late
By the informing spirit, to the maw
Of unrelenting waste; to go abroad
From the sweet prison of this moulded clay,
Into the pathless air, among the vast
And unnamed multitude of trembling stars;
Strange journey, to attempt the void unknown
From whence no news returns; and cast the freight
Of nicely treasured life at once away.

Come, let us talk of Death—and sweetly play
With his black locks, and listen for awhile
To the lone music of the passing wind
In the rank grass that waves above his bed.

Is it not wonderful, the darkest day
Of all the days of life—the hardest wrench
That tries the coward sense, should mix itself
In all our gentlest and most joyous moods
A not unwelcome visitant—that Thought,
In her quaint wanderings, may not reach a spot
Of lavish beauty, but the spectre form
Meets her with greeting, and she gives herself
To his mysterious converse. I have roamed
Through many mazes of unregistered
And undetermined fancy; and I know
That when the air grows balmy to my feel,
And rarer light falls on me, and sweet sounds
Dance tremulously round my captive ears,
I soon shall stumble on some moulded grave;
And ever of the thoughts that stay with me,
(There are that flit away,) the pleasantest
Is hand in hand with Death: and my bright hopes,
Like the strange colours of divided light
Faded into pale, uncertain violet
About some hallowed precinct. Can it be

That there are blessed memories joined with Death,
Of those who parted peacefully, and words
That cling about our hearts, uttered between
The day and darkness, in Life's twilight time?

SIR NATHANIEL WRAXALL'S MEMOIRS.

(Continued from page 412.)

Doctor Dodd.

With Dodd I was well acquainted. Some time during the month of November, 1776, dining at the house of Messrs. Dilly, the booksellers, not far from the Mansion House, who were accustomed frequently to entertain men of letters at their table, I there found myself seated very unworthily among several distinguished individuals. Wilkes, Jones, afterwards so well known as Sir William Jones, De Lolme, Dr. Dodd, with three or four others, composed the company. We were gay, animated, and convivial. Before we parted, Dodd invited us to a dinner at his residence in Argyle-street. A day was named, and all promised to attend. When we broke up, Dr. Dodd, who had shown me many civilities during the evening, offered to set me down at the west end of the town, adding that his own carriage was waiting at the door. I readily accepted the proposal, and he carried me back to the St. James's Coffee-house. The company accordingly met again on the evening fixed, when a very elegant repast was served, with French wines of various kinds. Mrs. Dodd presided, and afterwards, received in her drawing-room a large party of both sexes. Dodd was a plausible, agreeable man; lively, entertaining, well-informed, and communicative in conversation. While in prison, he wrote to me, urgently requesting my exertions with the late Lord Nugent to procure his pardon. If it could have been extended to him, without producing by the precedent incalculable injury to society, his majesty would undoubtedly have exercised in his case the prerogative of mercy. He felt the strongest impulse to save Dodd, not only on account of the numerous and powerful applications made in his favour, but as a clergyman who had been one of his own chaplains. The Earl of Mansfield, however, prevented so pernicious an act of grace. I have heard Lord Sackville recount the circumstances that took place in the council held on the occasion, at which the king assisted. To the firmness of the lord chief-justice, Dodd's execution was due: for, no sooner had he pronounced his decided opinion that no mercy ought to be extended, than the king, taking up the pen, signed the death-warrant. He died penitent and pusillanimous. The weather on the 27th of June, 1777, when he suffered, was most variable, changing perpetually from bright sunshine to heavy storms of rain; during one of which latter pelting showers he was turned off at Tyburn. His body, conveyed to a house in

the city of London, underwent every scientific professional operation which, it was hoped, might restore animation. Pott, the celebrated surgeon, was present to direct them. There were even found persons sufficiently credulous to believe that Dodd had been resuscitated, and privately transported to Aix in Provence. Lord Chesterfield never altogether surmounted the unfavourable impression produced by the prominent share which he took in Dodd's prosecution, though time obliterated it in a certain degree.

Parallel of Pitt and Pericles.

It has always appeared to me, that some very strong points of resemblance existed between Pericles and Pitt. Both were during many years the ministers of a free people. Both long enjoyed extraordinary popularity, and corresponding power. If the goddess of Persuasion was said to have placed herself on the lips of Pericles, so did she on those of Pitt. The same fascinating beauty and roundness of expression were common to both. Disinterestedness, and superiority to all personal acquisition, alike distinguished them. Pericles had indeed the advantage of inheriting a larger paternal fortune than the English minister; but he no more increased it at the national expense, than did Pitt. Both survived, if not the public favour, yet the public prosperity; and beheld their friends accused or sacrificed to public clamour. The fate of Phidias, Pericles' friend, charged with converting to his own use a part of the gold confided to him for ornamenting the statue of Minerva, bears a striking analogy to Lord Melville's impeachment, founded on his supposed appropriation or alienation of public money. But the Scottish minister ultimately escaped, while the immortal artist of antiquity perished in prison. Pitt, like Pericles, engaged in a long and disastrous conflict with foreign enemies: the latter, when he commenced the Peloponnesian war; the former, with revolutionary France. Neither of them survived to witness its termination. The Athenian, after sustaining the severest afflictions and privations in his family, sank under the attacks of a pestilential malady, in the third year of hostilities. The English statesman closed his memorable career precisely at the same period of the renewed struggle against the French republic,—or rather against the military despotism of its foreign ruler. Here, indeed, the parallel ends; for Pitt had no *Aspasia*. It is in Fox's history that we must look for her.

The Duke of Queensberry.

8th August, 1786.—Among the distinguished individuals who at this time were created British peers, the Duke of Queensberry received the title of Baron Douglas. He

is better known as Earl of March, having passed his fiftieth year before he succeeded to the dukedom of Queensberry. Few noblemen have occupied a more conspicuous place about the court, and the town, during at least half a century, under the reigns of George the Second and Third. Like Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, he pursued pleasure under every shape; and with as much ardour at fourscore, as he had done at twenty. After exhausting all the gratifications of human life, towards its close he sat down at his residence, near Hyde Park Corner, where he remained a spectator of that moving scene, which Johnson denominated "the full tide of human existence," but in which he could no longer take a very active part. I lived in almost daily habits of intercourse with him, when I was in London, during the last seven years of his protracted career. His person had then become a ruin; but not so his mind. Seeing only with one eye, hearing very imperfectly only with one ear, nearly toothless, and labouring under multiplied infirmities, he possessed all his intellectual faculties, including his memory. Never did any man retain more animation, or manifest a sounder judgment. Even his figure, though emaciated, still remained elegant: his manners were noble and polished; his conversation gay, always entertaining, generally original, rarely instructive, frequently libertine; indicating a strong, sagacious, masculine intellect, with a thorough knowledge of man. If I were compelled to name the particular individual who had received from nature the keenest common sense of any person I ever knew, I should select the Duke of Queensberry. Unfortunately, his sources of information, the turf, the drawing-room, the theatre, the great world, were not the most pure, nor the best adapted to impress him with favourable ideas of his own species. Information as acquired from books, he always treated with contempt; and used to ask me, what advantage, or solid benefit, I had ever derived from the knowledge that he supposed me to possess of history;—a question which it was not easy for me satisfactorily to answer, either to him or to myself. Known to be immensely rich, destitute of issue, and unmarried, he formed a mark at which every necessitous man or woman, throughout the metropolis, directed their aim.

If he had lived under Charles the Second, he might have disputed for pre-eminence in the favour of that prince, with the Arlingtons, the Buckingham, the Falmouths, and the Dorsets, so celebrated under his reign. Many fabulous stories were circulated and believed respecting him; as, among others, that he wore a glass eye, that he used milk baths, and other idle tales.

When approaching the verge of life, and labouring under many diseases or infirmities,

the duke's temper, naturally impetuous, though long subdued to the restraints of polished society, often became irritable. As he had too sound an understanding not to despise every species of flattery, we sometimes entered on discussions, during the course of which he was not always master of himself. But he knew how to repair his errors. I have now before my eyes his last note to me, written by himself in pencil, only a short time before his death. It runs thus:—"I hope you will accept this as an apology for my irritable behaviour when you called this morning. I will explain all when I see you again."—Notwithstanding the libertine life that he had led, he contemplated with great firmness and composure of mind his approaching, and almost imminent dissolution; while Dr. Johnson, a man of exemplary moral conduct, and personally courageous, could not bear the mention of death, nor look, without shuddering, at a thigh-bone in a churchyard. The Duke of Queensberry, like Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, might have said with truth,

"Incertus morior, non perturbatus."

His decease, when it took place, occasioned no ordinary emotion throughout London, on account of the number of individuals who were interested in the distribution of his fortune. Besides his estates in Scotland and in England, he left in money about nine hundred thousand pounds sterling. Nearly seven hundred thousand pounds of this sum he gave away in legacies: the remainder he bequeathed to the present Countess of Yarmouth. Notwithstanding his very advanced age, he would have lived longer, if he had not accelerated his end by imprudence in eating fruit.

DR. WALSH'S RESIDENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Terrific Fires.

On the 1st of March, 1823, about eight o'clock in the morning, a woman at Tophana went to the bath, and left a tandoor, at which she was sitting, burning till her return. Before she came back, however, the fire communicated to the table, and, when she returned, the room was in a blaze. The Turks seldom notice the conflagration of a single house, or of several; so the neighbours pursued their usual business, leaving the fire to go out of itself, or the old woman to extinguish it, as it pleased Allah. The house was situated in the bottom of the valley of Tophana, near the market, and in the most dense and crowded part of Pera, and the fire immediately communicated to the adjoining houses. The wind had blown very strong from the south for several days before, and the weather was dry; so that the houses in this quarter, which were all built of wood,

were in a very inflammable state, and the fire immediately spread in the direction of the wind with great rapidity. In two hours, it had made such progress that all Pera was alarmed. The view from the top of the English palace about ten o'clock was very terrific; the whole valley of Tophana seemed on fire. Several minarets of mosques which rose from the midst of the flames, appeared like immense torches stuck in the ground; their white sides remaining untouched, while a cone of flame issued from the top. The wind was blowing strong from the south, and directly up the valley; so the flames were carried rapidly along in that direction.

About eleven o'clock, I proceeded to the back of the Galata Serai, to the open space which yet remained unbuilt after a fire of last year in this place. The conflagration was advancing rapidly up the street that led to this space. Five fire-engines had been brought down, and a number of trombadgees, with their naked arms and metal caps, were sitting idly on them. The street was narrow, and but one was brought to bear on the fire; the rest were inactive, with the firemen smoking their pipes. Beside these were men with long poles, terminated with iron hooks, like best-hooks; with these they attempted to pull down a house next the one on fire; but after a few boards in the front were displaced, they desisted, and stood with their poles erect against the wall. Men with axes also made an effort to cut away some timber; but, in a short time, they all desisted, and suffered the fire quietly to proceed. The houses here belonged to poor people, who could not give them bacshish, and so they made no exertions.

The fire now grew so hot that I could remain no longer, and I returned. The people from the neighbouring houses were slowly removing what they possessed. This generally is not much. There are no tables, chairs, beds, or any of the numerous articles with which our houses are encumbered. Almost the whole furniture consists of the cushion of the divan, on which an oriental eats, sits, and sleeps with a thick quilt thrown over him. This he takes on his back and walks out of his house when the fire comes next door. Among the fugitives, an old woman came out of the house adjoining the fire with her whole furniture—a stool in one hand, a reel in the other, a large gourd under each arm, and a cat on her shoulder; after some time, the cat began to struggle, unwilling to leave its old residence, and, at length, escaped back into the burning house. The mistress quietly followed it, and, after some delay, again brought it out. The cat still struggled, and a second time made its escape. The house was now falling fast in burning fragments, and several persons endeavoured to dissuade her from entering it;

but she would not desert her cat—went in once more in search of it, and was scarcely across the threshold when the whole fell in, and she and her cat were never seen more. Some bustle now occurred, and on inquiring into the cause, I found it was a horrible one. A law exists that any one found robbing at a fire is to be thrown into it. The Seraskier had just come up on horseback, and a man was accused before him of taking some property that did not belong to him. He was ordered by the Seraskier to be cast into the flames, and the bustle I saw was the execution of the sentence.

About two o'clock, the fire had spread as far as Beshiktash, and the whole face of the hill looking over the Bosphorus, for nearly two miles, was a sheet of fire. All the inhabitants of the neighbourhood had brought what they could save into the great burying-ground, and were bivouacked among the trees; so that the whole large space was filled up with fugitives and small heaps of furniture; but now the fire seized on the trees, the resin of the cypress rendered them highly inflammable, and the whole was in a blaze. The progress of the fire was as curious as it was beautiful. As the wind waved the slender and flexible summits of the cypress, they continually threw out from their extremities large, bright sheets of flame, which floated along unbroken to a considerable distance, like the lightning produced in theatres by throwing powdered resin against the flame of a candle. In a short time, the whole burying-ground was covered with a canopy of this blaze, and the poor people below, unable to bear the showers of fire which fell on them, were compelled to seek another asylum.

On this day, we dined at the Austrian Palace, and, about five o'clock, the fire seemed as if it had exhausted itself for want of fuel; but the wind had changed, and the flames had rolled upon a district which had hitherto escaped; and when, about nine o'clock, we came out of the saloon, the aspect of the fire was very awful. The Austrian Palace lies in a valley, and was now flanked by an immense amphitheatre of fire, as if it was at the bottom of the crater of an ignited volcano. The progress of the fire seemed very extraordinary. At the distance of several hundred yards from where it was raging, and among a dark mass of houses, a bright and luminous spot would appear. This remained stationary for a short time, and then suddenly burst into a blaze, which inclosed all the intervening houses, so that the fire became one continued surface. From this manner of progress, it seemed almost certain that fire was intentionally set to various distinct places at once; but it was clearly ascertained that these communications were made by light, ignited matter carried through

the air, and falling on the dry wood, which soon bursts into a flame in the heated atmosphere. The Turks and Franks here universally attribute it to *red-hot nails*, exploded from burning timber with such force as to stick in distant houses, and so communicate the fire. But there is no proof that nails so explode; nor, if they do, have they ever been found so communicating the fire. Simple flakes of light, inflammable stuff, which were floating about in the direction of the wind, would easily account for the effect.

We were now alarmed by the report of cannon, and imagined every moment that some conflict had commenced; and, in fact, a serious calamity had like to ensue. It had been rumoured all day that the fire was planned and executed by the Greeks, in connexion with the insurgents of the Morea, and the Turks were with difficulty restrained at different times from taking summary vengeance on all they could find. The fire at length reached the arsenal at Tophana about nine at night, and, instead of unloading the guns on the wharf, which were continually kept shotted, the Turks suffered the fire to seize the carriages, and they all exploded in succession, throwing their balls across to Scutari; some shells also, which, they say, were overlooked on the wharf, and overtaken by the fire, burst, and both circumstances created an extraordinary sensation in Pera; but, at Constantinople, it was reported to have been caused by an attack on the Turks, whose houses had been set on fire. An immediate *soulèvement* of the janissaries took place. They raised a cry, and ran down to the water-side to get boats to assist their friends. It would have been a tremendous addition to the calamity, if twenty or thirty thousand armed fellows had thus rushed into the burning city, like soldiers into a town taken by storm. The horrors of Scio would have been repeated; but providentially they were stopped. The janissary Aga had all the gates closed which led to the water, and in the mean time prevailed on them to ascertain the fact before they went over. Messengers were sent across, and having stated the real cause of the explosion of the guns, the janissaries dispersed. About four in the morning, the wind had entirely subsided, and the force of the fire with it, after it had continued to rage with inconceivable fury for above twenty hours.

The Turks having no kind of statistical tables, it is impossible to ascertain the number of houses destroyed; some accounts raise it so high as thirty thousand: but it is impossible. I went round the burnt district both while the fire was raging, and after it was extinguished, and I walked through the ruins. The extent of the fire was about 2,000 yards, not an English mile and a half, and the greatest breadth about 800 yards,

not quite half a mile: in that space were thirty-four mosques, all of which, with the houses attached to them were destroyed, or nearly so. The number of houses attached to a mosque forming a Turkish parish is very varied, so that I could make nothing of the data; but, supposing the Peninsula of Pera to contain 30,000 houses, and 150,000 inhabitants, which is the usual conjecture, it will appear that about one-third has been destroyed, or about 10,000 houses, and 50,000 people left without habitations, which is, in fact, a calamity of sufficient magnitude without any exaggeration. Comparatively, very few lost their lives, considering the imperishable character of the Turks, and their utter inaptitude to take any precautions. About 500 persons, consisting of bed-ridden old men and women, sick and young children, perished in the ruins.

The fire was, as usual, attributed to the discontented janissaries, and was taken as an expression of their opinions. It was rather remarkable that not a single house belonging to a Frank, or even a Raya Christian, was consumed. Whatever the Sultan's opinion really was, he affected to believe it entirely accidental. A firman was immediately issued, that no Turk should, in future, leave his house without carefully extinguishing any fire remaining in his mongal or tandoor.

The Gatherer.

The Asphodel.—It was formerly the custom to plant asphodel around the tombs of the deceased; its fine flowers producing grains, which, according to the belief of the ancients, afforded nourishment to the dead. Homer tells us, that having crossed the Styx, the shades passed over a long plain of asphodel. Orpheus, in Pope's *Ode on Cecilia's Day*, conjures the infernal deities—

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers.

Vegetable Lace.—The inner bark of the Lace-bark Daphne is of such a texture, that it may be drawn out in long webs like lace, and has actually been worn as such. Charles the Second had a cravat made of it, which was presented to him by Sir Thomas Lynch, when governor of Jamaica.

The Globe-Flower.—This splendid flower adorns the path of the rustic on festival days. It is a bright yellow flower, blowing in May and June. In Westmoreland, these flowers are gathered with great festivity, by the youth of both sexes, at the beginning of June; about which time it is usual to see them retura from the woods in an evening, laden

with them, to adorn their doors and cottages with wreaths and garlands.

Gourds.—The Bottle Gourd is, by the poor Arabians, boiled in vinegar and eaten. Sometimes they make this gourd into a kind of pudding, by filling the shell with rice and meat. In Jamaica, the shells are used as water-cups, and frequently serve the negroes and poorer white people for bottles. The largest kinds are cultivated for their shells, which will sometimes contain five, six, or seven gallons. The Warted Gourd is gathered when half grown by the Americans, and boiled as a sauce to their meat. The Water Melon serves the Egyptians for meat, drink, and medicine, from the beginning of May to the end of July. When it is very ripe, the juice, mixed with a little rose water and sugar, forms the only medicine which the common people take in the most ardent fevers.

The Heart's-ease has an infinity of provincial names, as:—

Love in Idleness.
Live in Idleness.
Call me to you.
Cull me to you.
Three Faces under a Hood.
Herb Trinity.
Jump up and Kiss me.
Look up and Kiss me.
Kiss me ere I rise.
Kiss me behind the Garden-gate.
Pink of my John.
Flower of Jove.

And Flamy, because its colours are seen in the flame of wood.

Blacking.—The Indians use the beautiful flowers of the Hibiscus, or China rose, to black their shoes; whence the plant has also been named the Shoe-flower.

Errata.—Page 378, *Neapolitan Funeral*, line 5, for "February 3, 1836;" read January 31, 1836.

Page 380, *Register of Fleet Marriages*, line 30, for "and the parties as little, as they could;" read, and the parties paid as little, as they could.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers in Part 180, now publishing.

VOL. XXVII. OF THE MIRROR.

With a Steel-plate Portrait and a Memoir of Miss MITFORD. Sixty-six Engravings, and upwards of 440 closely-printed pages, price 5s. 6d. boards, will be published on the 30th inst.

Part 180, price 1s., completing the Volume, will also be ready on the same day.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER, containing the Portrait and Memoir, with Title-page, Preface, and Index to the Volume, will be published on Saturday next, July 2.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House;) and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. W. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

GENERAL INDEX.

- ASBINGDON**, new workhouse at, 129
Acid, the best, 139
Africa, pancakes in, 286
Aikin, Dr., and Coleridge, 139
Alagna, village of, in Switzerland, 267
Alexandria, picture of, 93
Alfred's Tower, at Stourhead, Wilts, 877
Algerine legend, 119
Algiers, Lord Exmouth at, 24
Alms-houses at Marylebone, 175—208—401
Althorp, prize hedging at, 192
Amazon, island passage of the, 353
Ancestry, pride of, 32—48
Anchovies for the voice, 320
Ancient travellers tale, the, 162
Andes, scene in the, 353
Angel coin, finding of, 303
Annesley, the lady of, 314
Annals, Spirit of the, for 1836 :
 Bijou Almanac, 95
 Hoods's Comic, 7
Anti-Malthusian, one, 336
Antipathies, remarkable, 284
Ants in Peru, 315
Antuco, in South America, description of, 297
 volcano of, 298
Appetite, lost, 64
Apple and comfit custom, 266
April evening, the, 413
Architecture, Elizabethan, specimens of, 18
Ariadne, head of, 127
Arques Castle, history of, 33
Ascension-day, custom on, 292
Asphodel, the, planted around tombs, 432
Astrology, anecdotes of, 213—284
Austerlitz, Napoleon at, 327
Authors and artists, 144
Autographs and localities, 163—370
Bachelor, origin of the term, 432
Badajoz, the dean of, 404
Baltimore, monument to Washington at, 248
Barbers, loquacity of, 143
Barnaby Rums, the man who felt his way, 36
Bath, repartee respecting, 176
Bathos, legal, 223
Bears and bulls in stock-jobbing, 176
Beauty, Nature, and Winter, a sonnet, 416
Beauvais, description of, 209
Becket, his shrine at Canterbury, 276
Bed, story of one, 271
Bede, shrine of, 86
Bed-liers, anecdote of, 311
Beef, roast and boiled, to dress, 124
Beef-steak, the best place for, 95
Beer, adulteration of, 42
Bees, anecdote of, 151
Beet-root sugar, preparation of, 425
 VOL. XXVII. 2 F
Beetles, voracity of, 68
Beggars, Irish, 266
Belfry, the, a sonnet, 415
Bells in hotels, 350
Beranger, the Baron, 95
Berlin, gin-palaces at, 333
Berri, duchess of, at Chambord, 133
Berthier at Chambord, 132
Bible of Charlemagne, 374—304
Bible and key, superstition of, 237
Billingsgate quarrel, 139
Bird singularly caught, 229
Birds, hearing of, 230
 panting of, 308
 systematic arrangement of, 309
 for the table, 111
Black Hole at Calcutta, account of the, 344
Blackening, vegetable, 432
Black preachers at Sierra Leone, 270
Black v. White, 272
Blucher, statue of, 332
 tomb of, 335
Blunders, translation, 95
Books, ancient, 130
 New, noticed and quoted :
 Arcana of Science and Art for 1836,
 169
 Back's (Capt.) *Journey to the Arctic*
 Regions, 356—393
 Ben Brace, by Capt. Chamier, 170
 —203
 Bray's, Mrs., *Description of part of*
 Devonshire, 220—237—271
 Britton's Architectural Dictionary, 201
 Coleridge's Letters, Conversations, &c.,
 137
 Companion to the Almanac, 42
 England in 1835. By Baron Von
 Raumer, 238—251—299
 Experimental Guide to Chemistry, 62
 Gilbert Gurney, 76
 Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers,
 185
 Head's, Sir George, *Home Tour in*
 England, 366—396
 Hogg's, Dr., *Travels in Alexandria*, 93
 Inklings of Adventure, 381
 Kemble, Miss, her *Journal*, 152
 Lays of a Wild Harp, 203
 Legends of the Conquest of Spain,
 59—91—105
 Loseley Manuscripts. Edited by A. J.
 Kempe, Esq., 264
 Mudie's Natural History of Birds, 397
 Norman Leslie, 106
 Outre-Mer ; or, a *Pilgrimage to the*
 Old World, 189
 [No. 784]

Books, New, noticed and quoted :

- Poeppig's Travels in Chili and Peru, 296—315
 Random Recollections of the House of Lords, 317—345
 Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes, 12 28—44
 Rookwood, 4th edit., 254
 Savory's Companion to the Medicine Chest, 218
 School of the Heart and other Poems, 427
 Separation, the, by Joanna Baillie, 155
 Sketches by Boz, 249
 Sketches of Germany and the Germans, 331—349—364
 Smith's Fac-similes, 131—163—370
 Smith's (Lieutenant,) Journey from Lima to Para, 354
 Swainson's Discourse on Natural History, 164
 Swainson's Geography and Classification of Animals, 243
 Vow of the Peacock, by Miss Landon, 126
 Walsh's (Doctor,) Residence in Constantinople, 360—430
 White Man's Grave; or a Visit to Sierra Leone, by F. H. Rankin, 268—286
 Waxall's, (Sir N.,) Posthumous Memoirs of his own Time, 408—428
 Boulainvilliers and Calonne, the astrologers, 213
 Brahmin beauty, 16
 Bread, adulteration of, 42
 Bright day shone for Poland, 20
 British Artists, Exhibition of their Pictures, 268
 British Museum, improvement of the, 147—211—258
 persons admitted to, 44
 Sir Humphry Davy on, 148
 Brougham, Lord, sketch of, 348
 Bruce, Mr., his history of the Star Chamber, 289—321
 Buckingham, the late Duchess of, 334
 Duke of, 319
 Palace, visit to, 299
 Buffalo, the Naked, 288
 Bulwer, novels by, 89
 Buonaparte, lines on, by Lamartine, 72
 Jerome, at Warsaw, 374
 Buonapartiana, 325—373
 Burghley, Lord, at Theobalds, 417
 Burial, Indian, 400
 Burns, lines on, 398
 Butterflies, diurnal, 244
 Cabbage prevents intoxication, 16
 Calamy, Dr., and Cromwell, 176
 Calcutta, the Black Hole at, 344
 Camberwell, new school at, 66
 Canal, the, of Mahmoud, 181
 Canoes, construction of, 311
 Carter Foote, an anecdote, 272
 Castle Acre Priory, ruins of, 103
 Cathedrals, English, details of, 201—203
 Catherine de Medicis at Chambord, 100
 Cats, anecdotes of, 34
 Burmese, 35
 Ceylonese canoes, construction of, 311
 Chambord, excursion to the chateau of, 69—99—131
 Chapel, ancient, 184
 St. John's, at Norwich, 241
 Charlemagne, Bible of, 274
 Charles I. at Theobalds, 419
 Charles IX. at Chambord, 101
 Charles X. at Chambord, 133
 Charms and omens, 237
 Chatterton, anecdote of, 319
 Child's Offering, the, 372
 Child, Sunday, 256
 Chilians, improvement of the, 320
 Chlorides, use of the, 219
 Christchurch, Draper's Chapel at, 135
 Christ Church, Spitalfields, described, 145
 Christian, a good one, 139
 Church ales, origin of, 389
 Churches, new, 192
 Churchwarden's entry, 352
 Cibber, Theophilus, anecdote of, 284
 Clary, origin of, 416
 Clifton, Giants' Cave at, 215
 Clock, curious, at Lubeck, 332
 the Palace, at Hampton Court, 301
 Close of the chase, 44
 Coachman, the term, 243
 Cobbett, William, birthplace of, 273
 Cobra da Capello, antidote to the poison of, 67
 Coffee-room described, 112
 Coffee and sugar, consumption of, 400
 Coins, ancient, 176
 Cold, extreme, in the Arctic Regions, 359
 Coleridge, the late Mr., 131
 Commerce, change in, 255
 Common sense, 112
 Conspirator before the magistrate, 14
 Constantinople, terrific fires at, 430
 Cookery, English, 256
 Cooking apparatus, Weeks's, 295
 Copper, poisonous properties of, 43
 Corpse Candle, the, a ballad, 255
 Cottenham, Lord, sketch of, 348
 Count of Griens, the, 201
 Courage, true, 176
 Courtship, past and present, 112
 Cow cabbage, the, 425
 Cowper at Olney, 149
 Cranes catching crabs, 408
 Cranstoun, Dr., letters of Thomson to, 6—53—117
 Craven, old chapel in, 184
 Cream-freezing, apparatus for, 295
 Creation, day of the, 352
 Cricket, habits of the, 266
 hearing of the, 101
 Cromwell, Oliver, at Glasgow, 208
 Crow and duck, fight between, 229
 Crows' nest, singular, at Newcastle, 327

- Curls, extraordinary, 236
 Cuttings, new mode of striking, 296
 Dances, Moorish, 208
 Dardanelles, description of the, 361
 Dartmoor, scenery of, 220
 Davy, Sir H., on the British Museum, 148
 Day, the first, 336
 Dead, watching for the, 222
 Dean of Badajoz, the, a sketch, 404
 Death's Head Moth, the, 280
 Delft, Van Tromp's tomb at, 97
 Desaix, General, portrait of, 287
 Devonshire, cottages in, 222
 customs and superstitions in, 222
 the Duchess of, 409
 House, rout at, 238
 Dewberry, the, 101
 Diamond, the Sancy, 224
 Diana of the Ephesians, temple of, 363
 Dietetic plan, outline of, 218
 Difficulties, seeing, 139
 Dining, art of, 110—124
 Dinner, civic one at Greenwich, 76
 for a wager, 111
 Diorama, Regent's Park, the, 267
 Discovery, singular, 206
 Diving-bell, descent in, 397
 Dodd, Dr., anecdotes of, 428
 Dogs, anecdotes of, 34
 Dog-ape, the, 102
 Domestic dilemma, the, 7
 Dorking church, repair of, 192
 Doubt, Feltham on, 336
 Douglas, Mr. David, death of, 194
 Draper's Chapel, Christchurch, 135
 Drawing-room at St. James's described, 159
 Drumclog, the fight of, 371
 Dublin, King William's statue at, 258
 Trinity College library, 175
 Duckboats in China, 229
 Duelling, 48
 Dunning, Lord Ashburton, anecdote of, 160
 Durham cathedral, Bede's shrine in, 88
 Durham, Tunstall, bishop of, 175
 Dying Flower, the, a poem, 293
 Dyspepsia, or indigestion, causes of, 218
 Eagle, anecdote of, 228
 Easter, customs at, 242
 Eating-house, an English one, 239
 Eclipse of the sun, annular, 335—393
 Edinburgh, New Year's Day in, 5
 Eels in thunderstorms, 102
 Egypt, peasants of, 180
 pyramids at, 227
 vastness of its buildings, 180
 water of, 181
 Egyptiana, 180—227
 Ejectment law, singular, 389
 Elephant, tusks of the, 165
 Elizabeth, Queen, portrait of, 336
 Ellis, Sir Henry, evidence of, on the British
 Museum, 211—258
 Engraving, subdivision of, 423
 Einsiedeln, pilgrimages to, 277
 Epigram on a Deformed Lady, 416
 Epitaphs, eccentric, 220—416
 Erskine, Lord, anecdote of, 138
 Esquimaux, traits of, 394
 Est-il-possible? an anecdote, 240
 Ethelbert, St., shrine of, 86
 Evening scene, from Rienzi, 13
 Eugene Aram, 32
 Exchequer buildings, the old, 289
 Exhibitions of the year 1836, 267
 Exmouth, Lord, at Algiers, 23
 Experience, benefit of, 139
 Fairy tale, 221
 Fame, sonnets on, 415
 Fancy and Reason, 416
 Farnham, Cobbett's birthplace at, 273
 Fauntleroy, the banker, case of, 342
 Feast, American Indian, 293
 Fern, gathering on St. John's eve, 102
 Ferrers, earl, family of, 177—198
 Fidelity, canine, 256
 Fielding, anecdote of, 320
 Field-paths, by Richard Howitt, 398
 Fish, modes of dressing and serving, 110
 production of, in India, 68
 and snipes, migration of, 230
 unwholesome, 42
 finest varieties of, 110
 Fits and ague, cures for, 236
 Flames, coloured, 62
 Fleet marriages, register of, 380
 Flies, keeping them out of houses, 374—389
 Flower bazaar, Turkish, 363
 Flowers, funeral, 421
 in pots, 128
 Foot-ball in Scotland, 381
 Forbearance, courteous, 176
 Forests, vast, in South America, 355
 Forshall, Rev. Mr., his evidence on the British
 Museum, 259
 Fossil, a living one, 127
 Fountains, pilgrimages to, 87
 Fox, anecdote of, 416
 France, ex-royal family of, sketches of, 349
 life in, 176
 Francis I., at Chambord, 99
 Franking letters, abuse of, 412
 Friday, unlucky, 223
 Friendship, on, 48
 Frederic the Great, reminiscences of, 330
 Freetown, Sierra Leone, description of, 268
 dinner in, 287
 servants in, 286
 Fresco, paintings in, 143
 Fumigation, new modes of, 219
 Funeral, Neapolitan, 378
 Gains, slow, 139
 Gallipot and schoolboy, 96
 Gambling-houses, London, 112
 Game, fine specimens of, 124
 Gander, anecdote of, 228
 Garden, the suburban, 250
 Gas *v.* Tallow, 224
 Gases, weight of, 48
 Gatehouse, Erpingham, at Norwich, 242
 Genius, sonnets on, 415

- Genius, Victor Hugo on, 89
 Gentleman, definition of, 256
 George III., anecdotes of, 412
 German student's story, the, 106
 Germany, present position of, 351
 residence in, 364
 Ghost stories, origin of, 139
 Giant's Cave, the, at Clifton, 215
 Gifts, New Year's, origin of, 5
 Giraffe, the, at Constantinople, 387
 habits of the, 388
 history of the, 388
 Giraffes at the Zoological Gardens, 386
 Globe-flower, gathering the, 432
 Gloucester, King's Board at, 424
 Glow-worm, the, 102
 Goethe, song from, 292
 Good Friday customs, 242
 hymn for, 223
 washing clothes on, 222
 Gourds, uses of, 432
 Governess wanted, lines on, 399
 Grattan, novels by, 89
 Grayling, the flower of fishes, 392
 Great Seal of England, the, 318
 Greatest man, who is the, 208
 Greeks, Ionian, dress of, 85
 Gretna Green described, 368
 Grey, Earl, sketch of, 347
 Guernsey, islanders of, 85
 Guest, the unbidden, 245—261
 Guillem de Cabestanh, tale of, 139
 Guillotine, death by the, 122
 Habit or custom, 116
 Hailing a Portuguese man-of-war, lines on,
 216
 Half-and-half and Madame Pasta, 95
 Hammersmith Suspension-Bridge, the, 252
 Hampton-Court Palace clock described, 301
 Hard name, the, 21
 Hatfield House described, 17—50
 chapel in, 51
 exterior of, 19
 fire at, 52—175
 hall in, 50
 history of, 18
 interior of, 50
 library, 50
 scenery around, 20
 pictures at, 52
 Hawaii newspaper, 196
 Hayley and Dr. C. Jackson, 208
 Haymarket, old green room at, 112
 Hearts-ease, provincial names of, 432
 Heavy horse, 352
 Hedgehog, its cry, 103
 Helton, parish meeting at, 176
 Hemans, Mrs., lines by, 95
 Henry II. of France at Chambord, 100
 Hermes, feast of, 336
 Highwaymen, a chapter of, 255
 Hill, Mr. Thomas and Theodore Hook, 126
 History, English, French authorities for, 48
 Hogarth's pictures, 217
 Holy Thursday at Florence, 323
 Home, John, anecdote of, 64
 Homicide, law respecting, 320
 scene in the life of a, 278
 Horse, aged, 400
 attachment of, 34
 Horse-shoe ceremony, 242
 Horse, tail of the, 165
 Huddersfield tunnel, the, 367
 Hygeiæic precepts, publication of, 43
 Hymn for Good Friday, 223
 Hymn of liberty, 14
 Icebergs, chains of, 407
 Imagination, force of, 256
 Impostor, mendicant, 271
 Indian warfare, 298
 Indians, famine among the, 358
 Indigestion, draught for, 219
 Infernal machine, 416
 Injury, Feltham on, 244
 Ink, sympathetic, 62
 Inmate of the Tower, 30
 Inscription, Oriental, 320
 Insects and Birds, 308
 classification of, 165
 flight of, 308
 luminous British, 122
 marine, 308
 power of, 244
 upholstery, 150
 shoals of, 68
 Ireland and the Irish, 329
 Irish Blunder, 304
 Irishman, the tipsy one, 144
 Iron, cutting with shears, 400
 Islington, new cattle-market, 306
 Jackal, a tame one, 35
 Jackdaw, anecdote of, 229
 James I. at Theobalds, 418
 James, Mr., novels by, 89
 Jones, Mr., at Salisbury, 110
 Julian, Count, legend of, 92—104
 Katerfelto the Conjuror, 320
 Kauffman, Angelica, death of, 143
 Kenyon, lord, anecdote of, 138
 Kidd, the pirate, last words of, 58
 King's Birth-day, the, 253
 King William IV., sketch of, 317
 Knighthood for men of science, 165
 Kroomen of Africa, the, 288
 Lacock Abbey, sketches of, 27—74
 Lady of Annesley, the, 314
 Lady's Rock, the, 336
 Lamb, Charles, lines by, 303
 good things by, 139
 Dr., the conjuror, 186
 Lament, touching, 112
 Lapwing, beauty of the, 229
 Laver and roast mutton, 124
 Leasowes, description of the, 81
 Lebanon, height of, 48
 Leeds and Selby Railway, 397
 worsted-mill at, 397
 Leo X., Pope, 182
 Letters, foreign, 176
 Licensed Victuallers' School, the new, 114

- Life, tenacity of, in insects, 122
 in man, 122
 Lilac, origin of the name, 432
 Lima, panorama of, 267
 Lime-tree Branch, legend of the, 254
 Lion, Asiatic, 244
 Literature and Art, of 1835, 127
 Litta, the late duke of, 96
 Living, cheap, 32
 Lloyd's Coffee-house, 251
 Logic, extraordinary, 307
 London Bridge in 1836, 226
 climate of, 240
 Roman, remains of, 212
 the Tower of, 256
 vastness of, 239
 Louis XIII. at Chambord, 101
 XIV. at Chambord, 131
 Lutz, Napoleon and Ney at, 327
 Lyndhurst, lord, sketch of, 345
 Madagascar, customs in, 46—83—134
 trade at, 48
 Magic Spinning-wheel, the, 166—186
 Magpie, superstitious respecting, 237
 Maltese women, dress of, 48
 Man, the head of, 55
 Manchester, marriages at, 416
 Manners, English, 239
 Marriage, Lord Byron on, 32
 Martens, anecdotes of, 229
 Marylebone Alma-houses, 175—208—401
 Mason-lee, labours of the, 266
 Matter and Mind, 256
 May-poles, Washington Irving on, 340
 Mecca, pilgrimage to, 277
 Mecklenburg, nobility of, 332
 Melbourne, lord, sketch of, 346
 Memorabilia Bacchanalia, 153
 Mendicant Impostor, 271
 Microscope, objects for, 40
 portable, 42
 Midsummer, custom at, 292—341
 eve, at Penzance, 422
 Mince-meat in Venice, 16
 Mirage in Persia, 150
 Misfortune, sources of, 139
 Mistake, a singular one, 333
 Morning, picture of, 126
 Star, the, 315
 Moscow, burning of, 128
 Mosquito, the, 69
 Moth, the Death's Head, 281
 a large one, 151
 Mrs. Captain Thompson, a sketch, 381
 Mullet at Weymouth, 95
 Murder by Karl Ferrer, 179
 Mysteries, Chester, 293
 Nabobs, on, 39
 Nabob, the first on the stage, 175
 Naples, sketches of, 231
 Napoleon, and the brick of gold, 373
 at Chambord, 132
 and the coat of mail, 373
 his coronation, 240
 and the French journals, 374
 Napoleon, his friendships, 373
 and harness, 374
 on horseback, 327
 incog, 327
 medal of, 80
 portrait of, 143—160—272
 relics of, 48
 and the sword of Frederic the
 Great, 373
 in the Red Sea, 373
 wars of, 327
 Natural History, stray facts in, 67
 Natural History Works, notes on some mo-
 dern, 164—243—307
 Nature, an admirer of her works, 244
 Nautilus shell, inhabitant of the, 31
 Neapolitan Funeral, 378
 Neighbours, 208
 Nelson, the death of, 203
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the castle at, history
 of, 373—402
 crows' nest at, 327
 Newgate, a condemned cell at, 249
 New Holland, discovery in, 206
 Newspaper, the stamp on, 304
 New Year's Day, customs on, 4—5
 Eve custom, 16
 New York, New Year's Day in, 5
 old jail at, 63
 Nicaragua, volcano at, 52
 Nightjar, error respecting, 164—244—308
 Nile, scenery of the river, 182
 Nobility, Feltham on, 115
 Norfolk, the late Duke of, 409
 North-west passage, the, and northern geo-
 graphy, 282
 Norwich, antiquities of, 241
 Notton House, sketches of, 74
 Novels, historical, 88
 Oaks, celebrated, 336
 Oak customs, 21
 Ocean, the, per se, 11
 Old Man, sacrifice of the, 372
 Olney, Cowper at, 149
 Opera, the French, 16
 Opium-eating, custom of, 362
 Ornamental woods, history of, 309
 Ovahs, the, of Madagascar, customs of, 46—
 83—134
 Owl, superstitious respecting, 285
 Pachydermata, order of, 164
 Paine, Thomas, anecdote of, 144
 Painting, triumph of, 66
 Palace, an ancient English one, 351
 Pancakes in Africa, 266
 Paris, improvements in, 80
 Parliament Houses, designs for the new, 268
 Parrots, talking of, 309
 Passage, the north-west, and northern geo-
 graphy, 282
 Past and Present, the, 126
 Pastime, oriental, 192
 Partridge, a sitting one, 67
 Patents in France, 224
 Peace and War, 139

- Peacock, error respecting, 164
 Pearls, to preserve, 272
 Pedestrians, bequest to, 384
 Peers, sleeping, 319
 People, rule of the, 336
 Pera, British palace at, 31
 Peru, ants in, 315
 Phenomenon, curious, 35
 Philadelphia, the Upper Schuylkill Bridge at, 151
 Pigs, cargo of, 367
 Pilgrim at Jerusalem, the, 83
 the, from Schiller, 3
 Pilgrimages by proxy, 276
 remarkable, 86—233—275
 Pilgrims, various, 277
 Piquet not in mourning, 256
 Piracy, atrocious, 360
 Pirate, the, a sketch, 57
 Pisa, baptistery at, 3
 cathedral of, 2
 leaning tower at, 3
 magnificence of, 2
 Pitt, Mr., anecdote of, 176
 and Pericles, parallel of, 429
 Plant, curious, 320
 Plants, fecundity of, 272
 Poniatowsky, anecdote of, 350
 Poor Law Amendment Act, the, 129
 Pole, the southern magnetic, 64
 Pope, the actor, anecdote of, 125
 Pope Leo X., 189
 Population, noisy, 48
 Port wine, statement respecting, 400
 Portuguese man-of-war insect, lines on, 218
 Preachers, black, at Sierra Leone, 270
 Prejudices, instances of, 285
 Prescience, anecdotes of, 285
 Presentiment, anecdote of, 224
 Promise, a publishing, 192
 Proverb, Spanish, 336
 Providential Deliverances, anecdotes of, 402
 Prussia, potatoes in, 416
 Punch, iced gin, to make, 125
 Pyramids of Egypt, 227
 Queen's Drawing-room, the, 159
 Queensberry, the Duke of, 429
 Racing, theatrical, 48
 Rag Wells, 87
 Railways, American, 64
 Liverpool and London, 64
 Rain, fall of, 64
 Rapids and Cascades in the Arctic Regions, 394
 Rat and Beaver, story of a, 356
 Reading, abbey at, 391
 Restoration Day in Devon, 236
 tradition respecting the, 352
 Reverse of Fortune, 32
 Rhine, plain of the, 364
 Rhingau Song, the, 160
 Richmond, the drive to, 252
 Rienzi, character of, 29
 reforms of, 28
 Robberies in and near London, 160
 Romance of the Day, 294
 Rose, the, on Midsummer-day, 223
 Routs, English, 299
 Royal George, the, 32
 Ruffs and Reeves, notice of, 111—124
 Rugen, the Isle of, 332
 Sacrifice, examples of, 372
 Sailor's Wedding, the, 171
 St. Edward the Confessor, shrine of, 233
 St. Erkenwald, his shrine, 235
 St. Nun's Pool, Cornwall, 87
 St. Olave's new school, 66
 St. Paul's Cathedral, shrines in, 235
 and St. Peter's Cathedrals, details of, 202
 St. Sebastian's day in Spain, 303
 St. Thomas's Hospital, improvement of, 160
 St. Wilfred, feast of, 422
 Saints, crafts of, 87
 Samouelle, Mr. George, his evidence on the
 British Museum, 212
 Santa Croce, the church of, 267
 Sarayacu, domestic life at, 355
 Sark, capture of, 214
 Saxe, marshal, at Chambord, 132
 Scaldaletto, the, or Italian warming-pan, 57
 Scampman, the, a ballad, 255
 Scape-goat, origin of, 343
 Scene in the life of a Homicide, 280
 a ludicrous one, 128
 Schiller, lines from, 95
 School, the Licensed Victuallers', 114
 Schools, new, in and near London, 66
 School for Scandal as first performed, 112
 Schuylkill, the upper bridge, at Philadelphia, 151
 Scott, Sir Walter, and Lady Morgan, 111
 his novels, 88—137—139
 Scratch, awkward one, 224
 Sea water converted into fresh, 192
 Seal, the Great, 318
 Seats, classification of, 184
 Sentimental Journey, the, 131
 Servants at Sierra Leone, 286
 Seigné, Madame, her chateau, 30
 Shakee-shakee, game of, 288
 Shakspeare, his knowledge of natural history, 101
 Shell, a new one, 127
 Shenstone, birthplace of, 81
 Shepherds of Sanenland, the, 339
 Sheridan, R. B., anecdotes of, 96—410
 Shirleys, the family of, 199—200
 Shrikes, or butcher-bird, habit of, 309
 Shrines and Pilgrimages, remarkable, 86—233—275
 presents to, 276
 rural, 276
 Shrove Tuesday in Devon, 222
 Sierra Leone, customs at, 272
 ladies at, 288
 Silesia, graves in, 349
 Silver Threepences and Fourpences, 207
 Sitting and setting, 139
 Slave Lake, winter dwelling and observatory at, 357

- Slave Trade**, horrors of the, 15
Slavery, delights of, 266
Smoker, qualification for, 413
Smuggling, anecdotes of, 301
Snake, bite of one, 316
Snarleyvow : or the Dog Fiend, 25
Snipes and Fish, migration of, 230
Society, English, 252
Solicitors, origin of, 304
Solitude and Companionship, by Feltham, 404
Song, by the Corn Law Rhymers, 59
 from Goethe, 292
 of Marion, 203
Sonnets, by the Sketcher, 415
Sound, anecdote of, 336
Soups, various, 110
Speaking Instrument, 64
Speculations, idle, 307
Speed, comparison of, 143
Spiders, anecdotes of, 69
Spider's Web, gigantic, 384
Spinning-wheel, the magic, 166—186
Spitalfields, Christ Church at, 145
Squire, specimen of one, 288
Stanzas on Coming of Age, 10
 for music, 99
Star Chamber, history of the, 289—321—370
State maxim, 109
Statue of William III. at Dublin, 258
Staunton-Harold, Leicestershire, described, 177—198
 chapel at, 199
Steam-power, effects of, 287
Steam-vessel, sonnets on, 415
Sterne and Garrick, 131
Story of the Marvellous and Portentous Tower, 59
 of a Rat and Beaver, 356
Stothard, reminiscences of, 314—422
Stourbridge Fair, 352
Stourhead, King Alfred's tower at, 376
Strafford's first parliament, laws of, 223
Strategy, anecdote of, 214
Stray Facts in Natural History, 67—122
Sugar from beet-root, 425
Sun, annular eclipse of, 335—393
Sunday, carl or carling, 144
 child, 266
 in England, 330
 Hamburg, 331
Sun-perch, habits of the, 166
Surgeons' College, Lincoln's Inn Fields, re-
 building of, 193
Surnames, origin of, 223
Suspension Bridge, the Hammersmith, 252
Sussex, the Duke of, sketch of, 346
Swan-marks, specimens of, 265
 upping, or hopping, custom of, 264—320
Sword, the, of Winfarthing, 276
 Dancers, Chilian, 243
Syria, dinner in, 48
Table, antique, 24
Tables, in ancient halls, 50
Table, necrological, of 1835, 43
Tailor's Drawer, the, 189
Tailors, patriotic, 325
Talbot, Mr., lines on his death, by Thomson, 118
Tale, an ancient traveller's, 162
Tea in Cashmere, 243
Temple, Inner, sipping wine in, 95
 Middle, Gardens, lines on, 142
Thames Tunnel, the, 160
Theatricals, New-York, 352
Theobalds, palace of, described, 417
Thistle, superstitious respecting, 237
Thomson the poet, original letters of, 6—53
 —117
Thought, a single one, 139
Thoughts and Maxims, 341
Threepences and Fourpences, silver, 207
Thumb-screw, the, 169
Thursday, Holy, at Florence, 323
Tiberius and astrology, 213
Time, lines on, 131
Times, signs of the, 192
Tint, the atmospheric, 67
Toad, a live one in stone, 150
Toads, varieties of in England, 80
Tomb of the Christian, a legend, 119
Tories and Whigs, 48
Tortures, Venetian, instruments of, 169
Translation, blunders in, 95
Travels and Tours, scenes and incidents from, 354 to 368
Tree, an old one, 127
 the poet Voltaire's, 112
Trieste, opening letters at, 374
Troubadour, tale of a, 139
Trumpeter-bird, the, 228
Truth, adages on, 309—336
Turbot, roasted one, 95
Turnspits, Polish, 243
Turtle, diamond found in, 95
 oil, uses of, 384
Umbrellas, antiquity of, 336
Unbidden Guest, the, 245—261
Valentine's Day custom, 222
Valentinois, the duchess of, at Chambord, 100
Van Tromp, monument to at Delft, 96
Veneers, mill for cutting, 377
Venice, present state of, 90
 tortures at, 169
Venison feasts, 320
Verdun, sailor at, 127
Victor Hugo, scraps by, 112
Vienna, public amusements at, 365
 sketch of, 365
Village, a small one, 384
Vines in France, 224
 planting, 143
Volcano in America, 52
 in Antuco, 298
Walker, Mr., his cream-freezing apparatus, 295
Walsingham, Wishing Wells at, 87
Wanderer in the East, 420
Warming-pan, Italian, 57
Warsaw, Napoleon at, 326

- Warsaw, present state of, 334
 Washington, monument to, 249
 Wasp, the solitary, 68
 Watch-dogs in Germany, 350
 Water for gardens, 128
 and rivers, 80
 supply of in houses, 287
 Wedding, the sailor's, 171
 Weeks, Mr., his cooking apparatus, 295
 Weimar, battle of, Napoleon at, 326
 Wellington shield, the, 422
 Wells, pilgrimages to, 87
 Westminster, Echequer buildings and Star Chamber at, 289—321
 the Marquess of, sketch of, 347
 Whale, definition of, 244
 Whist-player, anecdote of, 288
 White, Henry Kirke, his tree, 161
 Whittington and his Cat, tale of, 32
 Whittlesea Church, description of, 369
 Widdrington Castle, owners of, 121
 Wilberforce, Mr., anecdotes of, 303
 William III., statue of, at Dublin, 258
 Windsor Castle, magnificence of, 300
 mock siege at, 384
 Wine-drinking, anecdotes of, 183
 Wine, love of, 303
 Winfarthing, the good sword of, 87—276
 Winters, hard, 4
 Winter, a word for, 174
 Wisdom of our Ancestors, 352
 Wives, captive, 341
 Wolves in the Arctic Regions, 396
 Wood ashes, use of, 287
 Woods, ornamental, history of, 309
 Yellow Knives, tribe of, 395
 Yew-trees, age of, 64
 Zoological Gardens, the giraffes at the, 386
 Surrey, 400
 gleanings, 238
 Society, the, 165
 Zoology, progress of, 165

ENGRAVINGS.

PORTRAIT OF MISS MITFORD.—*Frontispiece.*

- Abingdon New Workhouse, 129
 Alfred's Tower, Stourhead, 377
 Amazon river, Passage of, 353
 Arques Castle, 33
 Beauvais, in France, 209
 Broke by a fall of the Stocks, 9
 Calcutta, Monument at, 345
 Camberwell Collegiate School, 65
 Castle Acre Priory, 104
 Ceylonese Canoes, 312
 Chateau of Chambord, 72
 Christ Church, Spitalfields, 145
 Cobbett, Mr., Birthplace of, 273
 College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 193
 Cow Cabbage, 425
 Cream-freezing Apparatus, 295
 Crows' Nest at Newcastle, 328
 Death's head Moth, (three cuts,) 281
 Draper's Chapel, Christchurch, 136
 Giant's Cave, near Clifton, 217
 Giraffes at the Zoological Gardens, 385
 Grassington, Old Chapel at, 185
 Hatfield House, South Front, 17
 Great Hall, 49
 Iceberg, 408
 Islington Cattle Market, 305
 King's Board, the, at Gloucester, 424
 Lamb, Dr., Portrait of, 185
 Leasowes, the Birthplace of Shenstone, 81
 Licensed Victuallers' New School, 130
 London Bridge in 1836, 225
 Marylebone Alms-houses, 401
 Microscope, portable, 42
 Microscopic Novelties, (five cuts,) 40—41
 Newcastle Castle, 337
 Norwich, Antiquities at, 241
 Pisa, Baptistery, Cathedral, and Leaning Tower at, 1
 Reading Abbey, 392
 St. Olave's School, 65
 Schuylkill Bridge, the Upper, 152
 Shrine of St. Edward the Confessor, 233
 Star Chamber, Exterior, 289
 Interior, 321
 Statue of William III. at Dublin, 257
 Staunton Harold, Leicestershire, 177
 Chapel, 200
 Striking Cuttings, 297
 Swan Marks, 265
 Table, ancient, 25
 Theobalds Palace, 417
 Tomb of the Venerable Bede, 88
 Torture Instruments, 169
 Van Tromp's Monument, 87
 Warming-pan, Italian, 57
 Washington Monument to, 249
 Weeks's Cooking Apparatus, (two cuts,) 296
 White, Henry Kirke, his Tree, 161
 Whittlesea Church, 369
 Widdrington Castle, 121



22

22

